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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION

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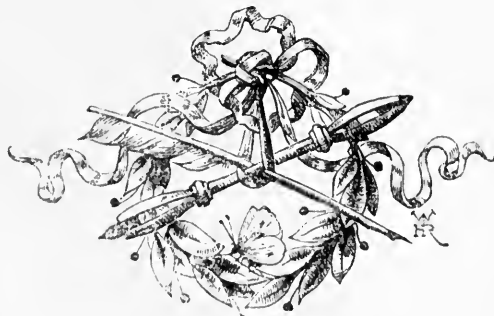


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ONCE A WEEK.



THE LEGEND OF ST. GABRIEL'S.



THE ruins of the little chapel of St. Gabriel's, which bear testimony to the truth of, at least, some part of the following legend (well known amongst the country people of the neighbourhood), are still to be found in a parish of the same name, situated at the foot of Golden Cap—the highest of a range of beautiful cliffs bordering the coast of Dorsetshire, between Lyme Regis and Bridport :—

The waves beat high about the ship,
A goodly ship, and strong ;
The captain sends a cheering word
Th' affrighted crew among.

The waves beat wild upon the ship,
And howling blows the wind ;
And the crew can read in the captain's face
The anguish of his mind !

The vessel drifts on the open sea,
Her masts, her compass gone ;
And the foaming, seething billows now
Are fearful to look upon.

She beareth weight of precious freight,
Of gold and gems good store ;
She beareth Bertram and his bride
Back to old England's shore.

" O captain, give me the ship's small boat ! "
Young Bertram loud he cried ;
" Oh ! give me straight the ship's small boat,
To save my fair young bride ! "

" I will not give thee the ship's small boat,
To sink in such a sea ;
For, be thy bride or drown'd or saved,
Ye shall not part from me. "

" O captain, change that cruel word,
For the ship is lost I wot ;
But the little boat may rise and float
Where the vessel riseth not. "

The captain look'd at the broken ship,
He look'd at the lady pale,
He heard the roaring of the sea,
The howling of the gale :

"Ay, take the boat, and the saints thee save,
And bring thee safe to shore;
For of crew and captain never a man
Shall live to tread it more!"

Then Bertram took his bride in his arms;
Into the boat leapt he;—
But the waves dragg'd down the doomèd ship,
To the prison-house of the sea!

The ship's small boat rides well, rides well,
Over the waves so high;
The lady she trembles and weeps for fear,
And moans with piteous cry.

"Oh! hush thee," Bertram said, "dear love,
And pray our Lord," quoth he;
"Pray good St. Gabriel send us help
In this necessity!"

Then he aloud, and she at heart,
The self-same words they spake,—
"Oh! save us, Christ, as thou didst save
On Galilæa's lake!"

"Oh! save us, Gabriel, saint adored!
And still this raging sea;
And wheresoe'er the boat he cast
We'll raise a shrine to thee,—

"A beauteous altar, gold bedeck'd,
Where night and morn shall shine
A silver lamp, to tell to all
This gracious deed of thine."

And through the night he prayèd thus;
But loud the wind did rage,
And the awful anger of the sea
Did not with dawn assuage.

The second night he prayèd thus;
And as he closed each prayer,
His bride grew pale, and wrung her hands,
And wept in dire despair!

The third night that he prayèd thus,
His voice was weak and worn;
But stars on high gemm'd all the sky,
And calmly broke the morn.

"Now praise we good St. Gabriel,
My bonnie bride and I!
My dearest love, so still and pale,
Why dost thou silent lie?"

He kiss'd her lips, he call'd her name,
But answer gave she none;
He wept aloud with bitter cry,—
"Dear love! my life is gone!"

He spied upon th' horizon clear
A line of unknown land,
And knew that the gently flowing tide
Would drift them to the strand.

And ere the sun had sunk behind
The waste of watery store,
With sighs, his burdened boat he drew
Upon the desolate shore—

A rugged coast, a belt of sand,
A cavern dark and dree,
With sea-mews sending, as they wheel'd,
Their cries across the sea.

He paced the belt of red-ribb'd sand,
He clomb the rugged cliff;
He look'd below on his pale, pale bride,
And on the broken skiff.

He kneel'd him down on the barren rock,
With his face toward the sea;
"O Gabriel! send me help, to keep
The vow we vow'd to thee!"

And while he spake, from far and near
The people of the land
Came running o'er the bleak sea-shore,
Across the ribb'd sea-sand:

They lifted the lovely lady high,
As in the boat she lay;
They bare her up the pathway steep,
Nor rested by the way;

They took the granite from the cliff,
And quarried marble fine,
They hew'd, they built from night to morn,
And raised a goodly shrine;

They made an altar, and beneath
They laid the lady fair,
And lighted there a lamp that gleam'd
Like the gleams on her golden hair!

And there the chapel, to this day,
Braves the rough storm-wind well,
And proves the vow fulfill'd, I trow,
To good Saint Gabriel!

MY FIRST DEAL IN HORSE-FLESH.

WHEN the Pet began to kneel and use her beseeching eyes, I knew full well that, although I may pretend to make a fight, the battle was really finished.

"But," I said, "I really don't think, Beaty, that it's quite consistent in a country parson's daughter to go scampering about the country on horseback. You know how censorious people are. There are the Misses——"

Pet put her hand upon my mouth at once, tossed back the bush of golden, silken hair from either cheek, and held up her finger,—

"Now, that is all nonsense, papa dear; besides, you know you are always talking about Mr. Kingsley and the value of muscular Christianity, and plunder his ideas for Sunday use sometimes," she said, screwing up her violet eyes in the most comical manner; "and now you have an opportunity of putting these ideas in practice, you put me off with what the Misses —— will say. Is it fair now, sir, that you men-folk should keep all the muscular Christianity to yourselves, and not spare a little bit to the women-folk?"

This was touching me hard, so I gave in at once.

"But supposing, Beaty, we could find you this fancy steed you talk about——"

"Supposing, papa!—there is no supposing about the matter. All you are asked to do, is to find the money, and I'll find the dear delightful little horse—so that's settled. And, you know, it will be a positive saving, papa; for that beautiful habit of mamma's, which cost

thirty-five guineas, will be perfectly destroyed by the moths, unless it is taken out and worn; so, you see, the cost of the horse will be more than saved, after all."

I did not see the cogency of the argument, it is true; but who ever thought of arguing with Beaty when she looked you through with her large and fathomless violet eyes? At least, not her papa; and possibly another, one of these days, will feel inclined to forget his logic also.

Beaty was as good as her word. One morning, at breakfast, she came running up with the Times, and, throwing herself down on her knees, in the old cuddling, irresistible fashion, exclaimed,—

"I've found him! I believe my 'good fairy' has put this advertisement in on purpose to please me;" and she began to read,—

TO BE SOLD, a HORSE OF GREAT BEAUTY, late the property of a deceased Gentleman. He is a beautiful Bay, with Black Legs, by Emelius, perfectly quiet to ride and drive, and has carried a Lady. Apply, before 10 a.m., at — Mews.

"There, papa, if you are a good boy, you shall have a ride sometimes; and he will do for pic-nics, and to drive you over to Grimsby, where that tiresome old vicar always wants you to do duty for him. Did you ever hear of such a perfect animal?"

"Softly, Miss Beatrice," I said; "I am afraid all this is too good to be true. I shall be quite satisfied if he carries you."

"Now then, dear papa, see that you go early, as such an animal is sure to be snapped up directly in London, where a good horse is always worth his money."

I took the morning-train the very next day, after many injunctions that I must on no account let the "horse of great beauty" slip through my fingers. I arrived at the mews in question at the appointed time. It was situated in a very quiet and respectable neighbourhood, and was in itself a very orderly-looking place. Why do grooms take such pride in the windows of their sleeping-rooms? Every other window that I looked at was fenced in with a mimic five-barred gate, the palings painted white, and the five-barred gate green. No doubt, these are but expressions of the country taste of the country-bred lads who come up to town to seek their fortunes, and sink down into the cunning grooms one meets with at the corners of streets in May Fair, plotting treason against their masters with the corn-chandler. I asked in vain, for a long time, for the handsome horse, but no one seemed to know anything about him. At last I was told to apply at a particularly quiet and orderly-looking stable, where my informant told me he had "heard of

such a hoss" as I was looking for. Accordingly I knocked, but there was no answer. Tired of repeatedly knocking, I at last took the liberty of opening the door and walking in. The only person visible was a venerable-looking groom, who was engaged in cleaning a horse. "Wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss," went the rheumatic old man, either not hearing me enter or not deigning to take any notice of me, whilst intently engaged upon his duties. He was dressed in an old purple plush waistcoat, with old silver buttons with a crest upon them, and his neck was incased in a neatly-pinned white cravat. Evidently he belonged to some old household, where a certain traditional dress was maintained, even reaching to the stable-man. There was something in the old man that spoke of better days, and I was at once prepossessed in his favour. At last, as he took no notice of me, I went up closer to him, and asked if that was the horse advertised in the Times for sale; but the only response that he made was the same "wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss," his body bent quite double. At last, thinking he might be deaf, I slapped him gently on the back, on which he slowly rose up to his full height, adjusted his footing in a rickety manner, and exclaimed,—

"Yes, sir, they be, worse luck, and I wish I was going to be sold wi' 'em," and immediately renewed his eternal "wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss," as though he considered it an intrusion on my part to interrupt him in his duties.

"Come," I said to myself, "I must mollify this crusty, sterling old retainer, or I shall get nothing out of him. He evidently takes me for a Cockney. I tried what effect a shilling would have upon him, and immediately found that his country bluntness was no proof against the charm; in fact, he became quite communicative.

"Yes, gemman," he said, resuming for good his upright position, as well as his rheumatics would let him, "all these 'ere hosses in this stable is to be sold, and, as I said before, I wish I was going to be sold wi' 'em. They have all been under my hands ever since they was foaled. They are, or was, the property of Squire —, of — Hall, in Northamptonshire, God bless him. He has now been dead three months, and his hosses was as much to him as his own childer. They tells me as how he left it in his will that they was all to be sold without reserve, by his dear old friend, Squire —, but they was only to go into good hands. If a good home was offered to 'em, the price was to be no consideration. He was a merciful man to his beasts, was t'ould squire."

The old man, like an old horse, began to

warm to his work, and he took me round the stables, with that peculiar loose hobble which grooms somehow seem to acquire in the stable.

"Ah! that were the master's own hoss," he exclaimed, affectionately patting an old hunter, "and this 'ere one carried the missus; she were a rare comely lady, and wanted some good stuff to be up to her weight, she did; and this was the pony that the young squire as was to be, used to ride, only he died; and poor master, he took on so about it, I do believe it was the death on him."

"And this one," said I, espying the bay with the black legs.

"Ah! sir," he said, "now you have hit it. I see you baint a bad judge of hosses. I see this ain't the first time you have had to do wi' 'em."

"Well," thought I to myself, "if this excellent old man wants to be sold with the lot, I won't object. He's just the sterling trustworthy old man I would like to trust my Beauty to."

It would almost seem as though the old servitor divined my thoughts, for he said,—

"Ain't he handsome as paint, sir? That was he as carried Miss Grace, she as is dead and gone now, sir, wi' her first babe. Lord, sir, the whole village used to come out to see Miss Grace a-riding, and I scarcely knowed which looked the handsomest, she or this 'ere hoss;" and the old man rubbed his eyes with his sleeve.

I stopped for a moment, and whilst I appeared to be busy looking over the animals, I was thinking to myself what a wide difference there was between servants. Here was an old fellow, as rough and as dry, to all outward appearance, as the bark of a tree, yet as tender-hearted as a child. What a contrast, I thought, to the "spick-and-span-new" grooms of the present day, whose only thought is, how they can do the animals out of their oats! There can be no doubt here, I thought, of the rare service of the antique world. This is one of the good old servants we used to hear our fathers talk about.

To return to business, however, the "horse of great beauty" was in a loose box, which showed off his points to perfection. He was a small horse, splendidly groomed, and in superb condition. He was, in short, the ideal horse for my Beauty; and I flattered myself that she would look quite as becoming upon him as Miss Grace.

"I suppose Squire —— will allow a trial and give a warranty with him," I said, carelessly, and as a mere matter of form.

"In course," said the old man; "the conditions is, that anybody that is likely to suit

may have him as long as they like, to try 'un, and if they don't like 'un, they have only to bring 'un back and have their money."

Nothing could be more straightforward.

"When will Squire —— be here," I inquired.

"Well, sir, I did hear tell that he had to attend a Bible meeting, at Exeter Hall, and that he might look in as he came by, about one; but, Lord bless'e, sir, they kind of gemmen as goes to the hall don't take no count of hoss-flesh; and all he cares about is, that they shall get into some kind hand as likes hosses. Besides, sir, he don't much care about selling this 'ere one, as he thinks he has a friend who will take the lot."

"Very well, John," I said, liking the look of the affair more and more, "I will be here at one."

At the appointed time I was at the stable, and, fortunately, the squire looked in.

He saw me, but took not the slightest notice of my presence, but conversed with the old groom in an undertone, and was evidently giving some directions to him about one of the animals. He was on the point of going away, when the old groom hinted to me that that was the squire, and if I had anything to say I had better make haste, as he was off again to an afternoon prayer-meeting at the hall.

Having apologised for my intrusion, I at once explained the object of my visit; and, as I did so, I could not help remarking the appearance of the squire and executor. He was dressed in black, and wore a white cravat, with an old-fashioned deep frill to his shirt, and gave me the idea of belonging to one of the learned professions—either a clergyman or physician of the old school; there was a leanness about his face, too, which gave him the air of an ascetic, but that his nimble eyes somewhat belied that character.

The principal gave me the same story about the horses as the old groom. He should be glad to get them off his hands, if he could find a good master for them; and, really, he knew very little about horses, and the charge of them interfered with business on which he had come up to town, which, he gave me to understand, was to attend the May meetings. At the same time, he felt it a duty to attend to the last wishes of his old friend, who was, he thought, a little sentimental about his horses, but these little weaknesses were just the things that ought to be respected. He said this very carelessly, as though he were talking to himself rather than to me.

Everything was so fair and above-board, that I determined to conclude the deal at once.

I felt I was in such highly respectable hands, that I thought it would look like an insult to ask for a trial before paying, especially as I was to have a written warranty.

Just by way of airing him, he was trotted up and down the yard; and he certainly went superbly, with fine high action, and with eyes full of courage.

The money was paid, and the stamped warranty was given, and I directed the groom to send him to my own stable in town, and returned by the evening-train to the rectory.

"Well, papa, what about the horse?" were the first words with which I was greeted by Miss Beaty.

"Well, my darling, it really is a superb creature, and will become you mightily."

"Didn't I tell you, papa," said she, kissing me, "that it would turn out well? You know I have a kind of presentiment about these things. You know I always get just what I want, just in the nick of time."

"Well, well, my dear, we shall see," I replied, pleased with myself and her also.

The next morning, on returning to town, I thought that, just for form's sake, I would have his paces tried by a good rider, before ordering him to be sent home. Accordingly, I got a groom from a neighbouring mews. After giving my new purchase a good feed of corn, the groom mounted him. He certainly did not start very well; he swerved right round to begin with.

"He was only having a bit of play," the groom said, "after his corn."

He was trotted up and down, and the groom thought that, with regular work, he would go very well. At the same time, he gave "the office," as it is termed, to a fellow-groom that was standing by. Presently he said the horse had suddenly hurt his foot on a stone; and he certainly flinched with one foot whenever it was brought down on the hard road. It was very provoking; besides, why should the groom have winked in the way he did? It was all right, of course; but, perhaps, it would be but fair to have the opinion of a "vet." at once, instead of waiting for the three weeks' stipulated trial.

Accordingly, the "vet." was sent for, and came.

The moment he entered the stable, he gave the same comical sort of grin the groom had done.

"Ah! an old acquaintance," he exclaimed.

"Impossible," I said, somewhat hurt at his familiarity; "he has just come out of Northamptonshire."

"At all events, I have seen him bought and

sold, over and over again, at Aldridge's," he rejoined.

"Why, he was late the property of Squire —, of — Hall," I said, in amazement.

"Very good," replied the "vet."; "but if you will be kind enough to inspect his near forefoot, you will find a sand-crack—a split hoof,—very cleverly disguised with coloured wax."

I did look at his foot, as desired; and there was the crack, so artfully filled up that I never should have discovered it myself.

"Why, I know the horse to be dead-lame," said the "vet.", "and there is no cure for it."

Dear me, how my old friend, the groom, must have been deceived; but, at least, I had a written warranty, and I determined to see him again.

The old groom was busy as before, "wis'ss, wis'ss, wis'ss." I told him what I had discovered, but he was as calm and stolid as ever.

"Well, you know, gemman, what Squire — said. If you don't like 'un, return 'un, and there's your money for you."

I almost felt indignant with the "vet." for creating any suspicion on my mind as to the transaction; and I mildly communicated to him, when I next saw him, my belief that the very respectable vendor was perfectly innocent in the matter, and that my money was quite safe.

"If you send back the horse," he replied, "you will never see either it or your money again. Take my advice, and send him to the next sale at Aldridge's, and put up with the first loss."

Against my will, I was at length convinced, and the "horse of great beauty" was knocked down for seven pounds. I am ashamed to say how much I gave for him; but let that pass. I have every reason to believe that he fell into the old hands, to whom, in fact, he was a regular annuity. I see the same advertisement appearing at regular intervals in the Times, and I have no manner of doubt that the old groom, the old physician, and the "horse of great beauty," with the wax-dressed hoof, go through their parts, during the season, with as much success and aplomb as on the occasion when I was the audience and the victim.

What Beaty said to me when I got home, and how I twitted her about her presentiment, it is not necessary to repeat. But this I know, the very respectable horse-coper must bait his hook with something different from a "horse of great beauty" before he gets another bite from the

COUNTRY PARSON.

ANGELN.

It has been said that the Russian War revealed to the majority of Englishmen the existence of the Crimea. The Slesvig-Holstein question has been too long before the world, and has been used too much by the lightest of *littérateurs* as a synonym for something utterly incomprehensible, to allow me to say that the Dano-German war will be for my countrymen the epoch of the discovery of Slesvig. But its exploration will certainly date from the Austro-Prussian invasion. Thousands of tourists will trace this autumn the path of the German hosts, wander over the ground where the Dannevirke stood for well nigh a thousand years, maim their feet upon the execrable pavement of the long dull street of Slesvig town, look through the fine (as far as the interior is concerned) Dom Kirche, drive along the road to Flensburg, on which the outnumbered Danes made their retreat, stop at Oversee to note the spot where they made such a gallant stand, and dealt such slaughter amongst the impetuous Styrians, lounge along the quays of Flensburg, or sail upon its beautiful inlet, and, as the term of their journey, revisit, as it were, Sundewitt and Alsen, with which the vivid descriptions of special correspondents have already made them well acquainted.

I cannot tell how Slesvig may look this autumn, after the tornado of war has swept across it, but if the recuperative power of nature is strong enough to give it anything like the same smiling aspect it presented last year, the tourists cannot fail to find much to delight them. Very easy of access, Slesvig, which no one formerly visited, because it led nowhere and had no special attractions, could boast no mountains or waterfalls, no world-compelling ruins or galleries, will now draw the curious who delight to gaze upon the theatre of important events, and charm while it fills with wonder all those Englishmen who love the rural beauty of their native land. For, but that the people speak *platt deutsch* and dialects in which it is difficult to say, so philologists tell us, whether German or Danish more predominates, but that they dress a little differently, an Englishman fancies himself at home in Slesvig. As long as he keeps out of doors it is hard for him—in the summer time—to believe that he is not in England. In winter the bitterness of the cold would remind him that he was in another clime, and the blank, dreary appearance of the snow-covered land would strike him with no similitude to the English landscape.

I am presuming that the tourist visits the right part of Slesvig; but it is extremely prob-

able that unless he has some suggestion to do so he will pass by the most interesting district, and come away with an indifferent opinion of the duchy. I know Sundewitt, which he is sure to visit, would please him well enough if it were in its natural condition, but it has been the great theatre of war, the camping-ground of sixty or seventy thousand soldiers, and when the armies withdraw it must change from a scene of animation to one of desolation. The rest of the duchy that he is likely to see, if he follows the track of the war or of the railway, is one long unbroken stretch of heath and marsh, very good to fatten cattle for the London market, but very cheerless to look upon.

The interesting portion of Slesvig lies aside from the railway and from the war. The turnpike road from Slesvig to Flensburg, of which I have spoken, may be said to form its boundary. The traveller who, instead of making his way from Slesvig to Flensburg by the rail, chooses, perhaps from a desire to follow in the steps of the armies, the road, will find himself after he gets a mile or two out of Slesvig on a heath, broken only two or three times on the whole of the rest of the distance—some twenty miles—by villages, cultivated land, and bits of wood. On his left hand the moor will stretch as far as his eye can reach, and if his vision were powerful enough, he would follow it to the North Sea. On his right hand, however, it is stopped in less than a mile by hillocks covered with wood. Sheltered by those hillocks, and stretching from them to the sea, forming a semicircle of which this road may be called the line, and the sea, the inlet of Flensburg, and the Slei the outside, lies Angeln, a country which possesses even a greater interest to Englishmen than the quiet beauty which it shows to all comers, inasmuch as it is the reputed home of the race which gave their land its back-bone and its name.

I am no ethnologist; I do not pretend to offer an opinion upon the merits of the arguments which have been brought forward in the controversy whether the Angles did come from Angeln, but I have acquired a conviction that they did, which no force of argument, I will even say no proof, however strong, can shake. I was at home there. As I wandered through the narrow roads, with their thick, luxurious fences, in which the blackberries invited me to feast, as I was wont to do when a schoolboy; as I turned aside to ramble without purpose or goal up the green lanes, with their even taller and more unkempt hedges; as I strolled in pleasant footpaths across fields of about five or six acres, in which the oats stood in shocks waiting to be carted, or the ploughman whistled after his horses; as I caught every now and

then a glimpse of a lowly church peeping out of the trees, and close by it the substantial house of the *gutsbesitzer*, or squire; as I walked through the villages by the well-built cottages—the walls and porches covered with trailing flowers, the gardens neat and well kept up—I could hardly believe that I was not after all in East Anglia, somewhere on the coast of Norfolk. Almost everything I saw assisted to heighten the illusion. There was the blacksmith's forge by the road side, with the gossips standing about it; there was the beer-house in the middle of the village, and the little general shop, where everything was to be bought; there were the guide-posts at every crossway, with unmistakeable English names upon them—at least half the villages in Angeln seemed to me to end in “by”—there were the boundary-stones marking the limits of the parishes, and chubby, flaxen-headed children,—*non Angli sed Angli*—who bowed and curtsied to the stranger just as if they had been trained by the parish schoolmistress. The only things that struck me at all strangely were the stone causeways, which commence at the first and finish at the last house of each village, the numbers on the houses—a police regulation—and the remarkable civility of the people. A stranger who strolls through an English village has to run the gauntlet of something more than curiosity; it is quite possible that he will be greeted with a stone or two, and if half-a-dozen fellows are lounging together in front of the beer-house or on the church-yard wall, a few coarse jeers are certain to be bestowed upon him. I met with nothing of the kind in Angeln, and choose to account for the difference by the mixture of races in England. The only impertinence I did experience was familiar enough. From almost every farmyard a couple of dogs rushed out and barked me beyond the bounds. The people looked strong and healthy, the young women were comely and ruddy as English peasant girls. The servant girls of Flensburg, drawn, I suppose, from Angeln, were among the prettiest I have seen out of or even in England. The country is pleasantly undulating and fairly wooded, and the larger part belongs to noble proprietors, as is also the case in Holstein, with the exception of the rich marsh district, Dithmarschen. In the rest of Slesvig the land belongs to peasant proprietors, but these peasant proprietors are really large yeomen, and own farms of three or four hundred acres. The language spoken by the inhabitants of Angeln was one of the most vexed disputes between the Germans and the Danish Government. As far as I could form a judgment, whilst the land-owners are Germans, and speak High-German, the population generally speak

in about equal proportions Danish or Low-German.

I have no intention of describing Angeln in any detail, I desire only to state the impression it made upon me, for the benefit of those of my countrymen who, passing by Hamburg next autumn, may diverge from their route for a few days to visit the scene of what I hope may then be called the late war. But there is one spot of which I must make brief mention—Glucksburg, or Lyksborg, the favourite residence of the late King of Denmark; and I do so the more especially that it is within an easy walk from Flensburg. A very pleasant walk I found it; the road, well kept, as becomes a road to a royal residence, runs through a country which presents the usual features of an Angeln landscape, the distance being about six or seven miles. The palace is built in a small lake of a circular shape, and rises out of the waters at a short distance from the shore. It is entirely surrounded by water; there is no embankment—not even a gallery; steps lead down to a landing place on the main front towards the park, and a bridge connects it on one side with the land, on which are the stables and other outbuildings. The house is a very large one, with no pretension to architectural beauty, but evidently very solidly built. Round the lake, except for the small distance along which the road runs, stretches a beautiful park, open to all, through which the visitor must perforce ramble. A beautiful bright afternoon had succeeded a wet morning, and a more delightful spot than Glucksburg I have seldom seen. All was so quiet and yet so bright. Here fine masses of trees came down into the lake, and there the waters forced their way into the forest, and formed little bays shut in by dense foliage; and the old house which looked into them all, with its three-gable roofs, held together as it were by the round towers which kept guard each at a corner, for all its ugliness had a charming look. It seemed just the place to live a lazy, lounging life, free from all care or trouble, one's hardest work to float in a canoe across the lake, and there, under the shelter of some giant trees, and lulled by the rippling of the water, sleeping or waking, dream away. Behind the park and on towards the sea were woods in which a sportsman would find, no doubt, plenty of amusement. The village is a long one, and as a royal residence should be clean and well-to-do-looking, with some good houses of much higher pretensions than peasants' cottages. On the other side of the road is another and smaller lake, connected with the larger one by a stream which turns a mill, and upon this lake stands another large house.

The castle was formerly the seat of the Glucksburg dukes, and King Christian, who belongs to that house, resumes, therefore, an old family possession. Let us hope that he will soon be able to enjoy it. At present the Prussians are masters at Glucksburg, and they are "men in possession" of whom it is very difficult to get rid.

BURTON S. BLYTH.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PLANT.

WHEN we compare human life with plant life it is astonishing to what an extent their vital phenomena resemble each other. All the stages of human life, of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, are well-defined in plant life. About this there can be no mistake. The life of man compared with that of a plant! Are then the ties which unite us to plants so intimate? Yes! far more intimate than is commonly believed! To convince my readers of this, to strengthen their love of nature, and to make to them the plant-world more interesting, is my object in thus comparing our own life-changes with those of plants.

From the abundance which nature furnishes, we shall select—not a tree, for that sometimes outlives successive generations of men; besides, there is something strong, as well as enduring about a tree;—no! we must give the life-history of something in the vegetable kingdom far more frail and perishable; the biography, for example, of an annual plant, one of those flowers which adorn the garden or the landscape for a few months or weeks, and then pass away for ever, to be replaced by other floral forms as the seasons change, equally graceful, beautiful, and perishable.

THE STAGE OF INFANCY.—This commences with the first movement of re-awakening life in the seed, and closes with the fall of the cotyledons or nursing leaves. If we plant the seed of such an annual in a suitable soil when Spring and warm weather come it will begin to germinate, or its life-movements will recommence. It first attracts the moisture from the soil to itself. This produces the softening and swelling of its outer covering, which is finally ruptured by the growth of the embryo in its interior, which sends downwards through the torn seed-cover a little rootlet, and upwards a young stem, to which are attached the first pair of leaves. These leaves, which are thick and fleshy, form the great bulk of the seed, and are called by botanists cotyledons: they are, in reality, the nursing leaves of the young embryo. We call them nursing leaves because they perform a duty quite peculiar to themselves, and therefore different to the work done by the other leaves which subsequently appear

above them. They are thick and fleshy because they contain a store of starch, provisions elaborated by the parent plant which produced the seed, and whose last vital movements were expended in making this food for its offspring! On this store of starch, the infant plant, with its little root, and its stem bearing towards its summit the first true aerial leaves, is at first wholly parasitic, until it is sufficiently grown to attract from the earth and atmosphere a sufficiency of food for its support, and can do without the nursing leaves. It is quite obvious, therefore, that our plant must *pass gradually* from the stage of parasitism to that of independency.

During the first stages of its life, our little annual attracts oxygen from the air; this enters the nursing leaves, and through its influence, the starch which they contain is converted into a soluble sugary gum called dextrine, which the water absorbed during germination conveys to the rootlets in the soil, and to the young leaves forming in the atmosphere. Thus nourished, both grow, and the young leaves speedily expand and take the form peculiar to the plant.

With the progress of growth, the nursing leaves also undergo a great change in their appearance. Lifted above the ground and exposed to the light of the sun, they speedily expand and take a green leaf-like colour, becoming so much enlarged that they present quite a different appearance to that which they had when folded together and enveloped by the seed-skin. There can be no doubt that this change of colour enables them to discharge their nutritive duties more effectively. Now as the first rootlets and aerial leaves are formed principally out of the nutritive matter with which the cotyledons are furnished, they become gradually atrophied, or waste away and shrivel up, as the nutritious store in them disappears, and finally fall from off the stem. With the full development of the aerial leaves and the fall of the nursing leaves, the first stage of vegetable life, THE STAGE OF INFANCY, is closed.

It is thus that Nature, like an affectionate mother, cares for the life of *all* her plant-children, and gently weans them, first gradually altering their organism so as to adapt it to a change of diet, and then by degrees withdrawing the sustenance afforded by the nursing leaves. Surely, nothing can be more perfect or natural than this analogy between these early stages of plant life and those of human life!

THE STAGE OF YOUTH.—This is the proper vegetable stage, throughout which the plant is wholly independent of the nursing leaves, and draws its nutritious material entirely from

the earth and atmosphere, those two grand and inexhaustible store-houses of vegetable food. The commencement of this epoch is therefore marked by the atrophy and fall of the nursing leaves. See, how admirably the two extremities of our plant are organically adapted to the earth and atmosphere! A rootlet and a leaf, how different in form and colour! yet both are absorbents beautifully adapted to the two media into which they develop themselves. Their functions are the same. We cannot, in a paper like the present, undertake to enter minutely into the anatomy and physiology of these organs. Let it be remembered that this is only a brief outline of plant-life, sufficient to awaken, we hope, a pleasing train of thought in the mind of the reader. It is enough then if we simply state the facts. The little rootlets descend into the soil, and put forth from their surface innumerable fine white, hair-like fibres, which are the instruments by means of which the plant takes up its food; its young stem ascends into the air, and its bark and fibre, arranged cylindrically in separate beds or layers in the stem, are spread out horizontally at definite points along its stem, in the form of numerous flat, horizontal, green plates, or absorbent surfaces, called leaves. The bark or cellular tissue of these leaves is penetrated by the fibres of the wood in the shape of veins, veinlets and capillaries, which communicate directly with the fibres of the stem and roots, and thus act as conduits of the sap from one extremity of the plant to the other. In this manner the sap brought from all the other parts of the plant is conducted to all parts of the leaf by these veins, veinlets and capillaries, to be thoroughly spread out and aerated in the leaves.

The processes of evaporation and absorption are greatly facilitated by the organisation of the skin, or epidermal covering of the leaves. This skin, with its porous openings, is adapted to the aerial medium by which the leaves are surrounded. The porous openings are called stomata. They are, in fact, self-acting valves, and consist of two cells together, usually of an oval figure, with a slit in the middle. They are so situated as to open directly into the hollow chambers, or air cavities, in the interior of the leaf. It is through these pores that the superfluous water of the sap is evaporated, and such gases absorbed from the atmosphere as are nutritious to the plant.

The structure of the stomata, or pores, may be readily perceived on the epidermis of the lily, where they are unusually large. The epidermis must be carefully removed, and having been freed from its chlorophyl or leaf-green, it must be placed between two strips of

glass, with a drop of water between them, so as to give it the necessary degree of transparency. Water ought, for this reason, always to be used, whenever objects selected from the tissues of vegetables are examined microscopically. The epidermis thus prepared will exhibit the pores, and the nature and beauty of their mechanism will be better understood and appreciated.

Hence, when fully formed, these aerial leaves aerate and elaborate the sap or nutritive fluid, in a much more perfect manner than the nursing leaves; and the growth of the plant is consequently more rapid after their evolution.

The leaves now contribute individually to each other's support, the lower leaves aiding in the growth of those that are above them, and contributing also to the development of that portion of the stem which is below them, and to the increase of the number of rootlets in the soil, and thus vegetative power gradually increases. We have a manifest proof of this in the increase in size of the leaves from below upwards, and also in the increase in the length of the internodes, or naked intervals of stem which separate them. For the size of the leaves and the length of their internodes depend wholly on the vegetative activity of the leaves themselves; and as those leaves situated towards the middle of the stem are not only larger, but more wide apart, than the leaves above and below them, it is evident that the growth of the plant is first accelerated and then retarded, and that the vegetative force is greatest about the middle of the stem. It is here, therefore, that the wave of growth culminates. From this point upwards the vegetative force diminishes, the leaves decrease in size, their internodes shorten, until finally the vegetative force is reduced to zero, and the leaves are crowded into those beautiful metamorphosed clusters, or rosettes, popularly called flowers. In the flower the wave of growth is depressed to a minimum, for when the flower appears, growth invariably ceases in that direction.

Our plant has now entered upon that interesting period which has been emphatically called "the change of life." We notice a peculiar alteration in its habits and structure. Another force has come into play—that of reproduction—which gradually gains the ascendancy, checks the growth of the plant, brings the leaves together, and finally culminates in the production of flower-buds. These differ only from leaf-buds in having no power of extension, for as in the flower the vegetative powers of the leaves are reduced to zero, the axis of the floral leaves necessarily retains its rudimentary

condition, and no intervals of stem whatever are formed between them. The vegetative stage of youth is passed away for ever, and the plant has now entered upon the reproductive period of its life, or the

PERIOD OF PUBERTY.—This epoch in plant life clearly corresponds to the same interesting and critical period in human life, when man attains his greatest strength, and woman is most gentle, graceful, beautiful. "All flesh is as grass, and all the *goodliness* thereof is as the *flower of the field*." Isaiah xl. 6.

In the flower the leaves are crowded together in order that they may communicate in a peculiar manner with each other, and in consequence of the gradual expiration of the vegetative force in that direction. Hence the change of structure or departure from the ordinary type of leaf increases as we pass from the outside to the inside of the flower; for the vegetative forces are gradually enfeebled in the flower, and reduced to zero in the centre, where the metamorphosis of the leaf is at a maximum, or the leaf attains its highest stage of organic perfection.

We select for analysis one of the more highly organised flowers, where all the parts usually described are present. We must however say that these parts, though well defined in some flowers, are more or less blended together in others. Nature laughs at all such distinctions, and we seek in vain to confine her within the fetters of an artificial nomenclature. The following distinction of parts, is, however, very convenient for beginners. The flower, then, consists of four sets of progressively metamorphosed leaves. The two outer sets which are generally the most showy, are simply the envelopes which surround the true *botanical* flower. They are called the calyx and corolla. Let us consider each.

The Calyx.—This, when well-defined, constitutes the outermost cluster of the floral leaves. Although greatly diminished in size, the leaves of the calyx not unfrequently retain their green colour. Individually they are called sepals (lat. *sepalum*, a leaf), collectively the calyx (gr. κάλυξ, a cup), because they form a cup-like involucre around the next set of leaves, which are called collectively

The Corolla (lat. *corolla*, a garland), and individually petals (πέταλον, a leaf). These are the most showy leaves in the cluster, constituting the part which is popularly considered as the flower. Thus the red petals of the rose, the yellow petals of the butter-cup, the white petals of the lily, constitute the corolla of those plants.

The Stamens.—These are situated immediately within the corolla. In the stamen the stalk of the leaf is converted into a filament,

and the delicate portion or blade into a club-like body called an anther. This anther consists of two lobes or cells, which correspond to either side of the lamina leaf-blade, and lying between them you will notice a prolongation of the filament called the *connectivum* or connective, which answers to the middle of the leaf. The inside of the anther is filled with fertilising matter called pollen. The stamens are called collectively the *Andræcium* (ἀνδρ, a man, οἶκος, habitation).

The Pistil.—This consists of a leaf folded on its midrib, the two sides of the lamina or blade of which are united at their margins to form the ovary. The summit of this folded leaf denuded of its epidermis corresponds to the stigma of the pistil. The interjacent portion between the ovary and stigma is called the style. The pistils are always situated in the centre of the flower; when both stamens and pistils are present in the same flower the former always surround the latter. The ovary of the pistil is so named, because it contains the ovules, which after fertilisation are transformed into seed.

The process of fertilisation.—This takes place when all the floral leaves have arrived at maturity, and is as follows:—

When the flower is fully expanded, at first the anthers of the stamens are unruptured, moist, and closed; but, as the stamens approach maturity, the anthers become dry, open their cells, and discharge their pollen on the stigmatic surface of the pistils, which about this time exudes a clammy fluid which serves to retain the pollen-grains. These grains absorb the exuded fluid, swell out, and finally emit delicate tubes, which penetrate the loose cellular tissue of the style, and convey the fertilising fluid contents of the pollen-grains to the ovules in the ovary of the pistil. The ovules having received the impregnating matter, the embryos or miniature-plants begin to form in them, and the ovules are then gradually transformed into seed. With the discharge of the pollen, the act of fertilisation is accomplished. The vital forces from this period begin to be enfeebled, and all the phenomena mark another well-marked change in plant life, a gradual subsiding of all energetic life movements, which culminates in death and disorganisation. Our plant therefore clearly enters upon

THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.—In all the previous stages of its existence it was a beautiful subject for contemplation, but it is particularly interesting as a study when it approaches the close of its allotted period of life. What! when its leaves are withering and falling from its stem, when its flowers are losing their brilliant hues and inimitable colouring, and when

the whole vegetative economy is languishing? Yes, even then it becomes, if possible, an object of deeper admiration! Why do the flowers lose their beauty, the petals detach themselves and fall, the stamens experience the same degradation, the stigmas and styles of the pistils disappear equally with the other parts? It is because these parts have done the work which was assigned them by nature; and also, for this reason, a new vitality has now been established in the impregnated parts to their detriment. Take, as an example, the forming pod of the common garden pea, which everybody knows makes its appearance after the flowers have faded and fallen. That pod is the ovary of a pistil. The calyx will be found at the bottom of that pod, and at its top the remains of the style and stigma. Its two surfaces are at first flat and parallel with each other, but as the ovules in its interior grow in size, they become convex. The sap from the leaves now passes through what was formerly the peduncle or flower-stalk into the green walls of this pod or ovary, which acts like a leaf on the atmosphere, and having been rendered there additionally nutritious, the currents finally meet and pour their contents together into the little cord of vessels, or seed-stalk, which attaches the ovule, or forming seed, to the maternal wall of the ovary, and which may be very properly called the umbilical cord, or vegetable navel-string. The currents of sap are all converging to those little seed-stalks, to those forming plant embryos contained in the seed, and the little store of starch is being prepared which is to support their infant-life. Nature carries on this process until the embryos, their food, and the wrappers, or seed-covers, are all perfected, the transformation of the ovule into the seed is then accomplished, and all the movements of life cease.

We must add that the seed-vessel as it matures always assumes such an organisation as is calculated to effect the dispersion of the seed which has been thus brought to maturity. Sometimes the seed-vessel opens with a spring-like mechanism, as in the furze-bush and garden balsam, and the seeds are projected to a considerable distance from the plant. Who has not seen the wind performing its duties as a faithful servant of Nature, and transporting the seeds of the willow-herb and dandelion from their parent plants? The beautiful stellate down attached to those seeds—what is this but a contrivance to catch the breeze? Here we must stop. We are entering a new and vast field where Nature displays her usual provident care. If any of the innumerable seeds thus scattered abroad find a suitable home, all is quiet until the return of

the proper conditions of temperature, air, and moisture, when our little friend wakes up, re-appears on the earth's surface, running through precisely the same instructive and ever deeply interesting life-movements. And we must add, in conclusion, we are always glad to see our little friend, to whom we are becoming every season increasingly attached.

HARLAND COULTAS.

LONG EXPECTED.

I.

In expectation, all the year,
I watch and wait, I watch and wait;
I keep within a court of state;
Perchance, e'en now, the time is near.

II.

For who can tell the very day
When he shall sail love's tropic seas,
Borne on by sweetest fantasies
To golden regions far away?

III.

The spring-time comes, and hope is high,
For winter's snows are past and gone,
The summer seems to call me on,
The violets whisper "She is nigh."

IV.

Sweet summer cometh, crowned with flowers,
And then my heart of hearts is gay,
For to myself I often say,
"My love will choose the summer hours."

V.

But summer fades to autumn's gold,
Yet still I watch and still I wait;
I think—"My love, she cometh late,
The days are short, the nights are cold."

VI.

Then winter follows, dark and sere,
And then I trim my beacon-light,
To guide her through the darkest night,
And so I measure out the year.

VII.

And thus the rolling years pass by:
At times I think "She will not come,
Perchance the way is wearisome
And dark, beneath a wintry sky."

VIII.

But yet I know she comes from far,
As surely as the silver light,
Flashing for ages through the night,
From some yet undiscovered star.

IX.

And so I keep my court of state,
With all my heart in solemn dress;
With everything in readiness,
I watch and wait, I watch and wait;

X.

Gazing towards the eastern sky,
Waiting the coming of the morn,
The first faint flushing of the dawn,
Waiting and watching—till I die.

WHO WAS THE EXECUTIONER OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST?

CASES of "historic doubt" seem to be the legitimate property of the novelist. The mystery which has enveloped the executioner of King Charles the First, the apparent impossibility of fixing the act of beheading upon any man for certain, have opened to the writers of historical romance a fair field for the exhibition of their art. And they have availed themselves of the opportunity. To mention one or two instances: the author of "Whitehall," M. Alexandre Dumas in his "Vingt-ans-Après," and Mr. Sala in his novel of "Captain Dangerous," have introduced to the public various candidates for the distinction of having killed a king. The generally accepted theory, however, is to the effect that the deed was done by the common hangman of the period for a reward of thirty pounds. But the name of the hangman has been less clearly ascertained. Jack Ketch, "a wretch," says Macaulay, "who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has during a century and a half been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office," was not appointed until about 1682. "While Jeffries on the bench, Ketch on the gibbet sits," says a lampoon of the time. The bungling cruelty exhibited on the occasion of the execution of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, nearly led to the destruction of Ketch by the infuriated mob; a strong guard was necessary to save the executioner being torn in pieces. Ketch had succeeded a man named Dun, who is addressed as Squire Dun in a poem by Butler. "The addition of 'squire,'" says an authority, "with which Mr. Dun is dignified, is a mark that he had beheaded some state criminal for high treason, an operation which, according to custom for time out of mind, has always entitled the operator to that distinction." The predecessor of Dun was Gregory Brandon, after whom the gallows was sometimes called the Gregorian tree, as in the prologue to "Mercurius Britannicus," acted at Paris, 1641:

This trembles under the black rod, and he
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree.

An earlier hangman was named Derrick; possibly, from his name the tackle employed in raising heavy weights on board ship is still known nautically as a *derrick*.

The executioner of King Charles was probably either Dun or Brandon; yet various authorities, at different times, have charged with the deed, William Walker, Richard Brandon, Hugh Peters, Colonel Joyce, William

Hewlet, and lastly, Lord Stair. Against some of these the accusation is, of course, utterly groundless; but on the trial of the regicides after the Restoration, a distinct attempt was made to fix the act of beheading on William Hewlet. The evidence for the prosecution was worthless enough, but the court had quite made up its mind on the subject beforehand, and a verdict of guilty was returned. Hewlet was not executed, however; the insufficiency of proof was too remarkable, and the restored government had some sense of shame.

"Many have curiously inquired," says William Lilly in the 'History of his Life and Times,' "who it was that cut off the king's head; I have no permission to speak of such things, but he that did it is valiant, resolute, and of a competent fortune." After the Restoration, Lilly was examined before Parliament on the subject. "At my first appearance," he goes on, "I was affronted by the young members, who demanded several scurrilous questions, and I should have been sorely troubled but for the assistance of Mr. Prinn and Mr. Weston, who whispered to me occasionally, holding a paper before their mouths. Liberty being at last given to me to speak, I delivered what follows: 'The next Sunday but one after the execution of King Charles the First, Robert Spavin, secretary to General Cromwell, and several others, dined with me, when the whole of our discourse was only who it was that beheaded the king; some said the common hangman, some Hugh Peters, and several others were named, but none concluded. After dinner was over, Robert Spavin retiring with me to the south window, took my hand and said: 'These are all mistaken, Lieutenant-Colonel Joyce was the man, for I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, and stood by him when he did it; no one knows this but my master, Commissary Ireton, and myself.'"

It is certain that Lilly, although originally a royalist, was afterwards actively engaged in the cause of the Parliament, and was one of the close committee to consult upon the proper carrying out of the king's execution. He was celebrated as an astrologer and impostor, and amassed a fortune by casting nativities and foretelling events, and preying generally upon the weakness and superstition of all ranks of society. In the words of Dr. Nash, in his "Notes to Hudibras," Lilly was "a time-serving rascal," and it is necessary to use caution in placing credit upon any narrative proceeding from him.

According to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, George Selwyn, that insatiable amateur of executions, had a different story, however, on this subject.

He professed to have obtained his information from the Duchess of Portsmouth, who, he said, always asserted, on the authority of Charles the Second, that the king his father was not beheaded by either Colonel Joyce or Colonel Pride, as was then commonly believed; but that the name of the real executioner was Gregory Brandon; that this man had worn a black crape stretched over his face, and had no sooner taken off the king's head than he was put into a boat at Whitehall Stairs, together with the block, the black cloth that covered it, the axe, and every other article that had been stained with the royal blood. Being conveyed to the Tower, all the implements used in the decapitation had been immediately reduced to ashes. A purse, containing one hundred broad pieces of gold, was then delivered to Brandon, and he was dismissed. He survived the transaction many years; but divulged it a short time before he died. "This account," Wraxall adds, "as coming from the Duchess of Portsmouth, challenges great respect."

A curious miscellany, called the "Lounger's Common Place Book," published in 1793, a favourite work with Leigh Hunt, and often quoted by him in his "History of the Town," adds to the stock of stories on the subject of Charles the First's execution, an extract from a French work called "*Délassements de l'Homme Sensible*," professing to be written by a Monsieur d'Arnaud. It will be as well perhaps to warn the reader at the outset that the Lounger is by no means an authority upon any subject, and that his appetite for the apocryphal is almost without bounds.

The Frenchman relates, according to the Lounger, that Lord Stair, once the favourite minister of King George the Second, retiring in disgust in consequence of some real or imaginary affront received after the battle of Dettingen, and on his way to Scotland, made a short stay in London to settle some regimental accounts, when an anonymous letter in a strange hand was sent to him, requesting that he would favour the writer with an interview at a particular time and place, as he had certain information of the most singular importance to communicate. Prompted by curiosity, and moved by the tone of entreaty of the letter, the Earl, taking some precautions to ensure his own safety, went to the place appointed. He knocked at the door of a corner house adjoining an obscure alley in a remote quarter of the town. He was admitted by a ragged and forlorn-looking wretch, who conducted him up a narrow tortuous staircase to a dingy garret, dimly lighted, in one corner of which he perceived the figure of a very old

man stretched upon a narrow bed. His lordship was loaded with thanks for having condescended to comply with the request contained in the letter, which the old man avowed he had written. He offered many apologies for the trouble he had occasioned his lordship. He then made mention of many curious facts not generally known in connection with the Stair family, the Dalrymples, and finally inquired of the Earl whether he had not recently experienced much inconvenience from the want of certain title-deeds and conveyances relating to his paternal estates. His lordship admitted that such was the case, adding that for want of some particular documents he was in great danger of losing a large portion of his inheritance. The old man then pointed to a box which stood by his bedside, "There," he said, "are the writings you require. You will ask how they came into my possession,—who I am? I have led a wandering and miserable life, strangely prolonged to one hundred and twenty-five years, and I now live to behold in you a lineal descendant from me in the third generation. The fame of your gallantry has reached me. I resolved to place in your hands the contents of that box. The wretched old man you see before you was a subject, a friend, and favourite of King Charles the First; but suspecting him of having wronged, most cruelly wronged, the woman I loved, my loyalty turned to hatred, an insatiable thirst for revenge possessed me. After his trial and deposition, I requested permission to be my sovereign's executioner. This was granted to me. A moment before raising the fatal axe, I whispered in his ear the name of his victim and her avenger. But from the hour of the king's death I have been a prey to the keenest remorse, an outcast and exile in different parts of Europe and Asia; and as though to increase my punishment, Heaven has seen fit to prolong my life far beyond the common age of man. Now leave me to my fate; ask me no more; forget that you have ever seen me." Lord Stair quitted the house, to return the next day in the hope of rendering some assistance to the mysterious old man. He had disappeared, however; no trace of him could be discovered, and he was never heard of more.

M. d'Arnaud's story is curious, but, of course, worthless from an historical point of view; it will not bear the test of the simplest critical analysis. The secret as to the executioner of King Charles has been well kept, probably from its being very little of a secret at all, and capable of a solution so simple, that people in such a case were rather inclined to avoid than accept it. It was no doubt difficult to credit that a prisoner so extraordinary should



fall by the hands of the ordinary executioner of the time, like any other prisoner sentenced to death. But that this was really the case there can be little question. It is worth while to remark, however, as an element in the consideration of the trustworthiness of history, how very soon, as in this case, doubt and mystery collect round and obscure an event of

singular importance. Less than twelve years after the death of the king, the commissioners appointed to bring the regicides to judgment could not clearly ascertain who was the actual executioner, and notwithstanding that they find a prisoner guilty of the offence, doubt on still, and scruple to inflict the punishment to which they had sentenced him. DUTTON COOK.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXIX.—AS IRON ENTERING INTO
THE SOUL.

THE Earl of Oakburn was in a bustle. The earl was one of those people who always are in a bustle when starting upon a journey, be it ever so short a one. He was going on a visit to Sir James Marden at Chesney Oaks, and he was putting himself in a commotion over it.

To Jane's surprise he had announced an intention not to take Pompey. Jane wondered how he would get on without that faithful and brow-beaten follower, if only in the light of an object to roar at; and when she asked the earl the reason for not taking him, he had civilly replied that it was no business of hers. Jane felt sorry for the decision, for she believed Pompey to be essential to her father's comforts; and she knew the earl, with all his temper, liked the old servant, and was glad to have him about him; but otherwise Jane attached no importance to the matter. So the earl was driven to the Paddington station, and Pompey, after seeing his master and his carpet-bag safely in an express train, returned with the carriage to Portland Place.

Jane Chesney was a little busy on her own score just now, for she was seeking a governess to replace Miss Lethwait; one who should prove to be a more desirable inmate than that lady had been. Jane blamed herself greatly for not having inquired more minutely into Miss Lethwait's antecedents; she had been, as she thought now, too much prepossessed in her favour at first sight, had taken her too entirely upon trust. That Jane would not err again on that score, her present occupation was proving—that of searching out the smallest details in connection with the lady now recommended to her, a Miss Snow. Not many days yet had Miss Lethwait quitted the house, but Jane had forcibly put her out of remembrance. Never, willingly, would she think again upon one, whose conduct in that one particular, the episode to which Jane had been a witness the night of the party, had been so entirely obnoxious.

Lord Oakburn was whirled along that desirable line for travellers, the Great Western. In the opposite corner of the comfortable carriage there happened to be another old naval commander sitting, and the terms that the two got upon were so good, that his lordship could not believe his eyes when he saw the well-

known station at Pembury, or believe that they had already reached it.

He had, however, to part with his new acquaintance, for Pembury station was his alighting point. He found Sir James Marden's carriage waiting for him, a sort of mail phaeton, Sir James himself, a little man with a yellow face, seated in the box seat. The earl and his carpet-bag were duly installed in it, and Sir James drove out of the station.

As they were proceeding up the street to take the avenue for Chesney Oaks,—the pleasant avenue, less green now than it had been in spring, which wound through the park to the house,—a small carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful ponies, came rapidly down upon them. Not more beautiful in their way, those ponies, than were the ladies seated in the carriage. Two gay, lovely ladies, laughing and talking with each other, their veils and their streamers and their other furbelows, flying behind them in the wind. The one, driving, was Colonel Marden's wife, and she was about to rein in and greet Sir James, when her companion, with a half-smothered cry and a sudden paleness displacing the rich bloom on her cheeks, seized the reins and sent the ponies onward at a gallop. It was Lady Laura Carlton.

"Holloa!" exclaimed Sir James, "what was that for?"

Lord Oakburn, in his surprise, had started up in the phaeton. About the last person he had been thinking of was Laura, and Pembury was about the last place he would have expected to see her in. The fact was, Laura had recently met Mrs. Marden at a friend's house near Great Wenlock; the two ladies had struck up a sudden friendship, and Laura had come back with her for a few days' visit.

"She was evidently scared at the sight of one of us, and I'm sure I never met her before to my knowledge," cried Sir James, alluding to the lady seated with Mrs. Marden. "Do you know her, Lord Oakburn?"

"Know her!" repeated the earl, rather explosively. "I'm sorry to say I do know her, sir. She is an ungrateful daughter of mine, who ran away from her home to be married to a fellow, and never asked my leave."

"It must be Lady Laura Carlton!" quickly exclaimed Sir James Marden.

"It is," said the earl. "And I assure you

I'd give a great deal out of my pocket if she were Lady Laura Anybody-else."

"You'll have to forgive her, I suppose. What a handsome girl she is!"

"No, I shan't have to forgive her," returned the earl, much offended at the suggestion. "I don't intend to forgive her."

Brave words, no doubt. But who knows what might have come of the interview had that pony carriage been allowed to stop? It might have been a turning point in Laura's life, might have led to a reconciliation—for Lord Oakburn's bark was worse than his bite, and he did love his children. But Laura Carlton, in her startled fear at seeing him so close to her, had herself given the check and the impetus, and the opportunity was gone by for ever.

"What brings her at Pembury?" growled the earl, as they drove through the park.

"I can't tell," replied Sir James. "I conclude she must be visiting at my brother's."

"I didn't know she knew them," was the comment of the earl. "Forgive a clandestine marriage! No, never!"

Brave words again of the Earl of Oakburn's. Clandestine marriages are not good in themselves, and they often work incalculable ill, entailing embarrassing consequences on more than one generation. But the condemnation would have come with better grace from another than Lord Oakburn, seeing that he was contemplating something of the sort on his own account.

He slept one night at Chesney Oaks, and then he concluded his visit. Sir James Marden was surprised and vexed at the abrupt termination. He set it down to the unwelcome presence of the earl's rebellious daughter at Pembury, and he pressed Lord Oakburn's hand at parting, and begged him to come again shortly, at a more convenient period.

But most likely Lord Oakburn had never intended a longer stay. The probabilities were—it's hard, you know, to have to write it of a middle-aged earl, a member of the sedate and honourable Upper House—that he had only taken Chesney Oaks as a blind to his daughters on his way to Miss Lethwait. For his real visit was to her.

Chesney Oaks was situated in quite an opposite part of the kingdom to Twiford vicarage, but by taking advantage of cross rails, Lord Oakburn contrived to reach Twiford late that same night. He did not intrude on them until the following morning. The house, a low one, covered with ivy, was small and unpretending, but exceedingly picturesque; its garden was beautiful, and the birds made their nests and sang in the

clustering trees that surrounded the lawn and flowers.

In features they were very much alike, but in figure no two could be much more dissimilar than the father and daughter. The vicar was a little shruken man, particularly timid in manner; his daughter magnificent as a queen. If she had looked queenly in the handsomely proportioned rooms of the earl's town house, how much more so did she look in the miniature little parlour of the vicarage.

Lord Oakburn entered upon his business in his usual blunt fashion. He had come down, he said, to make acquaintance with Mr. Lethwait, and to know when the wedding was to be.

The vicar replied by stating that Eliza had told him all. And he, the father, was deeply sensible of the honour done her by the Earl of Oakburn, and that he himself should be proud and pleased to see her his wife; but that he felt a scruple upon the point, as did Eliza. He felt that her entrance into the family might be very objectionable to the earl's daughters.

And, knowing what you do know of the earl, you may be sure that that speech was the signal for an outburst. He poured forth a torrent of angry eloquence in his peculiar manner, so completely annihilating every argument but his own, that the timid clergyman never dared to utter another word of objection. The earl must have it his own way: as it had been pretty sure from the first he would have it.

"Eliza has been a good and dutiful daughter, my lord," said the vicar, who in his retired life, his humble home, had hardly ever been brought into contact with one of the earl's social degree. "My living has been very small, and my expenses have been inevitably large—that is, large for one in my position. The last years of my wife's life were years of illness; she suffered from a complaint that required constant medical attendance and expensive nourishment, and Eliza was to us throughout almost as a guardian angel. Every penny she could spare from her own absolute expenses, she sent to us. She has put up with undesirable places where the discomforts were great, the insults hard to be borne, and would not throw herself out, lest we might suffer. She has been a *good* daughter," he emphatically added; "she will, I hesitate not to say it, make a good wife. And if only your lordship's daughters will——"

Another interrupting burst from his lordship: his daughters had nothing to do with it, and he did not intend that they should have. And the vicar was finally silenced.

The earl did things like nobody else. He had spent the best part of his life at sea, and shore ideas and proprieties were still almost to him as a closed book. In discussing the arrangements of the marriage with Miss Lethwait—for he compelled her to discuss them, and he did it in a perfectly matter-of-fact manner, just as he might have discussed a debate in the Lords—she found herself obliged to hint, as he did not, that a tour, long or short, inland or foreign, as might be convenient, was usually deemed eligible on that auspicious occasion. The earl could not be brought to see it; did not understand it. What on earth was the matter with his house at home that they could not proceed direct to it on their wedding day? he demanded. Were there a brig convenient they might enjoy a month's cruise in her, and he'd say something to it, or even a well-built yacht; but he hated land travelling, and was not going to encounter it.

Miss Lethwait thought of the horrors of sea-sickness, and left the brig and the yacht to drop into abeyance. Neither dared she, in the timidity of her new position, urge the tour further upon him; but she did shrink from being taken home to the midst of his daughters on the marriage day.

On the following day the earl went back to town, Miss Lethwait having succeeded in postponing the period of the marriage until October.

September was a busy month with Jane Chesney. The term for which they had engaged their present furnished residence was expiring, and Lord Oakburn took on lease one of the neighbouring houses in Portland Place.

Jane was in her element. Choosing furniture and planning out arrangements for their new home was welcome work, all being done with one primary object—the comfort of her father. The best rooms were appropriated to him, the best things were placed in them. Jane thought how happy they should be together, she and her father, in this settled homestead. They did not intend to go out of town that year: why should they? they had but a few months entered it. Custom? Fashion? The earl did not understand custom, and fashion was as a foreign ship to him. Jane only cared for what he cared.

They moved into the house the last week in September, Jane anxious with loving cares still. But for the mysterious and prolonged absence of Clarice, she would have been thoroughly and completely happy. Miss Snow was proving an efficient governess for Lucy, and Jane had leisure on her hands. The unpleasant episode in the reign of the last

governess, Eliza Lethwait, had nearly faded from Jane Chesney's memory, and she no more dreamt of connecting that condemned lady with certain occasional short absences of the earl in the country, than she dreamt of attributing them to visits paid to the Great Mogul.

The first week in October came in, and the evenings were getting wintry. Lord Oakburn had been away from home three days, and Jane, who had just got the house into nice condition, and was resting from her labours, had leisure to feel ill. Not actually ill, perhaps; but anything but well. She had felt so all day, a sick shivery feeling that she could not account for, a low-spirited sensation, as of some approaching evil. Do coming events thus cast their shadows before? There are those who tell us that they do. Not in that way, however, was Jane Chesney superstitious, or did she think of attributing her sensations to any such mystical cause. She "felt out of sorts" she said to Lucy's governess, and supposed she had caught cold.

Causing a fire to be lighted in her dressing-room, a little snugger on the second floor adjoining her bed-room, she resolved to make herself comfortable there for the evening. She ordered the tea-tray to be brought up, and sent a message for Miss Snow and Lucy.

Miss Snow, a little, lively, warm-mannered woman, the very reverse of the dignified Miss Lethwait, was full of trifling cares for Lady Jane. She threw a warm shawl on her shoulders, she insisted on wrapping her feet in flannel as they rested on the footstool before the fire, and she asked permission to make and pour out the tea.

Judith was at that moment bringing in the tea-tray. Judith—I'm sure I forget whether this has been mentioned before—had taken the place of own maid to Jane and Lucy when the change occurred in their fortunes. Jane valued her greatly, and the girl was deserving of it.

"A gentleman has called to inquire when the earl will be at home, my lady," she said, as she put down the tray. "He wishes very particularly to see him."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jane, rather listlessly. "Who is it?"

"It is that same gentleman who has been here occasionally on Sir James Marden's business," replied Judith. "I heard him say to Wilson as I came through the hall that he had had a communication from Chesney Oaks which he wished the earl to see as soon as possible. Wilson asked me if I'd bring the message to your ladyship."

Jane turned her head in some slight sur-

prise. "A communication from Chesney Oaks?" she repeated. "But papa is at Chesney Oaks. You can tell the gentleman so, Judith."

"No, Jane, papa's not at Chesney Oaks," interposed Lucy, who was dancing about the room with her usual restlessness. "If he had been going to Chesney Oaks he would have gone from the Paddington Station, wouldn't he?"

"Well?" said Jane.

"Well, he went to the King's Cross Station."

"How do you know?" asked Jane.

Lucy gave a deprecatory glance at Miss Snow ere she entered on her confession. She had run out to her papa after he was in the carriage for a last last kiss, and heard Pompey give the order to the coachman, "The King's Cross Station."

Jane shook her head. "You must have been mistaken, Lucy," she said. "I asked papa whether he was going to Chesney Oaks, and he—he—" Jane stopped a moment in recollection—"he nodded his head in the affirmative. It must have meant the affirmative," she added, slowly, as if debating the point with herself. "I am sure he is at Chesney Oaks."

"Shall I inquire of the coachman, my lady?" asked Judith. "He is down stairs."

"Yes, do," replied Jane. "And you can tell the gentleman, Sir James Marden's agent, that I shall expect Lord Oakburn home daily until I see him. He seldom remains away above three days."

Judith went down on her errand, and came up again. Lucy was right. The coachman had driven his master to the King's Cross Station: the coachman further said that it was to the King's Cross Station that he had driven his master on his recent absences. Jane wondered. She was not aware that Lord Oakburn knew any one on that line. This time he had taken Pompey with him.

Miss Snow busied herself with the tea; Lucy talked; Jane sat in listless idleness. And thus the time went on until a loud knock and ring resounded through the house. Jane lifted her eyes to the clock on the mantelpiece, and saw that it wanted ten minutes to nine.

"Visitors to-night!" she exclaimed, with vexation.

"Don't admit them, Lady Jane," spoke up Miss Snow impulsively, in her sympathy for Lady Jane. "You are not well enough."

Lucy had escaped from the room, and Miss Snow caught her at the dignified pastime of listening. Stretched over the balustrades as

far as she could stretch, her ears and eyes were riveted to what was going on in the hall below. The governess administered a sharp reprimand and ordered her to come away. But Lucy was absorbed, and altogether ignored both Miss Snow and the mandate.

"Do you hear me speak to you, Lady Lucy? Must I come for you, then?"

Lucy drew away now, but not, as it appeared, in obedience to the governess. Her face wore a puzzled look of surprise, and she went back to the room on tiptoe.

"Jane," said she, scarcely above her breath, "Jane what do you think? It is papa and Miss Lethwait."

Jane turned round on her chair. "What nonsense, Lucy! Miss Lethwait!"

"It is indeed, Jane. It looks just as though papa had brought her on a visit, and there's some luggage coming into the hall. Miss Lethwait——"

"It cannot be Miss Lethwait," sharply interrupted Lady Jane, her tone betraying annoyance at the very mistake.

"Yes it is Miss Lethwait," persisted Lucy. "She is dressed so well!—in a rich damask dress and a white bonnet, and an Indian shawl with a gold border. It is just like that Indian shawl of mamma's that you never remove from the drawer and never wear, because you say it puts you too much in mind of her."

"Lucy, you must certainly be dreaming!" reiterated Jane. "Miss Lethwait would never dare to step inside our house again. If——"

Jane stopped. Wilson the footman had come up the stairs, and his face wore a blank look.

"I beg your pardon, my lady; the earl has arrived."

"Well?" said Jane.

"He ordered me to come up to you, my lady, and ask whether there was nobody to receive him and—and—Lady Oakburn."

"Bade you ask WHAT?" demanded Jane, bending her haughty eyelids on the servant.

"My lady," returned the man, thinking he would give the words as they were given to him, and then perhaps he should escape anger, "what his lordship said was this: 'Go up and see where they are, and ask what's the reason that nobody is about, to receive Lady Oakburn.' They were the exact words, my lady."

"Is it my aunt, the Dowager Lady Oakburn?" asked Jane in her wonder.

"It is Miss Lethwait, my lady. That is to say, she as was Miss Lethwait when she lived here."

Lucy was right, then! A ghastly hue overspread the face of Jane Chesney. Not at the unhappy fact—which as yet, strange to say,

had not dawned on her mind—but at the insult offered to her by this re-entrance of the governess into their house. Who was she, this Eliza Lethwait, that she should come again, and beard her in her home? Had he, her father, brought her—brought her on a visit, as surmised by Lucy?

The footman had already gone down stairs again. Jane flung aside Miss Snow's wrappings and prepared to descend. The governess had stood in a state of puzzled amazement, wondering what it all meant. On the stairs Jane encountered Judith. The girl was paler than usual, and very grave.

"My lady," she whispered, arresting Jane's progress, "do you know what has occurred?"

"I know that that person whom I turned from my house has dared to intrude into it again," answered Lady Jane in her wrath, speaking far more openly than it was her custom to speak before a servant. "But she shall not stop in it; no, not for an hour. Let me pass, Judith."

"Oh, my lady, hear the worst before you go in; before you enter upon a contest with her that perhaps she'd gain," implored Judith, in her eager sympathy for her mistress. "My lord has married her, and has brought her home."

Jane fell against the wall and looked at Judith, a pitiable expression of helplessness on her face. The girl resumed.

"Pompey says they were married yesterday morning; were married by Miss Lethwait's father in his own church. He says, my lady, he finds it is to Miss Lethwait's the earl has gone lately when he has been absent from town; not to Chesney Oaks."

"Support me, Judith," was the feeble prayer of the unhappy daughter.

Utterly sick and faint was she, and but for Judith's help she would have fallen. She sunk down on the friendly stairs, and let her head rest on them until the faintness had passed. Then she rose, staggering, and went on with what feeble strength was left her.

"I must know the worst," she moaned. "I must know the worst."

Lucy, wondering and timid, stole into the drawing-room after her. Standing by its fire, her face turned to the door in expectation, was she who had quitted the house as Miss Lethwait, only six or seven weeks before. Jane's eyes fell on her dress, as mentioned by Lucy, the rich sweeping silk, the pretty white bonnet, and the costly shawl—their own mother's shawl! taken by the earl from its resting place to bestow on his new bride. Woman's mind is a strange compound of strength and littleness; and to see that shawl on her shoulders brought

to Jane's heart perhaps the keenest pang of all. The earl was striding the room; his stick, suspiciously restless, coming down loudly with each step. He confronted his two daughters.

"So! here you are at last! And nothing ready, that I see, in the shape of welcome. Not so much as the tea laid! What's the reason, Lady Jane?"

"We did not expect you," replied Jane in a low tone, her back turned on the ex-governess.

"You got my letter. Wasn't it plain enough?"

"I have not received any letter."

"Not received any letter! By Jove! I'll prosecute the post-office! Girls," with a flourish of his hand towards his wife—"here's your new mother, Lady Oakburn. You don't want a letter to welcome her."

It seemed that Jane, at any rate, wanted something, if not a letter. She persistently ignored the presence of the lady, keeping her face turned to her father. But when she tried to address him, no sound issued from her white and quivering lips. The new countess came forward, and humbly, deprecatingly, held out her hand to Jane.

"Lady Jane, I implore you, let there be peace between us. Suffer me to sue for it. It has pleased Lord Oakburn to make me his wife; but indeed I have not come here to interfere with his daughters' privileges or to sow dissension in their home. Try and like me, Lady Jane! It will not be difficult to me to love you."

Jane wheeled round, her white lips trembling, her face ablaze with scorn.

"Like you!" she repeated, her voice, in her terrible emotion, rising to a hiss. "Like you! Can we like the serpent that entwines its deadly coils around its victim? You have brought your arts to bear on my unsuspecting father, and torn him from his children. As you have dealt with us, Eliza Lethwait, may you so be dealt with when your turn shall come!"

The countess drew back in agitation. She laid her hand on Lucy.

"You at least will let me love you, Lucy! I loved you when I was with you, and I will endeavour to be to you a second mother. This entrance into your home is as embarrassing and painful to me as to you."

Lucy burst into tears as she received the kiss pressed upon her lips. She had liked Miss Lethwait very much, but she did not like her to bring upon them this discomfort.

The earl and his stick, neither of them quite so brave as usual, went off to take refuge in the small room that they had made the library; glad perhaps, if the truth could be

known, that he had a refuge just then to hide himself in.

"It's new lines to them yet, Eliza," he called out as he went, for the benefit of his rebellious daughters. "To Jane especially. They haven't got their sea-legs on at present; but it will be all right in a day or two. Or you shall ask them the reason why."

An exceedingly smart lady's maid brushed past the earl, brushed past Jane, and addressed her mistress, with whom she had arrived.

"Your chamber is in order now, my lady, and what you'll want to-night unpacked. I thought your ladyship might like a fire, so I have had one lighted."

The countess passed out of the room, glad as the earl, perhaps, to make her escape. Jane grasped a chair in her heart-sickness.

Oh, reader! surely you can feel for her! She was hurled without warning from the post of authority in her father's home, in which she had been mistress for years; *she was hurled from the chief place in her father's heart.* One whom she regarded as in every way beneath her, whom she disliked and despised, over whom she had held control, was exalted into her place; raised over her. She might have borne that bitterness: not patiently, but still she might have borne it: but what she could not bear was that another should become more to her father than she was. He whom she had so revered and loved, he in whom her very life had been bound up, had now taken to himself an idol—and Jane henceforth was nothing.

She dragged her aching limbs back to her dressing-room and cowered down before the fire with a low moan. Judith found her there. The girl had a letter in her hand.

"My lady, Pompey's nearly out of his mind with alarm. He says he'd rather run away back to Africa than that his fault should become known to his master. My lord gave him a letter to post for you yesterday, and he forgot it, and has just found it in his pocket."

Jane mechanically stretched out her hand for the letter; mechanically opened it. It was short and pithy.

"Dear Jane:—I married Miss Lethwait this morning, and we shall be home to tea to-morrow: have things ship-shape. You behaved ill to her when she was with us, and she felt it keenly, but you'll take care to steer clear of that quicksand for the future; for remember she's my wife now, and will be the mistress of my home.

"Your affectionate father,

"OAKBURN."

Jane crushed the letter in her hand and let her head fall, a convulsive sob that arose in her throat from time to time alone betraying her anguish. If ever the iron entered into the soul of woman, it had surely entered into that of Jane Chesney.

CHAPTER XXX. BACK AT THE OLD HOME.

THEY stood together in the library—the earl and his daughter Jane. The morning sun streamed in at the window, playing on the fair smooth hair of Jane, showing all too conspicuously the paleness of her cheek, the utter misery of her countenance. The earl, looking bluff and uncomfortable, paced the carpet restlessly, his stick, for a wonder, lying unheeded in a corner.

It was their first meeting since the moment of his return the previous night. Ah, what a night it had been for Jane! Never for an instant had she closed her eyes. As she went to bed, so she rose; not having once lost consciousness of the blow that had been dealt out to her.

She had heard the earl go into the library, after his breakfast. He had taken it with the countess and Lucy. And Jane, drinking at a gulp the cup of tea brought to her, and which had stood neglected until it was cold, went down stairs and followed him in.

Not to reproach him; not to cast a word of indignation on the usurping countess; simply to speak of herself, and what her future course must be.

"This is no longer a home for me, papa," she quietly began, striving to subdue all outward token of emotion, of the bitter pain that was struggling within her. "I think you must see that it is not. Will you help me to another?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Jane," said the earl, testily, wishing he was breasting the waves in a hurricane off the Cape, rather than in this dilemma. "It will all smooth down in a few days, if you'll only let it."

Jane lifted her eyes to him, a whole world of anguish in their depths. "I *could not* stop here," she said, in a low tone, quite painful from its earnestness. "Papa, it would kill me."

And it seemed as if it really would kill her. Lord Oakburn grunted something unintelligible, and looked uncommonly ill-at-ease.

"You must let me go away, papa. Perhaps you will help me to another home?"

"What home? Where d'ye want to go?" he crossly asked.

"I have been thinking that I could go to South Wennock," she said. "I cannot remain in London. The house at South Wennock

has not let since we left it ; it is lying useless there, with its furniture ; and, now that the winter is approaching, it will not be likely to let. Suffer me to go back there."

Lord Oakburn took a few strides up and down without reply. Jane stood, as before, near the table, one hand leaning on it, as if for support.

"It's the most rubbishing folly in the world, Jane ! You'd be as comfortable at home as ever you were, if you'd only bring your mind to it. Do you suppose she has come into the house to make things unpleasant for us ? You don't know her, if you think that. But there !—have it your own way ! If you'd like to go back to South Wennock for the winter, you can."

"Thank you," answered Jane, with a suppressed sob. "You will allow me sufficient to live upon, papa ?"

"I'll see about that," said the earl, testily. "Let me know what you want, and I'll do what I can."

"I should like to continue in it, papa : to make it my home for life."

"Stuff, Jane ! Before you have been there six months you'll be right glad to come back to us."

"You will let me take Lucy, papa ?"

"No ; I'll be shot if I do !" returned the earl, raising his voice in choler. "I don't approve of your decamping off at all, though I give in to it ; but I will never permit Lucy to share in such rebellion. You needn't say more, Jane. If my other daughters leave me, I will keep her."

Jane sighed as she gave up the thought of Lucy. She moved from the table and held out her hand.

"Good-by, papa. I shall go to-day."

"Short work, my young lady," was the answer. "You'll come to see the folly of your whim speedily, I hope."

He shook hands. But, in his vexation and annoyance, he did not offer to kiss her, and he did not say "Good-by." Perhaps he felt vexed at himself as much as at Jane.

She went up to her room. Judith was busy at the dressing-table, and a maid was making the bed. Jane motioned to the latter to quit the chamber.

"I am going back to South Wennock, Judith, to live at the old house on the Rise. I leave for it to-day. Would you like to go, and remain with me ?"

Judith looked too surprised to speak. She had a glass toilette-bottle in her hand, dusting it, and she laid it down in wonder. Jane continued.

"If you do not wish to go with me, I

suppose you can remain here with Lady Lucy. They will want a maid for her, unless Lady Oakburn's is to attend on her. That can be ascertained."

"I will go with you, my lady," said Judith.

"I shall be glad if you will. But mine will be a very quiet household. Only you and another, at the most."

"I would prefer to go with you, my lady."

"Then, Judith, let us make haste with the preparations. We must be away from this house to-day."

Scarcely had she spoken when Lucy came dancing in, her cheeks and her eyes glowing.

"O Jane ! I hope we shall all be happy together !" she exclaimed. "I think we can be. Lady Oakburn is so kind. She means to get Miss Snow a nice situation, and to teach me herself. She says she will not entrust my education to anybody else."

"I am going away, Lucy," said Jane, drawing the little girl to her. "I wish—I wish I could have had you with me ? But papa will not—"

"Going away !" repeated Lucy. "Where ?"

"I am going back to South Wennock to live."

"Oh Jane ! And to leave papa ! What will he do without you ?"

A spasm passed over Jane Chesney's face.

"He has some one else now, Lucy."

Lucy burst into tears. "And I, Jane ! What shall I do ? You have never been away from me in all my life !"

A struggle with herself, and then Jane's tears burst forth. For the first time since the descending of the blow. She laid her face on Lucy's neck and sobbed aloud.

Only for a few moments did she suffer herself to indulge the grief. "I cannot afford this, child," she said ; "I have neither time nor emotion to spare to-day. You must leave me, or I shall not be ready."

Lucy went down, her face wet. Lady Oakburn, who seemed to be taking to her new home and its duties quite naturally, was sorting some of Lucy's music in the drawing-room. She looked just as she had used to look as Miss Lethwait ; but she wore this morning a beautiful dress of lama, shot with blue and gold, and a lace cap of guipure. Lucy's noisy entrance and noisy grief caused her to turn abruptly.

"My dear child, what is the matter ?"

"Jane is going away," was the sobbing answer.

"Going away !" echoed the countess, not understanding.

"Yes, she is going back to live at South

Wenlock, she says. She and Judith are packing up to go to-day."

Lady Oakburn was as one struck dumb. For a minute she could neither stir nor speak. Self-reproach was taking possession of her.

"Does your papa know of this, Lucy?"

"Oh yes, I think so," sobbed Lucy. "Jane said she had asked papa to let me go with her, and he would not."

Lady Oakburn quitted the room and went in search of the earl. He was in the library still, pacing it with his stick now—the stick having just menaced poor Pompey's head, who had come in with a message.

"Lucy tells me that Lady Jane is about to leave," began the countess. "Oh, Lord Oakburn, it is what I feared! I would almost rather have died than come here to sow dissension in your house. Can nothing be done?"

"No, it can't," said the earl. "When Jane's determined upon a thing, she is determined. It's the fault of the family, my lady: as you'll find when you have been longer in it."

"But, Lord Oakburn——"

"My dear, look here. All the talking in the world won't alter it, and I'd rather hear no more upon the subject. Jane will go to South Wenlock; but I daresay she'll come to her senses before she has lived there many months."

Did a recollection cross the earl's mind of another of his daughters, of whom he had used the self-same words? Clarice! She would come to her senses, he said, if let alone. But it seemed she had not come to them yet.

Lady Oakburn, more grieved, more desolate than can well be imagined, for she was feeling herself to be a wretched interloper, in her lively conscientiousness, went upstairs to Jane's room and knocked at it. Jane was alone then. She was standing before a chest of drawers, taking out their contents. The countess was agitated, even to tears.

"Oh, Lady Jane, do not inflict this unhappiness upon me! I wish I had never entered the house, if the consequences are to involve your leaving it."

Jane stood, calm, impassive, scarcely deigning to raise her haughty eyelids.

"You should have thought of consequences before, madam."

"If you could know how very far from my thoughts it would be to presume in any way upon my position!" continued the countess imploringly. "If you would consent to be still the mistress of the house, Lady Jane——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Jane, in a haughty tone of reproof, as if she would recall her to common sense. "My time is very

short," she continued: "may I request to be left alone?"

Lady Oakburn saw there was no help for it, no remedy; and she turned to quit the room with a gesture of grief and pain. "I can only pray that the time may come when you will know me better, Lady Jane. Believe me, I would rather have died, than been the means of turning you from your home."

Taking leave of none but Lucy and Miss Snow, Lady Jane quitted the house with Judith in the course of the afternoon. Lord Oakburn had gone out: his wife, Jane would not see. And in that impromptu fashion Lady Jane returned to South Wenlock, and took up her abode again in the old house, startling the woman who had charge of it.

The next day Jane wrote to her father. Her intention was to live as quietly as possible, she told him, keeping only two maids—Judith, to attend upon her personally, and a general servant—and a very modest sum indeed Jane named as an estimation of what it would cost her to live upon. But Lord Oakburn was more liberal, and exactly doubled it: in his answer he told her, her allowance would be at the rate of five hundred a year.

But the past trouble reacted upon Jane, and she became really ill. Mr. John Grey was called in to her. He found the sickness more of the mind than the body, and knew that time alone could work a cure.

"My dear lady, if I were to undertake you as a patient I should but be robbing you," he said to her, at his second interview. "Tonics? Well, you shall have some if you wish; but the best tonic will be time."

She saw that he divined how cruel had been the blow of the earl's marriage, the news of which had caused quite a commotion in South Wenlock. Even this remote allusion to it Jane would have resented in some; but there was that about Mr. Grey that seemed to draw her to him as a friend. She sat at the table in the little square drawing-room—little, as compared to some of the rooms to which she had lately been accustomed—and leaned her cheek upon her hand. Mr. Grey was seated on the other side the hearth, opposite to her. It was getting towards the dusk of evening, and the red blaze of the fire played on Jane's pale face.

"Yes," she acknowledged, "it is time alone that can do much for me, I believe. I feel—I feel that I shall never be blithe again. But I should like some tonic medicine, Mr. Grey."

"You shall have it, Lady Jane. I fancy you are naturally not very strong."

"Not very strong, perhaps. But I have hitherto enjoyed good health. Are there any

changes at South Wennock?" she continued, not sorry to quit the subject of self for some other.

"No, I think not," he answered; "nothing in particular, that would interest you. A few people have died; a few have married: as is the case in all places."

"Does Mr. Carlton get much practice?" she asked, overcoming her repugnance to speak of that gentleman, in her wish for some information as to how he and Laura were progressing.

"He gets a great deal," said Mr. Grey. "The fact is, quite a tide has set in against my brother, and Mr. Carlton reaps the benefit."

"I do not understand," said Jaue.

"People seem to have taken a dislike to my brother, on account of that unhappy affair in Palace Street," he explained. "Or rather, I should say, to distrust him. In short, people won't have Mr. Stephen Grey to attend them any longer: if I can't go, they run for Mr. Carlton, and thus he has now a great many of our former patients. South Wennock is a terrible place for gossip; everybody must interfere with his neighbour's affairs. Just now," added Mr. John Grey, with a genial smile, "the town is commenting on Lady Jane Chesney's having called in me, instead of Mr. Carlton, her sister's husband."

Jane shook her head. "I dislike Mr. Carlton personally very much," she said. "Had he never entered our family to sow dissension in it, I should still have disliked him. But this must be a great trouble to Mr. Stephen Grey."

"It is a great annoyance. I wonder sometimes that Stephen puts up with it so patiently. 'It will come round with time,' is all he says."

"Has any clue been obtained to the unfortunate lady who died?" asked Jane.

"Not the slightest. She lies, poor thing, in the corner of St. Mark's Churchyard, unclaimed and unknown."

"But, has her husband never come forward to inquire after her?" exclaimed Lady Jane, in wonder. "It was said at the time, I remember, that he was travelling. Surely he must have returned?"

"No one whatever has come forward," was Mr. Grey's reply. "Neither he nor anybody else. In short, Lady Jane, but for that humble grave and the obloquy that has become the property of my brother Stephen, the whole affair might well seem a myth; a something that had only happened in a dream."

"Does it not strike you as being altogether very singular?" said Lady Jane, after a pause of thought. "The affair itself, I mean."

"Very much so indeed. It so impressed me at the time of the occurrence; far more than it did my brother."

"It would almost seem as though—as though the poor young lady had had no husband," concluded Lady Jane. "If it be not uncharitable to the dead to say so."

"That is the opinion I incline to," avowed Mr. John Grey. "My brother, on the contrary, will not entertain it; he feels certain, he says, that in that respect things were as straight as they ought to be. But for one thing, I should adopt my opinion indubitably, and go on, as a natural sequence, to the belief that she herself introduced the fatal drops into the draught."

"And that one thing—what is it?" asked Jane, interested in spite of her own cares. But indeed the tragedy from the first had borne much interest for her—as it had for everybody else in South Wennock.

"The face that was seen on the stairs by Mr. Carlton."

"But I thought Mr. Carlton maintained afterwards that he had not seen any face there—that it was a misapprehension of his own?"

"Rely upon it, Mr. Carlton did see a face there, Lady Jane. The impression conveyed to his mind at the moment was, that a face—let us say a man—was there; and I believe it to have been a right one. The doubt arose to him afterwards with the improbability: and, for one thing, he may wish to believe that there was nobody, and to impress that belief upon others."

"But why should he wish to do that?" asked Jane.

"Because he must be aware that it was very careless of him not to have put the matter beyond doubt at the time. To see a man hovering in that stealthy manner near a sick lady's room would be the signal for unearthing him to most medical attendants. It ought to have been so to Mr. Carlton; and he is no doubt secretly taking blame to himself for not having done it."

"I thought he did search."

"Yes, superficially. He carried out a candle and looked around. But he should have remained on the landing, and called to those below to bring lights, so as not to allow a chance of escape. Of course, he had no thought of evil."

"And you connect that man with the evil?"

"I do," said Mr. Grey, as he rose to leave. "There's not a shadow of doubt on my mind that that man was the author of Mrs. Crane's death."

(To be continued.)

HEFFIE'S TROUBLE.

I REMEMBER how late we all sat round the fire that night, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Lucy, and I. It was such a cold wild night, and such a tumult was going on out of doors, as made the pleasant cheerful warmth within seem doubly pleasant and cheerful.

My aunt had been left a widow some years since, with two children, a son and a daughter; my cousin Lucy, and Arthur, who was now in a government office in London. I had lived my childish years away, knowing no other home than my aunt's pretty cottage at Ashwood, no mother's face but hers. I had been given to her when my parents left England for India, when I was little more than four years old; it was there my mother died soon after their arrival, leaving my poor father desolate in a strange land. And now, after twelve years of Indian service, he had come back to live in the old Hall at Riverbank, a lovely spot, which had belonged to our family for many generations past.

To that sweet home, one golden June day, he had brought my gentle mother, a pretty bride of seventeen; and there, about a year after, I, their only child, was born. Being so young when I left it, I had of course little or no recollection of the place, nor do I remember having any desire to see it again. You call this strange and unnatural; perhaps it was, but then our home at Ashwood was very retired indeed, a sunny nook in a quiet corner of this busy moving world. Beyond the rector and his wife, we had very few neighbours. Lucy and I had only each other to play with while Arthur was away at school; and when he returned for the holidays, we were happy indeed.

So quietly and peacefully the narrow, waveless stream of our life flowed on, and we were happy and content; not knowing any other, we cared not to have it widened. I do not think this circumscribed life of ours did any real harm to Lucy; with me it was otherwise. I suffered, where she escaped untouched; for we were very different, very unlike each other.

Hers was a frank, sympathetic, trusting nature, that easily attached itself. You could not help loving her if you tried. She would creep into your heart like a little bird, and there make a green little nest for herself, even before you were aware. My disposition, on the contrary, was shy, reserved, and cold; or, rather, my affections were not easily stirred into warmth. I was slow to open my heart, and I opened it only to a few; but for them I had a kind of passionate worship, that would have considered no sacrifice too great, no self-

renunciation too impossible. But, ah! at Ashwood my love had never been put to a severer test than the little daily efforts to please my gentle aunt and cousins. Beyond them I wanted no one else; I never cared to make friends. Even my father's name, that name which above all others, should have had a sacred shrine in my heart (I say it now in all the anguish of a sorrowful shame burning at my breast), had little power to kindle any emotion there. And so, when one day the news had come to us that he was going to marry again (a widow lady, with an only daughter a little older than myself) it did not please or trouble me. I received it calmly and quietly, as something I had little concern in. But when, a little later, a letter came telling of their arrival in England, and that now he had returned home he wished to have his child again, I felt as if a heavy blow had fallen upon my heart, and only yielded as to a cruel necessity. Dreadful to me was the thought of leaving my aunt and cousins, of changing my calm, unruffled life at Ashwood for a new existence among strangers, for they were all more or less strangers to me.

And so, as I said before, we three sat round the fire very late that night. We heard the clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight, and still we never moved. I think each of us in her secret heart dreaded to be the first to break up that last home conference. Lucy, with an expression of touching sadness in her sweet face, sat looking into the fire far more gently and submissively than I into my future life; whilst dear, kind, Aunt Rachel would now and then try to cheer us by some pleasant, hope-assuring word, though I could see that her own eyes were growing dim while she spoke. And so at last we said good night, once more and for the last time; and once more Cousin Lucy and I lay down to sleep, side by side, in the two little French beds with rosebud curtains, in that same dear room we had called the nursery long ago. Before the sun went down again we were many long miles apart. The old life was gone; and Aunt Rachel's fond, earnest blessing, and Lucy's tearful embrace, were all that remained to me of the happy home days that would never come back.

Well, I arrived at the old house at Riverbank, that house which had been my mother's home for nearly all her married life; yet my heart refused to recognise it as my own. My father met me in the hall and said, "Heffie, you are quite a woman; I am glad, very glad, to have my child again." And my stepmother greeted me kindly, affectionately; and Agnes took my hand and said (with her eyes looking kindly into mine), "shall we be sisters?"

And so they took me in among them ; and day by day they strove, with tender words and loving deeds, to win my wayward, sullen heart, that still remained shut up within itself, closely as ever door was locked and barred.

Day by day they strove with me, constantly, patiently, but in vain ; because I would not strive with myself. The old life was gone—the old life around and within me ; and instead of trying to read calmly the new leaf that lay open before me, I only stained it with my tears, and kept ever in my memory, turning again and again the pages I had for ever finished. I lived and moved in a kind of dream, seeing and hearing, yet taking no heed of what I saw or heard. I spent hours in my own room, reading over and over again the books Lucy had given to me the night before I left them. Most of them we had read together, she and I ; and now I must read alone ; and often, as the short winter afternoon was growing dark and cold, a sick, dreary feeling would creep over my heart—of miserable loneliness, that seemed consuming me in its very intensity. Ah ! had I not brought all my trouble upon myself ? No ; I was not pretty, like Agnes. I knew that, and my father knew it also ; and he was proud of her, I could see ; but not proud of his poor, pale little Hefie. It was always Agnes who went out to ride with him, who was ready to walk wherever he liked, who read to him in the evening when he was tired. Why was it that I was seldom with him, that I never read or sang to him for hours as she did ? Because I had a false feeling in my foolish heart that he could not love me, could not care for me. How should he, when I was so little to him, and she so much ? So days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and summer came once more, once more to gladden men and women and children's hearts, with long days of golden sunshine, and soft cool dewy nights. Yes, summer came once more, and with it came a change in my life, my self-inflicted, lonely life. One morning I received a letter from my Cousin Arthur, saying that his mother and Lucy were going to spend the next three months with some friends in Scotland ; and that if his uncle and Mrs. Leigh would kindly receive him for a little while, he would so very much like to come and spend his summer holiday at Riverbank. He longed to see me again ; it would be like a coming back of the old days.

"Yes, Hefie, certainly," said my father, when I gave him Arthur's message, "let him come by all means. We shall be delighted to see him ; it will make a pleasant change, a very pleasant change for us all."

As I rose to leave the room I saw his wife's

gentle eyes turned on me with a kind, half-pitying look I had often seen there of late, and heard her say (when she thought I was out of hearing), "Poor child, I am glad she will have this pleasure. I long to see a little colour in that pale face ; it is too young to look so sad."

And my father answered, "Yes, it is too young ; life should not be difficult at seventeen. Oh, Margaret ! I have a great fear haunting me sometimes." And here he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, so that I heard no more ; and I hastened up-stairs to write my letter. What was this great fear that haunted my father ? I could not tell. I had often remarked lately (as I said before) my stepmother's eyes watching me with an anxious, half-pitying expression ; and once or twice I had seen them fill with tears when she thought I was not noticing her. Did this great fear haunt her, too ?

Three days passed by, and Arthur came—pleasant, cheerful, kind, Cousin Arthur. How my heart bounded at the sight of him, at the sound of his fine manly voice, that seemed to me like an echo from the old life,—the old life that was gone. All was changed during the few weeks he stayed at Riverbank. It was as if some kind fairy had come with her magic wand and touched the hours, and turned them into gold. I felt almost quite happy. Something of my old self seemed to have come back. It was a season of strange, wonderful gladness—a short, happy dreaming, that went too quickly by—and I awoke crying, to find it over, gone.

I knew he and Agnes liked each other from the beginning ; nothing was more natural. Many of their tastes and pursuits were the same. And so it happened that day by day there grew up between them a sure, yet silent sympathy, so sure and silent that for a long time neither was conscious how much the other was helping to make the sunny June of life more bright and sunny still. Week after week went by, till we counted six, and then Arthur's leave had expired, and he must return to London. The last evening came (how far away it seems, now as I look back). I was sitting alone in my own room, not reading or writing, or hardly thinking ; but listening listlessly to the dull patter of the rain against the window, for it had been pouring all day.

Presently I heard a knock at my door, and Arthur entered, saying he wanted to talk with me. He had hardly seen me since the morning. "Dear Hefie," he said, "I want to tell you something, something that I want you to feel glad for. Can you guess ?"

"No. How should I ?"

"Well, then, Agnes has promised to-day to be my wife. Say you are glad, Hefie, won't you ? You used to be glad years ago when I

brought home a new prize from school ; but now you do not speak."

"Arthur, I am very glad." I said it with

my lips, but a voice in my heart answered, "No, Hefie, you are not glad ; you know you are not."



See p. 27.

"Why not?"

Because that moment had revealed to my heart a secret it had been keeping from itself,

a secret it had not dared to discover ; but now it had stolen out from the dark, silent corner where it had hidden itself away, and, standing

out like a giant fierce and strong in the broad open daylight, it stared me in the face mockingly, cruelly; and I saw that it was an idol I had been bowing down to, a pillar I had been leaning on for strength; and the idol was crumbling, the pillar was falling, and I, who had leaned too long on that one support, was weak (oh! how weak) now it was gone.

Arthur stayed with me for a long while that evening, talking of many things,—of Agnes most of all. He asked me to be kind to her when he was gone, to show her love and sympathy for his sake.

He knew not he was asking me to do a hard thing. The next day he was gone, and Agnes moved about the house quiet and subdued, as if a little shadow had come to dim her sky for a moment; while I, who had no right to grieve, yet grieved more hopelessly. Now, at the distance of nearly twenty years, I can look back calmly on that time, as on the recollection of a troubled dream, from which the awakening was tranquil as the clear shining after rain. But then there was no shining, no rest, no comfort. The next few months that passed before the winter came (that was when the wedding was to be) were very dreary ones to me. There was a little brief while indeed, in which Aunt Rachel and Lucy paid us a visit on their way home from Scotland; but when that was over I felt even more lonely than ever. My heart was more than ever closed to Agnes. I felt towards her as if she had done me a cruel wrong; as if she had stolen from me something that might have been mine; that I would have valued, oh how pricelessly!

One afternoon, near the end of November, as I was sitting in the library with my father, he looked up from his newspaper suddenly, and said, "Hefie, my child, I wish I could see you happy, really happy. I cannot bear to see that pale face of yours day after day without a smile upon it. Can you not borrow a little sunshine from Agnes?"

I did not answer for a few moments. Then a desperate resolve seemed suddenly to shape itself into words on my lips, and I said, "Let me go away, father; let me leave Riverbank. I can never be happy while I stay here. Let me go."

"Let you go away, Hefie! What can you mean? Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, father; anywhere! I will be a governess, or a companion. I will do anything; only let me go away."

"Why, Hefie, you do not know what you are saying. Are you in your senses, child? What makes you so unhappy? Tell me."

"I cannot, father; I cannot tell any one. But, oh! I want to go away! I want to go

away!" And in the passion of my entreaty I sobbed bitterly.

"Hefie," my father exclaimed half frightened, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Leigh entered the room. She tried to speak to me; but I rushed wildly past her into the hall and up-stairs, never pausing till I reached my own room, and there, sinking on the floor beside the sofa, I pressed my head against the pillows and wept as I had not wept for a long while.

Presently I heard a step in the passage. Some one knocked at my door. I did not answer, or even raise my head; I dreaded that they should see my tears. Again the knock was repeated; but I never moved. At length the door opened, and I knew, without looking back, that it was my stepmother who stood near me. She laid her hand gently on my shoulder, saying, "Hefie, my poor child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or in trouble, or has any one been unkind to you? Do tell me."

But still I did not move, but kept my face buried in the sofa pillow.

"Hefie," she said again, and this time there was even a little sternness in her voice, "Hefie, listen to me. I must speak to you; I must know what all this means."

Her manner quieted me in an instant. I let her raise me from the floor, and, seating herself on the sofa, made me sit beside her, put her arm round me, and drew my head to rest on her bosom. She did not try to stop my tears altogether: they were flowing more quietly now; but I was cold and trembling, though my head was burning; and, taking one of my hands, she gently chafed it in her own without speaking a word for some time. At last, as I grew calmer still, she spoke again.

"Hefie, dearest love, why will you not tell me what is troubling this poor little heart so much?"

"Because, because I cannot tell any one. I must not; indeed I must not. Nobody could help me if I did."

"Is it so very bad, dear,—so incurable? Oh, Hefie! I would be to you in your dear mother's place if you would let me,—if you would open your heart to me, and trust me as you would have trusted her. You are too young to bear all this grief alone. Will you not trust me with part of it, at least?"

What right had I to all this tenderness from her, those words of sympathy,—I who, for nearly a whole year, had coldly cast away the love she would have given me? Did I deserve it now? I knew I did not; but that last appeal—so tenderly, so earnestly made—seemed to touch somewhere in my heart a chord that had never thrilled before. My proud, wayward

heart was bowed in a moment, powerless to close itself any longer ; for she had found the right key, and used it skilfully. Yes, after a year's hard striving (cold and resisting on my side, patient and gentle on hers), I was conquered at last ; and, subdued and humbled as a penitent child, I lay weeping in her arms, depending on her love. And there, in the shadow of the dark November twilight, I told her all my trouble : no, not all, only a part ; but she (with the quick insight of her woman's sympathy) guessed the rest. She did not say many words to comfort me. She only said, "My poor child !" But I could feel her silent sympathy far more than words. I felt it in the closer pressure of her arms round me, in the touch of her hand on my hair as she tenderly stroked it from my forehead, and pressed an earnest kiss upon it.

"You are very young, dear," she said at length, "for such a hard battle ; but you will gain the victory if you will ask for strength."

I knew not how long we remained together that evening. I can dimly remember trying to raise my head to ask her forgiveness for the past, and being hardly able to speak for the burning pain in it. And I remember how kindly she helped me to bed, and sat by my side for a long while, till she thought I had fallen asleep ; but the next few days I can very faintly recall : they are almost a blank in my memory. I knew that I was very ill, and at one time in danger of dying. I lay in a half-sleeping, half-waking state, having no part in the life that was going on around me. My dreams were restless and distressed ; always haunted by that one image—the pillar I had leaned on too long for strength. Once I thought my cousin Arthur and I were walking on the side of a precipice : it was dark and foggy, and every step I was afraid of falling. At last I felt the arm I leaned on growing weak ; but I thought it was still strong enough to support me. By degrees, however, it seemed to give way ; my foot slipped, for the mist was in my eyes, and I felt myself falling. I cried out in my agony of fear, "Oh, Arthur, save me ! do not leave me !" And then in my distress I awoke, to see Agnes bending over me, while she bathed my burning forehead.

"What is the matter ?" I said. "Have I been ill ? Where am I ?"

"In your own room, Hefie dear. You have been ill ; but you are better now," she answered.

"Oh, yes, I am better now. Have you been near me long ?"

"Mamma and I have both been with you. We want to make you well and strong again."

"Do you ? I thought you could not love me. Why do you stay with me ?"

"Stay with you, Hefie ! Why should I leave you ? You would not send me away, would you ?"

"I thought you would hate me. I was unkind, cruel to you."

"Hush, Hefie, that is all over now. Let us try to forget it, shall we ? But here is Dr. White coming to see you." And at that moment the door opened, and my stepmother and the doctor came in.

I will not dwell on those days of weakness, and weeks of slow recovery, that were ended at last. I have said that that time, as I see it now, was a troubled evil dream, from which the awaking was calm and tranquil as the clear shining after rain. Yes, the shining came at last ; the battle was won, because the strength that won it was not my own. Well, the day arrived—the wedding day—his and hers. I saw them kneeling side by side, and heard the words, "I, Arthur, take thee, Agnes, to be my wedded wife." And in my heart I blessed them, him and her. And so they went away to London, and I tried to fill her place at home ; tried to be to them what she had been ; and they were very kind and patient with me, and would not let me see how sadly they missed her.

Nearly twenty years have come and gone since then, and many things are changed. My father and stepmother are sleeping side by side in the quiet village churchyard at Riverbank. The old Hall has been sold ; but, as the new owner is now abroad, it has a melancholy, deserted look.

Arthur and Agnes have a sunny little home in Devonshire. They are very happy in each other ; very happy in their one child, whom they have named Hefie. She is now a fair girl of eighteen, with the image of her mother's youth upon her. And as I gaze into the blue depths of those true, earnest eyes, I think, half-mournfully, half-thankfully, of the old days at Riverbank.

Aunt Rachel has left her pretty cottage at Ashwood, for the new rector and his wife have begged her to make her home with them, the rector's wife being Cousin Lucy.

And I, reader ? my home is a small lodging in a quiet street in London—London, "that gathering-place of souls," as Mrs. Browning has called it. I have only two rooms ; but they are snug and pleasant enough. And here I live, and write books, and make verses, very thankful if now and then I am allowed to add my little drop of help or comfort to the sea of human charity around me. And I am happy ; for though my cup may never be full to the very brim, still I know it is fuller (how much fuller !) than I deserve.

OUR BET.



"Boat, gentlemen? It will do you a deal of good, Mr. Fred; and you too, Mr. Wood," said old Dan, coming across the beach to where we were lying.

"I can't go to-day," answered Wood. "I have a confounded engagement. Shall you go, Astley?"

"Yes, I think so," I said, looking at the sea, which, just stirred by a slight breeze, rippled and danced in the sunlight.

"All right, then. I shall have to bolt in a minute. What an awful row there is this morning."

"The beach is very full, sir," said Dan;

"and see, you are in the middle of the crowd."

We were not far from the bathing machines; and on every side of us were groups of people, laughing, talking, flirting, — all supremely merry, and not over careful about modulating the tones of their voices. The man with the guitar appeared to be the only person on the whole beach who was not making a noise. He, poor fellow, had broken one of the strings of his instrument, and was sitting by himself, disconsolately, trying to mend it. A family of foreign minstrels had settled themselves in front of the lapidary's shop, and the eldest boy was singing an Italian song, doing his utmost to make himself heard. He was, I own, singing under difficulties. The laughter of the bathers and the buzz of the talkers hardly conduced to render his voice the more audible; while the old bells of St. Augustine's church on the cliff above were ringing a loud wedding peal.

"In the middle of the infernal regions, I should say. I never heard such a horrid Babel in my life," muttered Wood, as he stalked off, and I went to the boat.

"I expected that you would come, Mr. Fred," said old Dan. He always called me Mr. Fred. We had been great friends ever since he gave me my first lesson in rowing, when I was a very little fellow. I believe I took to him then wonderfully; and since that time he had never seemed to me to have changed nor to have grown older. He always was, as far back as I could remember, the same sturdy, broad-shouldered man, with the same bronzed face, and the same clear, keen, grey eye. He had been for several years on board a man-of-war, but he was not a great talker on any subject, and never, I believe, spoke of his younger days. A superannuated, half-witted veteran, who lived in the town, declared that he was with Dan Baker on board H.M.S. Etna. But the veteran knew nothing about Dan's history, and Dan himself never told it to any one. There was something in it he evidently wished to conceal, and the odd name of his boat, the Faithless Maid, was the only ground on which curious people could build. He was, in spite of his taciturnity, a great favourite with us young fellows. We had christened him Cato; he seemed to have such a kindred spirit to the great Roman censor. He was so unyielding and exact; so frugal in his diet, never drinking anything but water, eating very little, and never smoking. He always gave one the impression, when he spoke, that he had a vast amount of knowledge in him, but which he was unwilling to impart to others. He talked very slowly,

bringing out each word with the greatest deliberation, as though he chewed and digested it well mentally before uttering it. But he was a good boatman, and was much sought after by the people, who were accustomed to make use of the pleasure-boats at Cliffgate.

"Strange scenes in these boats sometimes, Mr. Fred," the old fellow said suddenly, after he had pulled for some minutes without speaking.

"Ah, I suppose so," I answered carelessly, and without thinking what I said. My thoughts were just then turned upon a bet I had made, and which had happened rather oddly. It was between six of us: Ned Darwell, Wood, Lucas and one of his cousins, Andrews, and myself. And he who shook hands first with a certain young lady was to win the stakes. Ned called my attention to her as we were walking in the Rose Gardens, listening to the band.

"By Jove!" he said, nipping my arm, "there's a jolly girl."

She had very dark hair and eyes, which were rendered the more attractive by a bewitching little mauve hat, with a white veil tied behind in a bow. She was rather tall and slight, but very graceful; and her little feet as they peeped out every now and then from under her muslin dress—for the grass was rather damp, and the dress had to be held up—seemed perfection. She was accompanied by an old, soldierly-looking gentleman, and a young fellow, of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was walking by her other side.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered Ned. "Some new importation. Hullo! here's Lucas; he is sure to know. I say, Lucas, my boy, who is that dark girl with the hat?"

"Oh, hang the girl with the rum-shaped hat! She's Letitia Turner. Everybody knows her ugly phiz."

"No; the one with the mauve hat and white veil. There! man alive! can't you see? There! just turning round at the end of the walk. Do you see her now?"

"Don't know her at all," said the other. "Do you, John?" he asked, turning to his cousin.

"Never saw her before," said the cousin. "But she's awfully swell."

Then Wood and Andrews strolled up. They asked us the very question we were going to ask them; so we discovered that the young lady was a perfect stranger to us all. Whereupon Lucas undertook to rout her out, as he called it, and tell us.

"I say, Lucas," said Ned, who was rather

jealous of the ascendancy Lucas had gained over us in the honour of finding out and becoming acquainted with different young ladies, "I'll bet you anything you like that I'll shake hands with her before you will. There, Lucas, my boy, there's a fair bet for you."

"Done," cried Lucas.

Then Wood chimed in. "So will I, that I'll shake hands before either of you."

And then the rest came forward, each willing to make the same offer.

So the bet was made; and it was about it that I was thinking when Dan spoke to me.

"Very strange scenes," he said again, nodding at me over his oars. I suppose the expression had been well digested and proved wholesome, so he repeated it. "They say a London cabman could tell a good deal," he continued, still nodding. "But, bless you, sir, what can they see or hear? There they sit, flogging their poor horses, while the people are behind them, shut up in a rattling, rackety thing. They can't hear, sir. How can they? Now we, you see, Mr. Fred, when we come forward like this, we could almost kiss the people, much more hear what they say." To prove his assertion, old Dan suited his action to his words, and bent over his oars, leaning forward as far as he could. Having finished his long speech, he nodded again mysteriously, as if to say, "There, I have enlightened you quite enough for one day," and then pulled on again.

As he seemed inclined to be silent, and did not speak, my thoughts gradually reverted to our bet. Lucas had told us that the young lady was Miss Leith, that the old gentleman was Major Leith, and that they and Mr. Henry Leith were living at 6, Marine Gardens. So much information he had gathered from the Cliffgate Chronicle; but that was not an introduction, and "I see no chance of getting one," he said to me ruefully. All his numerous cousins had proved perfectly useless on this occasion. Among us Ned had been the most lucky. Miss Leith had bowed and thanked him when he picked up a book which she dropped upon the Parade. I came second. In passing once I was honoured with a second look. The rest were nowhere; and just a week had elapsed since we made the bet. Up to the present time Miss Leith had been invincible, though we had all done our utmost to obtain an introduction. Not that any of us cared for the stakes; they were trifling enough; but there was a spirit of emulation at work within us for the honour of the first shake of the hand of the young lady. The more difficult it became the more eager we all were to win it. We had found out that nobody in the

town knew her, so we were thrown upon our own resources.

She went down to the beach every morning when it was fine, and walked upon the Parade in the afternoon; but was always accompanied by either her father or the young fellow announced in the Chronicle as Mr. Henry Leith. Whether Mr. Henry Leith was her brother or her cousin, and in the latter case her lover, we could not find out. But we put him down for a brother.

We had told Dan about our bet, and he had promised to help us if he could. That, perhaps, was the chief reason why I seized the opportunity of having him to myself for an hour.

"Seen Miss Leith, Dan?"

The old fellow shook his head. "Heard she was fond of pulling, though," he said, after a short time.

"Oh, indeed!" I answered, as a thought struck me. "I say, Dan, I shall want your boat for two or three hours a-day for the next week or so."

Now Dan had been in the habit of lending me his boat, because he knew that I could pull and manage it properly. I did not anticipate any trouble in getting it, so I was surprised when he appeared to hesitate.

"What are you going to do with it, sir, may I ask?"

"Never you mind, Dan. You lend me the boat. What I do with it is nothing to you; that is, as long as I don't damage it."

"You are right, sir. You shall have it."

He smiled as he spoke, and I could easily see that he guessed for what purpose I wanted the boat. However, he said nothing till the hour was up. Then, as I was getting out, he called me by my name, and said in a low tone:

"I have known you now for a long time, Mr. Fred. Do mind what you are about, sir. Young women are changeable creatures. I should not like you to be taken in."

His voice was so sad, and his old bronzed face looked so troubled, that I knew he was speaking from experience,—perhaps from some bitter lesson he had learnt in his youth, and which in some way accounted for the odd name of his boat.

"Come, old Cato," I said, "it is only to win the bet; I am not in love with the young lady. See you to-morrow. Ta-ta."

The next morning, according to our agreement, Dan brought the boat round to the part of the beach nearest to my house. I did not live in the town, but some ten minutes' walk from it, along the cliff; and there was a path from the house down to the beach. He

found me there, dressed in an old boating suit, with my face hid as much as possible by a large slouching hat. I was then twenty-four, but looked a little older, and I meant in this disguise to lay siege to Miss Leith.

"Be careful, Mr. Fred," were the only words he said as we exchanged places; and then I pulled leisurely to where the visitors generally resorted. How all this would help me to obtain an introduction I was not quite clear; but I was, to tell the truth, jealous of her having spoken to Ned; and I thought that, at any rate, I should be able, in my capacity of boatman, to get a word from her. I had also a hazy idea that I might possibly give her hand a little shake as I helped her out of the boat, if ever I were fortunate enough to persuade her to come in. I thought that it would be extremely agreeable to sit opposite to her for an hour, hearing her talk, and almost near enough to kiss her, as Dan said, whenever I leant forward.

"Boat this morning, sir?" I said, as I pulled past the place where Miss Leith and her brother were sitting.

"Not this morning, thank you," he answered.

I had spoken as much like the Cliffgate boatmen as I was able. Lucas, too, had heard me, and looked up; but did not seem to recognise either me or my voice, and that emboldened me. Then the Major came down with his Times, and Mr. Leith left them for his morning bath. I saw him plunge in and swim out to sea; and, as I wanted to follow his example, I determined to pull home and change my clothes.

"Well, I will have one more try," I thought, "as I have to pass the Major. Perhaps he may like to go."

When I came up to him he had put down the paper, and was watching his son through a field-glass. Miss Leith was sitting at his feet, sketching and talking to him.

"I am afraid Harry is going out too far, Helen," I heard him say.

"But he is such a capital swimmer, papa. Where is he now?" She then closed her sketch-book and stood by his side, looking across the sunny water for her brother.

"There! That little black speck is his head. He is coming back now."

"Oh, what a way he is out! Oh, papa! what is the matter?" she said, as a strong cry from Mr. Leith reached her ears,

"Nothing, nothing. Keep still, girl," he said, beckoning to me. In a minute he had scrambled into the boat, and we had left the beach.

"Pull, man! He has got the cramp! A hundred pounds if you reach him before he sinks! Harry! Harry!" he bawled out, "keep up. Oh, my boy! for God's sake keep up! Pull with your left. Now you are straight. Pull both. Hard!"

I have often rowed in a race; but I never pulled with such a will as I did on that day. The boat was the best in Cliffgate; and it seemed to fly over the water as I put all my strength and weight into each stroke. I have just a dim recollection of seeing crowds upon the beach running about, while the Major stood in the stern, without moving or speaking, watching his sinking son.

"Oh, my God, he is down!" burst from the old gentleman, as he sank backwards upon the seat and covered his face with his hands.

I can remember dropping the oars and tearing off my hat and boots. As I turned round I saw, scarce six yards from the head of the boat, a hand rise, then a head—it was his last struggle—and then both went down together. A moment afterwards I was in the water, catching hold of something large and white, and rising with it to the surface. How I found it I don't know; but I knew that it was the young man. I felt his arms cling to my neck, and his weight pull me down. I could swim well; and as my head rose above the water, and I saw the glorious bright sun, my love of earth seemed so strong, and the thought of death so terrible, that I struggled hard to keep afloat. But my clothes were thick and impeded my limbs. His arms were tightly clasped round my neck, and his dead weight was pulling, for ever pulling, me down.

Then something dark came between me and the light; and the old boat, with the Major in it, glided past almost at arm's length. I made a clutch—a rope was trailing in the water—and as I caught it, and pulled myself with my burden to the side, I heard the shout from the beach, and felt the Major's hand unclasping his son's arms from my neck.

"I'll hold him; you get in at the other side. Come, that's well done," he said, as we lifted Mr. Leith into the boat. "Now you row in, and I'll soon bring him to."

It was not the first time, as I afterwards learnt, that the Major had helped to resuscitate a half-drowned person. He knew exactly what to do; and under his skilful treatment his son opened his eyes before we reached the shore.

"I must dress him before I can convey him home," said the Major.

So I took them to the young fellow's machine, and then pulled away, partly to change my clothes and partly to avoid being known.

I succeeded in the latter, even better than I had hoped ; for when I met the Major and his daughter on the Parade, in the afternoon, they did not recognise me. I had left my slouching hat at home, and my hair and whiskers were not then plastered to my face with water. I also found out that nobody had noticed me in the morning ; so I determined to play on my new character of boatman. Whereupon, the next day assuming the old disguise, I went forth again in search of fresh adventures.

"Oh ! there he is, papa," Miss Leith said, as I passed.

"Ah ! so he is. Here, my man, we will go for a pull to-day. How are you this morning ? Caught no cold yesterday, I hope ?"

"By Jove ! I don't know how to thank you," said Mr. Henry, shaking my hand as soon as he was in the boat. "But I want to have a *jaw* with you some time."

Then the Major, muttering some thanks, held out his hand ; and Miss Leith gave me her brightest smile, which I prized more than all.

"How strange, papa," she said, reading the name of the boat. "You know Miss Hemery told us to have this one before we came."

"Bless me, yes. I have heard a good deal about you, Mr. Baker. I heard that you were very sober, and very respectable, and all that sort of thing. It seems to me, too, that you were not always a boatman," he said, glancing at my hands, which were rather whiter than the flippers of the sons of Neptune usually are. "So, if you like to give up this sort of life, why, I'll take care that you always have a snug roof over your head."

I thanked him very much ; but I told him that I liked my life very well. In fact I was fairly stumped as to what to say. I felt half inclined to laugh at being taken for old Dan ; and yet I felt that the Major ought not to be allowed to continue in his mistake.

"You seem very young to be such a hermit. Come, you must marry. I will find you a wife, and keep her well, too."

"Yes, you must forget the Faithless Maid now," said Miss Leith, smiling again. I suppose she had heard some of the conjectures about Dan's life.

"I do not mean to be inquisitive," the Major said, "but I cannot bear to see a young man like you, and one too who is so superior to this sort of work, settling down to such a life. Remember what we owe to you. Will you not tell me your trouble ? I may be able to help you ; and I swear I won't spare money or trouble to make you happy."

Although, of course, I did not want any pecuniary help, his kind way in offering it, and

the fatherly manner in which he put his hand upon my shoulder as I bent forwards, made me ashamed of the trick I had played upon him. He must sooner or later find it out ; and I wondered within myself, as I leant over the oars, looking down, with his hand upon my shoulder, whether he would then be so kind as now.

"I should like to see you privately to-morrow, sir," I said, putting off the time as long as I could.

"Very well, then. Come in the morning at eleven—6, Marine Gardens. Ask for Major Leith."

I promised to do so, and nothing more was said about it during our pull.

"Good-bye," said Mr. Henry, when he was on the beach. "The governor has had all the talk to-day ; but I shall see you again soon."

"Good-bye," said Miss Leith with a nod, as her brother helped her out. "Good-bye."

"I wonder if she will nod and smile," I thought, "when she finds out who I am. I shall be certain to see her again this afternoon at the band ; but she won't know me without this hat. I'll risk it at any rate. What a jolly smile she has !"

Though I did not expect to be recognised, I had, whilst dressing, sundry qualms about going ; and when the time came for me to start I was sitting in the window, still hesitating. I had just decided that I would not go, when Ned walked up the garden and stepped into the room.

"Well, old fellow, you'll be late," he said, tapping my knees with his stick. "Don't be so idle. Come along."

"I am not going, Ned."

"Not going ! Why not ? Miss Leith is sure to be there. Ah ! I see. You find it's no good struggling against me. I respect your sense of discrimination ; but I can't walk there without somebody. Just come to keep me company."

So I took his arm, and we strolled together into the Rose Gardens.

"There's that swell girl I met last night," he said. "Lucas will be at her side in a minute if I don't look out. Ta-ta."

Dropping my arm, he raised his hat to the young lady, and then walked off by her side just as Lucas came up.

"I don't think Miss Leith is here," said Lucas to me ; "but there is Letitia Turner at the other end, looking such an awful fright."

Letitia, who was the wrong side of thirty, honoured me, when we met, with a most gracious bow. She certainly did look, as Lucas said, "an awful fright ;" and whilst I was admiring the gorgeousness of her "get-

up," I awkwardly trod upon the dress of a lady who was sitting down.

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning round and raising my hat.

It was Miss Leith ; and I saw in a moment, from the blush that coloured her cheeks, that I was recognised. It was my voice, I knew, that had betrayed me ; but I walked on till I came to the railings that bounded the gardens. There was no gate at the side where I was, or I should have gone out ; and the nearest one was exactly opposite the seat which the Leiths occupied. I waited for some minutes looking over the railings, and then turned round. Standing directly in front of me was the Major, entirely cutting off all means of retreat.

"How do you, Mr. Baker?" he said, with a grin, while I felt rather uncomfortable.

Then I stammered out something, apologising for the deceit I had practised upon him. "I was going to tell you to-morrow," I said ; "but I hope, sir, that you will not think the worse of me for it."

"By my faith, sir, that I won't. I thought this morning that you looked a devilish gentleman-like boatman, and said so to my daughter. It is I who have to apologise for calling to you yesterday as I did ; but I had not time to look at you. I only saw a man in boatman's clothes, and, of course, took you for one. Give me your hand," he said, stretching out his own, and then adding, with a laugh, "though, I suppose, now, you will not want me to put a roof over your head ; yet I shall always be heartily glad to see you under mine. By the by, as you are no longer Baker, what name do you mean to assume now?"

"Astley."

"Well then, Mr. Astley, I hope this will be the beginning of a long friendship."

"I am sure, sir, nothing will give me greater pleasure."

"It was Baker's boat, though, you were in?" he said.

"Yes,—'The Faithless Maid.'"

"Then, as I live, Baker shall have the wife and the cottage."

"I won't answer for the wife," I said.

"Then he shall have the cottage without her. He shall have something. I will go and find him now. You come with me and I'll introduce you."

"My daughter, Mr. —I beg your pardon, I have a shocking memory for names."

"Astley," I suggested.

"Mr. Astley," he said, "the amateur boatman."

At this we all laughed, and Miss Leith blushed. Then the Major, with a good hearty farewell, left us, and went on his errand.

"I caught him," he said, when he returned. "He has consented, after a slight skirmish, to live with me, and have a place to harbour his old hulk in. We must go now, Helen. Private to-morrow at eleven, eh, Mr. Astley? Well, I hope I shall see you soon."

"Thank you, Major. Good-bye, Miss Leith."

"Good-bye, Mr. Astley," she said, putting out her hand.

Lucas and Ned, who were wandering about, passed at that moment. They both looked,—the envious wretches,—and actually scowled at me, as I took the little hand and shook it.

So I won our bet.

And besides the bet, I won also that which had caused it. For soon afterwards Miss Leith gave me her hand "to shake," as she herself said, "as often as ever I liked." A. V. H.

THE PAINTER-STAINERS' EXHIBITION.

THERE is now open in London an exhibition, small in kind, perhaps, but possessing interest in so far as it suggests, by actual example, improvement in the management of the City companies. Non-citizens have very little knowledge of these companies : they hear occasionally that the Prince of Wales dines with one company, Garibaldi with a second, some other celebrated personage with a third, and so on ; and that the companies contribute liberally to various benevolent institutions, besides maintaining almshouses for decayed persons. But beyond these limits, little is popularly known of the companies. The truth is, there is little to know. The companies have outlived the purposes for which they were originally chartered. Each was intended to regulate *some particular trade* at a time when unfettered commerce was little thought about. It was believed in the days of the Edwards and Henrys that there ought to be some central authority in each trade, to determine wages, prices, quality of goods, quantity of work done in a particular time, number of persons free of the craft, number of apprentices, and other such matters. We now know that these things are best left to manage themselves ; but it was a well-meant and perhaps beneficial system in those days. Wealthy citizens left estates to the companies to which they belonged, for appropriation generally to the needs of the poorer members of the craft. These estates have now become enormously valuable ; and as the companies have very few trade privileges to exercise, or trade duties to fulfil, the annual revenues are mainly spent in charities and in feasting. Parliament has sometimes talked of interfering in the matter,

but without effect, for the estates are really and legally vested in the companies. Many readers will be surprised to hear that there are eighty City companies, established to control as many different trades. The Painter-Stainers, one of the minor companies, are now attempting some revival of their former trade influence by holding exhibitions of skilled products, drawn forth by the principle of competition incited by prizes. The attempt is a small one; but is worthy of notice, as illustrating "the thin end of the wedge."

It would be interesting, perhaps, to trace out what these painter-stainers actually did in their day, what was their exact relation towards artistic painters on the one hand and house-painters on the other. Without going fully into that matter, however, it may suffice to say that they formed a licensed guild long before the reign of Elizabeth; but their first deed of corporation is dated 1580. The company preserve minutes of their proceedings as far back as the reign of Elizabeth's successor; and some of these show that the guild exercised peculiar privileges over foreign artists resident in London. These artists, such as Steenwyck and Gentileschi, were compelled to pay certain fines for following their art without being free of the company. The demand, however, although made, does not appear to have been complied with, for the Court painters set the company at defiance. Cornelius Jansen was a member of the company, and Inigo Jones and Vandyck were occasional guests at the banquets. Charles Cotton, one of the original members of the Royal Academy, was master of the company in 1734. Camden, the antiquary, whose portrait hangs up in the hall, and whose father was a painter, left 16*l.* to the painter-stainers to buy a "loving cup," which is produced at the annual feast of the company on St. Luke's day. Samuel Aggas, a landscape-painter of considerable talent, was master of the company in the reign of Charles I. Trevitt, a painter of still-life in Queen Anne's reign, and Sir James Thornhill, in that of George I., were also members. Sir Godfrey Kneller, Antonio Verrio, Edward Polehampton, Van der Meulen, and Sir Joshua Reynolds are to be found among the list of members. The truth is, decorators and painters were originally the same persons: witness Raffaele and Michael Angelo, so many of whose pictures were intended as wall decorations. Little as we may regard it now, the Painter-Stainers' Company was the precursor to the Royal Academy; but had mainly in view the purity and elevation of decorative art. Which of our Royal Academicians would care to belong to it now?

The tendency of the old City guilds to fall behind the level of the age, if not to become actually obsolete, has been fully admitted by Mr. Sewell, the present master of the Painter-Stainers' Company. In his circular addressed to his own trade, concerning the original idea of the exhibition, he said:—"The powers of the various guilds are not maintainable under their bye-laws; and it must be acknowledged they have fallen into desuetude, and operate in restraint of trade. I consider, however, that by substituting emulation for coercion, the guilds (especially those where skilful handicraft is required) might yet retain, as bodies, a firm and useful position in society; and my suggestion for effecting this, as relates to this company, consists in inviting the workmen, artificers and artists, connected with painting and decoration, to submit their works annually to public inspection: their merit to be judged by competent persons." As they have outlived their original uses, and as they *will* not die, the companies should try to do something to maintain their good name besides banquets and almshouses. "It is with institutions as with great men. If they would preserve their reputation unimpaired they should never survive the loss of their distinguished powers," as a writer on the City companies has observed; and Mr. Sewell invites *his* small guild to make its existence felt through its usefulness.

The company's first exhibition, in 1860, was, as we have implied, planned by Mr. Sewell, and carried out at his own personal expense, the joint clerks of the company, Messrs. Tomlins, rendering their aid as honorary secretaries. The object held in view was stated in a straightforward way:—"Without vainly seeking to compete with the national institutions which exist for the encouragement of the fine arts, the Painters' Company conceive they act in full accordance with their vocation, and with the spirit of the age, in endeavouring to give an artistic impetus to the more mechanical of the decorative arts; and, as far as is practicable, recruiting them with the higher branches of the art and mystery of painting." Certainly the company received the warm good wishes of the press, especially that portion of it which takes cognizance of artistic matters. But it tends to show how little the project was known to the general public, that less than 900 persons visited the exhibition during the month it was open, or somewhere about thirty per day. "Who are the painter-stainers?" asked many; and, "Where is their hall?" asked others. Even when the questions were answered, the querists were not likely to be greatly dazzled by what they saw; for certainly the spot is not a very attractive one. Who but a City man

knows where Little Trinity Lane is? Supposing you to proceed to Cannon Street from St. Paul's Churchyard, and then to penetrate into the region between that thoroughfare and Thames Street, you get into a range of narrow lanes and streets, many of them as crooked as they are narrow; and if you do not mistake Garlick Hill or Old Fish Street for Little Trinity Lane, perhaps it will be because there is a dusty, brown, German Lutheran church at one corner. Down this little frowsy lane you turn, wondering whether a "City company's" hall can possibly be in such a place. Here you come to a tinsmith, then to a writer and grainer, anon to a rag dealer and a coffee shop, then to a barber's, a linen-draper's, a grocer's, a marine store-shop, a printer's, and an eating house; and among all these you see on the door-posts of a medium-sized house the inscription "Painter-Stainers' Hall." The rooms, with which the public have nothing to do, are small and plain, and the hall has barely light enough to display what may happen to be exhibited in it. Assuredly a less attractive spot for an exhibition could not easily be picked out in the metropolis. Even the remains of venerable antiquity are not there to allure us, for the house is not an old one; and the once fine church of the Holy Trinity, destroyed by the great fire of 1666, is now represented only by the very unpicturesque Lutheran chapel. The collection of pictures, however, is a somewhat curious one, and would be more interesting than it is if more light could penetrate into the hall. This hall, like everything else around it, was rebuilt after the great fire. We need not describe it; but if any visitor should find his way so far east at a time when the June exhibition is not open, he will find about sixty old pictures in the hall, by Kneller, Closterman, Sebastian Franck, Sebastian Ricci, Aggas, and others whose names are not so well known; together with Smirke's "Death of Abel," presented to the company by one of the members in recent times. Whoever has the curiosity to study the armorial bearings of about forty of the masters of the company, can do so in the stained-glass additions to the chief window in the hall. The company glories in its "Painted Chamber," the panels of the walls of which are filled in with pictures; and the court room also contains a few pictures. There is here an engraving for an invitation card, designed by Sir Godfrey Kneller, running thus:—"You are desired to accompany the Society of Painters to St. Luke's Feast, on Thursday ye 24th of Nov., 1687, at 12 of ye clock, in Painter-stainers' Hall, where you shall be entertain'd by us."

It was a good idea of the company to solicit

the co-operation of the Society of Arts. A deputation from the company met a committee of the society on the 18th of March, 1861, to discuss the matter. As a result, the society made a distinct proposal to the company. They said that three of their number, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Crace, and Mr. Peter Graham, would join three members of the company, and two exhibitors chosen from among the body, to form a Court of Judges, to adjudicate on the merits of the articles exhibited, and to award prizes. They offered to receive, for further exhibition at the society's house, any specimens possessing special merit; and they also voted ten guineas to the prize fund. These were not very important aids; but they tended in the right direction. The company at once accepted the proffered aid, and arranged the following classification of merits and rewards:—*First class*: Silver medal and the freedom of the company, to four competitors. *Second class*: Bronze medal, to four competitors. *Third class*: Certificate of merit, to four competitors. The company also expressed a desire to establish a school or academy, with lectures and classes, where operatives may receive instruction in the various arts of decoration; but this was an extension of plan which the society could not at once engage in.

In 1861 the number of decorative painters who availed themselves of this mode of displaying their skill was not large, rather under forty, presenting something over fourfold that number of specimens. Seven silver medals were awarded, accompanied by the freedom of the company in four instances; and there were also three certificates. The specimens, as before, related to graining, marbling, writing, and arabesque painting. Dexterity in handling was abundantly observable; but most art critics agreed that there was a deficiency in artistic feeling, showing the necessity for further study from nature and from good models. The Society of Arts, in a report issued while the exhibition was yet open, spoke in general terms of the company's object as being a praiseworthy one:—"The council have gladly welcomed the painter-stainers as coadjutors. They consider that their project is capable of valuable extension, and may serve to indicate to other corporations and independent public bodies an opening whereby, through similar or analogous means, they may renew that usefulness which time, in some measure and in some particulars, has somewhat impaired."

There was no exhibition in 1862; but prizes were given by the company to some of the decorators who sent specimens to the International Exhibition at Brompton. The third display was held in 1863; and the fourth

opened on the 1st of this present month (June) in which we are writing. The visitor, accustomed to the captivating display at west-end picture-galleries and exhibitions, must not expect too much. He must not look for imaginative or creative works, or portaits, or landscapes, or anything which he is in the habit of regarding as *pictures*. Around the walls of the hall, and on tables and stands, are about a hundred and twenty specimens, sent in by thirty exhibitors. They belong to the decorative arts of graining, marbling, gilding, writing on glass and on painted or gilt surfaces, transparencies, and stained glass. One of the specimens, an imitation of a panel in maple-wood, is a perfect marvel in its way, exhibiting the veins, wavings, and bird's-eye knots of the wood with wonderful accuracy.

THE DESERTED HOUSE ON THE LANDES.

IN the midst of the flat, grassy, furze-besprinkled plain which lies between that town of ancient memories, La Teste de Buch, and the more modern one of Cazeaux, may be seen a large substantial-looking stone house. There, as if just dropped in the midst of the solitude, it stands, deserted and alone; its nearest neighbours the funereal pines which stand immovable on the distant horizon; and form as it were a silent living wall, closing in the plain on every side. The situation of the house is undoubtedly peculiar, but in the building itself there is not the smallest claim to the romantic. Far from ruinous, certainly not picturesque, the plain unadorned stone edifice looks commonplace and ordinary to a degree. There it stood in its utter dreary loneliness the April morning I saw it first, the door ajar, as if silently inviting the entrance of some passer-by, but the inquisitive grasses that peered cautiously through the window-panes were its only visitors. Undoubtedly it had its history, but a thick veil of mystery hung darkly over it, and overshadowed its past life with a gloomy pall.

"*Eh! mon Dieu, monsieur,*" said the horror-stricken Arcachon *gamin*, who, having constituted himself my guide, and goad to the wretched horse on which I was mounted, was following me in the above capacities to Cazeaux and beguiling the dreary way through the Landes by a flood of gossiping talk. "*Eh, mon Dieu!*" no one would think of going into that house," strongly reprobating my desire to go near it, and pulling the head of my hired charger in the opposite direction.

"And why not?" I asked, applying the butt of my fishing-rod in the spirit of opposition pretty forcibly to Coco's hind-quarters,

whose skin, by the way, was about as sensitive as the hide of a rhinoceros.

"Because, because," gasped the boy, keeping tight hold of the bridle, "there are ghosts there"—

"Which I should particularly like to see. Bah," I continued, "what do you expect to happen, *mon ami*? The ghosts are not likely to eat you, though you are young and tender."

"*Si, si, monsieur,*" said Georges, showing his white teeth to great advantage, "they might well do it, for they are wicked, *ces messieurs-là.*"

"Well then, my child," I said, dismounting; "if you don't like to visit them, stay here. I couldn't be so impolite. If I don't come back, why, then you may suppose they have been inhospitable enough to eat me, but, *par exemple,*" I continued, involuntarily shrugging my shoulders, "such a tough morsel is not likely to tempt them, if they have any common sense—or know what indigestion means."

But Georges was very unhappy all the same. He implored, remonstrated, almost came to tears, "*mais, que voulez-vous,*" as I heard him afterwards observe to a select audience at Cazeaux: "My father truly says that the English are so eccentric, so obstinate. Ah, how my heart beat, how I suffered! But monsieur apparently cared for none of these things," for, fishing-rod in hand, I walked up to the open door through a flood of bright morning sunshine, and having pushed it a few inches wider open, entered the hall. "What was to be seen there," do you ask? Just nothing. And the empty void of the hall repeated itself in the room to the right, the door of which stood open. *Cobwebs* in abundance certainly, but no other sign of life. The lock of the second door on the right was stiff, but at last it suddenly opened, and I went in. This room was furnished, the bare-boarded floor indeed had no carpet, the windows had no curtains, but there was a great sofa near the fireplace where the half-burned logs of wood lay blackened and charred. Over the chimney-piece was the inevitable mirror. An arm-chair with a tumbled, somewhat faded chintz cover, faced the sofa on the opposite side of the hearth. A round mahogany table with a thick coating of dust, in which, after the manner of my countrymen, I wrote my name (you see I had no visiting-cards to leave), stood in the middle of the floor; another table in the far window, a very ancient piano against the wall near the door, some dozen or so of chairs covered with chintz of the same pattern as the arm-chair, stood grouped near the tables and ranged against the wall. Such was the furni-

ture. Having surveyed the room to my satisfaction, I returned to the hall, and went upstairs. All the rooms there were empty except two. In one were two bedsteads, "with bedding complete," to use an auctioneer's phrase; a marble-topped table, over which was a mirror, the gilding of its frame a good deal tarnished and worn off; and three or four chairs. The other, a very small room, contained a turned-up bedstead only, which not looking particularly interesting, I did not care to examine, but retraced my steps down-stairs. There was a nest of small rooms, some boarded, some flagged, opposite to those I first visited; one, that had evidently been the kitchen, contained some kitchen utensils hanging up against the wall, and a large deal table; but the rest were empty, and having looked through them, and thus "*done*" the house, I returned to my *gamin* Georges, who had meanwhile retired to a safe distance on the grassy plain, and hailed me as joyfully as he might have hailed one risen from the dead. Poor little chap! though not, perhaps, the stuff of which heroes are made, he was a nice little fellow, and capital company.

Well, we went on through the April sunshine to Cazeaux, the larks overhead singing and singing from the exhilarating influence of the bright spring morning, as if their little throats could never tire. Apparently the young Georges, who was an equally untiring chatterbox, gossiped indefatigably to every one he saw at Cazeaux, about "*Monsieur*," and the deserted house; for on my return to the village from the lake, where I had spent the day fishing, I found myself, *volens volens*, turned into a lion. Here was a real living specimen of a peculiarly eccentric Englishman to be seen gratis. Naturally, the whole population turned out to look.

But, strange to say, I could elicit no particulars from any inhabitant of Cazeaux of the history of the "House."

"Could you tell me, madame, something of its occupants?" I asked, as soon as I could edge in a word, of a very voluble old lady, who had been favouring me, while knitting indefatigably at a stocking, with a most diffuse account of an acquaintance she had once had with an English family named *Gogueah*, at some period, it is to be supposed, so very remote in the past, that that curious patronymic had since had time to become extinct.

"*Eh, pardi, monsieur!*" rejoined Madame Veuve Tournier, with a shrug, "I am from La Hume. The house has been that way ever since I came here."

Even the herdsmen, those unearthly looking apparitions, who, clad in sheepskins, and mounted on stilts fully five feet high, stalked

in front of their flocks of sheep and goats, looking like denizens of some other world, and of whom we saw several on our way back from Arcachon; even they, whom one supposes necessarily gifted with the supernatural powers of the weird magicians of old, could tell us nothing of those who once dwelt in that lonely house.

"It had a bad reputation; why should they investigate into the causes of the strange unusual noises that would often startle them from that direction at night? We are not curious, *nous autres*." "*En effet*," I replied, laughing; as we parted from our last son of Anak, who vociferated unintelligibly in patois in reply.

Well, April, capricious, charming April, merged gently into May; the genial, flowery May well known to the poets and the south of France, but *not*, alas, to my native land. Arcachon, a belle at all times, became a very Hebe in her gala dress of flowers and bright colours. Sounds of life and laughter were in her pine groves, and the gay, stirring, many-coloured street by the sea-shore; the acacias which flank each side of the road to La Teste de Buch scented the air with the delicate perfume radiating from their white robes of blossom; and young May, just entering her teens, was to be seen abroad looking her very fairest, on a morning I started for a day's fishing at Cazeaux. Knowing well every turn of the usual and shortest route through the forest, I dispensed with the attendance of the young lady who acted as groom to the wonderful brown I had hired for the day, and set off alone. I reached Cazeaux without accident—spent the day on the soft mild waters of its great silent lake (equal in extent, it is said, to the Bassin d'Arcachon), which lies embosomed in the dark pine forest; and as evening drew near, I gathered up my spoils, remounted my shambling Rosinante, and started on my return to Arcachon.

As the afternoon wore on, the sky had become overcast, the atmosphere still and sultry; and rain threatened to come before long as I crossed Cazeaux bridge. I had intended to have returned home by the same route as I had taken in the morning; but, suddenly recollecting that a man I wanted particularly to see on business was to leave La Teste for Paris early next day, I changed my mind, and determined to take the more circuitous road to Arcachon by La Teste. The evening was gloomy, and the air ominously close and still, as I rode along the canal that connects Cazeaux with La Teste. The sun, quite out of sorts at the disgrace of finding himself *under a cloud* in his old age, had gone into retirement

till such times as the storm blew over. The light-hearted, merry larks were silent, and the sandy grass plain was only enlivened by some poverty-stricken looking cows, who were disconsolately wandering through it to the music of their unmelodious bells. At first I tried to induce the old Methuselah on which I was mounted to hurry on, but soon gave *that* up as useless, the brown hardening himself utterly against persuasions of all kinds; the more *striking* my arguments grew, the slower he went—so, finally I resigned myself to his will, and we jogged dreamily along, both of us I suspect in a brown study. We had left Cazeaux, I dare say, about an hour, when the big drops of rain slowly plashed down, and an ominous distant rumble told that something else was coming.

A minute or two of perfect stillness, then suddenly a tremendous clap of thunder roared deafeningly over my head, preceded by a flash of lightning so vivid that it felt quite to blind me, and the horse started violently from terror. An inch or two farther and we should have been bodily in the canal, and this veracious history might never have been written. It was a very close thing; but Methuselah only *nearly* lost his footing. One leg indeed slid down the steep bank, but a sharp dig of the spurs made him recover himself, and scramble up *tant bien que mal*. The rain now poured down in a great sheet of water. As to shelter, there was simply none, on the open grassy plain. None, did I say? I forgot the existence of the deserted house, till, on looking round, I saw it standing with invitingly open door some distance on our left. Never was sight more welcome. With considerable difficulty, and indeed, only by tying my handkerchief over the eyes of the unfortunate brown, whom the thunder and lightning caused quite to lose his head—I managed that we should both reach our haven of refuge before getting *quite* soaked through. The door lay partially open, as I have said, there was more than enough space for me to enter, but as there was not sufficient for the admission of the horse, I gave it a push, expecting it to yield at once. But I found that it was uncommonly stiff, and it was with much difficulty I succeeded in moving it sufficiently to enable the old brown to drag himself through.

We went into the empty front room, which was just as I had seen it three weeks before; and as I stood in the window I congratulated myself immensely that we had a roof over our heads. But time wore on, darkness slowly crept nearer and nearer, and at last I began to wish the pelting rain would cease; but it didn't seem to have the slightest idea of doing

anything of the kind. The lightning, if possible, became more vivid than ever; and the window-frames rattled again amid the great crashing of the thunder. It was evident that the elements intended to make a night of it now they had the chance, and as I did not the least fancy a two hours' jog to La Teste through the storm, I determined to migrate to the next room, and make myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit on the big sofa. Taking off the horse's bridle, I therefore first, as a precautionary measure, hobbled his forelegs, that if the fancy *should* seize that valuable animal to make his way out during the night, he might not be able to wander far enough to get lost in the forest. This done, I turned my steps to the next room.

With the help of a box of matches and a newspaper that I happened to have in my pocket, I set to work at the half-burned logs on the hearth, got up a feeble fire, lit my pipe, and drawing one of the chairs up in front of the fireplace, under the combined soothing influences of the fire and the '*baccy*,' fell into a reverie, and finally, I suspect, a sleep. How long it lasted I don't the least know, but I suddenly became aware that the fire had died out, and that thick darkness was all around me. The thunder and rain appeared to have ceased, for not a sound broke the complete silence, which came to feel so oppressive that at last I got up, and groped my way into the passage to look out on the night.

Feeling my way by the wall I slowly progressed along till I reached the hall door, but it was shut. Shut? How odd! I had certainly left it open. Perhaps I was at the wrong door. But I soon convinced myself that was not the case by striking a match—my last, I was sorry to perceive.

"Very odd," I said to myself, "the door was so firmly driven back by the passage of the horse, it couldn't have been shut without considerable force and noise. I wonder I didn't hear it clap, but at all events I'll go out for a bit." That was easier said than done. I put out my right hand as a matter of course, but it was very strange, I couldn't grasp the handle. I saw well enough where it was by the match, yet somehow my fingers couldn't take hold of it. "What nonsense," I said to myself, as I perforce dropped the burning end of the match on the floor; "what can have come over me?" and I put out my left hand. A strange twinge ran through it the moment it touched the handle, and it dropped numb and powerless to my side; I felt I couldn't raise it, couldn't move a muscle of it. A light mocking laugh sounded suddenly behind me, and I am afraid I lost my

temper. "Confound you!" I involuntarily burst out, "what do you mean by that idiotic titter? Open the door." Dead silence. Perfect unbroken silence, and the darkness seemed to wrap round me and envelope me in a thick fog. There was an oppression, a weight in the atmosphere, and I felt an indescribable *something* that seemed to make it an impossibility either to speak or move. Yet my senses seemed at the same time strained to an unnatural degree of expectation, I felt as if my hearing, for example, was become unnaturally acute; and yet, God knows, there was nothing to hear. Utter complete silence, silence indeed that "could be felt."

With a strong effort I raised myself from the wall against which I had been leaning, and determined to make my way back to my sofa. Instantly I felt I had regained power over my arms, and I made a dash at the door. Quite in vain. Again my hands trembled and fell powerless to my side, and again that aggravating laugh was heard, as if mocking my puny efforts. Restraining my anger, I got up a laugh myself not to be out of the fashion, but I could not help knowing that it sounded forced and strange. "How charmingly hospitable you are!" I exclaimed, in French. "Really your affection for my company is quite touching, what a pity I can't reciprocate it.—Oh!" I thought involuntarily as the jibing titter again sounded close to my ear, "if I had but a light." The thought had hardly crossed my mind before I felt a curious conviction that there was a light in the room I had not long since left. By some irresistible impulse I felt myself attracted thither. I turned round. Why, I could see a light shining through the doorway from where I stood—there was no doubt about *that*. I strided rapidly down the hall, and rushed into the room. No wonder I had seen a light, for an immense wood fire burned brightly on the hearth. I could hardly believe my senses. Where had the great pile of wood come from? How was it I had heard no signs of fire-kindling through the open door? It was certainly very strange. Decidedly comfortable, though, all the same; for it made the dusty old room look wonderfully cheery, so I felt quite grateful for the attention, and mentally revoked all the abuse I had levelled at my invisible companions.

Drawing my chair again in front of the fire, I sat for some time enjoying the warmth and gazing on the blazing logs; then I tried the old piano, a wonderful instrument frightfully out of tune, that would have made Thalberg shiver; and finally stretched myself on the vast sofa, which protested against my weight

by many internal groans. Turning my face from the glare of the fire, I lay for some time in a dreamy reverie, till a slight stir made me involuntarily turn my head. What was that? A living form or a shapeless mass, that the leaping flickering flames showed me in the arm-chair opposite? Certainly there was *something* there, a greyish thing, huddled up rather back in the shadow of the chimney-piece. Stay, it moves, a head with the long dishevelled dark hair of a woman emerges gradually from under the grey wrapping. "Was this the nymph who laughed in the hall, and noiselessly lighted the fire, I wonder?" thought I to myself, as I watched the silent surging of the drapery. "I think I ought to thank her for the fire at all events." So with a preliminary hem to attract the attention of my Phyllis, I began a polite speech. Rapidly and noiselessly, as I spoke, the contents of the chair glided shapelessly out of sight, melted gradually and imperceptibly away, dissolving before my stupefied gaze into nothingness. There stood the empty arm-chair, the firelight playing on its faded chintz cover. I could hardly believe my eyes. Could it have been a dream? A titter seemed to come from under the sofa. I snatched one of the burning logs from the hearth and peered underneath. Of course there was nothing there except dust, of that there was any amount. Surprised and bewildered I stood for a moment log in hand. "There's not much chance of finding anyone, I suppose," I thought to myself; "but at any rate I'll search the house." So, taking a flaming stick in each hand to light me as torches on my way, I set out on my travels.

First, I explored the nest of rooms opposite. They were all perfectly empty except the kitchen, where I found my old Rosinante, who had apparently betaken himself there in the vain hope that a kitchen might furnish food, and now looked more woe-begone and out of sorts than ever, from his disappointment. Upstairs I tramped, looked into every room, curiously examined the turned-up bedstead in the small room, and came to the conclusion that it was a decidedly disreputable old relic; discovered an unlocked wall press, which, however, contained nothing but a horribly damp mouldy smell, and returned to my fire as wise as I set out. No living thing, no sign of life was to be seen in the house, and pitching my improvised torches back on the hearth, I threw myself in disgust on the sofa and revolved the mysterious riddle in my mind. I always was immensely worried by difficult problems, and this one I couldn't solve, try as I would. I leant back on the sofa still pondering, and as

I lay there I felt a consciousness creeping over me that there was something coming stealthily behind my back. Involuntarily I turned my head. Close to me, the soft brown-bearded chin leaning on the back of the sofa, was a man's head. I felt his breath on my cheek as I turned my face, and his strange sad grey eyes seemed to look me through and through. I started up and faced him—he was gone. Gone. Utterly vanished. Where had he gone to? Ah, that was the mystery; unless he had sank down through the floor, which seemed as firm as strong boards could make it.

"Well," I thought to myself, "certainly this is a house of odd inmates. If the fellow had only told me his story before he disappeared in that absurd way—" and, rousing up the fire, which was beginning to get low, I half expected to see him back again when I had completed a scientific arrangement of the logs. But there was nothing. I went over to the window. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind sighed a plaintive lament now and then. I tried to open the sash, but I found that it had been nailed down, so, as it was but stupid work staring out at the elements, I sauntered presently back to my sofa, my hands in my pockets, determined to woo old Morpheus as the last resource of ennui.

"If it were only morning," I thought, "I would make another trial at that confounded hall door." "Ah, you will never leave this house," slowly whispered a low sad voice in startling proximity to my ear. "Indeed!" I said, not caring this time to take the trouble to move (you see I had got to consider the unusual quite as a matter of course), "may I ask why?" But there was no answer. As I lay there on the sofa, with closed eyes, I *knew* there was a form close to me, that if I looked I should see *some* shape, but a strange reluctance seemed to prevent my doing so—a presentiment of evil, an indefinable horror, thrilled strangely through me, but I struggled against it and forced myself to look. For an instant I got a glimpse of the bearded face and sad grey eyes I had seen before leaning over me; then, I felt stifling, powerless; I knew that pitiless torso was slowly, surely, smotheringly, crushing down upon me, and that there was no escape. Closer and closer still it came stealthily on, and gasping for breath I—awoke from my dream, to find myself lying on my back on the sofa, the old brown snuffing at my face, and the bright May sun shining in through the opposite window.

Didn't I tell you that I "suspected I fell asleep" in front of the fire? O.

THE DIRGE OF DE CLARE.

THE family of De Clare, sprung from the Dukes of Normandy, had large possessions and great influence in the West of England, and eventually extended their power into many parts of Wales. One of them, Walter, who died in 1131, was the founder of Tintern Abbey. Of Richard Fitz-Gilbert (De Clare) it is related that, returning into Gwent (Monmouthshire), from his estates in Cardigan, unarmed, and accompanied only by his minstrel and singer, he was suddenly set upon in a mountainous pass, called Coed Grono, a few miles from Abergavenny, and treacherously slain. The place is still known as Coed Dial, *i.e.*, Wood of Revenge.

DARK are thy woods, Coed Grono;
Lonely and bare.
Deep in thy shades, Coed Grono,
A granite block, no common block, I swear,
Marks where low lie,
Waiting Eternity,
The bones of the Norman, Richard De Clare.

Fair was that eve, Coed Grono,
When under the shade
The knight and his minstrels
Rode down through thy glade;
The chaunt of the gleeman
Rang clear through the wood,
And the harper, responsive,
Kept time to his mood;
Till the knight,
In delight,
Let his good steel pace on,
Whilst on him and his day-dreams
Love and victory shone.

First they sang the wild songs
Of the Vikings, who bore
Their conquering banners
To Neustria's shore,
When Rollo, triumphant
By field and by flood,
Sowed the thrones of great empires
In furrows of blood:
Then erect grew his head,
And, with fire in his eye,
All the warrior woke in him,
To conquer or die;
But a change in the lay
Drove the fire-look away,
And his forehead sank low,
And his cheek was aglow,
As, softly and sweetly,
Came Love for their theme,
And Beauty, all-worshipped,
Was Queen of his dream.

Till bright rose the moon, Coed Grono,
On the points of thy leaves;
And the points of the spears, Coed Grono
(Still Beauty deceives),
That lurked in the bushes and through the dim
light,
Murderously flew at the fearless breast,
Happy in day-dreams, happy in rest,
Of Richard, the peerless knight.

Cursed be thy woods, Coed Grono,
Shattered and bare
Every trunk in thy sod, Coed Grono;
For, lo! what is there?—
Three riderless steeds



Plunge through the night,
 Three corpses glare up
 At the steely moonlight,
 From a bed of leaves,
 Where the dark red stains
 Are deeper than run
 In leaflets' veins;
 Music and song, like victims borne'
 At wild horses' heels, in shreds are torn,
 And a spectre is come that spot to claim,
 And give it for ever his dreadful name;

Shattered and bare
 May lightnings tear
 Every root in thy soil, every branch in the air,
 As murderers' bones on the wheel are broke,
 Be snapped every joint of thy trait'rous oak,
 Down with Coed Grono, nothing spare,
 Curses come thick, and unhallow all there,
 Save the one spot where lie,
 Waiting Eternity,
 The bones of the Norman, Richard De Clare.
 C. H. W.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXI. FREDERICK GREY'S
"CROCHET."

THAT a strong tide, rolling from one end of South Wennock to the other, had set in against Mr. Stephen Grey, was a fact indisputable. Immediately subsequent to the inquest on Mrs. Crane the tide of public opinion had set in *for* him; people seemed to feel ashamed of having suspected him of so fatal an error, and they made much of Mr. Stephen Grey. This prevailed for a week or two, and then the current changed. One insinuated a doubt, another insinuated a doubt; some said Mr. Stephen had been culpably careless; others said he had been tipsy. And the current against the surgeon went flowing on until it became as a rushing torrent, threatening to engulf him in its angry might.

Another indisputable fact was, that a great inciter to this feeling was Mr. Carlton. It was he who did the most towards fanning the flame. This was not generally known, for Mr. Carlton's work was partially effected in secret; but still it did in a measure ooze out, especially to the Greys. That Mr. Carlton's motive must be that of increasing his own practice, was universally assumed; but it was an underhand way of doing it, and it caused young Frederick Grey to boil over with indignation.

On a sofa in the house of Mr. Stephen Grey, lay a lady with a pale face and delicate features. It was Stephen Grey's wife. She had just returned home after seven or eight months' absence at the continental spas, whither she had gone with her sister, a wealthy widow, hoping to pick up renewed health; for she, Mrs. Grey, suffered always from an affection of the spine.

Frederick was bending over her. The boy loved nothing so much on earth as his mother. He was imparting to her all the wonders, pleasant and unpleasant, that had occurred during her absence: the tragedy which had taken place in Palace Street, and its present consequences to Mr. Stephen Grey, naturally forming the principal topic. This had not been written to Mrs. Grey. "As well not disturb her with disagreeable matters," Mr. Stephen had remarked at the time. She was growing excited over the recital, and she suddenly sat up, looking her son full in the face.

"I cannot understand, Frederick. Either your papa did put the opium into the mixture——"

"Prussic acid, mamma."

"Prussic acid! What put my thoughts upon opium?—talking of a sleeping draught, I suppose. Either your papa did put the prussic acid into the mixture, or he did not——"

"Dearest mamma, do I not tell you that he did not? I watched him make it up; I watched every drop of everything he put into it. There was no more poison in that draught than there is in this glass of water at your elbow."

"My dear, I do not dispute it: I should be excessively astonished to hear that your papa had been careless enough to do such a thing. What I want to know is this—with your testimony and your Uncle John's combined, with the experience of *years* that they have had in your father, and with the acquitting verdict of the coroner's jury, why have people got up this prejudice against him?"

"Because they are fools," logically answered Frederick. "I don't suppose there are ten people in the place who would call in papa now. It does make Uncle John so mad!"

"It must give him a great deal of extra work," observed Mrs. Stephen Grey.

"He is nearly worked off his legs. Some of our patients have gone over altogether to the enemy, Carlton. It is he who is the chief instigator against papa. And he does it in such a sneaking, mean way. 'I am grieved to be called in to take the place of Mr. Stephen Grey,' he says. 'No man can more highly respect him than I do, or deplore more deeply the lamentable mistake. I cannot but think he will be cautious for the future: still, when the lives of those dear to us, our wives and children, are at stake——'"

Mrs. Grey could not avoid an interrupting laugh, Frederick was imitating Mr. Carlton so quaintly.

"How do you know he says this to people?" she asked.

"Plenty of them could bear testimony to the fact, mamma. And it does its work all too well."

"And what is Mr. Carlton's motive?"

"To get our patients away from us, of course. Now that he has married an earl's daughter he can't do with a small income. I wrote you word, you know, about his running away with Miss Laura Chesney. They met

with a series of disasters in the flight ; were pitched out of Mr. Carlton's carriage into the mud—I suppose he was driving madly like a second Phaëton—and Miss Laura lost one of her shoes. She's Lady Laura now—and was then, for that matter, if they had but known it : it's said that Mr. Carlton did know it. They got married at Gretna Green or some of those convenient places, and when they came back to South Wrenock were remarried again. You should have seen St. Mark's church ! Crowds upon crowds pushed into it."

"And you amidst the rest, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Grey.

Frederick laughed. "Carlton was as white as a sheet, and kept looking round as if he feared some interruption. Bad men are always cowards. By the way, Lady Jane has come back to the house on the Rise."

"My boy, do you know I think you are too bitter against Mr. Carlton. It was not a right thing, certainly, to run away with a young lady, but that is not our affair ; and it is very wrong to incite people against your papa—if he does do it ; but, with all that, you are scarcely justified in calling him a bad man."

"Ah, but that's not all," said Frederick. "Mother, I hate Mr. Carlton ! As to being bitter against him, I only wish I could be bitter ; bitter to some purpose."

"Frederick !"

The boy half sank upon his knees to bring his face on a level with Mrs. Grey's, and lowered his voice to a whisper.

"I believe it was Mr. Carlton who put the prussic acid into the draught."

Mrs. Grey, startled to tremor, almost to anger, *frightened* at the temerity of Frederick, could only stare at him.

"Look here," he continued, in some excitement. "The draught went out of our house right, *I know*, and the boy delivered it as it was sent. Why then did Mr. Carlton take hold of it when it arrived and call out that it smelt of prussic acid ? It *could not* have smelt of prussic acid then ; or, if it did, some magic had been at work."

Mrs. Grey knew how fond her son was of fancies, but she had never seen him so terribly earnest as this. She put up her hand to stop his words.

"It is of no use, mother ; I must speak. This suspicion of Mr. Carlton fell upon me that night. When we heard of the death, I and Uncle John ran down to Palace Street. Carlton was in the chamber, and he began talking of what had taken place, and of his own share in the previous events of the evening : how he had smelt the draught on its being brought in, and his coming off to ask

Mr. Stephen Grey whether it was all right, and then going home and making up a draught on his own account and not getting back with it in time. He told all this readily and glibly, and Uncle John and Mr. Lycett took it in for gospel ; but I did not. A feeling suddenly came over me that he was acting a part. He was too frank, too voluble ; it was exactly as though he were rehearsing a tale learnt by heart ; and I declare that a conviction flashed into my mind that it was he who had done it all."

"You frighten me to faintness," gasped Mrs. Grey. "Have you reflected on what might be the awful consequences to Mr. Carlton were such an accusation to get abroad ?"

"I am not going to speak of it abroad ; but mother, I must tell *you* : it has been burning my heart away since that night. I dare not breathe it to papa or to Uncle John : they would call it one of my crotchety fancies, and say I was only fit for Bedlam. But *you* know how often you have been surprised at the quickness with which I read people and their motives, and you have called it a good gift from God. That Carlton was acting a part that night, I am certain ; there was truth neither in his eye nor on his lip. He saw that I doubted him too, and wanted to get me from the chamber. Well, that was the first phase in my suspicion ; and the next was his manner at the inquest. The same glib, ready tale was on his tongue ; he seemed to have all the story at his fingers' ends. The coroner complimented him on the straightforward way in which he gave his evidence ; but I know that I read *LIE* in it from the beginning to the end."

"Answer me a question, Frederick. What has so prejudiced you against Mr. Carlton ?"

"I was not previously prejudiced against him. I declare to you, mauma, that when I entered the chamber where the poor lady lay dead, I had not, and never had had any prejudice against Mr. Carlton. I had felt rather glad that he had set up in the place, because papa and Uncle John and Whittaker were so worried with the extent of the practice. It was when he was speaking of the draught that an inward conviction stole over me that he was speaking falsely, deceitfully, and that he knew more about it than he would say."

"I should call it an inward fiddlestick, were the subject less awfully serious," reproved Mrs. Grey. "It would be better for you to bring reason and common-sense to bear upon this, Frederick, than an 'inward conviction,' vague and visionary. Was this young lady not a stranger to Mr. Carlton ?"

"I expect she was. To him as well as to us."

"Very well. What motive, then, could Mr. Carlton have had to work her ill? The very worst man permitted to live on earth would not poison a fellow-creature, and a stranger, for the sake of pastime; and Mr. Carlton is an educated man, a man of a certain refinement, and, so far as I have seen—for I met him two or three times before I left home—he is a pleasant and agreeable one. Assuming for the moment's argument that your views were correct, what motive could have actuated Mr. Carlton?"

Frederick Grey leaned his head on his hand. The question was a poser: in fact, it was the precise point that had puzzled him throughout. Judith Ford, the widow Gould, Mr. Stephen himself, had all testified that the lady had come to South Wennock a stranger to Mr. Carlton as to the Greys.

"I don't deny that that's a point difficult to get over, or that the case is completely shrouded in mystery," he confessed at length. "It puzzles me so that sometimes I can't sleep, and I get thinking that I must be wronging Carlton. I ask myself what he thought to gain by it. Nothing, that I can see. Of course he now keeps up the prejudice against papa to get his patients; but he could not have entered upon it from that motive——"

"For shame, Frederick!"

"Dear mamma, I am sorry you are so vexed, and I wish I had not mentioned it at all. I tell you I have lain awake night after night, thinking it over in all its aspects, and I see that any probable accession of practice could not have been his motive, for the draught might have been made up by me or by Mr. Whittaker, for all Mr. Carlton knew, and in that case the odium could not have touched papa. I see that you are angry with me, and I only wish I could put away this suspicion of Carlton from my mind. There is one loop-hole: that the man he saw concealed on the stairs may have been the villain, after all."

"What man? What stairs?" exclaimed Mrs. Grey in astonishment.

"As Mr. Carlton was leaving the sick lady's room that same night, he saw—Hush! Here's papa!" cried the boy, breaking off abruptly. "Don't breathe a word of what I have been saying, there's a dear mother."

Mr. Stephen Grey came in, a gloomy cloud on his usually cheerful face. He threw himself in an armchair opposite his wife's sofa, his mood one of grievous weariness.

"Are you tired, Stephen?" she asked.

"Tired to death," he answered; "tired of it all. We shall have to make a move."

"A move?" she repeated, while Frederick turned round from the window, where he was now standing, and looked at his father.

"We must move from this place, Mary, to one where the gossip of Stephen Grey's having supplied poison in mistake for safe medicine will not have penetrated. It gets worse every day, and John's temper is tried. No wonder: he is worked like a horse. Just now he came in, jaded and tired, and found three messengers waiting to see him, ready to squabble amid themselves who should get him first. 'I am really unable to go,' he said. 'I have been with a patient for the last seven hours and am fit for nothing. Mr. Stephen will attend.' No, there was not one would have Mr. Stephen: their orders were, Mr. Grey or nobody. John is gone, unfit as he is: but this sort of thing cannot last."

"Of course it cannot," said Mrs. Stephen Grey. "How extraordinary it is! Why should people be prejudiced in the face of facts?"

"I had a talk with John yesterday, and broached to him what has been in my own mind for weeks. He and I must part. John must take a partner who will be more palatable to South Wennock than I now am, and I must try my fortune elsewhere. If I am ruined myself, it is of no use dragging John down with me; and, were I to stay with him, I believe the whole practice would take itself away."

Mrs. Grey's heart sank within her. Can any one wonder?—hearing that her home of years must be broken up. "Where could we go?" she cried in agitation.

"I don't know. Perhaps London would be best. There, a person does not know his next-door neighbour, and nobody will know me as the unfortunate practitioner from South Wennock."

"It is a great misfortune to have fallen upon us!" she murmured.

"It is unmerited," returned Stephen Grey; "that's my great consolation. God knows how innocent I was in that unhappy business, and I trust He will help me to get a living elsewhere. It's possible that it may turn out for the best in the end."

"What man was it that Mr. Carlton saw on the stairs that night?" inquired Mrs. Grey, after a pause, her thoughts reverting, in spite of herself, from their own troubles. And Frederick, as he heard the question, glanced uneasily at his mother, lest she should be about to betray confidence.

"Nobody can tell. And Carlton fancied afterwards that he might have been mistaken—that the moonlight deceived him. But

there's not the least doubt some one *was* there, concealing himself, and I and John have privately urged it upon the police never to cease their search after him. That man was the guilty agent."

"You think so?" cried Mrs. Stephen, after an awe-struck pause.

"I feel sure of it. No reasonable being can entertain a doubt of it. But for this mistaken idea that people have picked up—that the mistake was mine in mixing the sleeping draught—there would not be two opinions upon it in the town. The only point I cannot understand, is—Carlton's having smelt the poison in the draught when it was delivered; but I can only come to the conclusion that Carlton was mistaken, unaccountable as it seems for him to have fancied a smell where no smell was."

"How full of mystery it all sounds!"

"The affair is a mystery altogether; it's nothing but mystery from beginning to end. Of course the conclusion drawn is—and the coroner was the first to draw it—that that man was the ill-fated young lady's husband, stolen into the house for the purpose of deliberately destroying her. If so, we may rest satisfied that it will be cleared up sometime, for murder is safe to come out, sooner or later."

As Stephen Grey concluded the last words he quitted the room. Mrs. Grey approached her son.

"My dear, you hear what your papa says. How is it possible that you can suffer your suspicions to stray to any other than that concealed man?"

The boy turned, and wound his mother's arm about him as he answered, his frank, earnest eyes lifted trustingly to hers.

"I am just puzzled to death over it, mother mine. I don't feel a doubt that some wicked fellow was there; I can't doubt it; and of course he was not there for good. Still, I cannot overget that impression of falseness in Mr. Carlton. There is such a thing as bribery, you know."

"Bribery!" repeated Mrs. Grey, not understanding his drift.

"If Carlton did not commit the ill himself, he may be keeping the counsel of that man who did. Mother dear, don't take your arm from me in anger. I *can't* drive the feeling away from me. Mr. Carlton may not have been the actual culprit; but, that he knows more of the matter than he suffers to appear, I am as certain of as that I am in life."

And Mrs. Stephen Grey shivered within her as she listened to the words, terrified for the consequences should they come to be overheard.

"Frederick, this is one of your crotchets. Be still; be still!"

CHAPTER XXXII. AN UNLUCKY ENCOUNTER.

RECLINING languidly in her easy chair one bright afternoon, was Lady Jane Chesney. The reaction of the passionate excitement, arising from the blow dealt out to her so suddenly, had come, and she felt utterly weary both in mind and body. Some little bustle and talking outside was heard, as if a visitor had entered, and then the room door opened. There stood Laura Carlton.

"Well, Jane! I suppose I may dare to come in?"

She spoke in a half laughing, half deprecating tone, and looked out daringly at Jane from her dazzling beauty. A damask colour shone in her cheek, a brilliant light in her eye. She wore a rich silk dress with brocaded flounces, and a white lace bonnet all gossamer and prettiness. Jane retained her hand as she gazed at her.

"You are happy, Laura?"

"Oh, so happy!" was the echoed answer. "But I want to be reconciled to you all. Papa is dreadfully obstinate when he is crossed, I know that, but he need not hold out so long. And you, Jane, to have been here going on for a fortnight and not to have taken notice of me!"

"I have been ill," said Jane.

"Oh I daresay! I suppose the fact is, papa forbade you to call at my house or to receive me here."

"No, he did not. But let us come to a thorough understanding at once, Laura, as you are here: it may spare trouble to both of us; perhaps some heart-burning. I must decline, myself, to visit at your house. I will receive you here with pleasure, and be happy to see you whenever you like to come: but I cannot receive Mr. Carlton."

"Why will you not visit at my house?"

"Because it is Mr. Carlton's. I would prefer not to meet him—anywhere."

Laura's resentment bubbled up. "Is your prejudice against Mr. Carlton to last for ever?"

"I cannot say. I confess that it is strong against him at present. I never liked him, Laura; and his underhand conduct with regard to you has not tended to soften the dislike. I cannot extend my hand in greeting to Mr. Carlton. It is altogether better that we should not meet. Like him, I never can."

"And never will, so long as you persist in shutting yourself out from all intercourse with him," retorted Laura. "What! would it hurt you, Jane, to meet my husband?"

"We will drop the subject," said Jane. "To pursue it would be productive of no end. When I tell you that my own feelings (call them prejudices if you will) forbid me to see Mr. Carlton, I tell you truth. And some deference is due to the feelings of my father. I will not reproach you, Laura, for the step you took: the time has gone by for that; but you must not ask me to countenance Mr. Carlton."

"You speak of deference to papa's feelings, Jane! I don't think he showed much to yours. What a simpleton he has made of himself!"

Jane Chesney's face burnt with a sudden glow, and her drooping eyelids were not raised. The old spirit, always ready to uphold her father, whether he was right or whether he was wrong, had gone out of her crushed heart for ever.

"What sort of a woman is she?" resumed Laura.

"O, Laura, what matters it?" Jane answered in a tone that betrayed how full of pain was the subject. "He has married her, and that is enough. I cannot talk of it."

"Why did you not bring away Lucy?"

"I was not permitted to bring her."

"And do you mean to say that you shall live here, all by yourself?"

"Whom have I to live with? I may as well occupy this house as any other. My means will afford nothing better. *That* I do not repine at; it is good enough for me; and to be able to live at peace in it is a great improvement upon the embarrassment we used to undergo."

"But it is so lonely an existence for you! It seems like isolation."

Jane was silent. The sense of her lonely lot was all too present to her as her sister spoke: but she knew that she must bear.

"How much are you to be allowed, Jane?"

"Five hundred a year."

"Five hundred a year for the Lady Jane Chesney!" returned Laura with flashing eyes. "It is not half enough, Jane."

"It is enough for comfort. And grandeur I have done with. May I express a hope, Laura, that you find your income adequate to your expectations," she added in a spirit of kindness.

Laura's colour deepened. Laura was learning to estimate herself by her new standard, as the Earl of Oakburn's daughter; she was longing for the display and luxury that rank generally gives. But Mr. Carlton's father had not come forward with money; and they had to content themselves with what Mr. Carlton made by his profession: he had been com-

pelled to tell his wife she must practise economy; and every hour of the day Laura caught herself wishing for a thousand and one articles that only wealth can purchase. Her vanity had certainly not lessened with the accession to her title.

"I think it shameful of papa not to allow me an income, now that he enjoys the Chesney estates, or else present my husband with an adequate sum of ready money," exclaimed Laura, in a resentful tone. "Mr. Carlton, I am sure, feels the injustice, though he does not speak of it."

"Injustice?" interrupted Jane with marked emphasis.

"Yes, it is unjust; shamefully unjust. What was my offence?—that I chose the husband he would have denied me. And now look at what he has done!—married a woman obnoxious to us all. If it was derogatory for Miss Laura Chesney to choose a surgeon when she had not a cross or a coin to bless herself with, I wonder what it is for the Earl of Oakburn, the peer, to lower himself to his daughter's governess?"

Jane made no reply. There was some logic in Laura's reasoning; although she appeared to ignore the fact that she owed obedience to her father, and had forfeited it.

"You were devoted to him, Jane, and how has he repaid you? Just done that which has driven you from his home. He has driven you with as little compunction, I dare say, as he would drive a dog—Jane, be quiet; I will say what I have to say. He has got his new lady, and much value you and I are to him henceforth!"

"You are wrong, Laura," Jane answered with emotion. "I came away with my own free will when he would have kept me. He—but I—I—cannot bear to speak of it. I do not defend his marriage; but he is not the first man who has been led away by a designing woman."

"He is a hard man," persisted Laura, working herself into a state of semi-fury; "he is heartless as the grave. Why else has he not forgiven Clarice?"

"Clarice! He has forgiven her."

"Has he!" returned Laura, upon whom the words acted as a sudden check. "She is not at home. I am sure she's not!"

Jane dropped her voice, "We cannot find Clarice, Laura."

"Not find Clarice! What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say: we cannot find her. I sought out the situation she was at in Gloucester Terrace,—in fact, she was at two situations there, one after the other, but she did not remain long at either. She quitted the

last of them a twelvemonth ago last June, and no trace of her since then can be discovered. Our only conjecture is, that she must have gone on the Continent with some family, or elsewhere abroad. Papa has caused the lists of passports at the most frequented ports to be searched, but without success; but that we think little of, as she may have been entered as "the governess." In short, we have searched for her in all ways, and the police have searched; and we can hear nothing of her. The uneasiness this gives me, Laura, I cannot express to you; and papa—in spite of your opinion of his heartlessness—is as much troubled as I am."

"I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Laura, when her astonishment allowed her to speak. "Not find Clarice!"

In her eagerness she reiterated question upon question, and Jane told her all the particulars she had been able to glean. They were with difficulty received.

"Nothing at all has been heard of her since last June—that is, June twelvemonth?" repeated Laura. "But, Jane, you had letters from her subsequent to that?"

"I know I had; one; but it gave me no clue to where she was. It was the letter that came to us last New Year's day, to wish us the *bonne année*."

"That was not the last letter you had from her?"

"Yes, it was. I wrote three letters to her subsequent to that, the letters that I afterwards found lying at the library, unclaimed. Do you recollect my telling you of a very singular dream I had, relating to Clarice—a disagreeable dream?"

"I recollect your *not* telling me," replied Laura. "You said you had a dream that troubled you, but you would not tell it, fearing my ridicule."

"Yes," said Jane: "it was in March. The dream made me very uneasy, and I wrote, as I tell you, more than once to Clarice, begging tidings of her. They were the letters I speak of. Every phase of that dream is as vivid to my mind now as it was then. There are moments when the superstition is all too strong upon me that it only shadowed forth the reality of Clarice's fate. I seem to *know* that we shall never find her—in life."

Laura would have liked to ridicule then. "Can't you tell me the dream, Jane?"

"No," shuddered Jane, "I cannot tell it. Least of all to you."

Laura became curious. "Why least of all to me?"

"Because—because—in the same dream, mixed up with Clarice, mixed up with the

horror—but, I am foolish, I think," broke off Jane. "I shall say no more about it, Laura."

Laura did not care. She had been in the habit of laughing at Jane's dreams, and she would laugh still. Jane Chesney had certainly had two or three most singular dreams, which had borne reference in a remarkable degree to subsequent realities of life. One of them had foreshadowed her mother's death, and Jane had told it before the death took place. That the events following upon and bearing out the dreams were singular coincidences, can at least be said. And yet Jane Chesney was not by nature inclined to superstition, but the dreams had, in a degree, forced it upon her. She buried the feeling within herself, as we all like to bury those feelings which touch wholly on the imagination—that inner life within the life. But of all her dreams, never had she been visited by one bearing half the vivid horror, the horror of *reality*, as did this last one relating to her sister Clarice.

"It is very deceitful of you, Jane, to persist to my face that you have not heard from Clarice since the new year," resumed Laura.

Jane raised her eyelids. "I have not heard from her since."

"Where's the use of saying it, Jane?" and Laura's voice took a peevish tone, for she had as much dislike to being kept in the dark as had her father the earl. "You know quite well that you had at least one letter subsequent to that, and a most affectionate and loving one."

Jane was surprised. "I do not know what your head is running on, Laura, but I do know that I never had a line or syllable from Clarice subsequent to that January letter."

Laura took out her purse, a handsome portemonnaie, the gift of Mr. Carlton, and extracted from it a small piece of paper that had once formed part of a letter.

"Look there, Jane. You would know Clarice's writing, is that hers or not? I put it in my purse to-day to bring to you."

"Oh yes, it is Clarice's writing," said Jane, the instant it was in her hands. It was the upper part of the first page, where the writing commenced, and was dated from London on the 28th of the previous February. It began as follows:—

"My dearest, I am about to make a proposal to you, and——"

Then the paper was torn. On the reverse side was the conclusion of the note, which had apparently been a short one.

"——without delay. Ever your own, Clarice."

Jane Chesney pondered over the words,

especially over the date. But she had never seen the note in her life before, and said so.

"Nonsense," said Laura. "If it was not addressed to you, Jane, to whom was it addressed? Clarice never wrote home to anybody but you since her departure."

"How did you become possessed of this?" inquired Jane.

"It came from home with my clothes."

"Impossible," said Jane. "I collected your things myself and packed them. There was no such scrap of paper, as this, amongst them."

"I tell you, Jane, it came to me in my box of clothes. Some little time ago a pair of my lace sleeves got mislaid. I was angry with my maid, and turned the drawer, where my lace things are kept, out upon the floor. In picking them up to replace, I found the paper. That it had come from home with my lace things is certain, for they were emptied straight from the trunk into that drawer. And there it must have remained since unnoticed, probably slipped under the paper laid at the bottom of the drawer."

"It appears to me inexplicable," returned Jane. "I know that I never received the note; and, as you say, Clarice wrote home only to me. But she never worded her letters in that strain: it is more as a wife would write to her husband."

"The display of affection struck me," said Laura, "I thought she had grown over-fond all on a sudden."

"Clarice has too much good sense to indulge in foolishly-fond expressions. I cannot understand this," resumed Jane. "It seems all on a par with the rest, full of nothing but mystery. Will you give me this scrap of paper, Laura?"

"You may keep it, and welcome. I hope we shall soon hear of her. It is so dreadfully inconsistent for Lady Clarice Chesney, or Lady anybody else, to be getting her living as a governess. But I suppose she cannot have heard of the change. Jane—to alter the subject—do you know that I saw papa at Pembury?"

"No."

"I did. I was visiting Colonel and Mrs. Marden, they are such nice people—but you know them for yourself. I was driving through the street in the pony carriage with Mrs. Marden, and we met Sir James's mail-cart, he and papa inside it. Between astonishment and fear I was nearly frightened out of my wits. I pulled the reins and started the ponies off, and the next day we heard that papa had left again."

"Are you going?" asked Jane, for Laura had risen.

"I must be going now. I shall come in again soon, for I have not said half I thought to say, or remembered half the questions. Good-by, Jane; come with me as far as the gate."

"I don't feel well enough to go out," was Jane's answer.

"Nonsense, that's all fancy. A minute's walk in this bright sunshine will do you good."

Jane yielded to the persuasion. She muffled herself up and accompanied Laura to the gate. It was a balmy autumn day, the sun brilliant, and the red leaves shining in the foliage. Jane really did feel the air revive her, and she did not hasten indoors immediately.

Laura shook hands and proceeded down the road. Just after she had passed its bend, she encountered her husband. He was advancing at a quick step, swinging a cane in his hand.

"Oh, Lewis, were you coming in search of me?"

"Not I," said Mr. Carlton, laughing. "It would take I don't know what amount of moral courage to venture into the precincts of my enemy, Lady Jane. Has it been a stormy interview, Laura?"

"It has been a pleasant one. Not that Jane is a model of suavity in all things. She tells me I may go and see her whenever I please, but you are not to go, and she won't come to my house."

"Then I'd retaliate, Laura, by not going to hers."

"Oh, I don't know," was Laura's careless answer; "I should like to go to her sometimes, and I daresay she'll come round after a while. Won't you walk home with me, Lewis?"

"I cannot, my dearest. A patient is waiting for me."

"Who is it?"

"A farmer's wife: nobody you know. She is very ill."

They parted different ways. Laura went towards home, and Mr. Carlton continued his road up the Rise. As he passed the bend, he became aware that some one was advancing from an opposite direction, and recognised young Frederick Grey. And Master Frederick was in a fiery temper.

A word of explanation as to its cause is necessary. At the Michaelmas just passed, a Mr. Thrupp and his wife, people from a distance, had come to live at a small farm just beyond the Rise. A short time after taking possession, the wife was seized with illness, and Mr. Carlton was called in. The farmer knew nothing and had heard nothing of the merits of the different practitioners of the place, but Mr. Carlton lived nearest to him, and therefore he was summoned.

Mr. Carlton obeyed the call: but the case assumed an alarming aspect, and after a few days he suggested that another doctor should meet him in consultation, and mentioned Mr. John Grey. The farmer, Mr. Thrupp, went to the Greys' residence, to request Mr. John's attendance early on the following morning. Mr. John was out, but Mr. Stephen was in; and the farmer, knowing nothing of the prejudice against the latter, arranged that he should go instead of his brother. Mr. Carlton was considerably surprised to meet him; he said nothing in his presence, but he remained to say it after Mr. Stephen had departed. This was on the morning of the day when Lady Laura made her call upon her sister. Mr. Carlton was now on his way to the farm, unconscious that Frederick Grey, bearing down upon him, had just left it.

In point of fact, Frederick had been sent up by his father to inquire the result of certain remedies ordered at the consultation. On his arrival the farmer came out to speak with him.

"You are perhaps a relation of the Mr. Greys, sir?" said he, after replying to the inquiries of Frederick.

"I am Mr. Stephen Grey's son. Why?"

Mr. Thrupp, a simple-looking man, scratched his head.

"Then perhaps you'll be good enough to say, sir, that we'd rather the gentleman didn't come again," he resumed, bringing the words out with hesitation, for he did not much like to speak them. "It has so flustered my wife to hear that he sometimes sends out poison by mistake in his physic bottles, that his visit has done her more harm than good. She is a trifle better, and she thinks Dr. Carlton can get her round now by himself. If you'll be just good enough to say so, sir, to Mr. Stephen Grey, with our thanks for his visit of this morning."

The indignant red dyed Frederick Grey's features. "Who in the world told you that calumny of my father?" he asked.

"No offence, sir," returned the farmer, civilly; "I'm sure I don't intend any personality, for we know nothing but what we hear. After the gentleman had left, the other one, Dr. Carlton, asked how we could think of calling him into the house; he said it might have cost us our lives sometime, for he was not particular as to the making up of his medicines, and one lady had died through it. The other brother, Mr. John, was quite a reliable gentleman, he said, and it was him he had told me to call in. I asked my next door neighbour whether it was true, and he said it was true that a lady did die after taking some physic sent by him. It gave my wife such a

turn, sir, that we feared she was going—and perhaps you'll please tell him, not meaning any offence, that we'd rather he didn't come again."

Frederick Grey quitted the farmer, his blood rising up against the injustice done his father, the malice (as he regarded it) of Mr. Carlton. It was on returning from this very unsatisfactory interview, and when Master Frederick was in this very unsatisfactory temper, that the two unhappily came in contact, meeting exactly opposite the gate of Lady Jane Chesney.

Lady Jane might be called a third party at the meeting. She had taken a turn on the path after the departure of Laura, and on nearing the gate again heard footsteps in the road, and looked out to see Mr. Carlton close to her on the one side and Stephen Grey's son on the other. Not caring to be so much as seen by the surgeon, she stepped aside behind the hedge until he should have passed.

But they were not to pass so soon. Mr. Carlton was striding on with a half indifferent, half supercilious nod to the boy, when the latter, bold, fearless, and angry, placed himself right in his path.

"Don't brush by me so quickly, if you please, Mr. Carlton. I'll thank you to explain first what it is you have been saying at Thrupp's farm about my father."

Mr. Carlton stared at him, stared more especially at the address; and the supercilious expression deepened on his countenance.

"You are in a passion, I should think, young sir," was the answer, delivered with stinging blandness. "I and Mr. Stephen Grey can settle our own affairs without your aid."

The tone turned Frederick half mad, and he forgot his prudence. "You are a wicked, designing man," he burst forth. "You have been working in an underhand manner to drive my father from the place; not a day passes but you are secretly traducing him. Why don't you do it openly before his face, Mr. Carlton? Why do you do it behind his back, when he can't defend himself?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mr. Carlton. "Stand aside, and let me pass."

"You do know what I mean," retorted the boy, keeping his place before Mr. Carlton, so that the surgeon could not pass. "He met you in consultation at Thrupp's this morning, and the moment his back was turned, you set on to prejudice their minds against him; saying he was in the habit of sending out poisoned medicines, and it frightened the woman so, that they will not have him again. And this has been your game for months. How dare you continue to assert that my

father poisoned the draught that night, when you know he did not? When you *know* it, I say!"

Mr. Carlton lifted his cane menacingly. "But for the respect I bear your uncle, as my brother practitioner, and your father also, in spite of the fatal error he committed, I would lay this about your shoulders, young gentleman, and teach you better manners."

Master Frederick's passion was not calmed by the threat, and it may be questioned if he even knew in that wild moment the danger of the words he was about to utter.

"You know, I say, that Mr. Stephen Grey did not commit the error. You know that it was *you* who dropped the poison into the draught when you were alone with it after it was delivered. Keep your cane off me, Mr. Carlton; blows will not mend murder. If it was not you, it was that villain you saw on the stairs, and you, perhaps by bribery, undertook to keep his counsel and turn suspicion off him. You saw that I suspected you the very night it was done, you saw that I suspected you when you were giving your plausible evidence at the inquest. What the poor young lady had done to you, you best know, but I believe in my true heart, and I tell it you with God hearing me, that you were guilty either of killing her, or of helping that man to do it, though by concealment. Now, go and talk about my father, Mr. Carlton."

It was only by dint of the most ingenious dodging that Frederick Grey had been able to accomplish his say, but Mr. Carlton caught him now. The cane came down on his shoulders; and Frederick, passion giving him the strength of a young lion, seized it and broke it. Mr. Carlton walked away, leaving a careless and scornful epithet behind him; and the boy leaned against the gate to recover breath and equanimity.

A tap on the shoulder, and Frederick turned. There stood Lady Jane Chesney. He raised his hat, and she could not help being struck with the nobility of the glowing countenance, the fearless truth of the large grey eyes.

"Master Grey, do you know that I have heard every syllable you said to Mr. Carlton? Surely you do not believe in your own accusation? It must have had its rise only in the heat of passion?"

"Lady Jane—I beg your pardon—I am sorry you heard this—I hope you do not think me capable of making such an accusation *not* believing it. I do believe it; I have believed it ever since the night. Not that I have any grounds, or what might be called reason for believing it," he hastily added. "It is but an instinct within that tells me so."

"Do you remember that—although we are at variance and I do not like him—he is my brother-in-law?"

"Yes. I am very sorry that you heard what passed," he repeated. "Perhaps, Lady Jane, you will be kind enough to let it be as though you had not heard it?"

"I will," said Lady Jane: "and in return allow me to recommend you not to give utterance to sentiments so dangerous. My opinion is that you are totally wrong in your fancy, and that prejudice against Mr. Carlton has led you into the error. It is impossible to believe otherwise. Some men—I do not know that Mr. Carlton is one—would bring you before the law for this, and make you prove your words, or punish you if you could not. Be more discreet in future."

"Thank you," he answered, his sunny smile returning to him; "it is a bargain, Lady Jane. I was in a dreadful passion, there's no denying it, and I did say more than I ought. Thank you very much."

And replacing his hat, for he had stood bareheaded during the interview, Frederick Grey vaulted away, flinging the pieces of cane from him as he ran. Lady Jane stood looking after him.

A noble spirit, I am sure," she murmured, "in spite of his hairbrained words. I wonder if Mr. Carlton will bring him to punishment for them? I should, were so unjustifiable an accusation made against me. Boys will be boys."

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF CONNEMARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE AMONG CONVICTS."
PART II.

OLIVER CROMWELL, with all that forethought and consideration for the pure Celtic inhabitants of Ireland for which he was distinguished, gave to all whom he had not disposed of—to use his own expression—"in the usual way"—that is, in war—the alternative of "*Hell or Connaught*." This practice in Cromwell's time became so common, that Hell and Connaught began to be looked upon as synonyms.

Now Connemara, until very lately—until its wild scenery and wilder inhabitants excited the interest of tourists who had "done" the continent—was esteemed the very hottest part of Connaught, and as far as anti-English feeling was concerned, it bore off the palm from any other part of Ireland. Every Protestant, or indeed any one of English descent who entered the country, was looked upon as an interloper or a spy by the inhabitants of Connemara. They imagined that the stranger came to deprive

them of even that portion of their native land to which Cromwell had given them a free and undisputed title. To this part of Connaught they felt they had as strong a claim as Protestants and Saxons have to "another place."

Knowing all this, I must confess I did not feel quite comfortable at the prospect of spending the night beneath the same roof with "Big Joyce" and his *large* family, notwithstanding the assurances of the driver with respect to the giant's peaceable disposition.

I had a room to myself, and when it grew dark was provided with a dip candle. I overheard some of the conversation in the kitchen, between Joyce and his wife, and knew, (although they spoke in Irish,) from the frequent use of the term "*Sassenach*"—which means Protestant, or Englishman, or Irish Protestant of Saxon descent—that I was the subject of their conversation. All this had a "Fee-foe-fum : I-smell-the-blood-of-an-Englishman" sound to my ears. I had not ventured to turn into bed, although the candle was burning low, but was thinking of it, when I heard a step approaching my room door. The latch was raised without knocking, and a red head protruded. It was not that of Big Joyce, but one of the young giants. The face wore a broad grin, which displayed a double row of strong-set teeth.

"Well, what do you want?"

The young fellow entered without replying, and placed an extinguisher on the table, bringing it down with a rap, and giving me a look which said, as plain as look could say, "What do you think of that?"

"What's that?" I asked, feigning ignorance and surprise, looking down on the extinguisher.

"That is an *out-er*," said he, throwing back his head and shoulders with a sense of importance and of the advantages of civilisation.

"A what?"

"An *out-er*."

"What is it for?"

He took it up, placed it on the candle, and left us both in the dark.

"Oh! I see," said I. "'An out and outer,' you mean."

"If you see in the dark your eyes must be better than our black cat's. But stay, I'll get you a light in no time."

He brought the light and asked for my boots, which I gave him. Had he asked for my watch or purse I should have done the same, and with, perhaps, greater alacrity, for I felt I was in a giant's castle, from which there was no hope of escaping, even in a pair of "seven-leagued boots." There I was, trapped, and must take my chance.

I had not courage to use the "out-er," but before the end of the candle dropped into the

hot socket I took off my coat and waistcoat and threw myself on the bed, the sheets of which were as pure and white as snow, and fragrant with thyme and wild heath.

Whether these herbs have soporiferous qualities or not I cannot say, but I soon fell asleep, and awoke in the morning without finding my throat cut, or anything of that kind, and to my utter amazement found my boots not only cleaned but *polished*. Yes, positively polished, in a district where the parish priest was proud to get his boots well buttered. I often asked myself "where the blacking came from?" for these were days when a jar of "Day and Martin" cost a shilling. There were no half-penny cakes of paste-blackening in those days. The gigantic Joyces were a great puzzle to me; they seemed to be in a sort of chrysalis or intermediate state between savage barbarism and advanced civilisation. White sheets, polished boots, and tin extinguishers shone or flashed out curiously amidst the general chaos of nature around me.

I was charged for supper—consisting of bacon, eggs, and potatoes,—bed and breakfast, the moderate sum of half-a-crown, and for a pony, to carry me twelve miles, and a "boy,"—who in Ireland may be of any imaginable size or age,—to carry my bag, another half-crown.

My travelling companion, guide, and baggage-bearer was young Joyce, who brought in the "out-er," and, I suspect, polished my boots. He was much over six feet, though much under his gigantic parent. I found him a very pleasant travelling companion, with a good store of anecdotes respecting the wild district through which we passed, its inhabitants, and occasional tourists.

"There, sir," said he, pointing to a fearful chasm in the neighbourhood of Maam, through which a mountain torrent was rushing, "there is Mac Namara's Leap."

"And who is Mac Namara?"

"Captain Mac Namara."

"Army or navy?"

"Not exactly that, sir."

"Oh, I know; in the merchant service."

"No, sir; he was a sort of gentleman highwayman."

"Do you mean a robber?"

"I do."

"And you call him a gentleman?"

"I do sir, a gentleman bred and born, and he lived in a slate house in Cong—he and his lady."

"His wife, you mean?"

"Yes, sir, a real lady—one of the Butler family."

"You mean the Ormonde family?"

"I believe so, sir."

"Why do you call him captain?"

"Because, sir, he was a captain."

"Captain of what?"

"Of robbers, sir."

"From whom did they steal?"

"From every one, sir, gentle and simple."

"What would they steal?"

"A horse, a cow, a sheep, or anything at all!"

"I'll engage they never ventured to steal from the Big Joyces."

"Then they did, sir. The captain stole a horse from my grand-uncle; and by the same token, it was soon after that he took the leap, or rather his mare Binnish took it, with the captain and his lieutenant, Red Dan Nowlan, on her back."

"He was pursued by your grand-uncle?"

"He was, sir, and the whole family."

"And were they both riding the same horse?"

"No, sir; Red Dan was running by the captain's side till they came to the 'Leap,' when the captain told him to jump up behind, when he gave the mare a dig of the spurs, and she went over flying."

"And he escaped?"

"He did, sir; and I heard my grand-uncle say he was glad of it, for if he caught him he would have murdered him."

"But how is it, as you say he lived in a slate house in Cong, that he was never taken up?"

"Well, sir, you see he was a great favourite with the gentry."

"Then I conclude he did not rob them?"

"Oh, he did, sir. Oh, blood-a-line, to give him his due, he'd as soon or sooner steal from a rich man than from a poor man; but he was a gentleman, like one of themselves, so they were not hard upon him."

"Did they associate with him?"

"Associate with him?—what's that?"

"Did they keep company with him, or ask him to their houses?"

"They did, and came to his house."

"Nonsense."

"The devil a word of lie in it, and that reminds me of telling you how he served two or three gentlemen that came to dine and spend the day with him, uninvited."

"How was that?"

"He was short of provisions and wine, and was ashamed to acknowledge it, so he told his friends they must amuse themselves as well as they could till dinner-time. 'There's my boat,' said he, 'if you would like to go on the lake, fishing. I have a little business that will keep me till dark.'

"What's the little business, Mac,' said one of the gentlemen, winking.

"It's no matter,' said the captain.

"Where do you think he went, sir?"

"I could not imagine."

"To rob the gentleman's house that asked him where he was going."

"And did he rob it?"

"He did, and brought back lashings of provisions and wine."

"Was it ever found out?"

"It was. He confessed it himself. 'Where did you get this port?' said the gentleman that he robbed. 'I have a few dozen bottles very like this, though I think my wine is better,' said the gentleman."

"You have not a bottle of port like that in your cellar," said Mac Namara, who knew he had carried off the whole of them.

"I bet you a guinea I have," said the gentleman.

"I bet you five you have not," said Mac.

"Done," said the gentleman.

"Well, sir, the next day, when they went to look, they found the wine gone, and suspected how it was."

"Well, what happened?" I inquired.

"They were never the worse friends. I think I heard say that Mac let the five guineas go against the wine."

"What became of Captain Mac Namara in the end? Was he hanged?"

"Hanged? not at all, sir. What would they hang him for? He died a natural death, and is buried in the Abbey of Cong. But I forgot to tell you about his mare Binnish."

"What happened to her?"

"When she died he waked her like any Christian."

Why, this Irish Mac Namara and his mare were as great as the English Dick Turpin and his horse.

"We had another like him, sir, but he was a murdering villain."

"Who was he?"

"Captain Webb."

"What did he do?"

"He used to ill-use young women, and then strip them and throw them into the 'Murthuring Hole,' which is not far from here."

"Come, now, Master Joyce, you must not be asking me to believe too much, or you may weaken my faith in Mac Namara and his famous mare."

"The devil a lie in what I'm going to tell you, sir."

"Well, go on."

"Well, sir, this Captain Webb one day met a fine handsome girl, beautifully dressed, with

a bran new cloak and gown. It was near the mouth of the Murthering Hole that he met her. He first sthruve to get his will of her, but he couldn't, for she was a very dacent girl; so he taros off her cloak and drags her to the mouth of the Hole, and says, 'Strip.'

"Go on."

"Well, sir, she takes off her new gown, and her flannel petticoat, saving your presence, and then she falls down on her knees and says to him, 'Oh, for the Vargin's sake, turn your head aside while I take off the rest of my things.'"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, he turned his back to her and his face to the Murthering Hole, when she sprung up and made a dhrive at him, and pushed him in."

"And killed him?"

"Of coorse."

"Bravo!"

A DECLARATION.

AGAIN the glimmering night had chased the day;
The billows danced before me; more and more
My sadness came upon me, as I lay
With swelling bosom on the lonely shore,—

With bosom full and swelling like the sea,
With deep and tender longing for the form
Which everywhere is present unto me,
In the warm sunshine and the pelting storm,—

Which calls me and surrounds me everywhere,
Whose voice is murmuring in the western wind.
I know all nature is indeed most fair,
But in all nature her alone I find.

With brittle reed I wrote upon the sand,—
"Emma, I love thee!" but the creeping stream
Too soon effaced the labour of my hand,
As the dank morning breaks a happy dream.

Ah, slippery sand! ah, too, too treacherous wave!
I will not trust your frail record again.
"Emma, I love thee!" I will rather grave
In characters which cannot ever wane.

To generations of remotest time
These golden characters shall surely speak;
I will enclose them in incondite rhyme
In the immortal page of ONCE A WEEK.

MIDSUMMER-EVE IN BOHEMIA.

THE people of Bohemia still preserve many customs and superstitions derived from their pagan ancestors. At the introduction of Christianity, in the latter part of the ninth century, the harbingers of the Gospel, in accordance with the precepts of Pope Gregory, indulged to some degree the customs and prejudices of the nation they came to convert. Christianity

did not wholly exterminate, but subverted idolatry, and then amalgamated the fragments with itself. The localities consecrated from of old to heathen deities were allowed to preserve their sacred character, by becoming the sites of Christian churches, often dedicated to saints whose names resembled, or were made to assimilate to, those of the idols they superseded. It was probably a similarity of name that assisted in superseding the worship of the pagan deity "Sviatoy Vit," by that of the Christian Saint Vitus; and the latter, accordingly, became in popular belief invested with the attributes of the former; being always represented as a beautiful youth, accompanied by a black cock—a bird sacred to the idol,—and which is to this day brought as an offering by the people, in their pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Vitus. A like policy was pursued with regard to the pagan festivals and ceremonies, which were not entirely abolished, but made to coincide and blend with those of the new faith. The antagonist creeds, when brought together, underwent a fusion, and the result was an alloy.

The heathen festival of the Beltane Fire, celebrated at the summer solstice, was readily associated, and then confounded, with the illuminated rites of the Roman Church on the vigil of St. John; and in this instance it was easy to convert the pagan observance into a Christian solemnity.

For some weeks previous to Midsummer-eve, the young people, all over the country, are active in collecting fuel for the bonfires to be kindled on that day; and among the articles in request are old besoms and cart-wheels out of use. The cart-wheels, being well smeared with rosin, are set on fire and allowed to roll down the hills. The besoms, dipped in tar, are set ablaze, and the young men wave them about, while dancing round and leaping through the bonfire, or run with them, flaming in their hands, from one bonfire to another, to leap over each in turn, being in this exercise imitated and rivalled by the damsels; for it is believed that to leap three times through the fire secures the performer from fever for the year. There are various methods of building up the pile for the bonfire, but when made of bundles of firewood, the number preferred is seven. A lofty tree, standing alone upon an eminence, near a village, is sometimes selected; and, being heaped round with dry branches and brushwood, the whole is set in flames, while the young people of both sexes dance in a circle around it. The tarred besoms are kindled at the fire; and, after being swung about and hurled into the air, the charred stumps are carried home, and stuck about the cabbage-

grounds, to preserve the plants from snails and caterpillars.

In the district of Eger, the youths procure from the woods a straight and tall pine or fir-tree, full of rosin, and fix it on some elevated spot, while the maidens adorn it with green wreaths, coloured ribbons, and garlands of flowers. A pile of firewood is then built up around the tree, and at night the whole is kindled. While the bonfire is blazing, the young men climb the tree, to obtain the garlands hung on by their favourite maidens. When the tree is consumed, the young people place themselves round the remaining fire, and look at each other, through garlands, to discover whether they are still mutually faithful; and they also throw the garlands to one another through the fire, three times, without failing to catch them, if possible, for their falling would be a bad omen. When the fire has burnt still lower, each youth, holding his maiden by the hand, leaps with her, three times, over the glowing embers. The scorched wreaths are taken home, and hung about the pictures, cupboards, and windows. The peasants plant the half-burnt brands and charcoal in their fields and gardens, and under the thresholds and the eaves of their dwellings, to act as charms against evil and witchcraft. During a tempest they throw fragments of the garlands into the hearth-fire, and while they are burning apply themselves to prayers. They give morsels of the charcoal to their cattle when sick, or about to calve, and also on holidays; and with portions ignited they fumigate the house and offices, to preserve the health of the inmates; consequently, the scorched garlands are preserved for these purposes from year to year.

In some places, the people, during the bonfire, wear wreaths of St. John's wort on their heads, or as girdles round the waist, for preservatives against sickness and witchcraft, but especially to prevent diseases of the eyes. The maidens about Eisenberg plait garlands of wild flowers, through which they look at the bonfire, while repeating some rhymes, to invoke its favour on their eyes till they see it again; and when this is done three times the prayer is expected to be granted. About Jungbunzlau, the people throw up their blazing brooms into the air, repeating a verse to ascertain how many years they have still to live; and believe, that as many times as the besom falls and continues to burn, so many years are they sure of life; but should it be extinguished by the fall, their death is certain within the year. Others cast garlands into the water, which, if drawn down by the water-sprite, betoken the speedy death of the owner. A

yellow-blossoming fern is sought for on this night, from a belief that its possession confers good fortune, and the power of discovering hidden treasure. The blossoms, however, must not be touched by the fingers, but sprinkled upon a white cloth, otherwise they vanish like vapour. A like precaution must be taken when a maiden collects nine differently coloured flowers for a garland, which she places under her pillow, in order to see her beloved in a dream. To ensure success, the cloth should be washed with dew; and she must bring home the blossoms, avoiding to meet any one on her way.

In the villages of Leitmeritz, the maidens use seven variegated flowers, gathered in a peafield; and, placing the garland as a pillow, under the right ear, receive their answer, in a voice from underground. For the same purpose, wreaths are twisted of nine different sorts of twigs, and, being placed on the head, the wearer, by starlight, gazes into a stream where it is overhung by a tree, and there sees in the water the image of the future helpmate. At Ostrovetz, near what is called the "Hellpool," on Midsummer-eve, may be seen a horse without a head, who for awhile accompanies the wayfarer, and then leaps into a piece of water a little beyond the pool. Others, instead of a horse, see a woman without a head, and sometimes a black dog or pig, a hare, or a white duck. On this night, also, the wood-demons have extraordinary power.

The numerous bonfires may be seen blazing for miles around in the valleys, and along the mountains, especially on the crest of the "hoary Schöninger," near Budweis, which, as well as the fireworks displayed from an old tower upon it, are visible to a great distance.

St. John the Baptist is, in Bohemia, after the Holy Venceslas, the saint most in repute, having no less than 151 churches dedicated to his honour, besides giving his name to many places and persons, since it is believed to be endued with specific power against Satan. The day of his nativity is the only one that is observed as such, beside those of the Virgin and the Saviour, among the festivals of the Roman Church. On this day, at noon, it is believed that all the treasures hidden in the earth are laid open; but, as they are again closed as soon as the hour strikes one, those who may have entered must remain shut in till the next St. John's Day.

It is supposed by the Taborites that their ancient heroes are still living, but buried within the mountain Blanick, where, in a trance, they are waiting the moment for sallying forth to destroy their enemies. A stream that issues from the mountain, having the

smell and colour of stable refuse, is said to proceed from their horses, standing in a row, along a wall of rock. The knights, clad in full armour, and with their weapons at hand, are all sleeping in various postures, either on the ground or on benches round the cavern; some are stretched at full length; some are sitting, with their heads supported by their swords; and others are mounted, with their heads resting on their horses' necks. A shepherd, who once entered the cavern, found them in this condition, and saw them awaken, when they asked whether the hour for their exit had come. Upon which the leader, who slept in an elevated seat, in the centre of the hall, replied,—“It is not yet time to destroy the enemies of Bohemia.” On hearing this, they all resumed their sleep. The shepherd, when he at last got out, learnt that he had been shut up for a year.

A similar adventure happened to a blacksmith, who possessed a meadow close to the Blanick mountain; and went there one morning, with a labourer, to make hay. His serving-maid brought breakfast, and the smith, with his portion, sat him down at the foot of the mountain. He had hardly finished, when a man, wrapped in a mantle, came to him, and said,—

“Follow me, friend!”

The smith obeyed, and both entered the mountain, where the stranger, turning round, said,—

“I have brought you here to shoe our horses.”

“That is impossible,” said the smith, “for I have no tools.”

“Be not uneasy about that,” returned the knight, who then brought what was required and told him to begin, but warned him not to jostle against any of the sleeping cavaliers. The smith, however, in shoeing the last horse, did, by chance, shove against the knight who sat upon it; and who, awakening instantly, cried,—

“Is it time?”

“Not yet; sleep on!” replied the smith's employer, who reproved him for his negligence, but, for all that, paid him for his trouble by giving him the old horseshoes.

When the smith came out again into his meadow, he found all these horseshoes converted into gold; and he found, also, two labourers making hay, where he had left but one; and, on inquiry, he learnt that a year had passed since he had gone away and been given up for lost.

A nail-smith once bartered with a knight of Blanick a sack of nails for a heap of stable-sweepings, which afterwards changed to gold.

The same change took place with some dung, which a hind had swept out of their stable; both events taking place on St. John's Day. The peasants affirm that strange noises are often heard within the mountain, at such times as the knights are furbishing their arms for battle; but their outburst is not expected till the dry pond near Blanick is filled with blood, and the withered trees on the banks of the rivulet put forth fresh blossoms; and then the knights will come forth, with Duke Venceslas at their head, mounted on a white horse, and bearing in his hand the standard of Bohemia.

The Bohemians entertain many amiable fancies associated with the native fruit—the strawberry. The first handful gathered, and those which may slip through the fingers in gathering, are reserved for the poor, for whom they are placed on a tree-stump or other conspicuous spot.

A mother who has lost her infant in the previous part of the year must gather no strawberries before St. John's Day; for, if she does, her child will not be permitted to join the blessed children when they go with the Virgin Mary to gather strawberries in the groves of Heaven. According to another version, the child will indeed get some strawberries, but not so many as the others; for the Virgin will say,—

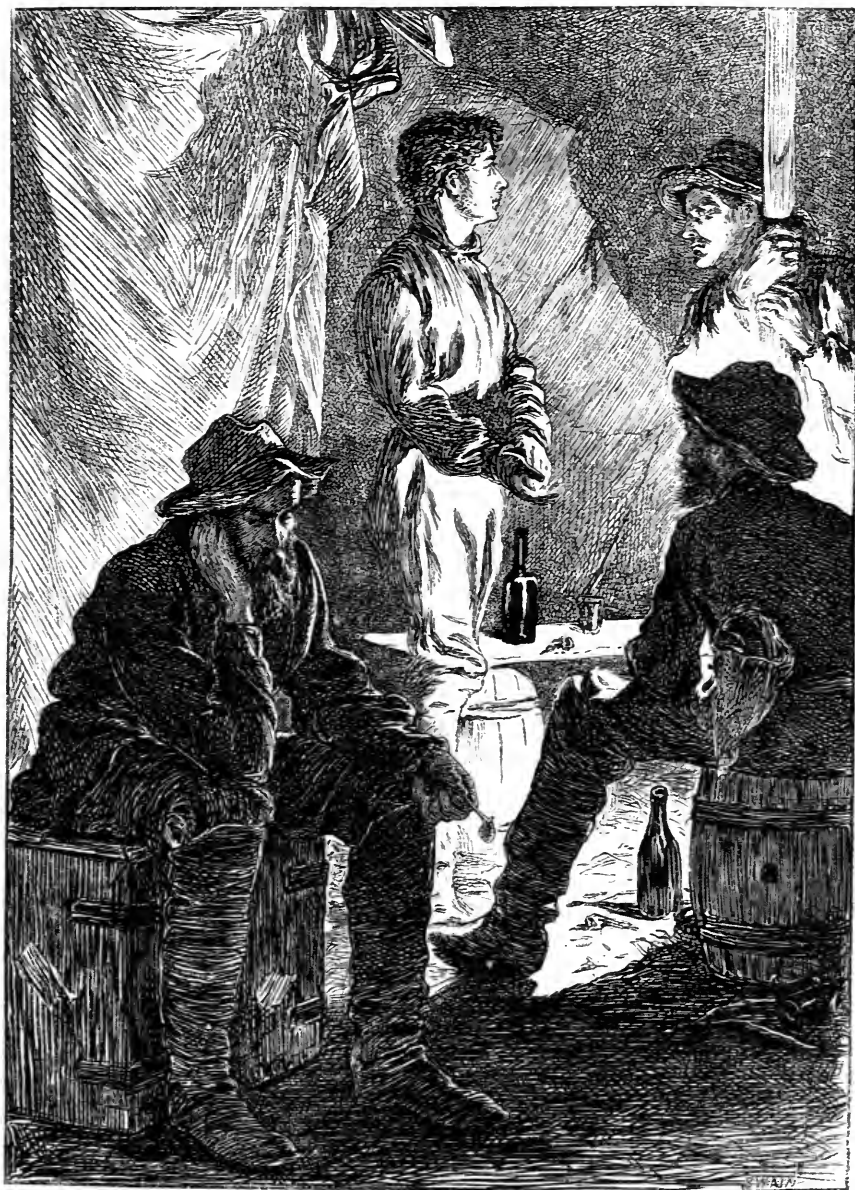
“See, darling, your share is small, because your mother has eaten the rest.”

Cherries are, in like manner, forbidden to the bereaved mother.

In the valley at Tetschen, it is believed that a certain crag, resembling a human bust, and called “The Stone Strawberry-Lass,” which projects from a mountain, may become animated on St. John's Day, provided a pure and pious youth, who, from his seventh year of age, has never missed or neglected the Sunday church-service, nor, during it, looked at a maiden, should strike it three times on the breast while High Mass is being performed. The tradition states that the crag was once a giddy maid, called Petronella, who lived with her pious grandmother, in a cottage lying far away in the valley.

On St. John's Day, in 1614, which fell upon a Sunday, Petronella, disobeying her grandmother, instead of going to High Mass, went to dance and sport among the strawberry-grounds; and, as she saw her grandmother returning from church, she made game of her. The grandmother was angry, and said she would rather see Petronella a stone than as wicked as she was; and the wish was no sooner spoken than Petronella, with her strawberry-pot, was transformed into stone, as she appears now.

PHILIP FRASER'S FATE.



CHAPTER I.

THE following narrative I have compiled, partly from portions of the journal kept by my nephew, Philip Fraser, who was murdered at Melbourne in March, 1855 ; partly from

his few letters to me ; and partly from the conversations I have had with his companion, James Burrow. These conversations have enabled me to connect the incidents mentioned in the letters and the journal, and to under-

stand their relation to each other so well ; and the private phase of these occurrences and of his own feelings, which my nephew portrayed to me in his letters, throws such a light on the facts themselves, that I seem about to detail experiences, instead of to record occurrences in which I had no part. The combination of circumstances which led to the dreadful atrocity by which my sister's son, in the fullest flow of his hope, was foully murdered, is so remarkable, that contemplating them now, at a distance of time, the impression I receive is almost as vivid as when they were first known to me. Time alters to us the aspect of nearly all joys or sorrows ; or rather, time allows us to alter our relations to the facts from which our pleasures or troubles may spring. But, whatever may have altered around me, my own particular feeling in estimating the matter does not seem to have changed. I still feel, whenever I turn to it, much as I imagine an animal may feel when its instincts are raised to their fiercest expression on feeling itself robbed of its young. I feel all the baffled hopes writhe, and turn where they have been so ruthlessly cut short to a thirst for vengeance. This is a feeling which, had I been a young man, might have carried me to the antipodes to seek out his murderer and revenge his death. Yet I am able now, as I was then, to argue how wrong such a feeling is, how foolishly wrong. What would be the use of the teachings of civilisation, religion, or even worldly experience, if impulses which belong so closely to imperfect nature alone that we find the best likeness for them in the instincts of the brute were not to be chained or tempered by them ? But our nature is so imperfect that we *cannot* make theory accord with practice always. There are insults and wrongs which our imperfect nature (mine at least) feels to be beyond the reach of ordinary laws. I am an old soldier, and perhaps have acquired such ideas from my profession. It is with a terrible feeling that I think upon poor Philip's murder at all times. I cannot help it. It is perhaps wrong—I know it is wrong ; but still it is so. The law never discovered or overtook his murderer, that I know of. I struggle hard often to think my fearful wish, that I had been able in revenge to shoot him like a dog, is not a darling wish with me ; that it grows weaker with time ; that it is a weakness, and not a crime, so to wish to put our hand upon God's purposes. But I always find it fast rooted among my doubts.

Philip was my only sister's son. His father was a scoundrel, and ill treated his wife in numberless ways till the day of his death. She then lived with me for some years, and her

child was born under my roof. He grew up in the light of a son to me ; and when we lost his mother, I promised her that I would treat him as a son. When he came back from Rugby, in 1852, he was seventeen years of age. I designed him for the army, and he would have shone in it ; he would have done his duty. I know my judgment was not wrong in that. He came back, however, with a craving after adventure which puzzled me somewhat at first. It disturbed my plans for him. I did not want to check it, for it was not ignoble. Unfortunately, there was no service to be seen just then ; and had I sent him, as I had at first intended, into the army at once, he might have misinterpreted the duties of a soldier in peace, and failed to appreciate the charm there is in discharging faithfully and completely the most unnoticed duties of a soldier's life. He might have viewed them in a false light. He was one of those youngsters who at school are dubbed "lucky." In every game of chance, and, indeed, almost everything he engaged in, luck seemed to stick to his fingers. Whether the incense which simple success is always greeted with may have tended to foster the idea, or whether the wonderful and highly-coloured accounts which were daily published first drew him on, I cannot tell, but he desired more than anything to go and dig gold on the Australian fields. He had an idea, which he tried to explain to me, that the small pieces of gold which were washed out of the soil by the diggers must have been detached from some rich system of gold, which could be discovered. He wished to explore, and seek fortune thus in a short time. I could not but consent, and he left me. I never saw him again.

CHAPTER II.

Philip Fraser landed at Port Phillip on the 3rd October, 1854. His purpose was to go to the diggings at Bendigo, and to join a working party of three others already established there. Two members of this party, James and William Burlow, had been more than twelve years in the colony. They had left their home in Melbourne in the early days of the gold fever, and had breasted the rough work with varying success ever since, excepting during a few intervals. The third one of the party was Philip's friend, who had been nearly two years at the gold-fields. His name was Richard Gordon. The custom at the diggings is to work in small gangs in this way, to divide the labour, and to share the result. Philip was a creature of day-dreams and sanguine antipathetic ; but by the time he reached the diggings he had but few of the ideas with which he had

left England, unchanged, excepting his theory about the masses of gold, and the explorations he hoped to make. He had found in Melbourne all things so modified by the exceptional exigencies of the time, that his plans had to be changed, or were overthrown. He had been compelled to walk with a straggling party the whole way through the bush, sleeping how he could, and as others did. He had suffered from hunger, and was nearly destitute of everything which he brought with him from England, but he was full of sturdy determination. Nothing, however, had depressed and disappointed him more than the dreariness of the bush. His fancied picture of luxuriance and shade, made brilliant here and there by the rich yellow blooms of the wattle trees, was lamentably overthrown when he came upon the thin and peculiar maze, which seemed to extend interminably on every side of his way. The tall gum trees seemed to yield no corresponding shade, and the absence of the leafy undergrowth which is found in English woods left the naked trunks more exposed in their bewildering sameness. The ground, strewn everywhere with dry sticks and little evidences of dearth and ruin, seemed, under the hot sun, always the same weary, pathless way, without landmarks of progress. Where some great tree had fallen athwart its fellows, it seemed to him a mere evidence of present ruin; where all were growing luxuriantly in the hot sun, it seemed to him that they grew rankly on a bed of former ruin. He had privations to endure, and hardly anything but hope to meet them with; but he was strong enough in that, and on the 2nd of November he reached the Bendigo Diggings in safety.

When Philip came to understand that he was approaching Bendigo, his depressed spirits underwent a sudden change, and he began to day-dream again. He felt like reaching home at last. He thought of being welcomed, as from the old country, by the free-handed, rough adventurers who had congregated there, and by his own friends. There would be a peculiar romance for him in the fact of men standing bravely on their own resources; and where education and refinement, which in long-settled communities raise their possessors above the classes who do the rough labours of the strong hand and arm, might be found face to face with labour and duty in their simplest forms. When, however, he came upon the little community of diggers he soon found that the reality only left him the very dregs of his dream. Tents and shanties were scattered about in careless confusion. Heaps of dirt, and holes, and mud; men in all kinds of costume, and some with little enough, and all

sufficiently dirty, were working, some side by side with jealous and absorbing earnestness, some apart, equally intent, but all with the same one only purpose. Here and there he got only an oath, almost always a sneer, and a momentary reply to his inquiry for the party he was about to join. When at last he found Gordon and his friends, he was soon able to settle amongst them, and to grapple with the realities of his new life, quite freed from home fancies. Still, however, he cherished his theory about the masses of gold, and thought he found it strengthen with the observations he made.

Nothing of any great importance occurred to him during the first two months of his sojourn. He had become a regular gold-hunter, like all around him, with the same continual work, and the same ceaseless avidity for work. He had been moderately fortunate, but much more fortunate than his companions, and when he told them of his character for good luck at school, they nick-named him "Lucky Phil." He had found the only nugget larger than ordinary which had fallen to their lot, a few days after his arrival. On the evening when they took stock of and divided the gold, Philip was in better spirits than either of them. James Burlow, however, was discontented with the gains, and, as he was the captain of the party, proposed a decided move. He said that, although they had succeeded in getting a good quantity of gold, it was not to be forgotten that they consumed most of it in the expenses of their living, and that the apparent gains were not commensurate with the hard work they had. He wanted to know what they thought, therefore, of making a very decided move. Some one had been out prospecting further east, and he had heard that the best accounts, as to gold, had been received from Queensleigh. He thought it would be wise to make a move. What did they think of the prospects, and did they feel inclined to chance it?

In the conversation which ensued William Burlow sided with his brother, but Gordon laughingly said he wanted to hear what "lucky" suggestion Philip could make, for they had tried long enough what hard work could wring from Fortune; he was for tempting her still more, and he would join willingly in trying to "prospect" for themselves instead of following where others had been.

The time had now clearly come for Philip to propound his plan, and he did so. He had thought of it so long, and treasured it so much, correcting it and confirming it by his daily observations, that when he found himself actually appealed to on the very subject, and that unexpectedly, he spoke with an enthusiasm visible in

his eye and manner, which had a curious effect. The hunt for gold is, after all, a sort of gambling with nature, and though the ways and details of the stakes are different, yet the same influences affect, in varying ratio and degree, the professed gamester at Homburg or Baden and the Australian digger. A blind subserviency to simple chance has a deteriorating influence on ordinary labour, and by its disloyalty to the laws of nature, which are of that code under which men are truly taught to look for their daily bread, leave room for vices to grow, and weaknesses to harden into vices. It is often seen that men whose intellects are acute, and whose reason is strong in other atmospheres, will bow round the gaming-table with childish obedience to some vague theory of chance which they could not find a reason to approve. All the circumstances are different with the Australian digger, but his nature is the same, and in degree is affected by the same cause. His purpose becomes so absorbing that other things are forgotten. In every other sphere labour is accepted as a task, and yielded as a price to be paid, and rest from it is sought by men—by some whenever it may be taken on the other side of the line of duty, by others from idleness. The digger for gold finds such feelings absorbed in his pursuit. He has a diseased craving for the work. Different natures are of course bent differently by the same strong influence, but all are bent. In some the strain wreaks ample ruin, and vice and crime grow rankly; but in others, though the influence is felt, the roots are not displaced. It was, therefore, curious, but not strange, that when Philip spoke with all his earnestness his three companions gradually listened to his speculations almost as though he were an oracle, and that, had they confessed truly to themselves, they did so because of an indefinable and simple belief in his lucky star! James and William Burlow were men of long experience in the colony, and had been at the diggings from the first discovery; Gordon had almost an equal experience of gold-finding, if not of colonial life; but Philip had been with them barely for two months.

Philip's enthusiasm certainly for the time had a strong effect upon them all, and they began to discuss his views in the most sanguine manner. They were all seated just inside their tent when they commenced the division of the gold; but when they proceeded to talk over their prospects and proposals, William Burlow carefully drew together the canvas flaps which were used to close the entrance to the tent, and then they spoke in an eager undertone. The gist of Philip's speculations was this. It

was evident that the gold was formed somewhere else than in the alluvial deposits from which they now worked it. It was, therefore, washed down by streams from its original site, or had in former times been so washed down, and thus was always found either in the beds of rivers, or in the valleys made by streams now dried up. The form in which they found it, whether in dust, grains, scales, or nuggets, was always water-worn, and such as to show that it had been carried by the current, and acted upon by the friction. Purely natural agencies, of which water-action was one, at work through long series of generations, had without doubt dissolved the rock in which the gold was born, but had no action on the metal, and the particles of gold were carried forward amid the *débris* of the rock, and finally mingled with it when it became a deposit of clay in the bed of the river—which might be running now, or which might have ceased to run, leaving a valley, or gully, such as those from which they were now accustomed to work it by washing. Now gold is at least seven times heavier than any rock, and not being subject to decay by water, or time, or ordinary natural agencies, the portions released, however minute, must be of much greater weight than the particles of disintegrated rock which formed the clay. It was on this very principle that they now washed the clay in their cradles. It was fair enough and natural to suppose that a violent current would have amply sufficient strength to hurry even considerable portions down, and there might be, or have been, agencies with which we are not acquainted which would transport large isolated pieces. But, he argued, it was equally fair to suppose that those larger nuggets or masses which had been set free by the disintegration of the rocks in which they were born, and which had not been carried away by some exceptional agency, had settled down by natural laws, either on their original site, or been removed perhaps by the first violence of the torrent which broke up their rocky covering, not far from it. The larger the pieces the shorter the distance they could have been removed by such natural forces, unless exceptionally. Where should they seek—how could they find such sites?

The companions drew closer together, and there was a momentary silence; but the gold-fever was intensely plain in a burning red spot on each cheek, and in the fiery earnestness in every eye. Men are dangerous when crossed at times like these. Then there followed a rapid and desultory conversation, full of sanguine speculations. James Burlow drew apart, sat a little back in the tent, and became silent. He was making a great struggle,

such as only a strong man cares to initiate, against the seduction of passionate speculation, and the too hasty desertion of facts and reason. But it was easy to see that Gordon and William Burlow now spoke to Philip with a sort of deference in their manner and their ideas akin to subserviency. The weak moment had supervened, and they were offering unconscious homage to his lucky star, and the homage seemed growing kindred to a blinded trust. So they conversed of probabilities till, elated, Philip in a louder tone said that he felt he could lead them where such might be found—he felt he should be so fortunate if they would explore.

At this moment they were stricken, as it were, into a momentary silence. They heard, first a snap, as of some one treading on a dry stick, outside the tent; then the sound as something touched an old tin dish which lay outside, and after that, of rapidly retreating footsteps. Some one had been listening. In a moment they were all outside the tent. Gordon and William Burlow were first. It was almost dark, but Philip, looking in the opposite direction from that in which the step had been first heard, saw a man just entering the belt of trees near to which the tent was pitched. He called out and pointed. In an instant both Gordon and William Burlow fired their revolvers—Gordon twice—but without effect, and the man, whoever he was, was gone.

"Who was he?" asked James Burlow.

"Who can he be?" echoed Gordon.

"I did not see his face; I only caught sight of him for a moment as he went behind the trees," said Philip.

"Probably one of the ticket-of-leave scoundrels," said William Burlow; "we must look out."

But Philip knew, although he said nothing more.

He had noticed that the man was more than ordinarily tall, and that he had a peculiar limping action with the right leg. He knew him, but to have said so might have brought to light a weakness under which he suffered. As they were to move, to be silent could have in it no harm. He was silent, though he felt his face burn. He covered a first weakness, which to have made known would have so detracted from his present exaltation, with another weakness, and said nothing more.

The fact was this. Philip's father was captain in the —th. The regiment was long stationed at Bareilly, in the Indian service. To his poor wife, Philip's mother, John Fraser had behaved with brutal meanness, and the dissolute rascal spent her money recklessly; but he spent also more than hers. He was known

to have defrauded Richard Gordon's father of a large sum by an ingenious transaction, the particulars of which had never seen the light; and in this he was said to have been helped by a certain Major Cutler, of a native regiment stationed at the same place. Philip knew as much as this of the matter, but no more. On the first day of his arrival, when Philip was inquiring for his friends, he had got from many of the diggers but short answers and no information, till he asked a tall man, who, muddy to the eyes, was working a cradle with great avidity, and who, unlike the rest, stepped forward for a moment with some politeness, and pointed to the very next claim, where James and William Burlow were working. Philip had remembered the strange courtesy, and returned it, as he was working, in a hasty acquaintanceship. The man was called William Brisbane. Before they knew each other's names, in some light talk Philip had alluded to Brisbane's lameness, when he said carelessly that "he had been in the army, and got a ball in his right knee in a duel at Bareilly; but he had left the army now." Some time after this, one evening, Philip went across to a small store a good distance off to fetch something, where he saw Brisbane, who was drinking and playing cards on a barrel-head with another digger. Brisbane cheated, and Philip saw the trick. The two players quarrelled, and a drunken fight ensued, in which each used furious words, and Philip heard Brisbane's opponent use these, "You thieving hound! You daren't use your own name. I don't care who knows it, Major Cutler. That's your name—Major William Brisbane Cutler!" Cutler turned his eye on Philip's face in an instant, and a drunken reconciliation and a restoration followed. Philip departed, but had not gone far toward his tent before Cutler limped after him, and overtaking him, said, "I say, Fraser, I want to say a word to you—and you had better stop to hear me," he added, fiercely.

"Well, Mr. —," began Philip with some hesitation.

"Call me Brisbane, you know," said Cutler, with a nasty chuckle. "I don't want any quarrelling unless you do. I know more about you than perhaps you think; at all events I know you well, for I knew your father in India. You heard what that man said to me just now, and I could see you knew my name when you heard it. Well, it is my name. Have you heard it before?"

"I have heard it before."

"So I thought. Well, other people don't know it here, and it suits me that they shouldn't. I shall be much obliged if you won't mention it, especially in your gang," he said;

and the same chuckle stretched the thin lips under his heavy moustache over his white teeth; "I shall be much obliged, you know. But if you should mention it, I can quit you by telling a good deal about your father. Yes, I knew Jack Fraser well—a good deal about Jack Fraser—and I could tell Gordon something too. So don't you mention my name, excepting Brisbane; and I don't want to quarrel, or have anything unpleasant."

"I don't want to interfere with you in any way," said Philip; and he turned away, humiliated, and with a sickening sensation of rage and insult, made powerless by those feelings which had grown from the ruins of baffled love and respect. He blushed to be ashamed of his own father. The feeling held him still, and he was silent now.

The determination which the companions ultimately arrived at was, that they would suddenly start for Queensleigh, and try their best to get a first chance there before the place became much known. There was a sort of compromise in this, just enough of chance in it. James Burlow had endeavoured to talk down the desire which the younger men had to engage in a more simply speculative plan, and his discretion soon ballasted their ideas. The next day they quietly made their preparations, and long before dawn on the following morning they had started, with all their traps packed in a small, strong cart, through the bush for Queensleigh. They reached the place on the 11th of January, 1855, and were in the best spirits when they pitched their tent on a slope, at the bottom of which ran the shallow, intermittent stream. The spot looked most likely; and they soon enjoyed the excitement of prospecting, with a small tin dish in hand, for the choice of a claim. James Burlow chose one, and the very next day they were at work. Only a few of the inevitable Chinamen, and not many diggers, were as yet there, and they had plenty of freedom in the choice. But every day several more diggers arrived; and two or three days afterwards, when sauntering back to the tent, Philip was surprised to find Brisbane accost them, asking, with an ill-concealed anxiety in his tone, "What luck? Where's your claim?"

"Ah! so you've tried a move," said William Burlow, laughing. "Well, it's pappy enough to work in; but it doesn't seem to wash out much." And they passed on.

William Burlow was right; and they all came gradually to confess the disappointment to themselves, if not openly to each other. It was a great disappointment. The move appeared to be a failure. They tested the place with hard and patient work; but the average

yield was not only not improved, it had grown less. The spot seemed an unfortunate one, for not one single nugget, of even ordinary size, had they found; nor could they hear that others had. At last, when they had laboured three weeks thus, some one said the claim was a failure; and it was acknowledged so. The reaction was severe after their undue elation; but, though a sort of carelessness and discontent had come over them, they were not hopeless by any means. At least, they had plenty of speculation left. The seed sown at their last conference, at Bendigo, was not forgotten, but was cultured now; and it was proposed and voted, while they covered what they knew to be a weakness with much laughter and jeering, that "Lucky Phil." should try his hand and choose another claim. Philip chose another, much higher up the gully; and to work they went.

The spot that Philip selected was purely his own choice. It was just below where a considerable and sudden rise took place in the ground, over which, perhaps, ages and ages ago a torrent might have flowed; but it seemed to have little of the ordinary signs of likelihood to recommend it. It was a considerable distance from the tent, and a good way from any water wherein they could fix their cradle to wash the soil recovered. They divided the party for labour thus:—One sank the hole, and threw up the soil to be washed; one took the soil in a barrow and wheeled it down to the cradle, where the remaining two washed it and sought for the gold. On the first morning they went gaily enough to work, and each one lent a hand at opening the claim; then they divided the party, set up the cradle, and commenced in earnest. They did not get any gold at all the first day; but on the second and third they came upon a stratum of pipe-clay, in which they found the ore. But it did not seem to be in greater quantity than they could find anywhere almost. Still, no one said so, and the work went on. On the fourth day it came to Philip's turn to work down in the hole; Gordon and William Burlow were stationed at the cradle; and James Burlow went between.

Philip felt a sort of thrill which he could not well define as he stepped in and began his work. His choice had not fructified as yet; but he was to put his own hand to it now; and whether it was hope he felt, or a sensation more akin to that with which a man watches the turn of the card at *rouge-et-noir*, he hardly ventured to ask himself, nor did he express it in the least. He worked patiently through the morning and on into the afternoon, sometimes simply delving and sometimes wielding a short

pick. Every now and then James Burlow came to load his barrow with the selected soil, or to help clear the hole of what was manifestly useless. The hole was sunk, in its deepest part, more than thirteen feet, when it became apparent that the seam of pipeclay was failing. Philip having cleared right through the seam at one end of the claim, turned and began working with his pick at the other. He had plunged it so often into the sticky soil with the same unvarying amount of resistance, and the same dull thud, that he was continuing the action almost mechanically and in an abstracted mood. One, two, three, and then he wrenched the end of the pick from the clay after a somewhat deeper stroke. Again, one—but the next blow sent a thrill through him, for the point struck, not deeply, but against a hard, firm substance. What was this? He knelt upon the wet detached pieces of clay and tore at the place with his hands. He felt, as he cleared it, a rounded point. He took off his cap and held his head sideways, to let the light shine against it, and he saw the score of the iron in a bright line on the pure gold. He had then found a large nugget. At the sight he felt his face flush and burn under the eyes. He rose, by an uncontrollable impulse of joy, thirsting, so to speak, to communicate the news of his prize; and he placed one foot on the rough side of the hole, by which he could ascend. But he went no further. What was he leaving? He was weak and foolish. Why not dig it out? He knelt again and put his hand on the gold, and forced his fingers round it. He then took his knife, opened it, cut away the clay, and cleared it from around the gold with frenzied eagerness. He essayed to move it, and prize it out with his knife. He thrust his fingers round it, and he felt the edges broadening inwards, and it resisted him as firmly as a rock. The conviction flashed upon him that it *was* a firm rock of gold,—the reality of his speculations,—and his hand fell from it. He sank back upon the little heap of clay behind him, and leant for support against the side of the hole, while a cold faintness crept over him; and he gazed up helplessly at the hot day above him, as one might look from the depths of a grave. At this moment James Burlow looked over the edge of the hole. Philip felt his face flush again, and said, in a husky voice, "Come down here?"

"Why, what's the matter now, Phil? Are you ill?" said Burlow, as he got down into the hole.

"No, no; but I have found gold—the gold—there," said Philip, thrusting himself nervously against Burlow, who had in a moment

knelt down to examine it with an unerring instinct.

James Burlow paused for a moment, breathing hard, with his hand on the projecting mass, which stood out three or four inches from the clay in the recess which Philip had hollowed out. He then took up the knife, cleared a little more, probed it further where Philip pointed out the widening surface, and hastily took up a bit of the wet clay and dabbed it on the spot, covering the gold up again.

"We must be careful of this, and not let it be known; stay here quiet a minute while I prospect." And in a moment he was out of the hole, and Philip lost sight of him, as Burlow gazed cautiously, and with apparent carelessness, around. He looked for a minute; then, as it seemed mechanically, took up his spade, put it into the barrow, moved the barrow a little nearer to the edge as though to load it again, and, taking the spade, got down into the hole.

"The coast seems pretty clear. Now listen to me, Phil. We two must dig this out quietly and quickly. Stop. I know what you are going to say,—you think it is an endless mass. We must prove it, if it is; but, above everything, we must be self-possessed now. If this should be a big lump, and it gets known we've found it, it will make a panic here. We're out far up here, recollect, and have to protect ourselves. We should be murdered for it; and, besides, if we get this out safe we may find more, which we can never do if this gets known. Take a drop of brandy now, and keep yourself quiet. Don't let your spirits get too high, or your expectations too great; and, whatever we do, don't let us betray any difference in behaviour."

James Burlow spoke without a falter in his voice. He was a very strong and discreet man; but his chest heaved, notwithstanding, and his eye sparkled, as though the anxious spirit within were strongly bound, but struggling to get free. Philip had regained enough of his self-possession, and they set to work.

Rapidly and dexterously Burlow excavated a large space in the side of the hole above the gold, and then began to uncover the mass. Philip worked on one side of it, and for some time not a word was spoken. They had uncovered more than a foot of the clear, pure slab of metal, when Burlow paused and took off his cap, and as he did so his hand trembled. Philip looked up and saw that he was pale, and the perspiration standing thickly in beads upon his forehead, and dripping from the hair by his ears. He wiped his face and said, in a curiously quiet tone, "If this should be as you thought, Phil, a great system of it, it may

prove disastrous to us." It was evident that he was stricken with a belief in the delusion which was burning in Philip's very heart. They resumed the work; but as they uncovered more, the form of the mass began to narrow again, then to get broader, and finally terminated, showing as one immense piece of gold apparently without a speck of alloy. By prizing it gently with the pick it moved; and then, getting their hands under the edges, with a great effort they raised it from its place, leaving the clear mould of one-half of it in the pipeclay wherein that part had been embedded; and they placed it on the ground—the richest nugget that had ever been seen, perhaps, by any man since men had hunted, or laboured, or fought for the precious earth.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ARCHERY.

THE archery of England, famed throughout all its ancient annals, by which, nearly to the close of the seventeenth century, her greatest battle-fields have been won, is an institution dating back from William the Norman. It was during the long-drawn struggle between Charles and his Parliament that our chronicles made their latest allusion to this grand old historic weapon.

It is a remarkable fact, that for at least two centuries after the invention of gunpowder, and gradual improvement in the construction of firearms coexistent with it, the bow should continue to hold its own as a valuable arm of the service. Bows were found on board that redoubtable *man-of-war*, the "Mary Rose," sunk in an action with a French squadron at Spithead, *temp.* Henry VIII.; and one or two of those very rare specimens of old English missile weapons, found in the vessel's arm-chest by the divers employed to remove her timbers and those of the "Royal George," are now preserved amongst the most *recherché* curiosities of the Tower and of the United Service Museum.

It would be a great error to suppose that this long lingering affection for the weapon of their forefathers, in preference to the "hell-born murderer," as Carew quaintly styles the musket, which was destined to supplant it, arose from the imperfection of the latter. More than two centuries ago, at all events, English guns and ammunition are proved to have been far from despicable. In an entertaining narrative of the struggles and dangers endured by a few hardy pioneers who, in 1621, sought to establish a home on the North American coast, it is said that "Mr. Hilton,"

one of the settlers, strolling along the sea-shore, "perceived a great shadow over his head, the sun shining out clear. Casting up his eyes, he saw a monstrous bird soaring aloft in the air, and of a sudden all the ducks and geese, there being a great many, diving under water, nothing appearing of them but their heads. Mr. Hilton, having made ready with his piece, shot and brought her down to the earth. How he disposed of her I know not, but had he taken her alive and sent her over to England, neither Bartholemew nor Greenwich fair could have produced such another sight." Here we have a sportsman of Charles the First's time, who *shoots flying, with a single ball*, for as well might he have pelted a bird of that size with peas, as with small shot. An old tract, speaking of the arrival of the Ambassador from Morocco, A.D. 1637, says: "He is so good a shot with his piece, that he will shoot eight score at a mark as big as an English sixpence and hit it." There is plenty of evidence, beside, to the same effect.

It is obvious enough that the bowman, when opposed to combatants so completely armed as the mediæval chivalry, had a far more difficult game before him than has the modern rifleman; for, unless his shaft would punch a hole clean through their shields and breastplates, it was wholly ineffective, being splintered or glancing off. "Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy," writes Sir Walter in his story of "Ivanhoe," "and thrice did the arrow bound back from his armour of proof. 'Curse on thy Spanish steel coat,' shouts the enraged yeoman, 'had an English smith forged it, these arrows would have gone through as if it had been silk or sendal.'" Our archers, therefore, adopted a shrewd expedient to get more on an equality with their foes. During the heat and dusty whirlwind of oft-repeated charges, the man-at-arms, with barred helmet tightly secured, and sweltering beneath eighty or a hundred pounds of iron, concentrating the rays of a mid-day summer's sun, occasionally sought to refresh himself with a mouthful of the pure element, and opened his visor. But a hundred and more of remorseless spirits, with eyes sharp as those of the lynx, are watching the chance, and have seen it. A hundred shafts with lightning speed have left the string, to be buried in the brains of as many incautious foemen. Thus fell Harold on the shores of Kent, pierced through the eye; at the Battle of Barnet, during the Wars of the Roses, King Henry takes refuge in a poor man's cottage, wounded in the face by one of a storm of arrows that flew "like a snowdrift around

him."* The Duke of Buckingham was similarly hurt; the Lord Sandys and Marquis of Dorset likewise.

In the Paston Letters, John Paston, writing to a friend, relates, as a piece of news, that the Earl of Oxford, making a sally from a castle where he was besieged, was shot through the bars of his helmet. "This day," says the writer, laconically, "I saw the man that did it, and there I leave him." And to select only one additional, out of a thousand recorded instances, Shakespeare introduces Prince Hal at Shrewsbury fight, wounded through the open visor, all the rest of his body being protected by his steel coat.

Westmoreland. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And Heaven forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this.

Although the more robust of our old English yeomanry, with a stout Spanish yew-bow, could give to his flight, or lighter shafts, a range of twenty-four score, the ordinary distance at which they succeeded in wounding or killing man and horse was twelve score, or 240 yards. By the statute, 33rd Henry VIII., no youth having attained his full vigour was permitted, under a considerable fine, to practise at any shorter marks. Some very noticeable instances of their success at this distance occur in the older chronicles. Drayton introduces a grey-haired veteran endeavouring to excite the youth of his day to join the expedition destined for France, which resulted in the famous victory of Agincourt, by recounting the feats of archery traditionally handed down by those who "drew a good bow at Cressy." He describes

How like a lyon they about them laid.

"And, boy," quoth he, "I've heard thy grandsire say,
That once he did an English archer see,
Who, shooting at a French, twelve score away,
Quite through the body, nail'd him to a tree."

I have just now alluded to Sir Walter Scott's attempted word-picture of a mediæval bow meeting at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Although the great intellectual giant of the North knew most things connected with the usages of bygone times, he clearly knew nothing of bow meetings, ancient or modern. This is more extraordinary, since he passed so large a portion of his life in Edinburgh, the seat of one famous ancient society, the Royal Scottish Archer Guard, about 1200 strong, their place of tryst being just in the city suburbs. Of course I speak of him and his wonderful fictions with all due respect, but would beg any archer to

inform me, if he can, what is meant by Locksley "*bending* his shaft" against De Bracy? We *bend* a bow, but always keep our shafts as straight as possible. Secondly. He speaks of *removing* the targets previously shot at. Every archæologist knows, or ought to know, that targets were not invented for more than four centuries after, the marks in King John's time being a green earthen mound or butt, and, of course, stationary. Why does he describe circles thereupon, when the central mark was merely a square piece of rag, termed a "clout"? The feat of nocking, not notching, an arrow, or splitting that of an adversary with your own, which he so carefully describes, is mere fable, never performed: the nock of a shaft, being about the thickness of a goose-quill, is invisible to the eye at thirty paces, let alone the distance they were shooting, nearly the eighth part of a mile. Unless he could see, he could not aim thereat; unless striking by aim, the feat is nought. Locksley then substitutes a peeled willow wand for the target's broad surface, at which the author absurdly makes Hubert express great astonishment, exclaiming, "My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I yield to the devil that's in his jerkin. A man can do but his best; I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheaten straw, or at a sunbeam, as that twinkling white streak that I can hardly see." Now all this is picturesque enough, and it were in costume. Remember, the space for the wand was 100 yards only; and, so far from a peeled willow looking painfully indistinct so far off, take the word of an experienced bowman, that it is then just as palpable out against the clear blue ether, as if close to you. And wherefore should a yeoman of the thirteenth century be in a maze at the feat? It was parlous common in his age and for succeeding centuries. Every skilled archer tried his hand at it; allusions are frequent enough. One of this same Locksley's bandit-foresters was famous for doing it "right yeomanly and well," as his master would have said—

Clyfton, with a bearing arrow,
He clave the willow wand.

And I shrewdly suspect some half dozen of our modern toxophilites, including many a bright-eyed Clorinda, would deem lightly of the feat, and perform it too, as will be seen by their "scores and hits" presently quoted. What Sir Walter says about "looking well to his bow, and chaucing his bowstring," for the purpose of trying one final shot, is also mere verbiage, signifying nothing in an archer's ears.

* An allusion to the white feathers with which arrows are winged.

From these canons of criticism, presumptuous of course, however well founded, pass we now to a more grateful theme. Let us allude to the extraordinary and wide-spread enthusiasm for this graceful, health-giving exercise, which has possessed most of our well-born, well-educated women at the present day. In perfect harmony with this amiable *furor* is their undoubted skill, for the scores of these fair rivals for fame, published in the "Archers' Journal," sometimes exhibit their masculine competitors as "nowhere" in comparison with their own shooting. At a recent Grand National Annual Archery Prize Meeting, ten ladies, Mesdames Atkinson, Turner, Horniblow, Litchfield, Lister, Malet, Hare, Edmonstone, Greyson, and Dixon, scored to the tune of between three and four thousand, at what used to be considered "good rifle distance," viz., sixty yards, and carried away about £150 out of the £500 subscribed as prize money. So much for their science, and the "solid pudding" resulting from it, which is all we can vouch for. How many hearts then and there were transfixed by another description of little shafts, of very, very deadly aim, although they don't count anything on the target card,

They best can paint it who have felt it most.

Notwithstanding the marks are fabricated of hard twisted straw bass, full two inches thick, and covered with tough painted canvas, a combination making as good body armour as any Royalist cavalier's buff coat, the ladies' arrows not only penetrated, but showed their steel points some three or four inches at the reverse side. It follows, of course, that these redoubtable Amazonian dames—Amazonian only in their exquisite skill—with the same bows would, in mortal conflict, have pierced an equal amount of flesh and blood from breast to back.

The bold Penthesilea durst
The Danish fleet oppose;
And from her bows sharp arrows sent,
To gall her harnessed foes.

No sooner was the battle done,
Her golden helm laid by,
Than those by arms she could not take
She slaughtered with her eye.

And what is the result? This exercise, in itself all gracefulness, seems to invest the fair toxophilites with mystic fascinations beyond even the legitimate influence of laughing ven and cherry cheeks. The result is too obvious to escape remark. Recommence acquaintance with a bevy of these enslavers after a few season's absence, and mark what a change comes o'er the spirit of your dream. Worse than Babel confusion of titles, the name that

once knew no longer knows them—matronly graces; while, in addition to our friend Buchanan's burnished shafts, which as vivacious spinsters they handled so deftly, many a comely arrow besides, to which the Psalmist so beautifully alludes, "happy are they who have their quivers full of them, they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate." It has been repeatedly remarked how, at most archery gatherings, the matrons far exceed the misses, in number as well as in skill. *Verbum sat sapienti*, "a hint to the wise is sufficient for her." Doubtless, the attractions are, and ever have been, reciprocal; at least, we are not left in ignorance that four centuries ago your bowman was the truest, most loyal, and most chivalrous of lovers. "Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran," says John Paston, in a letter to his brother, dated about 1470, "is one of the lightest, deliverest,* best spoken, fairest archer; devoutest, most perfect, and truest to his lady of all knights that ever I was acquainted with. So, would God, my lady liked me as well as I do his person and most knightly condition."

A very clever modern bowman thus cheerily paints these festive gatherings, at which he is constantly a visitor:—"Everybody looks pleased and satisfied with a well-spent day, especially with the achievements of the lady archers, for with them lie the real beauty and charm of our weekly assemblies. On the level, smoothly-shaven lawn, whose cool verdure contrasts pleasingly with their flash and glitter, appear the broad faces of twelve pair of targets, resplendent with circlets of gold, crimson, and azure; and behind each—standing, sitting, or reclining on the turf, in knots of five and six—a long line of England's fairest daughters, in all the witchery of modern costume—coquettish hats, feathered plumes, flower wreaths, and the proud distinction of prize-medals, the green archer's meed. Thus they remain, blooming, laughing, and discoursing liquid music, till, at a bugle note, they step forth in front of their butts, like a crowd of brilliant skirmishers thrown forward in advance. Anon the bow is elevated, and one figure, graceful as Dian, lets fly her shafts† and instantly retires, to give place to the others. Then follows a whole storm of missiles, 'iron sleet of arrowy shower,' and the echoing thud! thud! thud! upon the target face—a sound so pleasant to the shooter's ear—intimates that the two grand conditions, viz., shooting straight and keeping a length, have not been essayed in vain. And now each quiver being emptied, 'Over!' shouts their

* These are terms applicable to a clever shooter.

† Three arrows are the complement, discharged in succession.

gallant field captain, signalling not only the shooters, but the whole company of spectators, to march in array to the opposite mark." Here we leave them for the nonce, presuming to add only one word of advice, proffered by a veteran who has heard the bugle call in many and many an archery-foughten field. First, then, be it remarked, that during this present season of 1864 there will be an accession of archers to the national muster-roll seven times greater than any previous year has witnessed. An enthusiastic determination also to excel in the practice of this perfectly national sport animates the score or so of professors in both sexes who have hitherto borne away the palm of merit and struggled for the champion-medal, the first flight, the *crème de la crème*, of England's modern bowmen and bowwomen. To win and wear for more than a very brief period this prized distinction of archery merit, is a stroke of good fortune not likely to fall to any single competitor. There are too many of our best toxophilites who exhibit a near equality of adroitness, and who, if they choose, can so fortify themselves by judicious training as to *realise any score they please*, to allow of long exclusive possession of the championship. We assert, it will be again and again lost and won, until ladies, and gentlemen likewise, throw aside their present passion for *attitudinising*, and settle down to sensible and regular practice. No shooter, were he to devote half his life to studying the position of Apollo Belvidere, would, from that kind of drill, be able to hit a haystack. There is another very prevalent delusion, viz., that certain archers have already attained to their uttermost maximum of skill, and must now retrograde. This is somewhat too rash, and contrary to all the known results of energetic, persistent labour. The student of any art retrogrades only when he ceases to practise. He is brought to a standstill when his practice is insufficient; and no modern archer that we have known practises *one-fourth* part of what the object he aims at demands. Two hours daily promenading in an archery ground, will never put the promenader in possession of the championship, he may rest assured. No; let fair dames, as well as their attendant squires—and many of our rustic beauties possess a healthy constitutional *physique* which no sensible man would wish to see diminished—let them, we say, cultivate assiduously the biceps muscle of the forearm, with a correspondent increase of power and expansion of chest. When every bunch of fleshy fibre on the breast and shoulder stands out in bold relief during exercise, as if carved in bronze against a surface of ivory, then may an archer's drill be said to have approached the end de-

sired. "To know how to shoot an arrow is the first and most important accomplishment," exclaimed a Manchoo Tartar warrior; "for though success seems easy, it is of rare attainment. How many are there who sleep with the bow in their arms, and yet how few have made themselves famous. How few are there whose names are proclaimed at the matches. Keep your body straight and firm; *avoid vicious postures*; let your shoulders be immovable; and shoot every arrow into its mark. Then, and then only, may you be satisfied with your skill."

Such were the rules of discipline pursued by those vast hordes of equestrian archers who, under Timoor, their emperor, subjugated all Asia, from the Chinese sea to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

Referring once again to a very grateful theme, namely, the part which ladies have contributed to the present extension of archery, we would observe that their appearance in the shooting fields is by no means a modern fashion of the sex. Queen Elizabeth maintained amongst her household a master and keeper of her cross and long bows. Her poor prisoner and subsequent victim, unhappy Mary Stuart, sometimes essayed, but vainly, as it would appear, to banish troubled thoughts by archery exercise, which has been always deemed an admirable temporary relief to the harassed spirits. "This ladye," writes her grim and savage keeper, the Earl of Shrewsbury, to his mistress the queen, "hathe begone this Monday, being the 8th of Maye, to exercise her longe bowe agen with her folkes, with trobeled mynde as I thynk." The Marchioness of Salisbury, wife to Cecil, King James the First's Lord Treasurer, fancying she could work wonders with her bow and arrows amongst her husband's game preserves, obliges a near relative, Lord Hertford, to escort her hither and thither with that intent; and his lordship indites a merry postscript, descriptive of the caprices of the beautiful archeress. "And now," he says, in a State Paper letter, "to draw myself out of melancholy, and entertain your grave affair with pleasant conceits, I must acquaint you with my lady your wife's inveterate malice against the poor rabbits and conies of your castle warren of Old Sarum. She went thither without me on Tuesday last with bows and arrows, reckoning to murder many, and to have forthwith sent them unto you; nay, if she had killed but one, that one should have been sent, I assure you. Happily, as she thought, after some small pains taken, when she could kill none, she revenged herself upon a stout cock of the game, belonging to your lordship's keeper, who was absent,

whereof she will write herself, and pray you to send her more bows and arrows, which, I pray you, do not, both for that she lacketh none, and because I would not have you accessory to the destruction of your said warren."

Many similar notices of the choice of archery as a ladies' pastime occur in illustration of England's fashions two centuries ago. Sir Francis Leake writes, in 1605, to the same grim old Earl of Shrewsbury, thanking him for sending "a verie greatte and fatte stagge, the wellcomer being stryken by yo^r. ryghte honorable ladie's hande, and he shall be merrilie eaten at the assises." He adds, that his "balde bucke" lives still to wait the Earl and Countess's visit: only this he begs, that my lady "doe not hitt hym through the nose, to the marring of his white face. Howbeit, I knoe her ladyshipp takes pity of my bucks, since the last time it pleased her to take the travail to shoot at them. I am afraid that my honorable ladies, my Lady Alathia and my Lady Cavendish, will command their arrow heads to be very sharp; yet I charitably trust such good ladies will be pitifull also," &c.*

London in the 16th and 17th centuries had many famous bowmen amongst her citizens, as might be presumed in so large a population and with so many pleasant, suburban green pastures, easily accessible, and expressly set apart for its practice.

When Clerkenwell Church was being rebuilt (1791) contemporary archers manifested their respect for Sir William Wood, an old marshal of the Finsbury Archers, by expending a considerable sum in the re-embellishment and removal of his monument from the outside of the old to the interior of the new building; and the epitaph still survives to tell us—

Sir William Wood lies very near this stone,
In's time, in archery excelled by none.
Few were his equals, and this noble art
Has suffered now in its most tender part;
Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his great age to that alone did owe.

Queen Catherine, consort to Charles II., presented him with a large and splendid silver badge, now in possession of the Royal Toxophilites, Regent's Park. The tradition is, that the king, at a grand parade of bowmen in 1669, seeing an arrow remarkably well aimed, inquired who the archer was, and immediately knighted him.

These same Finsbury Archers, a division of the Artillery Company, at the beginning of the present century, had still, by Royal grant, the privilege of exercising in all the beautiful meadows, which, in the memory of

one or two still surviving citizens, extended, without a single intrusion of brick and mortar, from the present site of Finsbury Square up to Islington village. Time was when, on the least show of building there, the London 'prentices, raising their well-understood watchword, "Axes and spades! Axes and spades!" rushed forward, bearing down all opposition, and speedily levelled dykes, hedges, and enclosures, obstructive to the manly votaries of the English longbow.

So late as 1786, the Artillery Company marched their body of pioneers across the disputed fields. Finding a field enclosed with a brick wall by Messrs. Walker and Ward, proprietors of a lead mill, they commenced an unceremonious attack thereon. The lead merchants pleaded ignorance of the company's right, and promised complete redress; so one of the archers' division then present was ordered to shoot an arrow over the wall in assertion of the company's right, and then passed on to deal as summarily with other delinquents. A cow-keeper named Pittfield had put up some sort of fence, and, in doing so, one of the archers' stationary marks was removed; him they obliged to replace the butt and inscribe it, "Pittfield's Repentance,"—well remembered by many at the present day.

A singular occurrence, which fell out in these fields in the reign of Queen Mary, led to the foundation of Lady Owen's Almshouses and Schools in Islington parish. One lovely Midsummer eve the London Archers were assembled in great force in all the open pastures around the village. On the same spot where the charity was erected, there sat a woman milking a cow. The Lady Owen, a maiden gentlewoman living hard by, strolling about with her maid-servant, observed the dairy-woman, and "had a mind to try the cow's paps, whether she could milk," which she did; and as she rose from the stool, a random arrow passed through the crown of her steeple-fashioned hat; startled and alarmed, but grateful to the Almighty power that had saved her harmless, she, on reflection, vowed that should she ever live to be a lady, she would erect something on the very spot commemorative of this signal deliverance from a painful death. The result was a school for thirty boys, and ten almshouses, built originally with a cluster of iron arrows surmounting the roof.*

We have spoken at large and done ample justice to the foregone and modern race of English bowmen. Let us not overlook our valiant brothers of the Cymri, whose archers

* Talbot MSS.

* Records of the Brewers' Company.

strong and mighty, poured forth from the mountain fastnesses of Montgomery and Carnarvon, and with that weapon only, long harassed and defeated their Anglo-Saxon and Norman invaders. Davyd ap Gwillim, one of the most famed of the Celtic bards, lived in the thirteenth century. He was an enthusiastic, and therefore a skilful archer. One of his allusions to this accomplishment, affords us a curious insight into Welsh fashions of that age. It would appear that to possess a costly bow of Spanish yew, was as indispensable to the modish equipment of a handsome young Welsh gallant five centuries ago, as a polished steel-hilted rapier to the modern fullcourt dress. "Yesterday," says one of his stanzas, "I was in anxious mood and ardent expectation, beneath a shadowy tree, with the gold and jewel upon my brow, waiting the arrival of Gwenllian, maid of dark and glossy tresses." Whilst thus engaged, there appears in the distance what he styles "a harsh-voiced, dog-hating, poultry-eating fox." He then turns *vulpicide*, a character most hateful to modern country gentlemen, but a public benefactor in ancient Wales. "I aimed between my hands, he adds, "with a valuable yew bow that came from abroad, intending to send a keen arrow from the dark-headed forest, to dye his hair in blood. I drew—unlucky shot! it passed by his head altogether. Alas! my good bow is splintered into a thousand pieces." When lamenting the ill-success that attended his addresses to Morryth, he compares himself to a man standing on the beach, "with a yew bow in his hand," shooting at sea-gulls; who neither recovers his shafts, nor gains possession of the objects at which he aims. "My poetic strains," exclaims the bard, "are all sent forth in vain. As well might I discharge an arrow at the stars."

Even in the most trifling matters he introduces allusions to the bow, so as to make them highly picturesque. When addressing the roebuck which he despatches with a letter to his mistress, he warns the animal not to allow any obstacle to impede his course, nor to fear

The grinded arrow.

To a swaggering companion who demands hospitality in a lone valley which was his home, and who somewhat imperiously demands to know "where he can put up his horse," the bard replies, "Turn him loose into the forest, where some night prowler will save you the trouble of catching him again, for he'll take a spring upon his back, and give him such a heel-stab (sawel frath), as will send him to Sax-town, beyond Saxon-town."

"Aye," replies his guest, who, though a

roysterer, is no craven; "but suppose I were in yonder wood opposite, and in my hand a bow of red yew ready bent, with a tough tight string, and a straight round shaft, with a well-rounded nock (notch), having long slender feathers of a green silk fastening, and a sharp-edged steel head, heavy and thick, and of an inch wide, of a green blue temper, *that would draw blood out of a weathercock*; and with my foot to a hillock and my back to an oak, and the sun at my side and the wind at my back, and the girl I love best hard by looking at me, and I conscious of her being there; I'd shoot him such a shot, so strong and far drawn, so low and sharp, that it would be no better there were between him and me a breast-plate and a Milan hauberk, than a *whisp of fern, a kiln-rug, or a herring net!*" H.

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.*

FROM Gunnerfleet to Ivinscar,
Lie mosses deep, and swamp, and heather:
There's little change or difference there
In summer or in winter weather.

At times you hear the lapwing's note
Pipe sadly o'er the mosses yellow,
And troops of lazy plover float
And hover o'er the sandy fallow.

Though many a year has fled away,
With clouds and sunshine, joy or sadness,
It seems to me but yesterday
I heard those sounds of mirth and gladness.

Within the walls of yonder cot
Twine two young hearts that naught shall sever:
Alas! alas! I had forgot,
Those two young hearts now sleep for ever!

A simple watch† he, but tall
And straight, and bold and open-hearted:
She like a tender heather-bell,
That lingers when the summer's parted.

So bright her presence seemed, that light
And warmth around her footsteps flitted:
Anger, where'er she came, took flight,
And every brow from care unknitted.

A thoughtful love, a loving heart;
A smile that breathed in every feature:
She seemed on this dull earth below,
Of some bright heaven a chosen creature.

In words of song is passion told,
And blazoned loud in phrase poetic:
Give me the thoughts which buried lie
Reposing in hearts sympathetic.

No tale have I of love to tell,
No tale of obstacles surmounted:
The sad and solemn words of truth
By my poor mouth shall be recounted.

In nuptial bonds their hands were joined,
The ring put on, the blessing spoken:
In one brief hour the loving link
That chained those hearts was snapped and broken.

* Suggested by the peculiar nature of the streams in the north-eastern part of Yorkshire, near Ingleborough.

† Used in Yorkshire for "keeper."

A mile from yonder cot there lies
 A glassy pool by wave scarce ruffled,
 Silent and still, yet you may hear
 The sound of falling water muffled.

For 'neath the earth the stream flows on
 Under full many an emerald meadow,
 Under dank rock and mossy cave,
 All sleeping in eternal shadow.

And though the waters seem to flow
 A measured slowly-gliding current,
 A hundred yards or two below
 They issue forth a foaming torrent :

From that dark pool, when early dew
 Makes opal all the crimson heather,
 She used to bear a brimming jar,
 And on her wedding-day went thither.



She ne'er returned ; yet how she died
 No trace remained, no tale or tiding :
 And yonder stream seemed still the same,
 Onwards, yet ever onwards gliding.

Hugh, though to outward eye the same
 (And few could tell his heart was broken),
 Thither, for ever searching, came,
 And pray'd of his lost bride some token.

One day, about the lower fall
 He lingered,—and his search was ended !
 A sunbeam, through the torrent wave,
 Lit on a skeleton suspended.

My tale is told : how she had died,
 This was the ghastly tale and tiding :
 Yet yonder stream is still the same,
 Onwards, yet ever onwards gliding. BEAUSÉANT.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXIII. AN OLD ENEMY COME
BACK AGAIN.

So Stephen Grey could not struggle with the fate which seemed to be working against him, and he quitted his home of years, and betook himself to London. John Grey found a suitable partner in Mr. Charles Lycett, the brother of the curate of St. Mark's, who was seeking a practice for himself, and Frederick Grey remained with his uncle in South Wennock to pursue his medical studies.

Mr. John Grey's advice to his brother was:—"Establish yourself *well* wherever you settle down, whether in London or elsewhere. Spend money in doing so, and the probability is that you will get it returned to you with interest; but if you begin in a little, poking, niggardly way, it's ten chances to one if you ever get on." Stephen took the advice; and circumstances favoured him. At the very time of his removal to London, a physician died suddenly in Savile Row. Stephen Grey stepped in, secured the lease of the house at the cost of a trifling outlay, and the practice came flowing in almost without exertion or solicitation on his part. Then he took his degree: and in a few months after he had quitted South Wennock, he found he was gaining a much larger income than he and his brother had counted together.

Nearly a twelvemonth elapsed subsequent to the return of Lady Jane Chesney to South Wennock, and September was come round again. The past year had brought little of event in its wake. An infant, born to Lady Laura Carlton, had died at its birth, and she was one of the gay South Wennock world again. Mr. Carlton's practice was a very good one now, for fresh people were ever coming to the new buildings springing up around South Wennock, and he was obliged to take an assistant. No further tilt at arms had occurred between him and Frederick Grey. He had, perhaps wisely, overlooked the boy's dangerous insolence; and since then they had passed each other in the street without speaking. Frederick Grey's dislike of Mr. Carlton was made a sort of joke in the Grey family; none of them (save his mother, and she was away now) knew its origin; and South Wennock set the dislike down to Mr. Carlton's somewhat underhand conduct to Stephen Grey.

Thus nearly a twelvemonth rolled on with but little to mark it.

On the grand bed of state which Jane Chesney had lovingly chosen for her father when the newly-taken house was being furnished in Portland Place, lay Eliza, Countess of Oakburn, an infant cradled by her side. There is an old saying "After a wedding comes a burying;" but it more frequently happens that after a wedding comes a christening. Buryings, however, do follow all too surely when their turn comes, and one was not far off that house now.

There had been as little of event to mark the past twelvemonth in the Earl of Oakburn's house, as there had been in South Wennock. Lady Oakburn had made him a good wife; she had been as solicitous for his comforts as Jane could have been. She made an excellent mistress of his household, a judicious and kind step-mother to Lucy, and the little girl had learnt to love her.

But all her anxious care had not been able to keep the earl's old enemy from him—gout. He lay in the room above, suffering under an aggravated attack; an attack which threatened danger.

Two days only had the little fellow in the cradle by the countess's bed seen the light; he was the young heir to Oakburn. Lucy Chesney sat near, touching now and again the wonderful little red face as she talked to her step-mother.

"It is very good of you to let me come in, mamma. What shall his name be?" They were thinking of the christening, you see.

"Francis, of course, Lucy."

"But I have heard papa say that the heir to Oakburn should be John. It has been—oh, for ages, 'John, Earl of Oakburn.'"

"Papa shall decide, dear."

"We can't ask him to-day, he is so much worse. He——"

"Worse?" echoed the countess in a startled tone, whilst an attendant, sitting in the room, raised her finger with a warning gesture.

Lucy coloured with contrition; she saw that she had said what ought not to have been spoken.

"Nurse, you told me the earl was better this morning!" cried the countess.

The woman rose. "My lady, there was not much difference; he was better, if anything," she responded, endeavouring to put all evasion from her voice. "My lord is in pain, and

that's why Lady Lucy may call him worse ; but it is in the nature of gout to be painful."

"Lucy, tell me the truth. I ask you in your father's name. I see that he is worse, and they are keeping it from me. How much worse?"

Lucy stood in distress, not knowing what to do ; blaming herself for her incantation. The eyes of fear are quick, and Lady Oakburn saw her dilemma.

"Child," she continued, her emotion rising, "you remember the day, three months ago, when your papa was thrown from his horse in the park, and they sent on here an obscure account of the accident, so that we could not tell whether he was much or little hurt, whether he was alive or dead? Do you recollect that hour?—the dreadful suspense?—how we prayed to know the worst, rather than to be kept in it?"

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Lucy, placing her hand on her eyes, as if she would shut out some unwelcome sight, "do not talk of it. I never could bear to think of it, but that papa came home, after all, only a little bruised. *That was* suspense!"

"Lucy, dear child, you are keeping me in the same now," spoke the countess. "I cannot bear it; I can bear the certain evil, but not the suspense. Now tell me the truth."

Lucy thought she saw her way plain before her ; anything was better than suspense, now that fear had been alarmed.

"I will tell you all I know, mamma. Papa is worse, but I do not think he is so much worse as to cause uneasiness. I have often known him in as much pain as this, before—before"—Lucy in her delicacy of feeling scarcely knew how to word the phrase—"before you came here."

"Lucy, should your papa become worse, and danger supervene, you will let me know. Mind! I rely upon you. No"—for Lucy was drawing away her hand—"you cannot go until you have promised."

"I do promise, mamma," was Lucy's honest answer. And Lady Oakburn heaved a relieved sigh.

Of course the nurse had now to plot and plan to counteract this promise, and she sought Miss Snow. For Miss Snow was in the house still, Lucy's governess. Lord Oakburn had not allowed his wife to take the full charge of Lucy's education, so Miss Snow was retained : but the countess superintended all.

"My Lady Lucy must not be let know that his lordship's in danger, miss," grumbled the nurse. "She comes tattling everything to my lady, and it won't do. A pretty thing

to have *her* worried!" she concluded, indignantly.

"Is the earl in danger?" quickly asked Miss Snow.

"He's in awful pain, if that's danger," was the answer. "I'm not a sick nurse, miss ; only a monthly : but if ever I saw gout in the stomach, he has got it."

"Why that is certain death," uttered Miss Snow, in an accent of alarm.

"Oh, no, it's not ; not always. The worst sign, they say, is that all my lord's snappishness is gone out of him!"

"Who says so? Who says it is?"

"The attendants. That black fellow does nothing but stand behind the bed and cry and sob. He'd like his master to rave at him as is customary. But you'll keep things dark from Lady Lucy, please. I'll speak to the servants."

Miss Snow nodded, and the nurse warned the rest of the house, and took her way back to Lady Oakburn's chamber.

The day closed ; the night drew on, and the earl's state was an ominous one. Agonies of pain, awful pain, lasted him throughout it : and but for the well built walls and floors, Lady Oakburn must have heard the groans.

With the morning he was calmer, easier ; nevertheless, three physicians went in to him. The two in regular attendance had sent for another.

"The ship's sinking," said the earl to them. "No more splicing of the timbers ; they are rotten, and won't bear it."

The earl was right, and the doctors knew it ; but they would not admit to him, in so many words, that he was dying. The earl, in his blunt way, blunt still, told them of their craft hood.

"It's all in your day's work to go about deceiving people," cried he ; "telling them they are getting their sea-legs on again, while all the while you know that before the next eight bells strike they'll be gone down to Davy Jones's locker. It may be the right sort of steering for some patients, delicate women and children, perhaps, but it's not for me, and you are a long way out of your reckoning."

The earl's voice grew faint. They administered some drops in a glass, and wiped his brow.

"I am an old sailor, sirs," he continued, "and I have turned into my hammock night after night for the best part of my life, knowing there was but a plank between me and eternity. D'ye think, then, I have not *learnt* to face death—that you should be afraid to acknowledge it to me, now it's come? If I had not made up my accounts for my Maker before,

there wouldn't be much time to do it now. I have been headstrong and irritable, giving my tongue the reins, but the Great Commander knows that poor Jack Tar acquires that in his hard life at sea. He looks to the heart, and He is merciful to a slip word or two. Pompey."

The man came forward and threw himself by the bedside ; his whole attitude expressing the keenest grief and love.

"Pompey, tell them, though I have made you fly at my voice, whether I have been a bad master. What sort of a master have I been?"

Poor Pompey ! his wailing sobs nearly choked him as he knelt and covered the earl's hand with his tears and kisses.

"Never a better massa ! never a better massa ! Pompey like to go with him."

"You'd keep it from me that my voyage is run, sir ! We seamen have got a Saviour as well as you. He chose fishermen for his friends ; d'ye think, then, He'd reject a poor knocked-about sailor, who goes to Him with his hat in his hand and lays his sins at His feet ? No ! He'll steer our boat through the last quicksands, and be on shore to receive us, as He once received His own fishermen, and had a fire of coals ready for them, and fish laid thereon, and bread. And that was after He had suffered ! Never you be backward again in telling a tired sailor that he's nearing the port. Shall I last the day out?"

More than that, they thought.

"One of you will send a despatch for my daughter, and—I suppose my wife cannot come to me."

The attendant of Lady Oakburn was in the room, one of those round the earl, and he pronounced it "Impossible." Neither must her ladyship be suffered to know of the danger, he added : for a day or two at all events it must be kept from her, or he would not answer for the consequences. The young Lady Lucy must not be allowed to learn it, or she would carry the tidings.

The earl listened, and nodded his head. Very good, he said. And he dictated a message to his daughter Jane.

As the medical men went out, they encountered Lucy. She was sitting on the stairs waiting for them, deeply anxious. The summoning of the third doctor had caused commotion in the house, and Lucy did not know what to think. Gliding up to the one who attended Lady Oakburn, whom she knew best, she eagerly questioned him. But Dr. James was upon his guard, told Lucy the pain had left her papa, and she might go in for a minute to see him.

The child, delighted, went in. The earl stroked her head and kissed her ; told her to take a kiss to mamma and to the "young blue-jacket," and to say that his voyage was going on to a prosperous end. Then, reminding of what the medical men had said about its being kept from his wife, or it might cost her her life, and afraid of a slip-word on his own part, he dismissed the child, telling her he was to remain very quiet all day. Lucy flew to the countess's chamber, encountering the angry nurse at the door, who looked ready for a pitched battle.

"It's quite impossible that you can enter, my lady."

Lucy pleaded. And the nurse found that the child had only come to bring *glad* news, and to talk of the little "blue-jacket:" and she allowed her to go in.

And when Dr. James came to pay his morning visit to the countess, his answers to her inquiries were full of reassuring suavity, calculated to give ease to her mind. No idea did they impart that the earl was dying ; indeed, Lady Oakburn rather gathered from them that he might be taking a renewed lease of life.

CHAPTER XXXIV. GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

LADY JANE CHESNEY was seated at breakfast in her house at South Wrenock, when a man on horseback, wearing the uniform of the telegraph office at Great Wrenock, came galloping to the gate. Jane saw him hand in a despatch, and her heart fluttered strangely. Imagination took a wide range and settled upon Clarice. When Judith entered she saw that her mistress's very lips were white.

"I am afraid to open it, Judith," spoke poor Jane, as the girl held it out to her. "It may bring bad news."

"Nay, my lady, I should hope the contrary," was Judith's answer. "It's known there was a young heir expected : perhaps this is to tell that he is born."

The colour came into Jane's face again. Of course it was nothing else ! How could she have been so oblivious ! No, no chance of its being from the unhappy Clarice : she seemed lost for good. With fingers that burned—burned at the thought of who the young heir's mother was, and who she had been,—Jane Chesney tore open the despatch.

"London. Half-past-eight, A.M.

"RICHARD JAMES, M.D., TO THE LADY JANE CHESNEY.

"The Earl of Oakburn is dangerously ill : come at once, if you would see him alive. He says bring Lady Laura."

The despatch fell from her hand, and she burst into tears. All her old affection for her father had come back again in that one moment.

What was to be thought of first? Lady Jane took a minute for reflection, and then her plans were formed. She wrote a line in pencil to Laura, explaining what the matter was, and telling her she would call for her in a fly. The servant was to leave the note at Mr. Carlton's, and then go on to the Red Lion, get the fly, and come back in it. Meanwhile, Lady Jane and Judith prepared themselves, and were ready when the fly came. Jane got in, and they drove to her sister's. Mr. Carlton came forth.

Jane bowed coldly, but vouchsafed no other greeting to him.

"Is Lady Laura not ready?" she asked.

"Laura is absent," he replied. "The twisted note you sent was not sealed, and I opened it. She is gone to spend a few days at Pembury with Colonel and Mrs. Marden."

Jane was rather at a nonplus for a moment. "This opportunity for a reconciliation with the earl should not be lost," she resumed at length. "Lady Laura must be telegraphed to." Lady Laura! Not to him, though he was the husband, would she speak the simple name.

"I will telegraph to her myself as I pass the Great Wrenock Station," said Jane, as she gave the signal to drive on. "Good morning."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Carlton, "if you will take the trouble. Good morning, Lady Jane. I sincerely hope you will find the earl better on your arrival."

A hasty journey to the station; a hasty telegraphic message, dispatched to Lady Laura Carlton at Colonel Marden's; and Lady Jane and Judith were seated in an express train, whirling away towards London.

They reached Portland Place early in the afternoon. A change for the worse had taken place in the earl; he was rapidly sinking. Lady Jane was shown immediately to his chamber. She remembered the large handsome bed-room which had been his, and was turning to it of her own accord.

"Not there, my lady," whispered the servant; "higher up."

"Higher up?" repeated Jane, with displeased emphasis.

"The countess is lying in that room. My lord is up-stairs."

Jane resented the news in her heart. He to be put out of his room for a Miss Leth-wait! The words seemed to imply that she was ill, but Jane would not inquire. In the corridor, Lucy (who in spite of Miss Snow's watchfulness had not been quite cured of her

propensity for looking over balustrades) flew down to her, in delight and surprise.

"Oh, Jane!" she uttered, clinging round her neck, "is it really you? How came you to come?"

Miss Snow would have found fault with the wording of the sentence. Jane only clasped her sister.

"I have come to see papa, Lucy. Is there no hope?"

"No hope!" echoed the child, staring at her sister. "Why, Jane, whatever made you think that? He is as much better as he can be. He is nearly well. The pain is almost gone: and you know he always got well as soon as the pain left him."

Jane was staggered. The message had been ominous; the servant, now showing her up, had just told her there was no hope: what, then, did Lucy mean? But Dr. James was standing beside them, having emerged from the earl's room. He heard Lucy's words and saw Jane's perplexed countenance. He hastened to interfere, willing to prevent any inexpedient explanation.

"Lady Jane Chesney, I presume. But—allow me a moment, Lady Lucy: this is against orders. You were not to come to this corridor at all to-day: the earl must not be disturbed."

"Oh, Dr. James! I was obliged just to come when I saw my sister. But I'll go back to Miss Snow now. Jane, you will come into the study when you have seen papa?"

Jane promised.

"Oh, and Jane, there's a new baby. Do you know it? He is such a darling little fellow, and papa calls him 'young blue-jacket.' He is three days old."

"Is there?" responded Jane, and Lucy went back again. Jane turned inquiringly to the physician.

"The earl, I grieve to say, is sinking," he whispered. "We keep the fact from the child that it may not get to the ears of the countess; she would go immediately and tell her."

"Is it right to keep it from the countess?" asked Jane, her tone, as she put the question, betraying that she thought it was wrong.

Dr. James heaved up his physician's hands and eyes.

"Right to keep it from her, Lady Jane! I would not for the world allow it to reach her ladyship in her present state of health; we don't know what the consequences might be. My reputation is at stake, my lady."

Jane bowed her head, and entered her father's room. The earl lay with his eyes closed, breathing heavily. Death was on his face;

Jane saw that at the first glance. The slight movement she made caused him to open them : a joyful ray of gladness flashed into his countenance, and he feebly put out his hand. Jane sank on her knees, and burst into a wailing flood of tears as she clasped it.

"Oh, father, father !"

Who can tell how bitter was that moment to Jane Chesney ? In spite of the marriage and the new wife, in spite of the estrangement and the separation, she had unconsciously nourished a secret hope, unacknowledged to herself openly, but not the less dear to her heart, that she and her father should come together again ; that she should still be his dear daughter, living in the sunshine of his presence, ministering to his comfort as of old. How it was to be brought about, she never glanced at ; but the hope, the prospect, had not been less cherished. And now—there he lay, but a few hours of life left to him ! Had Jane's heart not broken before, it would have broken then.

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun.
And thus the heart will break, but brokenly live on.

Her head was bowed over him, and she allowed a few moments for the indulgence of her anguish. Her bonnet was off, and Lord Oakburn stretched over his other hand, and laid it fondly on her hair.

"Don't fret, Jane. We must all make the port at last."

"Oh, father, father !" she repeated, in agony, "is there no hope ?"

"Not in this ship, Jane. But I'm going into a better one. One not made with human hands, child ; one where the pumps don't get choked or the timbers rotten. My voyage is nearly over, Jane."

She sobbed piteously ; she scarcely knew how to bear the hour's trial.

"Father, are we to part *thus*, having been estranged all this while ? Oh, father, forgive me for my rebellion ; forgive me for all the grief I may have caused you ; but I could not endure to feel nothing to you, to be a cipher in your home."

"Child, what do you mean ? You have not been rebellious to me ; you must go to Laura for that. It did hurt you, Jane, I know, and I was vexed when I had done it ; but you see, child, I wanted to have a direct heir, and now he is born. Forgive me, Jane, for the pain I caused you, but don't you ask forgiveness of me ; you, my dutiful child, who have ever been ready to put your hands under my feet. I might have set about it in a more ship-shape manner, have taken you into my

counsels, and made it pleasant for all sides ; and I wish I had. You see, I thought you wouldn't like it, and I was a coward and did not speak. She has been a good wife to me, Jane ; and she respects you, and would love you, if you'd let her."

Jane did not answer. An attendant opened the door to see if anything might be wanted, but was waved away again.

"So Laura would not come, Jane ?"

"She could not come," sobbed Jane ; "she was at Pembury. She is telegraphed for, and may be here by the next train."

"Does he make her a good husband ?"

"I think so ; I hear nothing to the contrary. I do not go there," added Jane, trying to subdue her aching heart, so as to speak calmly.

"And now, Jane, where's Clarice ? In this, my death-hour, she is more anxiously present to me than any of you. Has harm come to her ?"

"Father, I don't know where she is : I cannot think or imagine where. I begin to fear that harm has come to her ; sometimes I feel sure of it."

"In what shape ?" asked the earl.

"Nay, how can I tell ? Then again, I reason that she must be abroad : but the thought of her has become to me a wearing care."

"However it may be, I can do nothing," panted the peer, "but, Jane, I leave her to you. Mind ! *I leave her to you !* Spare no exertions to discover her ; make it your object in life, until it is accomplished ; keep that port always in view in your steering. And when you have found her give her my blessing, and tell her I have not been able to leave her well off, but that I have done what I could. You will give her a home, Jane, if she will not come to her step-mother ?"

"As long as I have one, father."

"Yours is secured, such as it is. Lucy——"

The earl's voice had been growing weaker, and now ceased altogether. Jane opened the door, and beckoned in the attendants, whom she found waiting outside.

"Oh, missee ! oh, missee !" wept poor Pompey, likewise pressing forward, "massa never get up no more !"

The earl appeared to have sunk into a sort of stupor ; they could scarcely tell whether it was stupor or sleep. When the medical men paid their next visit, they said he might go off in it, or might rally from it for a time. Jane sat in the room ; she could not leave him. And thus the day passed on.

Passed on without bringing Laura. Jane wondered much. *Would she not come—as*

the earl had fancied? She listened intently, her ear being alive to every sound.

The medical men came in and out, but the dying man still lay as he was, and gave no token. Once more Jane urged upon them the claims of the countess—that she ought to be apprised of the danger; but they positively refused to listen. It grew dark, and the nurse brought in the night-lamp. Jane was watching her arrange it, watching her mechanically, when a voice was heard from the bed.

"Jane."

It was her father's; he had roused up to consciousness; it almost seemed to strength, for the voice was firm, and the sight and sense seemed clear. Jane put a few teaspoonfuls of jelly within his lips.

"Jane, I think I have seen the country on the other side. It's better than Canaan was, and the rivers are like crystal, and the flowers on the banks are bright. I am nearly there, Jane; just one narrow strait to work through first, which looks dark; but the darkness is nothing, for I can see the light beyond it."

Jane's tears fell on the bed-clothes. She could not trust her voice to answer: and the earl was silent for a time.

"Such a great big ship, Jane," he began again; "big enough to hold all the people in the world; and those who get into her are at rest for ever. No more cold watches to keep in the dark night; no more shifting sails; no more tacking and wearing; no more struggles with the storm and hurricane; the Great Commander does it all for us. You'll come to me there, Jane? I am but going on a short while first."

"Yes," Jane softly whispered through her sobs, "to be together in bliss for ever and ever."

"Where's Clarice?" he suddenly exclaimed.

"Is she not come?"

Jane had little doubt that he meant Laura.

"We did not expect Clarice," she said.

"And Laura is not here yet."

"Jane, perhaps Clarice has gone into the beautiful ship before me. I may find her there."

"I don't know," Jane faintly answered, feeling how worse than unsatisfactory was the uncertainty respecting Clarice in that dying hour. "Father, if—if Laura cannot be here in time, you will leave her your forgiveness?"

"It is left to her. You may give it to her again; my love and my full forgiveness. But she might have come for it. Perhaps he would not let her, Jane."

"You forget," she murmured; "Laura was not at home, and Mr. Carlton could not

prevent her. Why should he wish to do so? I do not think he would."

"Tell Laura I forgive him, too; and I hope he may get into the ship with the rest of us. But, Jane, I cannot like him; I never did. When Laura finds herself upon the quicksands, do you shelter her; she'll have nobody else to do it." Was that sentence spoken with the strange prevision that sometimes attends the dying?

A slight sound upon the muffled knocker. Jane's quick ear caught it. She hoped it was Laura, but it was only Dr. James. He came into the earl's room, and then went down to pay a visit to the countess.

After his departure Lord Oakburn again sank into what seemed a stupor, and lay so for an hour or two. As ten o'clock struck he started from it.

"Eliza, what's the time?"

Jane glanced at his watch, which was hanging up, for he had not noticed the striking of the house clock.

"Five minutes past ten."

"Oh, it's you, Jane," he said, with a sort of gladness that it was her, which found its echo in Jane's heart; and he feebly put out his hand in search of hers. "My own Jane! with me at last! She doesn't know how I have missed her."

The last sentence appeared to be spoken as if he were oblivious of her presence, in that treachery of memory which frequently accompanies the dying: and there was a second glad echo within her.

"I am not in there yet, Jane, and the passage seems long. But there the ship is—what a sight! with her spars and her white sails. They are silvered over; and the spars are as glass, and the ship herself is gold. But it seems long to wait! How's the tide?"

His voice had grown so indistinct that Jane had to bend down to listen, but the last question was spoken in a clear and anxious tone. She gave some soothing answer, not supposing that he meant the tide of reality—the matter-of-fact "high water at London Bridge" of the living, moving world.

"The tide, Jane, the tide?" he continued, pointing with his finger to his own nautical almanac, which lay on his dressing table. Jane rose and reached the book.

"The tide is coming in, father," she said, after finding the place. "It will be high water at eleven o'clock."

"Ay, ay. That's what I am waiting for. I couldn't go against the tide, Jane; it must turn. I am going out with the tide."

Jane put the book back, and resumed her post by him.

"Give my love to my wife, Jane, and tell her I wish I could have seen her; but the doctors wouldn't let it be so. And, Jane, you'll love my little son?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a sobbing sigh.

"And you'll come here sometimes when I'm gone? You'll come to see Lucy."

"Oh, father!" uttered Jane, in a tone of startled pain, "you surely have not left her away from me?"

The earl half opened his eyes.

"What?"

"You have not left the guardianship of Lucy to any one but *me*?" breathlessly continued Jane. "Father, I have brought her up from her cradle; I have been to her a second mother; you could not leave her away from me?"

He was evidently troubled, insensible as he had nearly become to earthly things.

"I did not think of it, Jane; when I made my will, I did not think—" his voice sunk and Jane could not catch it. Silence fell upon the room, broken only by a convulsive sort of sound that arose now and then: the sobs of Jane.

"It's getting dark," he resumed, later; "come closer to me, Jane. Don't you see the ship? She's lying at anchor while she waits. Look at her, Jane; how bright she is; never mind it's being dark here. The banks are green, and the flowers brilliant, and the clouds are of rose colour. And there, there's the Captain! there he is! Oh, Jane, shut your eyes, you cannot look upon his brightness. He is beckoning to me; he is beckoning to me!" reiterated the earl, his earnest voice so full of strange, loving triumph, that to Jane's mind it was impossible to connect what he said with a mere worldly vision. "I told you he would not reject a poor weather-beaten sailor. He is going to guide the ship to God—right into the blessed port of Heaven. Yes, yes, I am coming; never mind the darkness; we shall soon be in the light."

He said no more, but lay quietly. The tide turned at eleven o'clock to go out, and the spirit of Francis, thirteenth Earl of Oakburn, went out with it.

One of the servants left the room to make known the event to the household below, and in the same moment Lady Laura Carlton, so anxiously looked for, arrived. It turned out that when the telegraphic despatch reached Colonel Marden's, she and the family had just departed on a day's excursion to some distant ruins. It was given to her when she returned home, but that was not until five in the evening; she had lost no time in coming then.

Laura was of an impetuous nature, and the instant the door was opened to her she ran up the stairs, trusting to instinct to find her father's bed-room. In the corridor of the first floor, close to the countess's chamber, she encountered the servant who had just left the room above. "How is the earl?" she then inquired.

The servant stared at her. Perhaps the woman did not know that another daughter was expected. She made no answer for the moment, and Laura stamped her foot impatiently.

"I ask you how Lord Oakburn is! Don't you know me? I am Lady Laura Carlton."

"The earl is dead, my lady," replied the woman in a low voice. "The breath has just left his body."

"Dead!" shrieked Laura, in a tone that might be heard in every part of the house. "My father dead! Oh, Jane, is it true?" she wailed out, catching sight of Jane Chesney on the stairs above. "Jane, Jane! is papa dead?"

Out came the nurse from Lady Oakburn's room, her face as white as a sheet and sour as a crab, praying for caution and silence. Laura went higher up, and Jane took her into the death-chamber.

She flung herself down by the side of the bed, crying frantically, almost raving. Why had she not been sent for earlier? why had they allowed him to die without her seeing him? Jane, in her quiet, but far deeper grief, strove to soothe her; she whispered of his peaceful frame of mind, of his loving message of forgiveness; but Laura sobbed on hysterically, and would not be comforted.

A sight startled them both. A tall figure robed in a flannel dressing-gown, with an ashy pale face, came gliding in and stood gazing at the corpse. Laura had never seen her before, and the sight hushed her to silence; Jane knew her for Lady Oakburn. The nurse followed behind, wringing her hands, and audibly lamenting what it appeared she had no power to prevent. Laura's cry in the corridor had penetrated to the chamber, and Lady Oakburn rose out of her bed to come.

Anguish and reproach struggled in her countenance; anguish at her husband's death, reproach at those who had kept his state from her; but she had powerful command over her feelings, and retained almost unnatural calmness. Seeing Jane, she turned and confronted her.

"Was this well done, Lady Jane?"

"I do not know precisely to what you allude," was Jane's answer. "I am a stranger in the house, holding no authority in it,

and whether things are ill or well done, it is not I who am responsible. I would have saved my father's life with my own, had it been possible so to save it."

"You have been here with him?"

"Since this afternoon."

"And yet you have excluded me!" returned Lady Oakburn, her voice trembling with its suppressed emotion. "You think it right to exclude a wife from her husband's death-bed?"

"I think it very wrong," said Lady Jane: "I think nothing can justify it, save peril to her own life. The first caution I had breathed into my ear upon entering this house, was, that the truth of my father's state, his danger, must be kept from you. I ventured to remonstrate; yes I did: once to Dr. James alone, again to the medical men in concert; and I was told that it was essential you should be kept in ignorance; that the tidings, if imparted, might have the worst effect upon you. I should have been the first to tell you, had I dared."

Lady Oakburn turned her condemning eyes on the nurse. "It was Dr. James," spoke up the woman; "he gave his orders throughout the household, and we could but obey him. He was afraid of such a thing as this, that has now happened; and who's to know, my lady, that you may not die for it?"

"I beg your pardon," murmured the countess to Jane. "Oh, Lady Jane, let us be friends in this awful moment!" she implored, an irresistible impulse prompting her to speak. "He was your father; my husband; and he is lying dead before us; he has entered into the world where strife must cease; forgive me for the injury you think I did you, for the estrangement that I unhappily caused; let us at least be friends in the present hour, though the future should bring coolness again!"

Jane Chesney put her hand into her step-mother's. "It was not my fault that you were not with him; had it rested with me, you should have been. He charged me to give you his love, and to say how he wished he could have seen you, but that the doctors forbid it. His death has been very peaceful; full of hope of a better world; a little while, he said, and we should all be joining him there."

Lady Oakburn, Jane's hand still in hers, had laid her face upon the pillow by the dead, when a storm of suffocating sobs was heard behind them. Lucy, likewise aroused by Laura's cry on the stairs, had stolen in, in her night dress.

"You kept it from me too, Lucy!" exclaimed Lady Oakburn in a tone of sad reproach. "And I trusted to you!"

"It was kept from her," spoke up the nurse. "We were afraid of the child's knowing it, my lady, because she would have carried the news to you."

"Oh, Jane," sobbed the little girl, "why has your love gone from us? You knew he was dying, and you never told me! you need not have begrudged a kiss to me from him for the last time."

"I have no longer authority in the house, Lucy," repeated Jane, "and can but do as I am told. I am but a stranger in it."

Her tone, broken by suffering, by sorrow, by a sound of *injury*, struck upon them all, even amidst their own grief.

Laura had been kneeling in the shade since Lady Oakburn's entrance; had neither spoken to her, nor been seen by Lucy. Jane turned to her now.

"And he left you his forgiveness, Laura; his full and free forgiveness, and his blessing," she said, as her silent tears dropped. "He died leaving his forgiveness to Mr. Carlton; his good wishes for him. Oh, but that I know my father has gone to peace, to heavenly happiness, this trial would be greater than I could bear!"

The last words appeared to escape her in her excess of anguish. It was indeed a night of bitter trial for them all; but for none perhaps as it was for Jane.

Still, in spite of her grief, she was obliged to forego a great part of her prejudice against Lady Oakburn. It was certainly not a time to retain ill-feeling; and Jane could not close her eyes to facts—that Lady Oakburn had been a good woman in her new home. If Jane could but forgive the marriage, the countess's conduct in all her new duties had been admirable: and as she sobbed that night by Jane's side, and reiterated over and over again her grief, her *remorse* for the estrangement between the earl and his daughter, her humble prayer that Lady Jane would at least *try* to learn to look upon her as not an enemy, Jane's heart insensibly warmed, and she unconsciously began to like the countess better than ever she had liked her as Miss Lethwait.

"If I have been wrong in my prejudice, more obstinate than I ought to be, if it brought pain to my dear father, may God forgive me!" she murmured. "Yes, Lady Oakburn, we will be friends henceforth; good friends, I trust; never more enemies."

And Lady Oakburn took Jane's hand and sobbed over it. The trouble she had brought upon Lady Jane, the estrangement caused by her between Jane and her father, had been the one thorn in the countess's wedded life.

On the following morning Judith went abroad to make certain purchases for her mistress, and in passing along Piccadilly she encountered Stephen Grey—now Dr. Grey, as you have heard. The two stopped, mutually surprised and delighted: it is so pleasant to meet an old face from one's native place, no matter what the social degree.

"Why, Judith," he exclaimed, "is it you or your ghost? What wind blew you to town?"

He put out his hand to shake hands with her: he was the same Stephen Grey as ever, free and cordial. Judith's face glowed with pleasure: if there was one person in all South Wennock who believed in Mr. Stephen Grey's innocence, and that he was an ill-used man, it was Judith Ford.

"Lady Jane was telegraphed for yesterday, sir," she explained. "The earl was dying. We got to London in the afternoon, and he died a few minutes past eleven at night."

"I heard of his death this morning. Gout, I suppose?"

"Gout in the stomach, I believe, sir," replied Judith. "But he suffered as good as nothing yesterday, sir, and died peacefully as a child."

"He would not suffer much towards the last," remarked the doctor. "And the young earl is a strapping shaver of four days old! Death and birth, Judith; the one comes to replace the other."

"It's in the course of nature that it should, sir. But as to the baby being strapping, I don't know about that, for I have not seen him. It's born healthy and straight, the servants say, and that's the chief thing. Lady Laura is up also," added Judith: "but she did not get there in time to see her father alive."

"How was that—if Lady Jane could do it?"

"Lady Laura was out, visiting at Pembury. My lady sent a note to her, thinking she was at home, and we called for her in the fly as we were going to the station. Mr. Carlton came out to Lady Jane; I don't fancy she much liked meeting him; she has never once met him face to face, sir, until yesterday, since the marriage."

"How is Carlton getting on?" asked the doctor. "Well, I hear."

"Very well, I believe," answered Judith. "But Mr. Grey and his partner, Mr. Lycett, have as much as ever they can do. There's plenty of practice for all, sir."

"I always said there was," replied the doctor. "Do Carlton and Frederick fall out still?" And he laughed as he asked the question.

"Not that I hear of, sir. I fancy they

keep apart, for there's no love lost between them. He gets so good-looking, does Master Frederick; the last time I saw him he said he should soon be leaving for London."

"Very soon now. But we thought it better he should remain for a time at South Wennock, where he gets more of the drudgery of the profession than he would with me."

"And, sir, if I may make bold to ask it, how are you prospering?"

"Famously, Judith. Short as the time is that I have been here, I am making a great deal more than I did at South Wennock. So if your friend, Carlton, thought to ruin me by driving me away, he has not succeeded in his wish."

The doctor spoke in a light, pleasant tone. He cherished enmity to none, not even Mr. Carlton; to do so was not in his nature. But Judith resented the words.

"Mr. Carlton is no friend of mine, sir; I don't like him well enough. When shall you be paying a visit to South Wennock, Mr. Stephen?"

"My goodness, Judith! The idea of your calling me 'Mr. Stephen!'" returned the jesting doctor. "I'm a great man now, and shall enter an action against you for defamation of title. Don't you know I am the famed Dr. Grey?"

Judith smiled. His merriment was contagious.

"But when shall you be coming, sir?"

"Perhaps never," he replied, a shade of seriousness arising to his face. "South Wennock did not treat me so well that I should wish to see it speedily. Should the mystery ever be cleared up about that poisoned draught—and, mark you, Judith, when it is cleared up, it will be found that I was innocent—then I may visit it again."

Judith fell into momentary thought, wondering whether the mystery ever would be cleared up. She hoped it would be sometime; and yet—she dreaded that that time should come.

"You will call upon us, won't you, Judith, now you are in town? Mrs. Stephen Grey will be glad to see an old face."

"Thank you sir," replied Judith, much gratified at the invitation. "I shall be glad to pay my duty to Mrs. Grey. Does London agree with her, sir?"

"I am afraid it does not, Judith, very well. But neither did South Wennock. She is always delicate you know, let her be where she will. Ah, Judith, if we could but find some Utopia of a spot in this lower world, warranted to give health to all invalids, what a thing it would be! As great a boon as the

mill we are always looking for that grinds folks young again."

He was turning away laughing. Judith stopped him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not know your address."

"Bless me, don't you! I thought all the world knew where the great Dr. Grey lived," he returned in his jesting way. "There it is"—giving her his card—"Savile Row; and mind you find your way to it."

Curious to say, that accidental interview, that simple giving of the card to Judith, led to an event quite unlooked for.

When Judith reached home—that is, her temporary home for the time being, Portland Place—she found the house in a sort of commotion, although it was the house of the dead. Lady Oakburn had dismissed her medical attendant, Dr. James.

She had done it, as she did most things, in a quiet, lady-like manner, but one entirely firm and uncompromising. Dr. James had by stratagem, *by untruth*, prevented a last interview between her and her husband, and she felt that she could not regard him again with feelings unallied to vexation and anger: it was better therefore that they should part. Dr. James urged that what he had done, he had done for the best, out of concern for her ladyship's welfare. That, her ladyship did not doubt, she answered; but she could not forget or forgive the way in which it had been accomplished: in her judgment, Dr. James should have imparted to her the truth of her husband's state, and *then* urged prudence upon her. It was the deceit she could not forgive, or—in short—countenance.

The result was the dismissal of Dr. James, and the dismay of the nurse in attendance upon the countess. The dismay extended itself to Lady Jane. Although the imprudence of Lady Oakburn on the previous night appeared not to have materially affected her, still she was not yet in a sufficiently convalescent state to be left without a medical attendant. Lady Oakburn appeared to think she was: she was not personally acquainted with any other doctor in London, she said to Jane, and seemed to dislike the idea of a stranger's being called to her of whose skill she could know nothing. It was in this dilemma that Judith found the house on her return.

"Oh, my lady," she exclaimed to her mistress on the spur of the moment, "if the countess would but call in Mr. Stephen Grey! He is so sure! he is so skilful! and she could not fail to like him."

She extended the card as she spoke, and

told of the recent interview. Jane listened, and carried the card to the countess.

"Let me send for him, Lady Oakburn," she urged. "I do think it is necessary that you should have some one; and, as Judith says, you could not fail to like Dr. Grey."

Lady Oakburn consented. Known well to Judith, partially to Lady Jane, he would not seem like a stranger: and Stephen Grey was sent for. It was the first step in the friendship that ensued between the Greys and Lady Oakburn: a friendship that was destined to bring great events in its train.

(To be continued.)

EAR FOR EYE.

It is now between forty and fifty years ago that Laennec, a French physician, followed up his happy invention of the stethoscope by founding an almost entirely new system of diagnosing, and consequently of treating, diseases peculiar to the organs of the chest. The senses of sight and of touch, which would alone seem available for any minute or accurate knowledge of changes taking place in a given organ, being in this instance almost useless, he had recourse to the ear, and taught it to read in the alterations of the sounds which accompany the healthy working of that portion of the human machine which lies within the chest, corresponding deviations from its natural and healthy condition.

He happened one day to be examining a patient suffering from heart disease, and the idea suddenly struck him, that the interposition of a cylinder of wood, or other material, between his ear and the patient's chest would serve to intensify the sounds to be conveyed, and lead to a better notion of their significance. Acting on this idea, he rolled up a cylinder of card-board, and used it as a conductor of the sounds; and the result was such as he had anticipated.

Such was the first stethoscope, innumerable modifications of which have since been adopted with a view to greater convenience and perfection, but with no difference as to the ultimate purpose of the instrument. With this, indeed, as with almost every other appliance or apparatus used in medicine, the value of its results depends far less on its nearer approach to perfection than on the skill and loving zeal of its possessor; and certain it is, that no nicety of form or size will compensate for the smallest portion of the patient study, the tender handling, the nice discrimination, which must be brought to bear on this branch of his art, by him who seeks to excel in it.

Laennec was not the first who thought of

thus making use of the ear, but to him is unquestionably due the glory of having systematised and developed this method of diagnosis, which, since his time, has been brought to a very high degree of refinement; so that it is not too much to say, that the skilled ear of a practised physician stands to him often entirely in the place of the eye.

To the uninitiated into the mysteries of medical practice this may appear somewhat hard to believe. Not a few of those who are sufficiently unfortunate to have to seek health artificially, look upon the adept's proceedings far less with an eye of faith, than with a feeling of unmixed and scarcely repressible scorn; deeming them, indeed, little else than a pompous and affected way of hiding a consciousness of ignorance. To many, who have presented themselves in the full pride of apparently rude health for acceptance by an assurance office, the stethoscope has caused bitter feelings of disappointment and disgust; and deep, if not loud, have been their exclaimings against this destroyer of their hopes; until the sudden and unlooked-for realisation of its warnings has ended alike hopes and disappointment. And there are, even in these days, patients among the poorer classes who with difficulty divest themselves of the belief that the process of "sounding," as they term it, is but a colloquy between the doctor and his familiar within; and who, were we living in the times when the black art was practised and witchcraft feared, would visit all the pains and penalties pronounced against their professors upon the practitioner who was sufficiently unfortunate to fail in effecting a cure.

It is not meant to be suggested that scepticism touching the revelations of the stethoscope is not often reasonable and justifiable enough on the part of the public. Too frequently, indeed, a false parade is made of a skill, of which the mere production and employment of a stethoscope is far from being a guarantee; too often the mode of manipulation is such as to cause annoyance and discomfort to the patient; and it is just possible that, besides ignorance, vanity or prejudice presiding at its employment, may be too ready to misread and distort its indications: and thus not seldom the unoffending stethoscope, which could not, if it would, speak other than the truth, and that without any effort or violence, is made to suffer for the sins of its misusers. Instances such as these are happily becoming daily rarer; and, meanwhile, nothing can hinder the stethoscope, or rather the method of investigation in regard to which it stands simply as a means to an end, from

affording to the skilled and truth-seeking operator indications of priceless value.

This method has for its object, as before mentioned, to gather from the accurate reading of various normal and abnormal sounds, testimony as to the healthy or unhealthy condition of the parts within.

Not a little labour and study have been expended since Laennec's time on this branch of medical practice; not a few patients have been examined, alive and dead: with the remarkable result that the class of diseases in question, from amongst those least understood, have come to be ranged with those best known and most easily recognised.

Cullen, writing in the year 1786, says of the inflammations affecting either the viscera of the chest, or the lining membrane of that cavity, "Neither do our diagnostics serve to ascertain the seat of the disease, nor does the difference in the seat of the disease exhibit any considerable variation of the state of things within, nor lead to any difference in the method of cure."

A great change since the putting forth of this view, at once simple and comprehensive, has indeed taken place as regards the results of our diagnostics,—so far, at least, as they bear on our knowledge of many new forms of disease and their innumerable modifications. If we have hitherto failed to advance in a proportionate degree towards the art of curing them, it is simply that we have yet much to learn, and that we work with very imperfect means. Meanwhile it is certain that only upon accuracy of diagnosis can be founded principles of treatment with any pretension to a scientific basis.

This improved system of which we have been speaking consists essentially of two principal processes, technically known as "percussion" and "auscultation." They may be otherwise described as the striking and listening processes. Each, while it yields indications distinct and of definite value, is incomplete without the other as regards any practical result to be obtained. There is also a third method, which was known to Hippocrates, called "succussion," or the shaking process, by means of which the presence of fluid within the chest is sometimes demonstrated. The two former, however, are those with which we need alone concern ourselves here.

Percussion was invented, in the year 1761, by a physician named Auenbrugger, a native of Graetz, in Styria. He wrote a treatise on the process, but failed to bring it much into repute; and it remained but little heeded until revived by Laennec.

There are two methods of practising per-

cussion, of which that known as "mediate" percussion, which alone is generally adopted, consists in applying the fore or middle finger of the left hand closely and firmly to the patient's chest, and then striking it with one or more fingers of the right. The object in view much resembles that of the careful housewife, who, in the changing tones of the stricken beer-barrel, traces but too surely the descending level of its fast-disappearing contents.

The lungs, in fact, when properly inflated with air, as is the case in their healthy condition at every inspiration, approach the walls of the chest and convert the latter, for all practical purposes, into a cavity filled with air, and comparable to the empty barrel aforesaid. Under these circumstances the act of percussion causes the production of a musical note of a certain tone, pitch, and quality, deviations from either of which properties indicate an unnatural state of things within. Such deviations are often sufficiently obvious, not only to the operator, but also to the patient himself; sometimes, however, they are very slight, and require much care for their just appreciation: the more so as the importance of their meaning is by no means necessarily in proportion to their slightness. Besides the nature of the note, percussion detects alterations in the elasticity of the walls of the chest, and other minute indications which tact and skill alone will draw from the nicely adjusted blow of the practised operator. His judgment also will regulate the force of the blow according to the circumstances of the case; and he will hardly ever cause it to produce pain.

To illustrate roughly what the "percussion note," as it is termed, teaches, we may take two examples of disease which cause a modification of its sound, such as it occurs under natural and healthy circumstances. In one instance it may happen that fluid comes to be interposed between a greater or less portion of the lung, and a corresponding extent of the wall of the chest. It is obvious, as in the instance of the cask, that wherever this is the case the percussion note will have an entirely different character from that yielded by the remaining portion of the chest: it will be toneless and hard, where before it was musical and resonant. In the other instance, the lung itself may, in consequence of disease, lose the hollow, expansible nature which it owns in health, and become to a greater or less extent a solid body. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand, how the fingers of the operator, no longer impinging on a surface in contact with air, but on a hard substance, will draw a sound far removed from the healthy percussion note. These are but exceedingly

simple examples of the principles of percussion. It is alike impossible and needless to enumerate here the many ways in which it may be applied, and the many conditions of the lungs, heart, and other contents of the chest, in the determination of which this process plays an important part. No one of its indications deserves to be disregarded, but each is capable of misleading, unless cleared up or confirmed by other means, of which, however, only the chief and all-important one, viz., auscultation, need be described here.

There are two methods, also, of practising this operation, both of which are adopted by profession: these are, the "immediate," in which the ear is applied directly to the patient's chest; and the "mediate," where the much-maligned stethoscope comes into play. It is obvious, that apart from any acoustic advantages which the stethoscope affords, and which have been alike admitted and denied on its behalf, there are very many instances in which its employment for the purposes of auscultation becomes necessary from motives of convenience alone. But the principles of auscultation in no wise depend upon its employment.

The entry of the air into the innumerable minute bags or vesicles of which the lung essentially consists, causes the production of a sound which, in health, is of a characteristic and easily recognisable nature. It is generally compared to the soft sighing of the wind among the leaves of a tree; but it cannot really be described, and requires to be heard in order to be known. But before thus arriving at its final destination, the air has to pass along the windpipe and its divisions, the bronchial or air tubes; these, becoming smaller and smaller as they divide and subdivide, ramify in every direction, until they terminate in the lung vesicles above mentioned. The passage of the air along these tubes is accompanied by a sound very different in its nature to the preceding, and which is not heard on listening over the healthy lung, the latter, on account of its non-density, not being a conductor of sound. Meanwhile the sighing murmur of the proper breath-sound finds an admirable conductor in the solid chest-wall, and comes clearly and distinctly to the ear of the listener.

Supposing, however, that there should take place in the condition of the lung a change similar to that mentioned when we were speaking of percussion, and that the soft, light, elastic tissue should become, in consequence of disease, dense and hard. Under these circumstances, the air no longer penetrates into the ultimate tissue of the lung, and the characteristic breath-sound is no longer heard; but now a good conductor has appeared in the shape of

the solid lung, and the "bronchial breathing," the sound caused by the air passing along the bronchial tubes, comes to be audible. This sound is characteristic, has been described, but, like the other, will not bear description, and must be heard to be recognised. We may take one other example by way of roughly illustrating the teachings of auscultation. It happens sometimes that fluid of a certain nature is poured out into the vesicles of the lung or into the air-tubes, and it is easy to understand how the passage of air through this fluid will cause a sound very different from that accompanying its passage along comparatively dry tubes, and into a comparatively dry receptacle.

There are, of course, very many modifications of these sounds, healthy and morbid, as regards their distinctness, their intensity, and various other of their properties, not only in different patients, but over different portions of the same chest. Nor is it necessary to say that the sounds we have briefly glanced at as examples, represent but a small fraction of those existing, and without difficulty recognisable. We need simply mention that auscultation, like percussion, serves for the detection, in a way equally interesting and accurate, of many unhealthy conditions of the heart, besides other affections of the human frame. But, in one instance as in all, the sounds which it distinguishes, and from which it derives its knowledge, depend on physical causes as simple and obvious as in the cases we have considered. There is nothing abstruse or mysterious about the stethoscope, nothing in its use at variance with common sense, and nothing more vain than its employment without the guidance of common sense. The stethoscope has had its specialists; maybe has some now; men who, trusting wholly to its indications, and perhaps straining them to meet their views, overlook accompanying signs and symptoms, and in their too blind trust to a single set of observations, lose their power or their care to take account of the whole bearings of a case, and so go needlessly astray.

Nevertheless, too much confidence can hardly be placed in the stethoscope, or rather, in its principle; and too much gratitude can hardly be bestowed on the memory of Laennec. On many an obscure case it has thrown light; many a year of life and comparative ease its timely warnings have gained to the victims of consumption; while to many it has been the means of complete reassurance against the dread of this enemy's approach.

Curiously and sadly enough, of this very disease, towards elucidating and combating which he had done so much, Laennec died.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.



THE present time is quite as much distinguished by its illustrated books and newspapers as the middle ages were by their illuminated manuscripts. And now that the painfully elaborate steel engraving of the beginning of the century has given way, and very justly, in popular estimation, to the bold and truthful and dashing woodcut; as the pretentious and affected annual has yielded to the monthly or weekly serial; abundant work has been cut out for all artists who have the talent of rapid and vigorous drawing. Almost all persons who have cared to look for the names of those who cater to their instruction and amusement in this way, have been especially struck with the engravings taken from the designs of the French artist, GUSTAVE DORÉ; but some few of them may be surprised to hear how young a man he is, and the extraordinary quantity of work of good quality that he has already got through. He was born at Strasbourg on the 6th of January, 1833. His father was then an ordinary engineer, of the Department of Bas-Rhin. In 1837 the French army gained some of its most brilliant victories in Algeria, the taking of Constantine being the most remarkable incident. The imagination of the child was set on fire by the accounts he heard, and at five years of age he produced a drawing of the battle, which is said to have been wonderfully spirited. At school he appears to have done himself credit in most departments, but to have made all his lessons subordinate to drawing. In November, 1847,

M. Doré, senior, who had risen to be chief engineer of the Department of Ain, had to take to Paris his eldest son, who was preparing for the Polytechnic School. Gustave was allowed to accompany them, and this was the happiest moment of the boy's life. He had won already at the College of Bourg Bourg sufficient artistic success to excite his ambition, and he went at once to Philippon, the editor of the "Journal pour rire." The sketches he showed at once arrested the attention of Philippon, who was induced to employ him, in spite of his extreme youth; and overcame the reluctance of his father to let him leave the college so soon by signing an agreement which assured him 5000 francs a year for the supply of illustrations, and yet allowed him time to continue his general studies at the Collège Charlemagne. His own accurate observation of nature seems to have sufficed for his artistic education; at least, it may be inferred, from his intense originality, that he was not greatly indebted to any casual master. He has by this time quite attained to the position of a master himself. In a notice of him by M. Lemerrier de Neuville, 1861, it is stated that he had by that time produced more than sixty thousand vignettes.

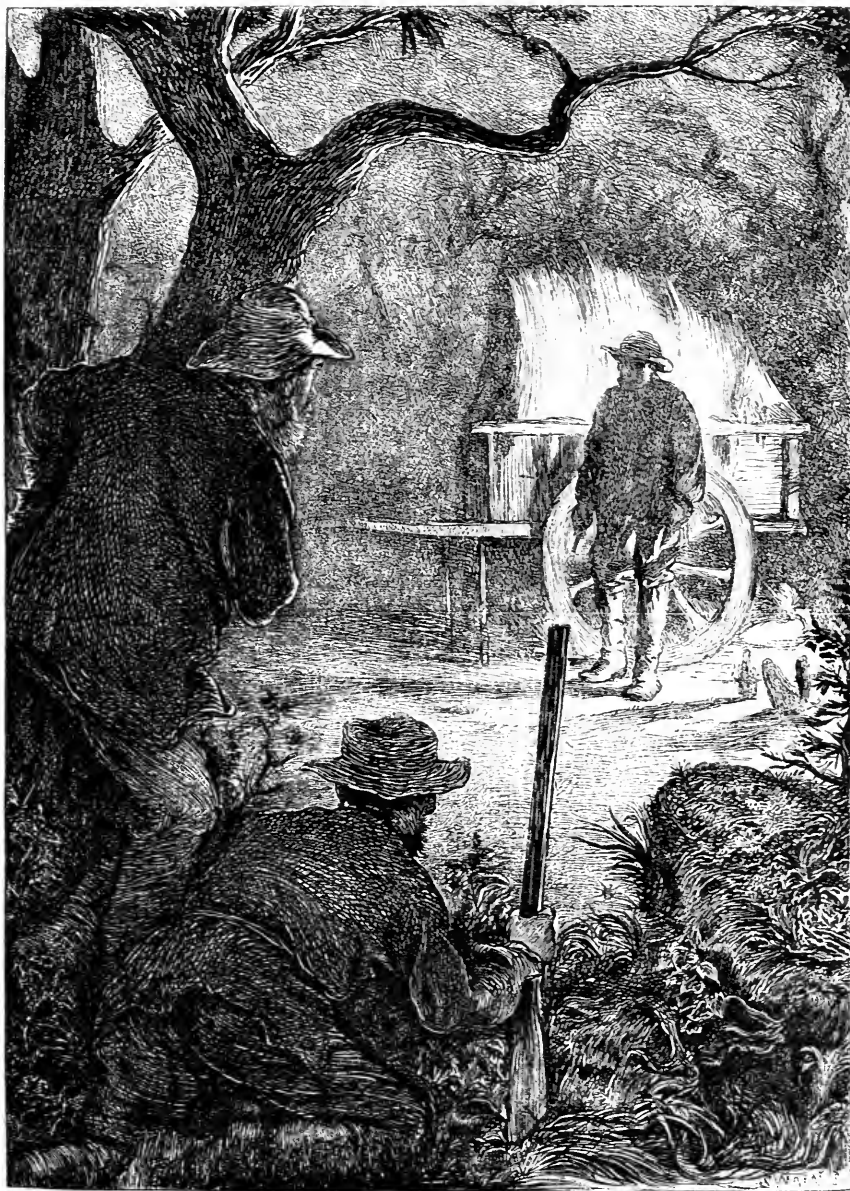
Gustave Doré's style as a painter and draughtsman is to be compared to that of Victor Hugo as a poet. Of French artists he is the most German. His works unite in a singular manner the romantic with the grotesque. He is not a caricaturist, and yet caricature enters as an element into his compositions. He is eccentric, but his eccentricities are always in harmony with nature; like the astonishing *capricci* of Turner, which may be seen at any moment, but, as a fact, are seldom seen.

Fault may be found with his details; but there is a wonderful harmony in each of his designs, looked at as a whole. In each of his pieces, in which he delights, the individual figures may have a difficulty in proving how their attitudes are possible; but the movement of the whole gives an idea of such scenes which perhaps could never be imparted by graphic purism in the details. No one scene that he draws resembles another. His landscapes are possible, though not probable, true in poet, but not in prose, ideal rather than actual, at yet only a higher expression of possible actuality. His hills are all alps, his groves, terminable forests, his caves are abysses, his horizons are infinite, and his rocks are mountains. In fairy tales he is absolutely creator of the scenery that fits them; and makes it so potentially real, that it is difficult not to believe in the stories that he illustrates.

Doré's popularity may be traced to his possessing at once the powers of amusing, astonishing, and affecting. He amuses with his illustrations of Rabelais, and "les contes drolatiques de Balzac;" he astonishes with those of "Le Juif Errant" and Dante; he touches the feelings by those of the war in Italy and the Crimea. Before he edited his wonderful illustrations of Dante, a field in which his genius would naturally be peculiarly at home, he had got rid of some of his early deficiencies by a conscientious study of anatomy. In 1861, besides the volume published by Hachette, which appears to be the work that has won him most renown, he exhibited a great picture, the subject of which is taken from the thirty-second canto of the *Inferno*. There Virgil and Dante have advanced to the ninth circle, where the souls of traitors are half immersed in eternal ice; and the aspect of the accompanying scenery, though simple and naked, almost freezes the beholder. Doré is so prolific that it would be impossible in a short space to give even a bare list of all that he has done. All lovers of art must wish him long life, and health and strength, to complete all his plans. He has just published a series of wonderful folio illustrations of Don Quixote, carefully studied from real Spanish life, which is indeed to-day nearly what it was in the time of Cervantes. He aspires now to illustrate Homer and the Bible. His Homer will doubtless be a great success, especially the *Odyssey*. With regard to the Bible, one may doubt whether his nature possesses sufficient reverence to suppress that comic element which in this case must be absent. But good taste seldom fails to direct genius of so high an order, so that we must hope for the best. As to the private life of Doré, it may be said, with a certain qualification, that "he is himself the great sublime he draws." He is a decided original. At one time he astonishes the natives of Rouen by gymnastic feats on the lightning-conductor of the cathedral, at the risk of his neck. At another time we find him in Switzerland, giving a feast and dance to all the population of a village, including guides, for the sake of fatiguing the guides; because he has made a bet that on a certain day no guide should be procurable by the love or money of rich Englishmen, to enable them to achieve exploits of mountain-climbing which would rival his own. To sum up Doré's character as an artist, he is his own man, and no borrower, though his genius may be said to partake of the horror of Holbein, the quaint accuracy of Dürer, the grotesqueness of Hogarth, the romantic ideality of Moritz Retsch, and even, at times, the massive grandeur of Michael Angelo.

G. C. SWAYNE.

PHILIP FRASER'S FATE.



CHAPTER III.

THEY placed it on the ground at the bottom of the hole ; but had hardly begun to examine it when they heard footsteps approaching above, and they started like thieves with booty. Burlow seized the remains of an old sack which

lay near, and hastily covered the nugget as well as he could. It was, however, only William Burlow who had so alarmed them. He had come over from the cradle to see why the supply of soil had ceased. This warned them of the necessity of looking more to appearances,

so they concerted a plan of operations. The nugget was covered up in one corner of the claim till they could remove it quietly and without suspicion, when they should leave off work as usual, about an hour afterwards. Because the secret was so difficult to bear unconcernedly on a sudden, it was agreed not to let Gordon know till they could tell him with more safety at night; but William Burlow was to return to the cradle and say, that "Philip had met a tough bit, and Jim had stopped to help him through; but he was now coming down." William left. Then James followed; and the work went on as usual throughout that long, long hour. At last the two brothers came back together and brought a piece of strong rope in the empty barrow. Gordon was to follow in a little while. No time was lost. They got the great nugget as well as they could into the old sack, and then fastened the rope round it. William Burlow hoisted it from below with all his strength, and the others drew it to the surface. It was placed in the barrow in the old sack, and upon it were put the tools. When Gordon came up they all started for the tent, James Burlow wheeling the barrow. Thus they passed by several groups of other diggers, through some portion of the encampment, and the barrow, just as it was, was wheeled close on one side of the entrance to the tent and left undisturbed. But they did not lose sight of it. They made their tea as usual when the evening came on, James Burlow sitting on a box outside. He had not been so for very long when he perceived Brisbane loitering towards him, smoking his pipe carelessly enough. He came up and sat down on the edge of the barrow on which the prize lay, leaning his elbows on his knees.

"Good evening," he said, and an awkward silence followed for some minutes.

"I say, Burlow," he then commenced in a hesitating sort of way, as though he had something to communicate and was at a loss how to begin, "you've shifted your claim, I see. Had any luck?" and his glance seemed curiously anxious.

"Well," said James, acting his best, "it don't wash out much better, if at all better, than where we pitched first. We couldn't get a scrap the first day, and we haven't washed out much since; very little, in fact."

"I must say I don't think much of this place. I mean just about here," continued Brisbane; "and I haven't done any good by my move from Bendigo. Not but what I think it might be done farther up. In fact, I feel sure there's better country for it over there. Now my present mates are anything but speculative; in fact, are too slow, and

between ourselves, Saunders drinks too much for me to be comfortable with him. What are you going to do? I should like to join your party. I'm a stickler at work, and I'll tell you now what offer I can make; but, of course, this is private between us."

"O yes, but——"

"But stop a minute till you hear me out," said Brisbane, speaking rapidly in an undertone, and with apparently a growing anxiety in his manner. "I haven't done very well lately at Bendigo, or here; I've got, however, forty-eight pounds; now, if you'll let me join to share alike from the day we begin, I'll put that and seven ounces into your bag before I begin to come upon it, for you."

"But that wouldn't be fair or worth your while, besides——"

"Yes it would," said Brisbane, hurriedly; "leave that to me, I *know* that we should be lucky, and I *know* that your lot know a great deal about it," he was looking askance at Burlow, but his eye fell as James turned his head. "That's my risk, that's my card to play. I've got a sort of superstition on it. I want to cut them and join you. Will you do it now? Say you will now before you speak to them;" he was excited, and said this almost abjectly.

"Well," said Burlow, "our party's complete. Besides, we think really of giving up soon altogether for awhile. I thank you of course, but——"

"Then, curse you, don't!" exclaimed Brisbane, starting up erect with a serpentlike flash of rage in his eyes, and without a word more he limped away.

This incident made James Burlow anxious, but he spoke of it only in general terms to his companions. As soon as it was dark they watched until light after light was extinguished in the tents about, then they put out theirs, and quietly drew the barrow within the tent. But not one of them closed his eyes or spoke above his breath that night, till silently and in the darkness they had dug a hole nearly six feet deep under the spot where their bed was pitched, and placed the nugget in the depth. Before filling it in, they one by one examined it at the bottom of its grave by the light of single lucifers. Then they buried it, and replaced the bed. The prize, as it afterwards proved, was nearly two feet and a half in length, at one part almost a foot in width, and contained nearly eighteen hundred ounces of pure gold.

They continued to work for a week after this, and obtained from the same place four more pieces of gold, the largest about ten ounces; but the anxiety inseparable from their

position now overcame for the time their avidity to continue, and forced on a determination to take the gold they had already obtained to a place of safety. The most obvious plan appeared to be quietly to decamp with it to the nearest station of the Gold Escort. But the argument against this course was that its existence would thus become known, and a regular stampede of diggers would take place to Queensleigh; whereas, they hoped to return and work the place further, aided by Phillip's lucky instinct, on a tacit but superstitious belief in which, strong avarice and the wildest expectations began to take root amongst them. They almost viewed the other diggers as robbing them, and daily feared to detect that some one had found the great pieces they were to win hereafter. After a conference they decided to start for Melbourne, giving out, if necessary, that they were simply bent upon a new move. At Melbourne each was to keep as a profound secret where they had found the gold. The nugget was got up, and carefully sewed in the sack, then placed in the middle of their little cart, and covered over with the tent and other things. When the next day dawned they had started.

The distance through the bush was about one hundred and twenty miles. In order to get well away they travelled the whole of the first day; and, the weather being beautifully clear, long after nightfall. All were well armed. The progress, however, was but slow, for the road had been adopted, not made. When they halted for the night they had hardly got more than five-and-thirty miles on the journey. Their rough little horse was soon fed and tied up, and they lay down to sleep, wrapped in their blankets, round the cart, one being appointed to watch, till, in turn, he should be relieved. Philip, excited beyond measure by the journey, was the most wakefully inclined of the party, and volunteered the first watch: he was to watch for two hours.

The cart was drawn up in the middle of a comparatively open space. The night was surpassingly still and beautifully clear: the moon shone with a perfect brilliancy. What a different aspect the bush bore to Philip now, from that it did when he passed through it at first by himself! The tall and tapering trees sleeping in the placid light—everything quiet around but the fever-beat of his own heart, wherein an anarchy of feelings reigned. He could see elegance now in the cleau round trunks of the trees, among which the light streamed down so as to give an appearance of extent to the scene which seemed to leave him a freedom of breathing room. He could fancy them standing like columns, and ranging along

aisles in Nature's own cathedral. On one side only they stood thickly and sombrely, and he could fancy this the sanctuary. He rose and paced about, full of such thoughts, and more than an hour passed quickly enough. Then he sat upon the shafts of the cart, and his thoughts took another turn. The gold, which all men's laws had made the mean of so much power, and of so much of all the happiness which each can give to other,—was this, then, really to be for him only a first fruit? Whatever it was, it was verily his now: there was no speculation in this prize so far. A sensation rose within him which he could not check, and almost stealthily he rose, and passed his hand through the loose things piled upon the cart to where he knew the nugget lay, until he grasped one end, and gave a tug against the firm mass. His arm was thus hidden to the elbow; but his gaze was for the moment cast upon the spot where the trees grew in the thickest group, and to which his back had been turned as he sat. Almost insensibly his gaze centred on the trunks of the trees, and in a moment he saw that two faces were protruded from behind one of them, and were silently watching him. As he started, they were in an instant withdrawn.

Philip alarmed his companions, and they eagerly started to their feet. The next hour was an anxious one, but they could neither hear nor see anything of the visitants, whoever they may have been. Philip, however, was certain of what he had seen, and would not allow a suspicion that it was his fancy. They redoubled their vigilance and precautions, and did not meet with any other incident worth noting on the journey. On the fifth morning they were driving through the suburbs safely into Melbourne.

For the first time they now felt their possession secure. They had formally agreed to keep it as an implicit secret where they had found the gold, and they now reminded each other of the necessity. It had been determined first to show the nugget to the Governor, and they passed on through the crowded streets direct to his residence. As they neared it a carriage stood opposite the entrance, and the Governor came out and rapidly stepped into it. Before the horses could move, Philip in his excitement dashed forward to the door of the carriage, hurriedly begged his Excellency to stop for a moment, and blurting out the news that they had got the largest nugget which had ever been found to show him, turned as rapidly to get it from the cart.

"Eh? What?" said the Governor, good-naturedly, but clearly touched by the excitement, as he stepped again from the carriage.

"Bring it in then, bring it in ; where did you find it ?"

In a minute they had it out of the cart, and followed the Governor into the house, and then into the nearest room, where they placed their burden on the table, and commenced ripping off the sack. The Governor left the room for a minute and stood in the hall calling his lady ; and just at the moment that the nugget was uncovered, his young daughter, a little yellow-headed creature not more than five years old, ran into the room, and hers were the first eyes other than their own which had looked upon it. They asked her name, and she answered them "Barbara," and they called their prize the "Barbara Nugget."

The agreement to preserve their secret inviolate as to the particular place at which they had been so fortunate, was kept carefully by all of them. The excitement was great when the "Barbara Nugget" was exhibited at the Bank, where thousands went to view it. The mystery which they had set up about the locality where it was discovered had its natural result, and even on the first day the most ridiculous and exaggerated rumours were set afloat by the many who, having used every endeavour to draw from either of the companions the coveted intelligence, thought fit to cover their own failure with some simple invention of their own. It was said they had discovered it in an entirely new direction from any of the old diggings ; they had found it in the possession of some natives far up the country, from whom they had taken it, not, it was whispered, without much bloodshed ; they had purchased from a Chinese some mode of detecting where the gold lay in masses ; and lastly, that one of the party possessed an unfailing method of judging where to seek, and of the natural signs whereby hitherto-unheard-of quantities might be found. There seemed to them a suspicious half truth in this rumour. The party became not only famous but notorious, and even when walking in the streets each one was stared at, and sometimes accosted and followed by the roughest-looking men, who would beg with a forced and anxious gentleness for any scrap of information. Indeed they more than suspected that they were regularly watched, that they might be followed should they set out to return. On the third morning, however, the following appeared in one of the newspapers :—

"The intelligence appears to have been made known that it was at Queensleigh, some newly discovered diggings not far from Bendigo, and 120 miles from this city, that the 'Barbara Nugget' now in the Bank was found.

No sooner had this become known than the already great excitement was intensified, and several parties at once started for the place. It is believed that more than 100 persons left Melbourne for this purpose during the course of yesterday."

This information had not come from either of the companions, and there appeared but one way to account for it. The faces watching him, which Philip had seen as they came through the bush were remembered, and his alarm now believed. They must have belonged not to bushraungers frightened from hopes of ordinary booty by the precautions or strength of the party, but to some diggers who, perhaps noticing the sudden departure or on some other suspicion, had followed them to Melbourne from Queensleigh. It was, in truth, a bitter mortification, and they were viewing everything through a false medium then ; yet it did not abate, but only modified the plan of their wild hopes. Wild indeed they were, for they were never to be fulfilled.

It was on the 22nd of February that the notification appeared which had so much astonished them by its truth, and so disconcerted their cherished plan of returning to Queensleigh. They soon determined to start for another place, and thence to pursue their explorations for gold where they would be less hampered in their operations. The next week they spent in Melbourne with Burrow's family, and they purposed to set out again in the early days of March. All their arrangements went forward merrily enough, and they were full of hope and expectation.

On the 2nd of March, in the evening just after dusk, Philip started, in company with a Mr. Towers, to walk into Melbourne, from a house in the outlying suburbs where they had been visiting. Their way was dreary enough, and over the sterile-looking flats which lay on the north of the city. When they reached a point on the road where several buildings had been commenced, but which stood unfinished, they shook hands and parted, Philip continuing his path past the unfinished houses ; while his companion's route diverged at nearly right angles on the other side of them. Mr. Towers afterwards remembered that, when he had got about fifty yards from the corner where they had parted, he looked round and saw two men apparently gazing after him, as they stood on his side of the buildings. He lost sight of them as they passed round the houses. The incident seemed to him trivial at the time ; but he remembered it afterwards.

Later on that night James Burrow was at home, quietly reading, when he was told that

a man wanted to see him directly. He went out. The man was a messenger sent from the hospital to tell him that Philip Fraser had been brought in there in a dying condition. Burlow ran off to the place without waiting to ask questions. He ran all the way with the messenger; but he arrived only just in time to see Philip die.

When he entered the ward where Philip lay he was horror-stricken at the sight. There were only five beds in the lofty, gaunt room, in which there seemed to be no other furniture but each bed, like a little oasis of formal accommodation, set round with a dreadful bareness. On one of these pallets lay Philip, with his head far back upon the low pillow, and his eyes wide open glaring terribly upward. His face was deadly pale, and his lips; but his forehead, and one side of his face, were smeared with blood, where the poor fellow had put his hand up to his head. Three or four doctors were by the bed, two of whom were attending to his wounds, which could be seen (for his shirt and vest were torn open down to the waist), one high up on his right breast, and another lower down, just under his ribs on the same side. He had been stabbed in these two places. Two or three nurses, or other people attached to the hospital, were standing near, looking on or assisting. The surgeons who were actually attending on him were one on each side of the bed; but the two other doctors stood on the right side, one of them holding his finger on the pulse. On the opposite side, bending over with the surgeon, was an inspector of the police, with an open note-book in one hand and a pencil in the other.

"Yes," said the inspector, drily and rapidly, as he entered a word in the note-book. "Short or tall, dark or fair? Pray allow me, gentlemen, one moment. I hardly caught the word."

"Tall," said the doctor beside him.

"Yes, tall," continued the inspector, over his note-book.

At this moment James Burlow came beside the bed. Philip's head just turned, and his eye met Burlow's with an intense and anxious look for one moment. The doctor who held Philip's wrist put out his arm across Burlow, who pressed forward.

"Don't disturb him, sir; it's useless. There is an internal hemorrhage. He is going now." And as he spoke he laid the hand he held gently down upon the bed. Philip was dead.

"H'm," muttered the inspector, raising his eyebrows and looking blankly on his note-book as he closed it and pushed the little pencil into its place. "We shall never track him with this;" and he turned away.

As the nurses were putting a screen round

the horrid sight, James Burlow laid his hand on the inspector's shoulder and drew him aside.

"He was found by one of our men, sir, on the pathway out on Bowes Road, and brought here at once. He was very far gone, but could articulate a little, and seemed anxious to speak; but all he could say was very incoherent. His first word was 'Burlow,' so we went for you. He wasn't robbed: his watch was in his pocket. He was undoubtedly murdered; he clearly answered me that; and I have noted down here every word he said, at least all we could make out. See:—'Murdered near empty houses.—Very suddenly pinioned from behind.—Second assailant said he would have the secret of my gold, or my life.—Had heard me speak it in the tent—(repeated three times). Not Bendigo, Queensleigh.—No, at Bendigo.'—Then he said something about his father and 'Major'; but whether he meant 'Major' as a name, or as in the army, I couldn't get to understand.—Then, 'Secret of the gold.—Could not tell him.—Second man stabbed me—tall.'—And there it ends. I show it you just as I made the memorandum. But, sir, we can never track him out by this!" And he closed the little book.

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

ONLY by gathering together these facts and arranging them as I have done can I make manifest the truth of my convictions in this matter. Only when each occurrence is fitted into its place have the widely sundered links in the chain of truth been brought together. All that my nephew thought and knew, and which he had concealed from every one but me, was stifled on the spot by his death; for the few words he did say could not be understood then as I can understand them. I did not see these till I had the opportunity, which I had long desired, of meeting Mr. James Burlow, and with him weighing over the information in Philip's letters to me, and in as much of his journal as I have. Then, with the knowledge of all my poor sister told me about the disgrace at Bareilly, when Cutler was cashiered; his duel before the court-martial closed its sitting, and when John Fraser was his second; and of all the probable ignominy which was smothered up when John Fraser died,—with the knowledge of this, I could detect a new value in every incident. I can see how the base motive grew like a weed in Cutler's nature. My conviction is strong, and I fearlessly publish now the murderer's name—WILLIAM BRISBANE CUTLER. Human law may never claim its due from him; but the dread claim will be made by that law which cannot be evaded.

F. K. J. SHENTON.

OUR FURNITURE.

IN the great majority of cases, the manner in which a household is furnished may be considered as a fair index of the habits and taste of the inmates. Those people who think about the matter may be said to exude the little elegances and appliances of their domestic adornments as naturally as the fish exudes the mother-of-pearl shell. The character of their minds is plainly written upon their chairs and tables, their pictures, and their statuary; and a person of discernment can instantly make a very shrewd guess at the tone of the person's mind in whose house he may happen to be. A lady glances at the pretty trifles on her friend's mantelpiece, skims over the card-basket by way of indorsing her opinion respecting the position of the inmates, and sums up the total at once, as ladies are apt to do. The man generalises as to the fitness of things around him, their keeping, &c., and at once goes to the pictures. Therein he sees, as clearly as in a glass, the artistic as well as the moral tendencies of the host's mind, and a very slight glance at the book-range enables him to make a close estimate of his whole character. As it is evident that we are judged of by our surroundings, it cannot be a matter of indifference what those surroundings are; indeed, so well is this understood, that people are but too prone to "assume a virtue if they have it not;" hence all kinds of attempts at displays of taste, and, more commonly still, of wealth and luxury, which, to the refined eye, marks the character of the man at once. Whilst, however, it is easy enough to judge of a man of any individuality by the test of his "belongings," yet there is a very large class, indeed by far the largest, who have no individuality at all in such matters; who believe in upholsterers, and who think that all they have to do is to pay the bills, and to buy taste as they would so much meat or sugar. With a full knowledge of their power, these tradesmen dictate the position of the chairs and tables to these customers just as despotically as the *modiste* dictates the shape bonnets shall be year by year. The upholsterer has certain rules of thumb by which he settles for his customer the minutest details of every room in his house. It may happen that an upholsterer is a man of good taste himself, in which case his customer does well to leave matters in his hands, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he is a mere machine, and goes on one set rule, as though all men were alike in their tastes and habits, and he furnishes them on the same principle that he would furnish dogs'

houses, large or small, according to the size of the inmate, but all on the same identical pattern.

Now, the fashion of our furniture, to our mind, is by no means a matter of indifference. Chairs and tables may be dumb, inanimate things; but, at least, when once bought, they are intended to be our companions for our natural lifetime. Their owner has to make friends of them; he pets them; if well selected, they fit his nature and conform to his habits, but they can only do this when they are the result of his own choice. A man of a refined and sensitive nature may as well marry a woman that had been selected for him by some friend, as fit his house up according to the ideas of some West-end tradesman. Imagine a man of delicate tastes happening to put his new house into the hands of an upholsterer accustomed to fit-up for the fast class of stock-brokers; imagine his despair at finding his walls covered with glaring coloured paper, every inch of furniture as fine as gilding can make it, and all doubled and trebled by pier-glasses, reflecting the grandeur in every possible direction. Could he make friends of such fine things as these? Impossible! A man may live among such furniture for ever, and hate every article every day more and more. But there is a lower depth than this, to which the spirit of cheap trading has invited customers to descend; but, happily, the class is so obtuse and dull that they do not feel the degradation. Some of the cheap furniture warehouses issue illustrated catalogues, in which they give estimates for furnishing different-sized houses. A four-roomed house may be furnished, we are told, for 19l. 15s. !—shade of my aunt! why, her Dresden china poodle dog cost more money; a six-roomed house for 67l. 17s.; and a ten-roomed ditto for 289l. 10s. 6d. Imagine, good reader, having the self-same set of furniture, from the glaring veneered "handsome Spanish mahogany sideboard," that is already beginning to shed its veneer at the corners, down to the "two fancy occasional chairs," groggy in their legs with the weight of the varnish they carry; imagine, I said, having to participate in the comforts of such surroundings, knowing that the five hundred other customers of the firm are lounging in the self-same sticky chairs, and being contorted by the like untrue Brummagem looking-glasses.

It is a remarkable thing, that the lower the price of the articles to be obtained in these cheap furniture warehouses, the finer the design. The Louis Quatorze style, for instance, is universally adopted in such cases. We are at a loss to account for this, unless it be that

vulgar people like fine out-of-the-way forms in their chairs and tables, just as they like fine out-of-the-way words in their conversation. Simplicity in tastes is a virtue rarely to be found, excepting in those classes so highly placed as to be able to afford to think as they like.

But, to return to our position, that the majority of persons are entirely in the hands of their upholsterers as to the matter of furnishing. Rules are laid down by these worthies which seem to have no foundation whatever in common sense or sensibility. Pictures, we are told, should generally be hung in the dining-room. This is a dictum which we see almost universally carried out, excepting in those cases where the individual taste of the proprietor is exerted. The fashion is to cover the walls as close as they can hold with pictures, totally regardless of whether they can be seen or not; in fact, it is quite as well, in some instances, that they are placed out of sight; then the guests, at a given signal, are shown into the room, with their backs towards them, and at no moment have they an opportunity of examining their merits. Surely the room devoted to a purely sensual pleasure is the last place to devote to works of art. Artists in spirit, however, never commit this error; the choice picture is hung in a choice place in the drawing-room or the library, and is never degraded into doing duty as a mere article of furniture. The most painful and pitiful aspect of modern furnishing is connected with this question of pictures. Ninety out of every hundred houses boast a certain allowance of works of art.

There is very little artistic feeling in this country, but there is much money, and the rich indulge in "old masters," in order that they may talk about them.

"Look at my 'Murillo,' purchased at the sale of Louis Philippe's collection!"

The picture may be a good one, but it never gave its owner one particle of pleasure as a work of art, because he is incapable of feeling it; but it flatters him to be the known possessor of works that have once adorned palaces.

The rich cotton-lords of the North patronise modern pictures in the same spirit. It is the thousands of pounds they represent, and not their real merit, which gives any satisfaction to their owners. There is another class of men, again, who cannot afford really good works, but who think that anything but oil-paintings are below their dignity. They crowd their dining-rooms with "Raffaelles," and "Guidos," and "Claude Lorraines," picked up for a few pounds at some auction, and are never tired of attempting to palm them off upon their victims

as genuine works. The hideous trash possessed by respectable men in London, who give good dinners, and would, like Dogberry, have "everything handsome about them" at a small cost, is absolutely appalling. The stupidity of the middle-class Englishman in this respect is fathomless, but some soundings with respect to the extent of this folly may be made by watching the advertisements of the sales of the "old masters," which appear every day in the Times. We will venture to say, that more of these pretended "old masters" pass through the hands of our London auction-marts in the course of the year than all of them have painted for these last five hundred years. If men who wish to adorn their walls with good works, but have no taste or means in that direction, would only put up with good engravings, or photographs of world-famous pictures, they may, by dint of constantly looking at them, imbibe some of their spirit; at least they would not be able to bore their guests by asking their opinions respecting the merits of their *genuine* "old masters," just freshly manufactured in the neighbourhood of Wardour Street.

As a rule, the walls of a dining-room should be painted, and for the simple reason, that paint does not, like flock-paper, retain those grosser odours which should depart with the meal. The paper of the drawing-room, in colour at least, should depend upon the degree of light it possesses, and, we will also add, upon the complexions of the young ladies of the family. We have been really startled by the effect given to the head of a brunette by its simple juxtaposition with a yellow wall-paper or curtain. In like manner, the delicate apple-greens suit the fair blonde daughters of England. A friend of mine has his rooms coloured *rose du Barri*, and this suits nearly everybody, by daylight or candlelight. But he is a man of remarkable taste, and his combinations in other respects are unusually agreeable.

In no article, perhaps, of furniture has so much good taste been expended as in wall-papers. Owen Jones has revolutionised the manufacture, and we can wish for nothing better than his designs.

The upholsterers, ever on the watch to bring forward novelties that require constant renewing, have lately introduced panelled walls, the squares of the panels being fitted up with quilted satin. The style is hot and heavy, and is, moreover, an arrangement which does not admit of hanging pictures—the true ornament of a drawing-room. Upholsterers seem to have an invincible dislike to real art in any form, and to the pictorial art in particular, for

the reason, we suppose, that it interferes with their own handicraft. The articles that furnishing warehouses supply us with that are most obnoxious to good taste, are our curtain hangings and table-cloths. The whole tribe of reps, and tabarets, and merinos are ineffective and vulgar: when covered with designs, they are simply detestable, particularly table-covers, but in all cases the colours are glaring and painful to the eye. Our manufacturing processes are perfect, but the taste which directs them has fallen to a minimum. The rude weavers of Africa and India possess infinitely more refinement in their colours. In the International Exhibition of 1862, in the furniture department, were some specimens of stuffs, manufactured in imitation of old draperies, which immediately struck the eye by the judiciousness of their secondary and tertiary colouring, forming, as they did, such a grateful contrast to the eye, to the hard crimsons and greens of the modern manufacturers. In the same room we saw what common deal was capable of in the hands of the artistic joiner. The fiery mahoganies, which meet the eye wherever we go, have supplanted most other furniture-woods, but it is infinitely inferior in delicacy of colouring to the walnut-wood of our ancestors, and, for some articles, even to the old English oak. The graining of deal is also charming, and we have seen some really artistic articles of furniture made in this material, at a cost within the means of all. The turning-lathe has so supplanted the art of design in what we may term the anatomy of our furniture, that to see simple forms, untainted with the set shapes—rings and bulging pear-shaped forms, which turners think essential to beauty—is really quite a relief. The Cromwellian chair for the dining-room, for instance, is supplanting all the tribe of seats mounted on balustrade legs; and the Oxford chair, revived from the time of the venerable Bede, shows us what real beauty of form may be attained by a very simple arrangement of parts. In the rooms of an artistic bachelor, now and then, we see designs such as these, which redeem the age from the charge of being utterly ugly in all its domestic details.

The drawing-room, where "taste," that much-abused word, is supposed to reign triumphant, is generally given up to such a medley of monstrosities, that it is without the pale of criticism: settees that are constructed on the pattern of woollacks; chairs in pinafores, which so cover them up that all sense of form is lost; carpets of gorgeous patterns, cut up in every direction by druggets of conflicting colours; easy-chairs, with quilted backs, in the form of large cockle-shells; and sofas

patched over with white spots in the shape of anti-macassars. There are very few ladies who appear to have any idea of the harmony of colour, when applied to large surfaces. The very same persons who are instinctively excellent with regard to the agreement of colour in their wearing apparel, and who never, in fact, commit a solecism with respect to it, will make the most egregious blunders in the arrangement of colours in their drawing-rooms. It would seem as though their hands were incapable of applying art principles to anything larger than their own personal adornments. Thrift, perhaps, has something to do with the ill taste which covers up every article of furniture with patches of white druggeting, shrouds the gilt of the pier-glass with yellow gauze, and even surrounds the gilt of picture-frames with the same material, totally regardless of the fact that the gaudy and flimsy gamboge-coloured covering is sure to kill the effect of the picture, and to transfer the attention of the offending flies to the precious work of art itself—a matter they seem to care nothing about. There may be some excuse for that class of persons who seem to think that all their finery should be kept for company; but for persons who can really afford to allow their carpets to wear out in a fair manner, this petty principle of putting everything in pinafores is really contemptible. A well-made carpet or a good chintz will bear the advance of time kindly, and with a grace, just as a good sensible face does. The gentle gradations by which the hangings and the velvets, the gilding and the carpeting, fade and tone down harmoniously together may sometimes be witnessed in households where the fussy spirit of newness is in abeyance. In such apartments the silver grey of age seems at home, and the fresh bloom of youth is only the more brightly set off. Of late years, we must confess, a very great advance has been made in the designs of our carpets of a better class, and the hideous groups of flowers which used to sprawl across small closet-like rooms are no longer to be seen; but among the cheaper articles they seem as bad as ever, and we suppose will continue so until the masses obtain some art-cultivation, in which they are now much less advanced than semi-barbarians.

The only articles of domestic use in which a real and universal advance has been made is in glass and stoneware, china, &c. It only seems the other day that we depended upon the barbarous drawings of the Chinese for the designs on our plates. The willow pattern was the standard of taste among the middle-classes; now it is no longer to be seen, at least in respectable houses in the metropolis, and a

hundred designs more or less good have taken its place. We owe this, perhaps, to the length of time art has been made a ruling principle in our potteries : it is now beginning to bear fruit, even to the most humble in the land. We never see such a thing now as an ugly teacup in the better-class china-shops. The same may be said of our manufactured glass. Perhaps there was no department in the Great Exhibition of 1862 which so delighted the connoisseurs of art-manufactures, as the glass department. Sometimes, dining with an old aunt, we are compelled to do the civil thing, and take some of her own-made currant wine out of the wine-glasses bought in her youth, and out of the decanters that suited the tastes of a bygone generation. When we think of their clumsy forms and cloudy colour, it seems as though it must be another race of people who now quaff their champagne or claret from the elegant crystal of our modern manufacturers. If the arts of design have made such an advance in these fragile fabrics, why, we ask, may we not look for similar results among our more substantial domestic appliances ? A chair is as good an object for the application of artistic principles as a cup or a wine-glass ; indeed, we see what can be done in certain departments when special and learned classes are catered for. Let us instance church furniture. Never, in the palmiest Roman Catholic days, were articles of this description better made, or of purer design, than by those persons who devote themselves to this class of furniture. It is clear the men who design them are artists who work with love. Pugin struck the note, and since his time it has not degenerated. What a distance divides works such as these from the mere handicraft work ! Take, for example, a gaselier, such as a Hardman would provide his customers with, and compare it with a similar article of Brummagem work, to be seen in any ordinary gasfitter's windows. The Brummagem maker throws more twisted work into his design, displays more splendacious cut glass in his shades, or molus with great redundancy of lacquer ; but the whole thing is a frightful botch, giving absolute pain to the artistic mind. Why cannot we impart a little simplicity into such matters ? Our schools of design surely cannot be making much progress either with the artisan-class or with their masters, otherwise the world would not be flooded as it is with such vile designs. We can understand the manufacturers for the cheap furniture warehouses employing certain set patterns, which are easily reproduced by steam machinery in large numbers ; but what we cannot understand is the absence of really good designs in

our better class of furniture. We have workers in silver and in gold who equal the best efforts of the ancients. Where are the workers in wood ? If some of the art-students now at the South Kensington Museum, and at other art-schools throughout the country, would only cultivate this field, they would find an eager public ready to reward their labours, and they would have the satisfaction of redeeming from utter ugliness a very large and important branch of art-manufacture. A. W.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF CONNEMARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE AMONGST CONVICTS."

PART III.

I WAS musing over the resolute conduct of the Connemara maiden, and on the woman's wit with which she had saved her life and destroyed the monster, Captain Webb, by pushing him, head foremost, into the "Murdering Hole," when I saw in the distance a peasant approaching, driving a pony with a pair of panniers, that were evidently well filled and carefully covered.

"God save you !" said the peasant, a rakish-looking young fellow, with his hat on the side of his head, and an ash stick in his hand.

"God save you kindly, Ned," was young Joyce's reply.

I walked my pony gently on, while the two young men stopped to converse. I had not proceeded far when young Joyce called after me, "Are you dhry, sir ?"

"Dry. What do you mean ?"

"Would you like a dhrink, sir ?"

"Well, that would depend."

"Would you like a dhrink of wine, sir ?"

"I would, or a drink of wine and water ; for the day is getting very warm."

"Then come back, sir."

As I returned, the young man with the jaunty caubeen and ash stick drew a bottle of light French wine from one of the panniers, poured more than the half of it into a little wooden noggin, and handed it to me.

I emptied the noggin, as if it were water.

"Come, sir, finish it."

"Oh no, thank you. I have drunk more than a pint as it is."

"A pint ! What would your father say to a pint, Rob ?"

Robert grinned.

"Here, sir, finish it," holding out the bottle.

I held out my noggin, received the remainder of the bottle of wine, and finished it. "Upon my word that is good," smacking my lips.

"What shall I pay you ?"

"We'll settle that the next time we meet, sir ; but I'm glad you like the wine."

"The wine was excellent ; but we may never meet again, my good fellow ; so we had better settle the matter now."

"Why, the thruth is, sir," with a grin, "and you know there's nothing like the thruth, sir——"

"Nothing."

"I haven't taken out a licence for selling this wine."

"Oh, I see."

"You understand now, sir?"

"You just keep it as presents for your friends."

"Just as presents for my friends, sir."

"Or to refresh a thirsty traveller, like myself?"

"Or to refresh a thraveller like yersilf, sir," grinning.

"Well, Ned—I believe your name is Ned?"

"Ned Nowlan, sir."

"Ned Nowlan ! I have heard that name before," I said, looking at young Joyce.

"He's the grandson of Ned Nowlan, the lieutenant of Captain Mac Namara, that made the great leap on the back of his mare, Binnish, that I was telling you of," replied young Joyce.

"Are you the grandson of Lieutenant Nowlan, the friend of Captain Mac Namara?"

"I am, sir," said young Nowlan, looking as proud as the son of an Irish king.

"Well, Nowlan, I am obliged to you for the wine, and hope you may get your panniers safe home without meeting an exciseman."

"I'd like to see one of them darring to put his nose into this part of the counthry."

"You'd rub him down with that ash towel in your hand?"

"Be my troth he'd have sore bones leaving Connemara. So if you have a friend in that line, you had better recommend him to keep clear of us."

"To give you a wide berth?"

"Just so."

"But I have no friend in the profession."

"So much the better, sir ; they are no credit to any gentleman."

"Good-day to you, Nowlan, and many thanks for your good wine."

"Good-day to you, sir, and good luck ; and you are welcome, if it were better."

From what I saw, and afterwards learned of the peaceable and friendly character of the people of Connemara, I came to the conclusion that *they traded on a bad name*. They did a very large trade in illicit distillation in the heart of Connemara, and carried on, along the western coast, an active traffic in contraband goods with French vessels. It was from this quarter that Dan Nowlan had come with his panniers of wine and French brandy. All this

was well known to the excise ; but they were afraid to enter the country. Death's head and cross bones were placed over the gates of Connemara. It was, at the time I write, like the coiner's haunted house, from a niche in whose wall a gigantic figure in clanking chains walked out. Big Joyce may have intended to try this trick on me, but he changed his mind. Perhaps he saw the clasped knife, and concluded I would fight it out ; or that I might not be a gauger, or an exciseman, after all.

Cæsar Otway tells a story of a courageous little dapper exciseman, who entered Connemara, single-handed, to seize a fat lady who did a good business in French silks and laces. He met the contrabandist in a narrow pass, and came upon her, if I recollect aright, unexpectedly, from behind a rock. The lady, who was very large and fat, was riding on a pillion behind a servant boy. Although taken by surprise, she proved herself more than a match for the excise officer.

"I shall thank you, ma'am," said he, taking the horse by the bridle, "to dismount."

"Dismount ! Arrah, what for, sir ?" asked the lady.

"I am an officer in His Majesty's service, ma'am, and have reason to believe that you have contraband property about your person, or beneath the saddle of the horse."

Fortunate for the contrabandist she had none of the goods about her person : they were all stowed away beneath the pillion, or saddle, on which she sat.

"I really cannot come down," said the large fat woman.

"But really, ma'am, you *must*," said the courageous little man, looking up at the mountain.

"Then if I do, sir, you must help me."

"With the greatest pleasure, ma'am," said the miniature exciseman, holding up his hands to assist her.

The lady, who came "down at a run," plopped into his arms with a weight and velocity which threw him on his back in the road, where she held him pinned beneath her.

"Ride away, ma bochal," said she, in Irish, turning round her head to the servant-boy ; "it's me the gentleman wants, and not you."

"Let me up, madam," roared the exciseman.

"Oh dear me, sir ! what a fright you gave me !" rolling herself leisurely off ; "and I declare that boy has rode off with the horse."

My friend had chosen for his residence one of the wildest parts of Connemara, near the western coast. The roll and rush of the Atlantic was distinctly heard at his house during the prevalence of westerly winds. The rocky

shore was, for miles in extent, honey-combed with caves, some of which were full of secret chambers that ran deep into the earth.

I found at my friend's house an unexpected visitor, a Lieutenant H—, of His Majesty's revenue cutter, the Bulldog. He was an Englishman, from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight.

"Poor fellow," said my friend, before he introduced me, "he has met with a sad accident."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"He fell over one of those cliffs and knocked the cap right off his knee."

"Right off?"

"It's all the same, for it is smashed."

"How did it happen?"

"He shall tell you himself. Come in here: he is lying on a sofa."

I entered, and found the stranger was a pale young man, under thirty years of age, with fair hair, somewhat sandy, and light blue eyes. His figure was slight and agile, intended for quick motion rather than for weight-carrying.

"I am sorry to find you there, sir," I said, after being introduced.

"Not half so sorry as I am to find myself here," replied Lieutenant H—, laughing heartily.

I never met a merrier or better-tempered man in the whole course of my life, and I have met only one—a captain in the army—who laughed as often and as heartily; but he was always laughing. I cannot imagine how poor Lieutenant H— managed to keep up his spirits as he did; for he was just going home, on leave, to get married, as the accident occurred, which put back the wedding for two full years. I met him after his marriage, when he had left the service and had got a situation in the Custom House. He managed to walk pretty well with the injured leg, though the knee joint would now and then get out, for want of the cap; but he put it to rights in a moment, and then moved on at his usual quick pace, throwing the leg out with a curious fling.

"I promised my friend," said our host, addressing the young lieutenant, "that you would explain to him how the accident occurred, if it be correct to call it an accident."

"But you must bear in mind," said the young man, "I am bound in honour, to some extent, to secrecy and silence, by my friends at the cave. At least, I have promised not to communicate anything I know in quarters where it would be likely to injure them."

"I should like to know," said my friend, "how you could injure those scoundrels?"

"By driving them out of their caves."

"But how would you drive them out?"

"Burn them out, like a nest of foxes."

"Impossible! The caves, as you saw when you were there, communicate with each other. You might oblige them to change their quarters, but you could never burn them out. And if you could, you would surely never think of treating your *friends* in that style. But my friend here," turning to me, "looks quite mystified; so I leave you to explain."

"I came here in command of a revenue cutter, called the Bulldog," said the young lieutenant, addressing me. "You may probably see her, and go aboard her one of these days. There has been a good deal of contraband traffic, principally in French wines, laces, and silks, carried on in this back part of the world; and I was sent out here to see if I could put a stop to it. A stop to it——," laughing.

"And you have not succeeded?"

"Succeeded! You might as well try to stop the waves from rolling into those caves along the shore. The whole population, high and low, encourage this contraband traffic."

"Do the magistrates encourage it?"

"We have no magistrates about here, with the exception of Mr. Martin, and he does not trouble his head on the subject; but all the magistrates of Galway and Mayo encourage the traffic, and drink French wines and French brandy, and dress their wives and daughters in French silks and laces, and would laugh at you or any one else who would try to persuade them to the contrary. The consequence is, that the men engaged by the English government to suppress the contraband traffic are in a state of perfect ignorance, and surrounded with spies, and people employed to deceive them and lead them off the right scent. I lately got reliable information of a French barque which was to make a landing on this coast of a valuable cargo of wines and brandy——"

"In coming here to-day I met a fellow with a pony and a pair of panniers, that appeared full of French wine."

"How do you know it was wine? Did you taste it?"

"I did."

"There it is. And at dinner to-day you will get more of it from your host."

"Is he a contrabandist too?"

"Of course. And if I were living here I suppose I should be as bad as any of you. But I was telling you I got reliable information of the coming of this French barque, and resolved to seize it, for we knew the night she was to arrive. Well, how do you think we managed?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I gave out we were leaving the station for a week or ten days; and did, one fine day, sail out of sight of land, and lay in the offing

till I concluded the French barque was between us and the shore. I then sailed back and dodged among the islands, and, in the end, landed with a pretty strong force. The night was dark, and there was but one safe path to the shore. Here I placed one of my men, with a lantern, telling him the moment he heard the splash of an oar to come and let me know, and to light the lantern *the last thing before he left*. He rushed to the place where I and my party were hiding about eleven o'clock at night, saying, 'They are coming, sir.' I took the lead, running in the direction of the light, and went, head foremost, over the rocks."

"Then they must have changed the position of the light."

"That's what they did. They are as cunning as Old Nick."

"Well, you went over the rocks?"

"Yes, over a precipice a hundred and twenty feet in height."

"Where did you fall?"

"Into the sea."

"Who picked you up?"

"That is more than I can say; but I conclude some of the smugglers. When my senses returned I found myself in bed in one of these caves, with a country 'bone-setter,' as they call him, placing a bandage round my knee."

"Well, come, you fell among a humane set of thieves. There was, at least, one Samaritan among them."

"But when I first opened my eyes and looked about me, and saw a number of wild faces glaring out amidst the smoke and red light of the turf and bog-wood fires, I thought I was in hell; and this impression was not decreased by the pain in my knee."

"How did you get out? I wonder they did not carry you to France."

"If you must know the truth, I am out on a sort of parole."

My acquaintance with this young naval officer was fast ripening into friendship, when I was obliged to leave.

I received a sudden call home, and was obliged to start in the evening. My friend insisted on accompanying me part of the way; but I would not hear of it. I resolved to return alone. There was but one road from my friend's house to Big Joyce's door; it seemed therefore impossible that I could lose my way. All I asked was the loan of a pony, to carry myself and my carpet-bag, which I fastened to the crupper-strap behind me; and thus equipped, dashed off at a canter, like a "Kerry dragoon." I expected, by a moderate application of a riding-whip, to get to the Giant's Castle about eleven o'clock at night.

The moon rose clear and bright about nine

o'clock, and everything promised a pleasant exit from the wilds of Connemara, when, crossing a bridge, beneath which the waters of one lake discharged themselves into another with a fearful roar, my horse, or pony, came to a full stop, and refused, like Balaam's ass, to budge an inch. I could not imagine what had come over the stubborn little brute, till, looking down, I saw my travelling-bag, which I had fastened to the crupper, dangling beneath the horse's belly.

I dismounted, to put it in its proper position and to tighten the saddle girths. In doing so *the horse went round*; so that when I raised my head from beneath the saddle-flaps, and looked about me from the crown of the bridge, I could not for the life of me say from what end or side I had entered on it, or how I should proceed in leaving it. I felt like a person who had been turned round three times, with his eyes bandaged for blind-man's-buff. I looked over the parapet to see which way the water flowed; but as I did not think of doing this before, I derived no advantage from the information now. I looked up at the moon, and into the face of the old man who inhabits it, but he seemed as cross and as unintelligible as ever. I shut my eyes and tried to think, but the fearful roar of the water confused me. "Well," I said to myself, "here's a pretty go. I told G— there was but one road, so that I *could not* possibly lose my way; but I have managed to accomplish this impossible thing. What shall I do? I shall remain here till some one comes up. If I leave this, God only knows where I may wander."

Under the circumstances I could have done nothing more rational; but fortune seemed to favor my resolution, for I had not been more than an hour on the bridge before a traveller came up.

"Who comes there," I inquired, as the stranger approached.

"The Connemara Postman," was the reply.

"You are welcome. Which way are you going?"

"I am going to Cong, sir. Which way do you go?"

"I am on my way to Oughterarde; but I was thinking of stopping for the night at Maam."

"Where there, sir? But let us be jogging on, as I am a little behind my time."

"At Joyce's house."

"Are you making any stay at Oughterarde?" he inquired, keeping up a dog-trot at the horse's side.

"No; merely passing through to Galway."

"Then you stop at Galway?"

"No. I go from Galway to Limerick, and on to Cork."

"Why not pass out of Connemara by what's called the 'Cong Gate?' It's a fine ould town, and well worth visiting if yer honor has come into these parts to take a tower."

"To take a tower! I have no such war-like intentions; nor have I the machinery for doing so in my travelling-bag."

"I tuck yer honor for a *towerist*—that is, a gentleman that's fond of ould places; and there's a great many ould things worth yer seeing in Cong."

The postman did not say too much for the town, or the abbey, founded there by Roderick O'Connor, the last Irish monarch. According to the "Annals of Kilronan," he retired to this sanctuary in 1183, on the unnatural rebellion of his sons, who endeavoured to depose him; and here he died in 1198. The occurrence is recorded as follows in the "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland," translated by the late Doctor O'Donovan:—

In the age of Christ, 1198, Roderic O'Connor, king of Connaught, and of all Ireland, both the Irish and the English, died among the canons of Cong, after exemplary penance, victorious over the world and the devil. His body was conveyed to Clonmacnoise and interred [near that of his father's] at the north side of the altar of the great church.

Giolla Moduda, abbot of Ardbrachan, who was a poet, and who flourished at the time of this king's death, records his triumphant reign as undisputed monarch of Ireland for eighteen years. I have taken something more than a poet's liberty in translating four lines of the poem, thus:—

For eighteen years the monarch Rory
Son of Torlough, famed in story,
Ireland's undisputed king,
Made the realms of Erin ring.

Ireland generally had five or six kings, one of whom was acknowledged as supreme monarch. Roderick, or Rory, was king of Connaught for ten years before he assumed the higher position of monarch of all Ireland. It was during his reign that Ireland was invaded by the Normans under Strongbow, and finally brought under the sway of Henry the Second of England.

Dr. O'Connor, perhaps a descendant of this last Irish king, in his suppressed work, "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare," endeavours to magnify the prowess and virtues of Roderick; but Thomas Moore, the poet, in his "History of Ireland," very properly says, "The only feeling his name awakens is that of pity for the doomed country, which, at such a crisis of its fortunes, was cursed with a ruler and leader so utterly unworthy of his high calling."

TINTORET.

(SCENE, VENICE: TIME, THE PLAGUE YEAR.)

I.

SLOW, underneath the Casa D'Oro's wall,
Three searchers and three peering shadows came,
Before them and behind them lurked the night,
Save where the torches' wavering yellow flame
Blew backwards, lighting up the stony face
Of some street statue, or a crucifix:
There was no sound, save where, upon a step,
The water lipped, black as the sluggish Styx.

Like disappointed thieves, they sullen shrunk
To where there sat upon the water-stair,
Resting one foot upon a piled-up boat,
A man, wrapped all in black, his tangled hair
Hid half his face, who,—crying, "Why! you leave
Your work half-done;"—chid rough and angrily;
"Rogues, did not Francia say, that Tintoret,
The painter, had a daughter dead? go see."

Half-growling and half-mocking, the three knaves
Leaped from the stair into the laden boat,
Joining their master. "Time was made for slaves,"
Cried one in jest, "let the dead woman wait."
And then they quenched each torch, and thrust the
bark
Into the fuller tide and Lido way,
Turned the boat's head, and, roaring out a song,
They passed,—those searchers, with their ghastly
prey.

II.

Alone, in the barred-up and silent house,
Before whose padlocked door a watchman paced,
Sat one beside a bed—the curtains closed,—
Brooding entranced; a picture, half-erased,
Before him on the easel; palette, brush,
Upon the floor; one lamp, against the wall,
Cast flickering shadows on the tapestry
Of the great palace doorway, wide and tall.

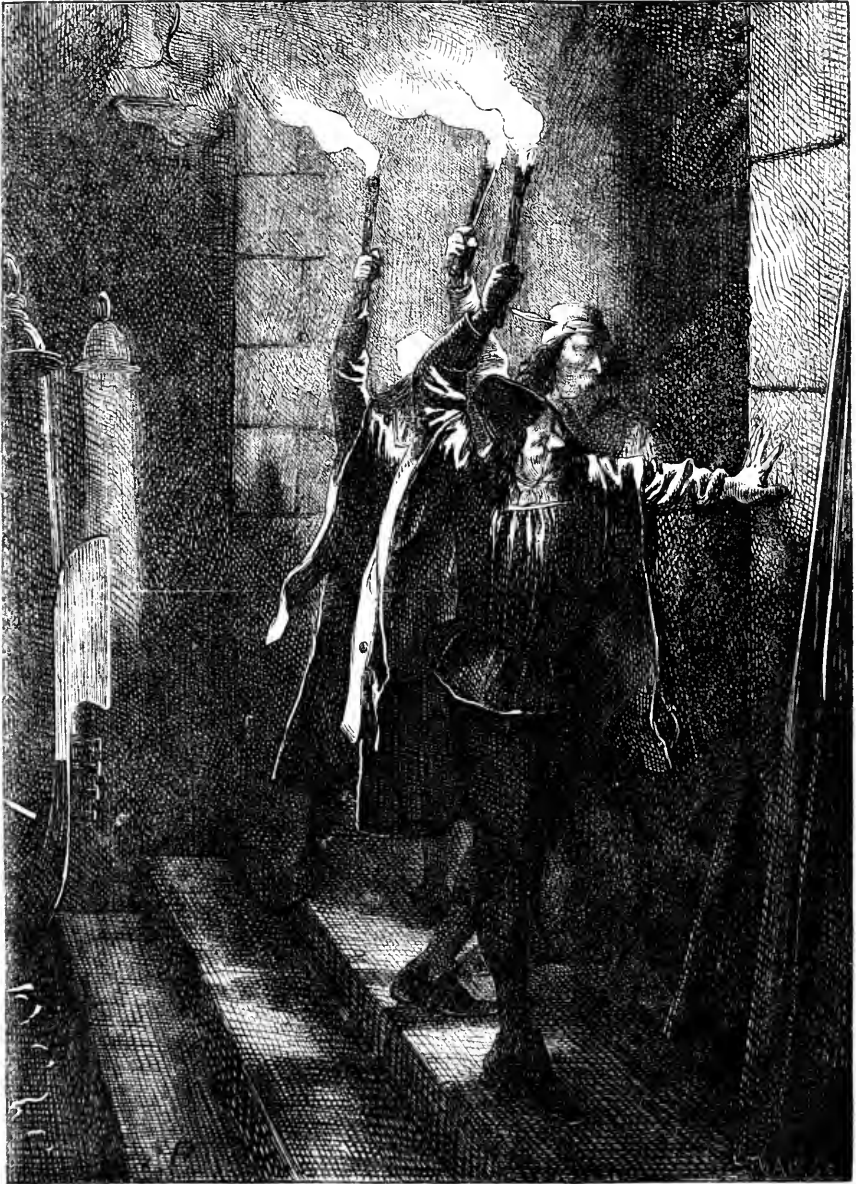
All on a sudden Tintoretto rose,
The haggard, bearded man, so worn and pale,
And tore the curtains back, and set the lamp
By his dead daughter's face, and raised the veil
That hid her features, now so saintly calm,
And, with a madman's wild and fevered haste,
Renewed the task that wrung him to the heart,
Muttering, as swiftly the fierce lines he traced,

"That Titian's still before me in the race,
The harpies snatch this angel from my side,
And leave his proud-eyed girl, with lavish hair
And great white shoulders, to enhance his pride,
And serve round sweetmeats to the senators,
Who flock to him by dozens, to hand down
To ages, heedless of the boon, each vacant face,
Steeped in one dull dark fog of golden brown.

"He fills the churches, palaces, and halls;
'Tis he who sweeps the ducats to his lap;
He paints the emperors, cardinals, and popes,
To him the meanest boatman doffs his cap.
Out on the cunning, envious, wily hunks!
But quick to work before those wretches come,
At the first light, to steal my angel hence,
And tear my darling from her father's home.

"Death took my Lisa first, 'twas half my life;
And now Maria, her own self again,
My hope and solace, my sweet singing-bird,
The soother of my long and bitter pain,

The sun of this old house, the ceaseless joy
Of the whole quarter, very saint and queen,
Pure as the lily in the virgin's hand.
How calm she lies, how still, and how serene !



"Yet, we shall meet in Paradise, and there
She'll smile to see St. Luke, my wrinkled hand
Grasp at the golden gate, while Titian takes
The lower seat. I have him on the hip;
That hour will pay for all past checks and spurs;
God grant it dawn, and soon, yes, very soon.
Maria cara, bid St. Jerome come
To see my masterpiece: God grant this boon.

"There I shall see my martyrs and my saints,
Ranged in their circles all to welcome me.
Maria cara, they will bring a crown
For thy old father,—Immortality
Is won at last! Stop, the cold cobalt light
Streams through the curtains on my dead child's bed."
There was a wrenching at the padlocked door,
And loud arose the cry,—*"Bring out your dead!"*

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXV. LAURA'S IMPROMPTU VISIT.

It was a somewhat singular coincidence that the Dowager Countess of Oakburn should die the day subsequent to the earl. Such was the fact. She had been ill for several weeks ; no immediate danger was apprehended, but in the very hour that she heard news of the earl's death—the tidings of which were conveyed to her in the morning—she was taken suddenly worse, and expired at three o'clock in the afternoon. Lady Jane went to her house at Kensington and was in time to see her alive, but she had then lost consciousness, and was speechless. One of the old countess's granddaughters said—it was a dreadfully irreverent thing to say—that they must have gone together to plague each other on the journey, just as they had plagued each other in life.

It was decided that the two funerals should take place at the same time and spot in one of the great London cemeteries. The burial place of the Earls of Oakburn was Chesney Oaks ; but he, the old sailor just gone, had expressly desired that no parade or any unnecessary expense should be wasted upon him. The conveying him to Chesney Oaks would involve a considerable outlay ; his poor worthless body would not rest any the better for it, he quaintly said ; let it be put into the ground in the simplest manner possible, and in the nearest burial-place. The executors of the countess dowager thought it well to observe the same private simplicity with regard to her, and it was arranged that they should be interred together.

Jane and Laura remained in town until the funeral should be over. They would not quit the house while their father lay dead in it ; and in the new reconciliation with his widow, there was no necessity for their hurrying away. Laura, impetuous in all her doings, took a violent fancy to the countess, protesting secretly to Jane that she was a far superior woman to what she had imagined ; and it would be a convenient house to stay at, she candidly added, when she chose to visit London. Jane was not swayed by any motives so interested ; but she could not help acknowledging to herself that the countess won upon her regard day by day.

"She has done her duty by Lucy," Miss Snow remarked to Lady Jane confidentially. "Ah, never a mother was more anxious for a child's welfare than Lady Oakburn is for

Lucy's. I made my mind up at first not to stop ; but when I found how good she was, how she tried to do her utmost for us all in loving-kindness, I thought I should be foolish to leave. She would not have kept me, though, but for the earl ; she told me she should wish to take the child's education entirely into her own hands, but he would not suffer it. I daresay she will take it now."

They were busy getting their mourning. Jane ordered hers neat and good, entirely befitting a lady, but plain ; Laura chose hers for its magnificence. Jane ventured to give her a caution against the expense, and Laura tossed her head in answer.

"Papa is sure to have remembered me," she said, "and surely I may spend what is my own." And she actually appealed to the countess—was it not certain that the earl had left her her share of money ?

It was a curious question to put, and perhaps the very fact of asking it proved that Laura was not quite so sure upon the point as she wished to be. Lady Oakburn, however, could tell her nothing. She did not know how the earl had left his affairs. That he had made a recent will, she believed ; for in the prospect of a little child's being born, he had remarked to her that he must settle his affairs in accordance with the prospect, and she thought he had done so ; but she did not know any details, for the earl had not mentioned them to her.

"Oh, it was sure to be all right," Laura remarked with customary unconcern ; and she bought every pretty black dress that attracted her eye.

"You will be godmother to the little baby, Lady Jane, when the time comes for christening him ?" supplicated the countess with sensible hesitation. "He shall belong as much to you as to me."

"Yes, willingly," replied Jane. *She* did not hesitate ; that little frail being in its sheltering cradle seemed to be the one link to life left by her father.

"And—if I may express a wish—will you not call him Francis ?"

"Francis, certainly ; Francis always. The Earls of Oakburn have mostly been John—but I don't know that it need be a rule for us. We can name him Francis John ; but he must be called Francis."

On one of the days that intervened between

the death and the burial, Jane borrowed the countess's carriage—her own but one short year before—and went to Gloucester Terrace. Though feeling a conviction that Mrs. West would have sent to her had she heard news of Clarice, it did not seem right to Jane's anxious mind that she should leave London again without personally inquiring. But when she reached the house she received a disappointment; Mrs. West and her children, she was told, were at the sea-side.

As Jane stood in the door-way in hesitation—as is the manner of many when they meet with an unexpected check—a gentleman put his head out at one of the sitting-rooms, wondering perhaps who might be the visitor, and what the colloquy was about. He was a pleasant-looking man, short and stout, with a red face and bristling hair.

"It's a good six weeks before my mistress will be at home, ma'am," the servant was saying. "She only went ten days ago, and—but here's master," she broke off, as the gentleman came forward. "Perhaps he can tell more certain nor me."

Mr. West advanced to Lady Jane. * His wife, Mrs. West, was out of town, he observed. Could he answer any questions for her, or convey to her any message?—he should be joining her at Ramsgate on the morrow.

Jane stepped into the sitting-room. He would probably know as much as his wife, was the reflection that crossed her mind. She mentioned the errand that she had come upon, and that she had been there some fifteen months previously on the same.

"Oh yes, yes," said Mr. West. "I remember my wife spoke of the circumstance to me—Lady Jane Chesney, I presume," he added with a bow. "I am sorry to say that we have never heard anything of her. Only a short while before my wife left home for Ramsgate, she was talking of Miss Beauchamp and wondering whether her friends had found her."

Jane sighed heavily, although she had expected nothing else but the disappointment. "No," she said, in a low tone, "we have not heard of her."

"It is very extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. West.

"It is more than that," said Jane, "it is alarming. Until lately we cherished the hope that she had gone abroad with some family, but every month that glides on seems to set the hope more and more at naught. Thank you," she added, moving to the door, and handing him a card. "That is my address in the country, where I reside; should Mrs. West ever hear of her—though indeed the sug-

gestion sounds a forlorn one—perhaps she will kindly forward me word of it there."

"I am sure you may rely upon her doing so," returned Mr. West. "And I only wish I had been able to give your ladyship better news now," he heartily concluded.

Attending her outside, he stood on the pavement while she stepped into the carriage, and was driven away. Jane sat in it strangely disheartened, considering that she had expected no better. A conviction had latterly been gaining upon her that Clarice was dead, and she seemed only to be able to think of her as such.

But now there was one little item of news regarding Miss Beauchamp that Mrs. West had learnt since she last saw Lady Jane, and which she would certainly have imparted to her had she been at home, though she had not deemed it of sufficient importance to write to her. Mr. West knew it, but he never supposed that it was not known to Lady Jane. After all, it was not much; and would have left the affair in at least equal mystery to that which at present enshrouded it.

Jane went wearily up the stairs on her return, and entered the countess's bed-room. Lady Oakburn was in an easy chair by the fire: she sat up for several hours a day now, although the nurse with her old-fashioned ideas protested it was "too soon." Only Laura was with her, and she, Laura, held the little baby on her lap. Quite a mark of condescension for Laura, who was not fond of bringing herself into contact with things so troublesome as babies.

"I wish my own had lived," she was saying to Lady Oakburn. "It was the sweetest little girl ever seen. But I should not have nursed it, you know; I could not have subjected myself to the tie. I cannot think how you can have undertaken such a task!—you'll never be able to go out."

Lady Oakburn smiled. She and Laura were very different. "How long did your child live?" she inquired.

"Only a day and a half. Mr. Carlton saw from the first that it would not live; but he did not tell me, and I wondered why he had it baptised so quickly. When he asked me what the name should be, and said Mr. Lycett was down-stairs and would baptise it, I inquired why he wanted it done, and he said carelessly it was as well, when infants were delicate. I thought nothing of the answer then, but he has told me since."

"What did you name it?"

"Laura. Mr. Carlton wished it, and I like the name very well. What is Jane sitting in that strange manner for? Like a statue!"

For Jane Chesney on entering had sunk down quietly on the chair nearest the door; disappointment was pressing heavily upon her heart. Laura turned to her in her wonder, and Jane rose and came forward.

"I have had so fruitless a journey," she said. "Mrs. West, the lady I went to call on, was at Ramsgate, but I saw her husband. They have heard nothing whatever of Clarice. I am sure she will never be found now."

"I should turn the world topsy-turvy but what I'd find her," cried impetuous Laura. "She *can't* be lost, you know! Such a thing could not happen in these days."

Jane shook her head in silence. All the likely places she and her father could think of had been turned "topsy-turvy" in one sense, but they had not found Clarice.

"I am sure it was quite a weight upon papa's mind at the last," murmured Jane. "Did he talk much of her?" she continued, lifting her eyes to Lady Oakburn.

The countess replied almost eagerly. That some mystery was attaching to one of the earl's daughters she knew, for in the time of her residence in the house as governess, chance words relating to the Lady Clarice had been dropped in her hearing. But she had heard nothing further. After her marriage she inquired about her of the earl, but he had passed the question over lightly, as if not caring to speak of the subject. This she now told Jane.

"But—do you mean to say, Lady Oakburn, that papa did not acquaint you with the particulars?" asked Jane in some surprise.

"He never did. I am sure he did not like to speak of the subject."

"I wonder that he did not," said Jane.

"I don't wonder at it at all," dissented Laura. "I don't like to speak of it. Would you believe, Lady Oakburn, that I have never once spoken of it to my husband? He has not the least idea that we ever had another sister."

"But why do you not speak of it to him?" returned Lady Oakburn.

"I don't know," mused Laura. "I cannot bear to speak of Clarice to any one. It does not sound nice to confess to a sister who went out as a governess in disobedience, and does not come home again. I say I can't explain the feeling, but there it is within me, very strong. I daresay papa felt the same; we were much alike, he and I. It will be time enough to tell my husband about Clarice when she is found."

"Did she go in disobedience?" asked Lady Oakburn.

"Yes," said Laura. "It was very wilful of her. I don't mind talking of it to you,

Lady Oakburn, as you know something of it, and we are upon the subject. For a long, long while papa would not so much as allow her name to be mentioned in the house. By the way, Jane," she continued, "do you know, a thought has struck me more than once—you remember that scrap of a letter that I brought to you when you first came back to South Wennock?"

"Do I remember it!" repeated Jane. "I am looking at it often. It puzzles me more than I care to say."

"Well, what has struck me is, that perhaps—it is just possible—papa in his anger opened that letter, although it was addressed to you, and tore it up as soon as opened."

"No," said Jane. "So unable was I to find any solution of the matter, that I, like you, fancied it possible papa had opened it, and I wrote to him from South Wennock and put the question."

"And he said he had not?"

"He wrote to me by return of post. He had never seen or heard of any such letter."

"Then I think I remember the circumstance—that is, your letter coming to him," interposed the countess, looking at Jane. "He was reading a letter from you one morning at breakfast, when he grew a little excited, a little angry, and called out he should like to know what Jane could mean. Lucy asked what it was, and he answered that Jane had been writing to know if he had opened one of Clarice's letters: as if he *would* have opened anything from her at that time, he added: he would not have touched one with the end of his stick. I recollect the words quite well," continued Lady Oakburn. "And I know I longed to inquire what the trouble was, regarding Lady Clarice, but I did not like to."

Jane sighed. "I feel—I begin to feel that we shall never find Clarice."

"Then that's nonsense," returned Laura. "She is sure to be found, dead or alive."

"Dead or alive," repeated Jane, in a low tone. "Yes—perhaps she will. But it will not be alive."

Laura liked the sunny points of life better than the shady ones, and rarely took a dark view of anything. These unpleasant forebodings sounded as "nonsense" in her ears. Jane turned to Lady Oakburn and related to her the whole history of Clarice from beginning to end. It impressed Lady Oakburn very greatly; she thought she had never heard of anything so singular as this prolonged disappearance.

In telling the story, Jane made a passing allusion to the dream relating to Clarice, which had so disturbed her. Laura, who was put-

ting the sleeping baby then into his little cot, interrupted with a ridiculing word.

"Dreams, indeed! One would suppose you were some old nurse, Jane! How you can dwell upon that absurdity still, and repeat it, I cannot understand. Lady Oakburn is staring at you—and well she may!"

"At any rate we have never heard of Clarice since that dream," was Jane's answer, and her low earnest voice told how much the subject affected her. "When Clarice shall be restored to us, safe and well, *then* I will forget my dream."

Laura threw up her supercilious head, and turned her back on Jane. "I must put my things on," she remarked to the countess; "your servants and horses will think I am not coming. I sent orders down to them to wait when they brought back Jane."

Jane had seen the look of surprise on Lady Oakburn's face, and spoke after a pause. "I ought to tell you, Lady Oakburn, as a sort of answer to Laura's ridicule, that in the course of my past life three or four most singular dreams have visited me. They have borne a strange coincidence—to say the least of it—with speedily following events. I am not by nature superstitious; I believe that I was born the reverse of it; but it is impossible but these dreams should have fixed themselves on my mind, as something neither to be accounted for nor understood."

"And you had one of these singular dreams relating to Lady Clarice?"

"I had. She was not Lady Clarice then. It was a very dreadful dream, and it appeared to shadow forth her death. Hour by hour, day by day, the dream, taken in conjunction with Clarice's prolonged disappearance, becomes more vivid to my memory. I *cannot* forget it."

"What was it?" asked Lady Oakburn.

"I would prefer not to tell it you," replied Jane. "Sometimes I think that if I related it to Laura she would ridicule it less."

"You have not related it to her?"

"No. To her, of all others, my tongue is tied."

"But why to her in particular, Lady Jane?"

"Well, the cause is—but it sounds foolish even in my own ears when spoken of, so what must it to a listener? The fact is—and a very curious fact it is, one which I cannot understand—that in this dream Mr. Carlton, Laura's present husband, was most unpleasantly prominent. The details I say I cannot give you, but I dreamt Clarice was dead—I dreamt that she appeared to me dead, and that she indicated Mr. Carlton as being the cause of her death or in some manner aiding in it."

The countess's mind was entirely free from superstition, and in a silent, inwardly polite manner she had been wondering at Lady Jane. But the awe on the latter's countenance, the hushed voice, the *solemnity* in Jane's words, served to impart its own impression to her, and she felt inclined to have a fit of the shivers.

"He was not Laura's husband then, but I was in the habit of seeing him daily, for he was my father's medical attendant; and I argue with myself that that fact, the seeing him so frequently, caused him to be mixed up in the dream. I argue that it must have been a purely accidental coincidence; but in spite of this, in spite of myself, my reason, my judgment, I cannot get that sight of Mr. Carlton, as I saw him in the dream, from my mind; and ever since that moment I have felt a sort of horror of Mr. Carlton. I cannot expect you, Lady Oakburn, to excuse this, or to understand it; I feel myself that it is very wrong."

"But did Mr. Carlton know your sister Clarice?" demanded the countess, growing strangely interested.

"Certainly not. And therefore my reason and good sense stand in condemnation against me, while the feeling, the horror, remains. I did once mention this to Laura—that Mr. Carlton was mixed up most unpleasantly in the dream, and that I could not help regarding him with a sort of shrinking dread, but I fancy she has forgotten it. It was before her marriage. At any rate, what with this, and what with Laura's general ridicule of such things, I never care to allude to the dream in her presence. I never should allude to it but as an explanation of the cause why I grew uneasy and wrote to Clarice those letters, which have never been answered."

"Won't you relate me the dream?" asked the countess, in her interest. "I confess I am no believer in the theory some entertain, that dreams are sent as warnings; I fear I ridicule them as heartily as Lady Laura; but I should like to hear this one."

Jane shook her head. "I have never told it to any one. Pardon me, Lady Oakburn, if I still decline to repeat it to you. Independent of my own unconquerable repugnance, I do not think it would be fair to Mr. Carlton."

Lady Oakburn could not forbear a smile, and Jane saw it.

"Yes," she said in answer, "I know how foolish all this must seem to you. It is foolish; and I should be thankful if I could overget the prejudice it has given me against Mr. Carlton. That prejudice is the most foolish of all. I feel how unjustifiable it is, and yet——"

Another dreamer interrupted them: the

infant peer in his cradle. He raised his voice with all the power of his little lungs, and Jane hastened to take him up and carry him to the countess.

Laura meanwhile, in Lady Oakburn's carriage, was being rattled over the stones of London. The carriage took its way to the East-end, to a populous but certainly not fashionable locality. She was about to pay an impromptu visit to her husband's father, Mr. Carlton.

In a crowded and remote thoroughfare, where riches and poverty, bustle and idleness, industry and guilt seemed to mingle incongruously together, was situated the residence of Mr. Carlton. The carriage drew up before a square red brick house; not large, but sufficiently commodious. It stood a little back from the street, and a paved court led to the entrance. On the door was a brass plate, "Mr. Carlton, Surgeon;" and over the door was a large lamp of flaring yellow and red glass.

Laura stepped out of the carriage, and a man servant opened the door almost the instant that she had rung at it.

"Can I see Mr. Carlton?"

"Not now, ma'am. It is not my master's hour for receiving patients. In a minute he will have left on his round of visits."

The servant by a slight gesture indicated a plain-looking brougham in waiting. Laura had not noticed it. The refusal did not please her, and she put on her most imperious manner.

"Your master is at home?"

"He is at home, ma'am, but I cannot admit you. It is the hour for his carriage, and—and there he is going to it," added the servant, a sort of relief in his tone, for he did not like controversy.

Laura turned quickly; a thin man of sixty had come out of a side door and was crossing the paved court. She stepped up and confronted him.

"Mr. Carlton, I presume?"

She need not have asked. In the slender, spare, gentlemanlike form, in the well shaped features, in the impassive expression of face, she saw her husband over again; her husband as he would be when thirty more years should have passed over his head—if they were destined to pass. In the elder man's sharp tone, his decisive gesture as he turned and answered to the call, she recognised the very manner of him, so familiar to her. The tone and manner were not discourteous certainly, but short and very uncompromising.

"I am Mr. Carlton. What is your business?"

"I have come to see you, sir. I have come all the way from the West-end to see you."

Mr. Carlton glanced at the carriage. He saw the earl's coronet on it; he saw the servants in their handsome livery—for the mourning was not assumed yet for the earl. But Mr. Carlton did not entertain any overdue reverence for earls on the whole, and carriages and servants he only regarded as necessary appendages to comfort to those who could afford them.

"Then I am very sorry you should have come at this hour, young lady, that's all," he said. "I cannot see patients at home after the clock strikes three: and it struck two minutes ago; you might have heard it from yonder church. Were I to break the rule once, I might be wanted to break it always. If you will come to-morrow at——"

"I am not a patient," interrupted Laura.

"Not a patient? What are you, then?"

"I am your son's wife, sir: Lady Laura Carlton."

Mr. Carlton betrayed no surprise. He looked at her for a minute or two, his impassive face never changing. Then he held out his arm with civility, and led her to the house. The entrance at the forbidden hour which he would have denied to a patient, however valuable, he accorded to his daughter-in-law.

He handed her into a room on the ground floor, a dining-room evidently; a dark sombre apartment, with heavy crimson velvet curtains, and handsome furniture as sombre as the room. The man-servant was removing the remains of some meal from the table, luncheon or dinner; but his master stopped him with a motion of the hand.

"Lay it again, Gervase."

"Not for me," interposed Laura, as she sat down in an arm-chair. "I would prefer not to take anything," she added, to Mr. Carlton.

Gervase went away with his tray. And Mr. Carlton turned to her. "And so you are the young lady my son has married! I wish you health and happiness!"

"You are very kind," said Laura, beginning to take a dislike to Mr. Carlton. She knew how useful some of his hoarded gains would be to them; she hated him for his stinginess in not having helped his son; and she had come down in an impulse that morning to pay him court and make friends with him. But there was something in his calm eye and calm bearing that told her her object would be lost, if that object was the getting him to aid their pockets; and Laura intrenched herself within her own pride, and set herself to dislike him—as she always did dislike anybody who thwarted her.

"I am in London for a few days, Mr. Carlton, and I thought I would come and

make your acquaintance before I left it. I did not know it would be disagreeable to you."

"It is not disagreeable to me. I am pleased to see you here. Is Lewis in town with you?"

"As if he would not have come to you if he had been!" retorted Laura. "I was summoned to town on grievous business," she continued, her eye and voice alike softening. "My father was dying. I did not get up in time to see him alive."

"Your father? I beg your pardon, I forget who——"

"The Earl of Oakburn," imperiously answered Laura, feeling excessively offended, and scarcely believing in the forgetfulness.

"The Earl of Oakburn: true. When I read of his death I felt sure that I ought to remember that name by some particular cause, but I forgot that he was the father of my son's wife. You look angry, my dear; but if you had the work on your hands that I have, you would not wonder at my forgetting things. I and Lewis had but scant correspondence on the subject of his marriage, and I am not sure that your father's name was mentioned in it more than once. Your own name is Laura."

"I am Lady Laura," was the answer, given with a flash of impetuosity.

"And a very pretty name it is! Laura! I had a little sister of that name once, who died. Dear me, it seems ages and ages ago to look back upon! And how is Lewis getting on in South Wenlock? He ought to be a skilful practitioner by this time; he has the metal in him if he chooses to put it out."

"He gets on as well as a doctor can do who has his way to make unassisted," returned Laura. "Nobody helps him. He ought to keep a close carriage, but he can't afford it."

If he had afforded it, his wife would have appropriated it to her own use. Driving down in that coroneted carriage with all the signs of rank and wealth about it, was just the pastime acceptable to Laura in her vanity.

"Ah, Lewis must be content to wait for that," remarked Mr. Carlton. "I did not keep a close carriage until I had been more years in practice than Lewis has. Tell him from me, my dear, that those who know how to win, generally know how to wait."

"I'll not tell him," said Laura, boldly. "I think, sir, you ought to help him."

"Do you, young lady? What does he get by his practice? Six or seven hundred a year?"

"Well, yes; I think he gets that."

"It's more than I got at his age. And I would recommend him to make it suffice."

The peculiar emphasis which accompanied the words, told a tale to Laura: that no help

must be expected from Mr. Carlton. Laura threw back her head disdainfully. Only asking it for the sake of him whom she so loved, really careless of money herself, she felt anger rather than disappointment. She rose to leave with a haughty gesture.

"Your husband knows my disposition, Lady Laura: that I never can be badgered into anything—and you must pardon the word. Tell him I have not altered my will; I shall not alter it if he keeps in my good books; but he must look to his own exertions while I live, not to me."

"I think you are a very unkind father, Mr. Carlton."

"My dear, you can think so if you please," was the equable answer, given in all courtesy. "You don't know your husband's disposition yet. Shall I tell you what he is? He makes, you say, six or seven hundred a year. If I allowed him from to-day six or seven hundred on to it, making twelve or fourteen, by the year's end he would find that too little, and ask for fourteen hundred more. Lewis is one, safe to spend all his income, no matter from what sources it may be derived; and I don't care to have my hard-earned money wasted in my lifetime."

Laura drew her black lace shawl round her with supercilious meaning, and swept from the room, deaf to offers of wine and other good things. Mr. Carlton followed and held out his arm. Had it been anyone but her husband's father she would have refused it.

"Where are you staying?" he asked.

"In the house with my dead father," passionately answered Laura. "I should not have quitted it on any errand but this."

"I have been glad to see you, my dear. I shall always be glad to see you and Lewis. Come and stay with me, both of you, for a week at any time. Should business or pleasure bring you to London, Lady Laura, and you can reconcile yourself to this end of the town, make my house your home. You shall be heartily welcome."

He led her out with quite an excess of stately courtesy, bowed her into the waiting carriage, lifted his hat, and stood bareheaded until she had driven away.

"He is a gentleman in manners, with all his meanness," quoth Laura to herself. "Somehow I had feared he might not be. And I can understand now why he and Lewis have been so antagonistic—they are too much like each other."

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE FACE AGAIN!

IT was the day of the funeral of the Earl of Oakburn. In her dressing-room sat his

widow, wearing her deep mourning robes and her white cap, the insignia of her bereft condition. Near to her, in robes of mourning as deep, sat the earl's daughters, Jane, Laura, and Lucy. Lucy the child cried incessantly; Laura ever and anon gave vent to a frantic burst; Jane was tranquil. Tranquil outwardly; and none, save perhaps the countess, suspected the real inward suffering. What with the loss of him, gone from their sight in this world for ever, and the loss of one they knew not how gone, Jane Chesney's grief was too bitterly acute for outward signs; it lay deeper than the surface.

The Earl of Oakburn and the dowager countess were left in graves side by side each other in the large cemetery; and the solicitor to the Oakburn family was coming in with the wills. A copy of that made by the countess was to be read, because it was known that legacies were left to some of those ladies sitting there. The lawyer, Mr. Mole, was a thin man with a white shirt-frill, who surreptitiously took snuff every three minutes from under his handkerchief.

He solaced himself with a good pinch outside the dressing-room door and went in bowing, two parchments in his hand. Lady Oakburn was not strong enough to get to the apartments below, and the lawyer was received here, as had been arranged. The will of the earl was the one he retained in his hand to read first. He took his seat and opened it.

Lord Oakburn had it not in his power to bequeath much. The estate was charged with the payment of five hundred a year to his eldest daughter, Jane Chesney, for her life; to his second daughter, Laura Carlton, he left his *forgiveness*; and to his third and fourth daughters, Clarice Beauchamp, and Lucy Eleanor, the sum of three thousand pounds each. Lucy was left under the personal guardianship of his wife Eliza, Countess of Oakburn, who was charged with her education and maintenance; Clarice, when she was found, was to have her home with the countess, if she pleased, and if she did not so please, he prayed his daughter Jane to afford her one. Should it be ascertained that any untoward fate had overtaken Clarice (so ran the words of the will), that she should no longer be living, then the three thousand pounds were to revert to Jane absolutely. A sum of three hundred pounds was to be equally divided at once between his four daughters, "to provide them with decent mourning," Clarice's share to be handed over to Jane, that it might be set aside for her.

Such were the terms of the will, as related

to the earl's daughters; the part of it regarding his wife and son (the latter of whom was not born when it was made, though it provided for the contingency) need not be touched upon, for it does not concern us.

When the will was read, Mr. Mole laid it down, took up the copy of that of the dowager countess, and began to read it with scarcely a breath of interval. The old lady, who had plenty of money in her own right, had bequeathed five thousand pounds each to her grandnieces Jane and Lucy Eleanor Chesney. Jane's five thousand was to be paid over to her within twelve months, Lucy's was to be left to accumulate until she should be of age, both principal and interest. Neither Laura nor Clarice was mentioned in her will. Even to the last the old countess could not forgive Clarice for attempting to get her own living; neither had she forgiven Laura's marriage.

To express the sore feeling, the anger, the resentment of Lady Laura at finding herself passed over both by her father and her aunt, would be difficult. She was of a hasty and passionate temper, something like her father, too apt to give way to it upon trifling occasions, but she did not now. There are some injuries, or what we deem such, which tell so keenly upon the feelings that they bury themselves in silence, and rankle there. This was one. Laura Carlton made no remark, no observation; she expressed not a word of disappointment, or said that it was such. One lightning flash of anger, which nobody saw but the solicitor, and outward demonstration was over.

The lawyer took four parcels of bank-notes from his pocket-book, each to the amount of seventy-five pounds. Two of these parcels he handed to Lady Jane, her own and Clarice's; one to the countess as the share of Lucy; the other parcel to Lady Laura.

And Laura took the notes without a word. Her indignant fingers trembled to fling them back in Mr. Mole's face; but she did contrive to restrain herself. "He might have left me better off," she breathed to Jane in the course of the evening; and then she bit her tongue for having said so much.

Jane also had her disappointment; but she had been prepared for it. Not a disappointment as regarded money matters: she was left as well off as she expected to be, and felt grateful to her father for doing so much, and to her aunt for the handsome legacy. Her disappointment related to Lucy. That the child whom she had loved and tended, whom in her heart she believed herself capable of training into the good Christian, the refined

gentlewoman at least as efficiently as the countess, should be left away from her care, entrusted to another, was indeed a bitter trial. Jane, like Laura, spoke not of her mortification; but unlike Laura, she strove to subdue it. "It is but another cross in my tried life," she murmured to herself. "I must take it up meekly and pray for help to bear it."

"You should have her entirely indeed, did the will allow of it," said the countess to Jane, for she divined the disappointment, and the tears in her eyes proved the genuine fervour with which she spoke. "I love her greatly; but I would not have been so selfish as to keep her from you. She shall visit you as often as you like, Lady Jane; she is more yours than mine."

Jane caught at the words. "Let me take her home with me for a little change, then. She feels the loss greatly, and change of scene will be good for her. She can stay a week or two with me until you are strong again."

"Willingly, willingly," was the answer. "Ask for her when you will, at any time, and she shall go to you. Unless—unless——" Lady Oakburn suddenly stopped.

"Unless what?" asked Jane.

"Oh, I feel that I scarcely dare to mention it," returned the countess. "I spoke in impulse. Pray pardon me, Lady Jane! My thought was—unless you would come back again and make this your home."

Jane shook her head. "No," she said, "I think I must have a home of my own. I have got used to it, you see. But I will come to you sometimes and be your guest."

So Lucy went with Jane to South Wrenock. They journeyed down on the second day after the funeral. Laura was silent on the way, somewhat resentful, as she brooded bitterly over the ill news she had to carry to her husband. Once she turned round in the carriage and spoke to Jane quite sharply.

"Why did you never tell me you had asked papa about that torn note of Clarice's? nobody seems to care for me, I think."

Jane Chesney sighed wearily. "I don't know why I did not. Somehow I do not like to talk of Clarice; and it only left the mystery where it was."

They reached Great Wrenock in safety. Laura had not apprised her husband of her coming, and there was no carriage in waiting; the disappointment to be inflicted on him had deterred her. The omnibus and one fly stood at the station. Judith was hastening to secure the latter, but was too late. A handsome stripling leaped into it before her. It was Frederick Grey.

"Oh, Master Grey!" she said in an accent of dismay. He looked tall enough now for Mr. Grey; but Judith adhered to the familiar salutation. "You'll give up the fly, won't you, sir!"

"I daresay, Judith!" returned the young gentleman, with a laugh. "There's the omnibus for you."

"It's not for me, Master Frederick. The ladies are here."

He glanced across, caught sight of them, and was out of the fly in an instant, lugging with him a big box which he took to the omnibus, and offered the fly to Lady Jane. He stood with his hat in his hand, a frank smile on his pleasant countenance as he pressed them to take it.

"But it is not right to deprive you of it," said Jane. "You had it first."

"What, and leave you the omnibus, Lady Jane! What would you think of me? The jolting won't hurt me; it's rather fun than otherwise. I should walk, if it were not for the rain."

"Have you come from London?"

"Oh no. Only from Lichford."

He helped to place them in the fly, and they were obliged to make room for Judith, for it was raining fast, and Jane would not let her go outside. Lucy gazed at him as he stood there raising his hat when they drove away.

"What a nice face he has!" she exclaimed.

"I like him so much, Jane!"

"I declare I forgot to tell him that we saw his father," said Jane. "I must send for him to call."

Mr. Carlton's was first reached. Lady Laura got out, and the fly drove on with the rest towards Cedar Lodge. Mr. Carlton was at home, and he welcomed her with many kisses. It was late, and the tea was on the table; the room, bright with fire, looked cheering after her journey. Mr. Carlton loved her still, and the absence had been felt by him.

"Between Pembury and London you have been away thirteen days, Laura! And I, longing for you all the while, thinking they would never pass!"

"There is no place like home, after all," said Laura. "And oh, Lewis, there's nobody like you! We stayed over the funeral, you know, and—to—to hear the will read."

"And how are things left?" asked Mr. Carlton. "I suppose you are so rich now, we poor commoners must scarcely dare to touch you with a long pole."

Laura had been sitting before the fire, her feet on the fender, Mr. Carlton leaning caressingly over her. She suddenly sprang

up and turned her back upon him, apparently busying herself with some trifles that lay on a side table; she had an inward conviction that her news would not be palatable.

"Laura, I say, I suppose you inherit ten or twenty thousand pounds? The countess dowager was good to you for ten, I should think."

"I was deliberating how I should soften things to you, and I can't do it. I'll tell you the worst at once," she cried, flashing round and meeting him face to face. "I am disinherited, Lewis."

He made no reply: he only looked at her with eager, questioning eyes.

"Papa has not left me a shilling—save a trifle for mourning; it stated in the will that he bequeathed me his *forgiveness*. My aunt has given ten thousand pounds between Jane and Lucy; nothing to me."

A bitter word all but escaped the lips of Mr. Carlton; he managed to suppress it before it was spoken.

"Left you nothing?" he repeated. "Neither of them?"

"Seventy-five pounds for mourning—and the 'forgiveness!' Oh, Lewis, it is shameful; it is an awful disappointment; a disgraceful injustice; and I feel it more for you than for myself."

"And Jane?" he asked, after a pause.

"Jane has five hundred a year for life, and five thousand pounds absolutely. And other moneys contingent upon deaths. What shall we do, Lewis?"

"Make the best of it," replied Mr. Carlton. "There is an old saying, Laura, 'What can't be cured must be endured;' you and I must exemplify it."

She snatched up her bonnet and quitted the room hastily, as if to avoid saying more, leaving Mr. Carlton alone. A change came over his features then, and a livid look, whether called up by anger, or by memory, or by physical pain, appeared on them. The fire played on his face, rendering it quite clear, although there was no other light in the room. This apartment, if you remember, had two large windows; one looking to the front, one to the side, near the surgery entrance. The front window had been closed for the night; the other had not; possibly Mr. Carlton had a mind to see what patients came at that dusk hour. He stood in one position, opposite this window, buried in thoughts called up by the communication of his wife. His eyes were bent on the ground, his hands fell listlessly on either side of him; he had trusted to this inheritance of Laura's to clear them from their imprudently contracted debts. Mr. Carlton

so stood for some minutes, and then he lifted his eyes.

Lifted his eyes to rest upon—what? Peering into the fire-lighted room, its nose pressed flat against a pane of the window, was that never-forgotten face. The awful face, whether human or hobgoblin, which had so scared him the night of Mrs. Crane's death, and again the second night in Captain Chesney's garden.

It scared him still. And Mr. Carlton staggered against the wall, as if he would be out of its sight, his suppressed cry of terror resounding through the room.

(To be continued.)

THE SILVER ARROW :

ANOTHER CHAPTER IN ARCHERY.

IN our last number we treated at some length of archery as practised in England in the merry olden time, and in our own more practical, if less picturesque, days. But we desire to supply a missing chapter, which will supplement what we then said with some interesting matter of an antiquarian character, connected with one of our great public schools.

The "muscular Christian," it would seem, is an animal which, as it has its peculiar habitat in our public schools, so also dates from an era long prior to Messrs. Kingsley and Maurice and Tom Hughes. Such at least would appear to be the case from reading the life of one John Lyon, an honest yeoman, who lived at Harrow-on-the-Hill, in the days of "Good Queen Bess." This worthy person founded Harrow School: after settling in his "Orders and Statutes for the Government of the School," what books are to be used, what hours devoted to work and what to play, and what holidays allowed, he expressly declares his wish that the boys' amusements shall be, "driving a top, tossing a handball, and running and shooting." The latter accomplishment seems to have held in good Master Lyon's estimate the same place which, if we believe Herodotus, it held among the Persians of old, who taught their children three things and three only, viz.—"to ride on horseback, to speak the truth, and to shoot with the bow." (Clio., ch. 136.) It is certain that he considered archery a most necessary part of what the old Greek philosophers styled the 'gymnastic' part of education; for he required all parents who sent their sons to his school to supply them, not only with books, with pens and paper, but also with "*bow-strings, shafts, and braces, to exercise shooting.*"*

At Harrow then, at all events, the practice

* You shall find your child sufficient paper, ink, pens, books, candles for winter, and all other things at any time necessary for the maintenance of his study. You shall allow your child at all times (of the year) bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a brace.—"Orders and Statutes of John Lyon."

of Archery was coëval with the school; and here the gentle art would seem to have been kept alive down to a recent date, by the observance of an annual custom, which the parents of some living Harrovians would almost be able to remember. At Eton it is probable that the same muscular accomplishment was once in vogue, if we may judge from the fact that, besides the "Playing Fields," there are also, near the school, what still bear the old name of the "Shooting Fields." Shooters' Hill was probably the place where the youth of Greenwich went to practise the long-bow; and "The Butts" will be found to be a term applied to spots of land in the neighbourhood of other schools* whose history goes as far back as that of Harrow.

"The Butts" at Harrow was a very beautiful spot, immediately on the left of the London road: it was backed by a lofty and insulated knoll, which was crowned with majestic trees: upon the slope of the eminence were cut rows of grassy seats, gradually descending,—"*worthy of a Roman theatre*," as the great scholar Dr. Parr (warmly attached to this spot by his early associations of birth and education) has observed. This charming spot was, about the year 1810, denuded of its wood, and the knoll itself has at length disappeared, its site being now entirely occupied by private dwelling-houses. We learn from the Harrow "School Lists" that

The public exhibitions of archery were annual, and can be traced back for more than a century. The 4th of August (for which was afterwards substituted the first Thursday in July) was the anniversary; on which day originally *six*, and in later times *twelve* boys contended for a silver arrow. The competitors were attired in fancy dresses of spangled satin—the usual colours being *white* and *green*, sometimes (but rarely) *red*; green silk sashes and silk caps completed their whimsical costume. Whoever shot within the three circles which surrounded the bull's-eye was saluted with a concert of French horns; and he who first shot *twelve* times nearest to the mark was proclaimed victor, and, as such, marched back in triumph from "The Butts" to the town, at the head of a procession of boys, carrying in his hand and waving the silver arrow. The entertainments of the day were concluded with a ball, given by the winner, *in the school-room*, to which all the neighbouring families were invited.

One of the archery dresses alluded to above is still preserved in the school library. It was worn on the day of shooting, about the year 1766, by one of the competitors, Henry Read, from whom it descended to the Rev. J. Read Munn, rector of a parish in Surrey or Kent, by whom it was presented to the school in 1847.

The last contest was in the month of July, 1771; but by whom the arrow was then gained is at present unknown. In that year,

Dr. Sumner, the head-master, died, and was succeeded by Dr. Heath, who entered upon his duties in the following October. The arrow prepared for the next year's contest (being the last ever made for this purpose, and, as the arrow-shooting was abolished in 1772, never shot for) became the property of the Rev. B. H. Drury, one of the assistant-masters at Harrow, son of the late Rev. Henry Drury (himself for many years an assistant, and for some time before his death under-master), to whom it had descended from his uncle, Dr. Heath. Mr. Drury presented it, a few years since, to the school library, where the treasure is religiously kept, together with the above-mentioned shooting-dress, under a glass case.

The abolition of the practice of arrow-shooting (says the prefatory introduction to the School Lists) will ever be a source of deep regret to all Harrovians. Nevertheless, Dr. Heath, the head-master, who suppressed it, must not, on this account, be too severely blamed. The reasons which induced him to abandon this ancient custom are stated to have been the frequent exemptions from the regular business of the school, which those who practised as competitors for the prize claimed as a *privilege not to be infringed upon*; as well as the band of profligate and disorderly persons which this exhibition brought down to the village, in consequence of its vicinity to the metropolis. These encroachments and annoyances had at length become so injurious to discipline and morals, as, after some vain attempts at the correction of the evil, to call for the total abolition of the usage.

Public speeches were adopted in the place of the archery meetings, as the best means of keeping up an annual celebration of the foundation of the school, and the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales this year, added to the speech-day a more than usual amount of festivity.

Having thus commemorated John Lyon, it may not be amiss to subjoin a few remarks on the old custom of shooting for the silver arrow. In the school there may be now seen a humble representation of "The Butts," on the day of the annual contest. "In that frontispiece" (according to the testimony of the late Rev. H. Drury, in a letter of the 20th July, 1838), "the village barber is seen walking off like one of Homer's heroes, with an arrow in his eye, stooping forward, and evidently in great pain, with his hand applied to the wound. It is perfectly true that this Tom of Coventry was so punished; and I have somewhere a ludicrous account of it in Dr. Parr's all but illegible autograph." This testimony is confirmed by that of the late Lord Arden, an old Harrovian, in a letter of the 17th July, 1838:—"I remember a print representing the circumstance of one of the boys having shot so wide of the mark, that his arrow struck a man or boy in the eye; which, I believe, was the occasion of

* There is an instance in point near the ancient "College School," at Warwick.

the shooting for a silver arrow being discontinued." Whether Lord Arden's conjecture as to the cause of the suppression of the arrow-shooting be correct or not, his lordship's testimony, it has been well observed, is of considerable value, as showing the traditional opinion held in his day about the interpretation of the print. Moreover, a few years ago, a Mrs. Arnold, an octogenarian inhabitant of Harrow, with a clear memory of bygone times, fully believed that the stooping individual in the print represented Goding, the barber, "who," she said, "was shot in the mouth, and lost two or three of his teeth thereby." This is evidently another version of the above story, substituting only the gaping mouth as a various reading for the peeping eye.

We conclude with a brief notice of the "shooting-papers"—one of which may also be seen in the school library, bearing the date 1764. It has been used, as appears from the fact of its having the names of the competing archers inscribed on it, as well as the marks denoting their respective performances, as follows:—

THE ARCHERS, JULY, 1764.

Shots		Shots	
Mr. Earle.....	5	Mr. Mee (the winner).....	10
Hon. Mr. Greville....	2	Mr. Page.....	7
Hon. Mr. R. Greville..	2	Mr. Stubbie.....	2
Hon. Mr. Bouverie....	3	Mr. Allix.....	1
Mr. Davids.....	7	Mr. Littlehales.....	4
Mr. Palmer.....	5		

There is also in the library another similar "shooting-paper," in the same frame with the preceding, at the foot of the above-mentioned print of "The Butts," which bears the following inscription:—

NAMES OF THE ARCHERS FOR 1769.

Mr. Whitmore.	Mr. Leigh.
Mr. Lemon.	Mr. Tunstal.
Mr. Fige.	Mr. Jones.
Mr. Watkins.	Mr. Merry.
Mr. Poyntz.	Mr. Yateman.
Mr. Maclean.	Mr. Franks.

It is remarkable, that in the former of these "shooting-papers," or "archery-bills," the number of competitors is *eleven* only. Probably one name was omitted by the transcriber.

Many names of the successful shooters may be found in the earlier volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine. It may be sufficient to quote the following:—Vol. I.—"Thursday, 5 Aug., 1731. According to an ancient custom, a silver arrow, value 3*l.*, was shot for at 'The Butts,' at Harrow-on-the-Hill, by six youths of that free-school, in archery habits, and won by Master Brown, son of Captain Brown, commander of an East Indian." Vol. XVII., p. 381.—"Thursday, 4 Aug., 1757. The silver arrow shot for by the young

gentlemen of Harrow School, was won by Master Earle." Vol. XXXI., p. 329.—"Thursday, 2 July, 1761. The silver arrow was shot for (as usual) by twelve young gentlemen at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and was won by the Earl of Barrymore." Vol. XXXIV., p. 346.—"Thursday, 5 July, 1764. The silver arrow, annually shot for at Harrow, was won by Master Mee."* (See the foregoing list of shooters.) Vol. XXXV., p. 344.—"Thursday, 4 July, 1765. The silver arrow was shot for by twelve youths of Harrow School, and won by Master Davies. Some Indian warriors, at that time in England, were present to witness the Exhibition." From a private letter.—"Thursday, 3 July, 1766. The silver arrow was shot for as usual, and won by Master Charles Wager Allix."

This last-mentioned silver arrow has been kept for nearly a century as an heirloom in the family of the Allixes, of Willoughby Hall, Lincolnshire. In a letter addressed by one of the family to the late Dr. Butler, the precious relic is described as being "nearly the size and shape of a real arrow." The Preface to the "School Lists" already quoted, says—

It bears this inscription—(for which, it may be charitably presumed, the learned head-master did not hold himself responsible):—

PRETIUM VICTORIE A CAROLO WAGER ALLIX POTITUM,
TERTIA MENSIS JULII, 1766.

Several of the old people (Mother Bernard, Dick Martin, &c.) told me they remembered well my father's winning it, and that it was very warmly contested, one of the shooters being peculiarly desirous to gain it, inasmuch as three of his brothers in succession had previously been the victors. On this occasion, therefore, the boy's father and family were present; and most intense was their anxiety for his success. 'For,' as Mother B. expressed it, 'the father had stuck up the *three* arrows already in the *three* corners of his drawing-room, and so especially wanted the *fourth* to fill up the other corner.' I have now the bow with which it was won; and my father has told me, that only a week before the day of shooting, he discovered that by some one it had been maliciously broken. This discovery plunged him into the deepest despair; however, he sent the bow immediately to London for the chance of its being repaired. It *was* repaired—but considerably shortened. Still, to his inconceivable delight, he found, upon trying it, that he could shoot with it even better than ever; and he won the prize.

With reference to the shooting in 1769, the following interesting anecdote was communicated to the late Dean of Peterborough upon the authority of the late Hon. Archibald Macdonald. On the day of the competition, two boys, Merry and Love, were equal or nearly so, and both of them decidedly superior to the rest: when Love, having shot his last arrow into the bull's-eye, was greeted by his school-fellows

* It would be interesting to know if this Master Mee was the grandfather of Lord Palmerston, who, as all the world knows, is an Harrovian, and whose mother, according to the "Peerages," was the daughter of one Benjamin Mee, Esq.

with a shout,—"Omnia Vincit Amor." "Not so," said Merry, in an under voice, "Nos non cedemus Amori;" and, carefully adjusting his shaft, shot it into the bull's-eye, a full inch nearer to the centre than his exulting competitor. So he gained the day. As the name of "Love" does not occur in the list of shooters for that year, it is clear that it must have been a nickname by which one of them was familiarly known, or else it would imply that the story itself is apocryphal. E. W.

HEATHER-BELLS.

Few flowers are so lovely as those contained in the *Ericaceæ*, or heath family. Their head-quarters are at the Cape. They stretch up the western side of Africa to Europe, and are but thinly represented in Asia and America. The *Epacridaceæ* and *Eucalypti* answer to them in Australia. They clothe the landes of Western France, pass on to Iceland, and form a main part of the flora of Lapland. The common ling reaches far into North Russia. North America possesses no species of the *Erica* proper, though many of the allied forms flourish in it. As for their antiquity, members of the family have been found embalmed in the Pliocene flora. Cool, damp countries are the favourite localities of the family: extremes of heat or cold are alike disagreeable to them. The solitary moor, the wind-swept plateau, the hill-sides falling into the sea, such are the situations where they grow to perfection.

The *arbutus*, *rhododendrons*, *azaleas*, and *kalenias*, which lend such grace to our shrubberies, are the larger plants of the family. Many of these, such as the *kalenias* and *rhododendrons*, are astringents and dangerous narcotics. The honey which poisoned the Greeks during the retreat of the Ten Thousand, is said to have been collected by the bees from some plants of this order, though the honey we now obtain from bees that have frequented the heaths is deemed delicious from its peculiar flavour. At the nurseries for "American plants," as they are called, numerous exotic varieties of the heaths proper may be seen. Their rearing is one of the most difficult branches of horticulture: peculiar soil, constant care, and daily watchfulness over air moisture, heat, &c., are required; and much study and patience has to be expended in bringing them to perfection; consequently, certain well-known nurseries have a specialty for them. Any one, however, who has visited a collection of *rhododendrons*, from one of these establishments, in full bloom (as may yearly be seen in London), with their clean wooded

stems and gorgeous pink blossoms, shading into every variety of crimson and purple, strongly relieved against the graceful luxurious foliage, will agree that the trouble necessary to rear them is well laid out. In some parts of our own island the more hardy kinds of *rhododendron* grow freely in the open air when soil and climate suit them, and give us then a faint image of the beauty they must display in the jungles of Ceylon, or on the Himalayas.

The *arbutus* is naturalized with us in the dripping glens of Killarney; but its proper habitat is in Southern Europe and the Caucasus, as will be explained shortly. It is in no sense truly indigenous to the British flora. Barring the heaths proper, the other members of the family in Great Britain and Ireland may be roughly considered under two groups. The first, comprehending the whortleberries, cowberries, and Arctic bearberries, are common enough on their respective moors, and furnish abundance of fruit to the rustic gatherers; the second class is seldom discovered, except by the professed botanist, who knows exactly where to look for them, and does not mind facing much fatigue and some little peril. Such are the *andromeda* (so called from its preference of lonely spots, like the rock to which the hapless daughter of Cepheus was chained), the *loiseleuria* (our solitary English azalea), and the two lonely but very rare varieties of *menziesia*.

The heaths proper may at once be distinguished from all the other branches of the family by their marcescent corollæ, as botanists say; that is, by their flowers continuing on the stem even when dead. They are represented in the United Kingdom by four common and well-marked species, as well as by several rarer varieties. We will look a little at the biography of each; and so, when next we see them brightening the lone moor, or cheering the rocky terrace, with their trustful clusters, we shall be able to renew our acquaintance with some knowledge of their antecedents.

If we had the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, and could at once transport ourselves to the long moorland stretches the home of the heaths—say, for instance, to those of the west skirting Dartmoor—we should see, supposing the season to be autumn, much brilliant colouring close at hand, fading into purple tracts of distant hill-country, which again would melt into soft transparent blue. By our side would be a few scattered clumps of furze clad in the brightest yellow, and bristling with thorns like an army in array. Nature has thrown out these detached companies, as it were, from the main body massed together on yonder hill-side, and depend upon it she has a purpose for it.

Ah! some primæval convulsion has disrupted the mountain limestone here, and piled up its shapeless blocks in admired confusion. These are carefully guarded by the furze bushes, partly in order to hide such barren ruins, and partly to prevent your stumbling unawares over them. The mounds which close in upon these furze clumps will be sure to be covered with shrubby, bushy heather, rather awkward-looking and flustered, like skirmishers cut off from the main body, but still proudly flaunting their purple standards in the sunshine. This is the most universally distributed, and we may add the most useful, of our heaths, viz., the *ling*. Wherever there is moorland will it be found; sometimes in very hot or wet weather with flowers blanching before its troubles, but welcomed by every one, especially by the gipsy. It bears domestication well in suitable soil, and makes excellent border-edgings, being as patient under pruning as the box or yew, and extends from the Arctic circle to the Azores, from the Atlantic to the Ural Mountains, but is not found in Great Britain higher than 3000 feet above the sea level.

Next the coignes of vantage it occupies on our moors, may be observed a very similar variety, which, in such a scene as we have fancied, will extend in sheets over the undulating ground in front. This is the Scotch or fine-leaved heather, with reddish-purple flowers, more showy than those of the humbler *ling*, and with abundance of clustered pointed leaves. It forms the chief covering of the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Devon moors, furnishing much honey to the bees, and much nutriment to the grouse which frequent them.

Retracing our steps through its thick clusters, beneath which peep out white thread-like heath moss, and curious cup lichens tipped with the brightest vermillion, giving a tessellated appearance to the black soil of such tracts, we will push through the furze bushes, and are certain to find a bog behind them. Here it is, with its royal ferns fluttering their fronds, now crimsoned with autumn, to the breeze; and here too is the stag's-horn moss, and what were lately the golden spikes of the bog-asphodel: but what is this erect stem, some four or five inches high, whose delicate pale-green leaves are crowned by hanging clusters of exquisitely-tender rose-flushed flowers? This is the loveliest of our heaths, the *Erica tetralix*, or crossed-leaved heath. It is not so abundant as the preceding varieties, and generally grows near watery spots, where its leaves, frosted with dew-drops that lend fresh grace to their beauty, may often be observed retaining them till the middle of the day. It does not extend more than 2000

feet above our sea level, and is frequently found with pure white flowers, and of all the intermediate shades up to deep rose colour. No one who has once seen it can ever confound it with its relatives; as well might one compare a "bride's quadrille" with a few Newhaven fishwives. It is found in Shetland and Iceland, though not in the Feroes.

The next species of our heaths must be sought in Cornwall, hence termed *Cornish heath*. It has bell-shaped flowers, strongly marking it off from the ovate corollas of the others, and is eminently a Western type. Never deserting the sea-coast for any distance, it is especially abundant on the serpentine of the Lizard.

We may complete the enumeration of our native heaths by noticing three more uncommon varieties of western origin. First comes the *ciliated heath*, with larger flowers than the previous ones, and fringed leaves, found, like the last, in Cornwall and Ireland. The other two, *Mackay's heath* and the *Mediterranean heath*, are only to be discovered in the southwestern districts of Ireland, though common on the western shores of the Continent. Like many other plants, they are at present the objects of fierce contention to botanists, some denouncing them as mere varieties, "sports," so to speak, of the other species, while others claim them as distinct plants. We will leave science to growl over this bone, and conclude our survey by indicating a still more important question connected with these varieties, not only to the botanist but also to the geologist, one which has reference to the highest physical problems, and has therefore enlisted a corresponding amount of celebrated men in elaborating it.

We allude to what is called the distribution of plants upon the earth. There are two main opinions held upon it; Professor Forbes advocates one centre of creation, Schouw contends for several. These speculations are somewhat analogous to theories respecting the origin of language, and will be here sufficiently considered by giving one or two particular examples bearing upon our subject.

How, for instance, can we account for the heathers—the *arbutus*, and we may add the saxifrages—of south-western Ireland being identical with those contained in the flora of Asturias on the distant coast of Spain? Forbes sagaciously pointed out that in far distant times, before land and sea had settled down into their present places, Spain was most probably joined to Ireland, and perhaps even to Cornwall. A mighty geological change supervened, and they were parted by the unsociable ocean. At present the soundings between them are less than 1000 fathoms. The Sar-

gasso Sea, with its floating masses of weed, between the Azores and Africa, has been considered by some as a memento of a similar occurrence there; though others regard it as simply the backwater, so to speak, of the Gulf Stream, which whirls round in its eddies all the drift of the Atlantic. Supposing such a severance between Ireland and Spain, such plants as were not immediately destroyed by the modification of climate, would remain identical in both. It is difficult otherwise to account for the many plants of the Iberian type to be found in the west of the United Kingdom; and especially for the rarer continental heaths that were mentioned above.

It must not be concealed, however, as we look at the Cornish heaths, that change of climate, apart from any cataclysmal disturbance of sea and dry land, might effect many changes in our British heaths, and indeed in our whole flora. Some have speculated on the change that would thus ensue were the Gulf Stream to alter its direction and come closer to our shores, or even enter the English Channel. The temperature of the air would at once rise many degrees, to a sub-tropical climate. Palms and tree ferns would be wafted to us from

the New World by some of Nature's marvellous agencies. Humming-birds and the myriad-winged life of the tropics would flutter through our woods. On some nights of the year phosphorescence may be observed on the waves round our shores, then fire-flies would nightly glitter in our skies. A wonderful stimulus would be given to the families of heaths and ferns. They would spread from the western "combes" through the length and breadth of the kingdom, and philosophers might settle at ease the many moot points in their distribution over which at present they wrangle.

Thus it is evident, even from looking at a single sprig of heather, that the natural sciences cannot be anatomized one by one, cut up and ticketed separately. They depend one upon the other, and only in thought endure dismemberment. He who would raise the Great Instauration Lord Bacon left unfinished, must link together botany and geology, zoology and study of climates. He must humbly, yet searchingly, cast his glance over all the realms of Nature's kingdom; and so only may he hope to find what Archimedes longed for, and modern inductive science dreams of,—the point whence after-hands may move the world. M. G. W.

EVENING.



Upon the ocean's pallid strand
I sat and dreamed alone,
While on the waves, like golden sand,

The sun's last beams were strown,
And twilight, in a converse land,
To early day had grown.

Methought I heard an olden tale,
Told in the water's tune,
That breathed of home and that deep
vale

Where, in the month of June,
We sat and talked with faces pale
Beneath the quiet moon.

All day we sat and talked, and kept
The feast of love all day,
Till, with his lamp, the fisher crept
Along the darkling bay,
And she, like April, smiled and wept,
But never said me Nay.

All day, till twilight from the hill
In deepening shadows fell,
And far across the distant mill
We heard the evening bell;
And then the voice which haunts me
still
Whispered— "Mine own, farewell!"

The past is past for evermore;
My memory now is cold;
And only on the surging shore,
Or in the whispering wold,
I feel again the love I bore
In those bright days of old.

J. M.

A GENTLE LADY MARRIED TO A MOOR.



If we were inclined to imitate the Della-Cruscan sentiment, so fashionable towards the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, we should drop a tear at the shrine of friendship, and do a variety of pretty

and affecting things before we went any further with this paper. We are about to touch upon an episode in the career of a lady of some little celebrity in her time, who, according to her own account, was not very well treated by her

relatives, friends, and contemporaries. This lady, who was a leading actress of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Haymarket, is known in the history of the stage as Mrs. Sumbel, late Wells, and she lived in a period when she was able to quarrel with Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby) on a question of their relative ages, and when Mrs. Siddons was able to snub her for her supposed want of aptitude for her profession.

What Mrs. Sumbel, late Wells, suffered for more than thirty years, both on and off the stage, she has thought proper to inform us in her memoirs, published in the early part of the present century. In this book she speaks her mind as freely as the more celebrated Mary Robinson, one of the favourites of the Prince of Wales, spoke hers in a book issued about the same time. The dedication and preface to Mrs. Wells-Sumbel's book strike the key-note of the whole memoirs very clearly. In the first, addressed to her grandchildren and Mr. Samuel, her brother-in-law, she says :—

“MY GRANDCHILDREN,—You may at a future period wish to ascertain your genealogy. In this book you will find it ; and should your minds not be biassed by the illiberal conduct and instructions of your grandfather, you will respect your parents. Mr. Samuel, I could not omit your name in my Dedication, as to you, principally, this work owes its birth. You have, in a great measure, been the occasion of the catalogue of miseries detailed in it. You brought *poverty* upon me, and, of course, I lost the affections of Major Topham.”

In the preface, written by a friend, the same tone has been caught, and all mankind are accused of the basest ingratitude.

The sufferings which Mrs. Wells-Sumbel and her friend so pointedly allude to may or may not be recorded in the book, but they are not easily discovered by an impartial observer. Mrs. Wells-Sumbel appears to have been of an impulsive disposition—to state her feelings as amiably as possible—and she certainly availed herself largely of that freedom of living which was fashionable amongst many of her craft in her generation. She was not patronised by royalty in the way in which royalty then patronised the stage and its female followers, though she had the doubtful honour of performing before a Georgian audience at Georgian Weymouth ; but she “took up” with several distinguished members of society, amongst whom Major Topham, the editor and proprietor of the *World* newspaper, stands prominent. During this intimacy, Mrs. Wells-Sumbel, according to her own statements, borne out, it

must be admitted, by Major Topham's letters, appears to have been the editress and manager of this important organ.

To what extent Mrs. Wells-Sumbel was unfortunate in her general attachments we will not endeavour to ascertain, but will devote our attention to the two marriages which formed part of what she would have styled her “chequered career.” Her first marriage, by which she gained the name of Wells in exchange for Davis, was more like a juvenile freak than a serious engagement. She was playing *Juliet* at Gloucester, at the age of seventeen, when she fell in love with her *Romeo*, and was married at St. Chad's church, Shrewsbury, in the course of the next season, much against the wish of her mother. After her marriage she went to Exeter with her husband, to fulfil an engagement, accompanied by her mother and sister ; and shortly after her arrival Mrs. Davis received the following short and business-like letter from Mr. Wells :—

“MADAME,—As your daughter is too young and childish, I beg you will for the present take her again under your protection ; and be assured I shall return to her soon, as I am now going a short journey, and remain, yours, &c.”

Mr. Wells never returned to reclaim his wife ; and as his conduct afterwards was not very reputable (he ran away with one of his bridesmaids), Mrs. Wells consoled herself for her loss as if she had been an old woman of the world.

Passing over a variety of adventures of the kind we have decided not to relate, we arrive at a point in the life of Mrs. Wells-Sumbel at which she was confined in the Fleet prison for debt. “I came to London,” she says, “to see one of Mr. Reynolds' plays, ‘How to Grow Rich.’ Struck with the name, I determined to learn a lesson ; but, notwithstanding the attention I paid, I benefited nothing by it. A gentleman—I must apologise for the misapplication of the word ; but by a figure in rhetoric called *Custom*, and being a genteeler one than *blackguard* to put in a memoir, I have inserted it : however, as both are before you, choose which you please ; and to end the dispute I shall say a *man*—sat next me in the box, and kept his seat during the whole performance. As I was preparing to depart, he came up to me and told me that he did not wish to prevent my seeing the performance, but was under the disagreeable necessity of telling me he had a writ against me. Upon my demanding at whose suit, the old words, ‘on account of your brother-in-law,’ assailed my ears. The vultures gnawing the liver of Prometheus were not more

dreadful to him, than those securities which I had entered into for Mr. Samuel were to my peace of mind."

She speaks of all the processes that had to be gone through before she could be formally committed to the Fleet, which she calls her "old habitation," with a degree of knowledge implying much familiarity with insolvent transactions. "On entering the prison," she says, "a foreboding of some misfortune hung over me, which the long, dark galleries rather heightened than allayed. My heart, the faithful thermometer of my feelings, misgave me. I was once more obliged to regard the troubles of this world as a bubble which would not burst till the silent mazes of a tomb would receive me in its cold embrace. The friends I had in the sunshine of my prosperity had dropped off, one by one, and I was left almost destitute."

This is a very affecting picture ; but the impression it is calculated to create is soon dispelled by her description of the comfortable life she led in prison. Her forebodings were realised by her introduction to her second husband, Mr. Sumbel—the Moor, to whom she was tied like a second Desdemona. She endeavours to hold up this eccentric gentleman as a monster of cruelty, but she scarcely succeeds. We give her narrative in her own words, because no literary tinkering can improve it ; and the inference we draw from it is, that the Moor loved, not wisely, but too well :—

"Mr. Sumbel," she says, "was born in the capital of the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, to whom his father had been prime minister upwards of thirty years, from whence he was sent to France for his education. The numerous remittances sent to him by his father being discovered by the emperor, the old man was thrown into prison, whence he contrived to make his escape to Gibraltar, to which garrison he sent considerable supplies from Mogadore, when it was defeated by the brave Elliott ; this eventually occasioned his death, as he was afterwards poisoned by the intrigues of the emperor.

"Mr. Sumbel being a Jew, his two brothers went over to France to him to claim their share of their paternal inheritance, which they were entitled to do by the Mosaic law ; but, to avoid coming to a settlement, he went into Holland, and from thence came over into England, where one of them followed him. On his arrival in this country he waited on Lord William Bentinck, with whom he had been acquainted on the continent, and was by his lordship introduced to his brother, the Duke of Portland. Shortly after his coming to town

he heard his brother had come over in pursuit of him ; and to avoid such a disagreeable visitor he retired to the woods near Willesden-green, where he concealed himself by day, and at night got into some barn, or any place he could find, to sleep. He concealed India-bonds to the amount of five thousand pounds in the hollow of an old tree, which he was never after able to find out. The oddity of his appearance and the quantity of diamonds he had about him, which he often showed to the peasants to induce them to let him sleep in their cottages, at last created a suspicion in their minds that he must be the man who had robbed the Turkish ambassador. They accordingly determined to seize him, and give information of him at the Duke of Portland's office, which, with the assistance of the constable of the parish, they did, and tied him to a post in a stable. In this situation he remained till the duke sent a Mr. Walsh with a chaise-and-four for him. He no sooner heard the description of him than it immediately struck him it must be the same Mr. Sumbel who had been introduced to him so lately by his brother.

"The duke could not extract one word from him in answer to all the questions that were put to him. He gave written answers. Nor did he utter a syllable for three months, for some private reason which he never disclosed.

"The circumstance of his being at the duke's office reached the ears of the person who had the chancellor's writ against him, at the suit of his brother ; he set off instantly, arrested him as he was coming out, and conveyed him to Wright's lock-up house in Carey-street. He continued there about six weeks ; nor could they, by any means, prevail on him to speak one word. The hearing before the chancellor at length took place, and the only answer he made to the many questions put to him by his lordship was, 'My lord, I wish you would send me to the Fleet, for that is one damned rascal' (pointing to Wright). His lordship used every argument in his power to make him come to a settlement with his brothers ; but finding he was determined to the contrary, committed him to the Fleet.

"I was in the prison at this time. He came in with all the pomp and splendour of an eastern monarch, attended by a number of Moorish servants. A report had run through the prison that some foreign ambassador had been committed for contempt of court ; and as curiosity is not the most dormant passion in the female breast, mine (you must naturally suppose) must be gratified, or peace I could not have."

Desdemona, accompanied by a lady—a

fellow-prisoner—lost no time in placing herself in the way of the Moor as he walked along the gallery. The result may be anticipated. "On the following Saturday," says Desdemona, "being his Sabbath, he sent a polite invitation for me to dine with him, and bring with me any ladies I thought proper." The invitation was accepted. "On our entering the room," she continues, "which was fancifully hung with pink satin, we found there several of the Turkish ambassador's suite, and several gentlemen of that nation. One old man, of the name of Abbo, took a fancy to me, and made formal proposals of marriage; but I rejected them with disdain, which afterwards nearly cost Mr. Sumbel and me our lives, as the old wretch actually returned to the prison to assassinate us; but timely notice enabled us to frustrate his design, and he was never afterwards permitted to enter the gates."

Deserted as Mrs. Wells-Sumbel delights to picture herself, she appears to have had many friends, particularly of the male sex; and one gentleman at this period offered to pay all her debts and release her from prison. This circumstance came, or was purposely brought, to the knowledge of Mr. Sumbel, the unhappy Moor, and it hurried him into a proposal of marriage, which was, of course, accepted. An insolvent Act, which was passed about this time, gave Desdemona her liberty; but she remained in the Fleet, to wed the Moor. "An obstacle," she says, "however, still stood between us, which was requisite to be got over before we could be lawfully united. My former husband, Mr. Wells, I had reason to suppose was still living, although I had neither seen nor heard from him for upwards of twenty years. Every advice was taken; and it was at last decided I must turn Jewess, which I accordingly did, and we were married agreeably to the rites of the Jewish church."

We have Desdemona's assertion for it that the Moor was haughty, irascible, and jealous in the extreme—bad qualities, which were counterbalanced by his youth, wealth, and handsome appearance. He was fond of display; and Desdemona, who was equally fond of it, tells us with secret pride that the marriage ceremony, though performed in a prison, was conducted with all the profusion of eastern magnificence. "It took place," she says, "in the week of the great Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, and lasted throughout the festival. The genteel prisoners were invited to partake of the fare; and the poor were not forgotten. Four rooms were lighted up on the occasion, and a large lustre was placed in the middle of the long gallery, which cost twenty-five pounds. The sum total of the extraor-

dinaries for that week alone came to five hundred pounds."

Desdemona, according to her own showing, prevailed upon the Moor to heal all differences with his brother by giving him twenty thousand pounds, and then to live in a style which she thought suitable to his wealth and position. They began housekeeping in Orchard Street, Portman Square, to be near the Turkish ambassador; but soon removed to Pall Mall, to a larger mansion, next door to the Duke of Gloucester's. Desdemona was not happy, in spite of her splendour. The Moor would not allow her to sleep in the diamonds of immense value which she wore on state-days and bonfire nights, but would insist upon locking them up in an iron chest. This was one grievance. Another was that he objected to allow her that excessive freedom of action which she had always been accustomed to. This she considered unkind; and as she could not plunge unfettered into all the gaieties of London, she thought she would indulge her maternal feelings by visiting her children—the Topham-Wells children, as we must call them for the sake of distinction—in the Wolds of Yorkshire. Though the unhappy Moor could hardly be expected to feel much interest in these tender beings, he consented to accompany her in this journey to the Wolds. "The incidents," says Desdemona, "that occurred in that short period are so numerous, I hope I shall be excused entering into the different minutiae of them. If there be any comfort on this earth, it is to relate our griefs to a friend, which a generous public has ever been to me."

"We set out in an elegant vehicle, commonly called a one-horse chaise, without a servant; but my bosom beat with maternal feeling and hope, while it presented their image, and wholly obliterated every sensation of timidity and every conscious blush for my humiliating appearance."

"Though wedded to a man whose wealth was estimated at nearly half a million—a man for whom I changed my religion, and with all the forms and solemnities of that which I adopted, in conformity to his will, because the received and accepted partner of his fortune—I was obliged to commence my journey without even the attendants which were necessary to my safety, and which my state of health at that period demanded."

"We lived for some time previous to our setting out in a small cottage near the Hyde, in Middlesex, in order to screen my illustrious husband from the penalty of a prosecution, which had been given against him for having assaulted a citizen. This cottage had been hired by a respectable lady, through friendship

for me, and we resided with her under the denomination of lodgers. From thence I departed, accompanied by my husband. The irritability of his temper became evident before we had proceeded ten miles on our journey. The consciousness that he had none of his usual pompous attendants—no turbaned lacqueys to watch his eyes and tremble at his frown—rendered him so peevishly insupportable, that I began to anticipate the unpleasing circumstances which but too rapidly followed. I found him sullen, restless, impatient, and wavering in his determinations; for constancy was not one of his perfections.

“At the first inn where we stopped, his manner spread dismay through the bosoms of all those that witnessed it. The graces of his person were not visible in the European habits. This circumstance augmented his chagrin; and he did not recover any portion of his placidity till he sat cross-legged in all the magnificence of his Moorish paraphernalia. For this important metamorphosis his trunks were at every stage unpacked; and I had the supreme felicity of seeing my illustrious partner, once during every twelve hours, decked in the splendours of a second Othello. Even his Moorish habit did not tranquillise his mind; domestics were still wanting. He therefore informed me that he would proceed no further, but return to town, and recommence his journey *like himself*. This promise did not exhilarate my hopes, or enliven my prospects; for to travel *like himself* afforded me no chance of credit or consolation.

“After much persuasion he consented to drop the *incognito*, and, by paying the penalty of his lawsuit, resume his native character. This thought delighted me; for it has ever been repugnant to my feelings to appear mean or degraded. Unhappily, my gratification was the source of his instability. Again he changed his mind, and we proceeded in *demi-pomp* on this journey of disasters. My Moorish lord proposed driving the one-horsed car in all his Turkish magnificence; but as there would have been some difficulty in sitting cross-legged on the narrow seat, and as an idea might have suggested itself that he would have been mistaken for the renowned Flockton,* of puppet-show memory, the plan was not adopted. The forty pounds, likewise, preponderated in the scale of reflection; and he knew that he must pay the penalty of his lawsuit by an attempt to assert the *dignity* of his character.

“On we went, half the twenty-four hours in British simplicity, the other half in African grandeur. One hour I fancied myself the once-

happy ‘*Cowslip*,’ and the next I knew, to my inexpressible sorrow, that I was the wife of a Moorish nobleman. At the second inn where we rested, if rest may be supposed to have attended our progress, an unlucky tear, which maternal tenderness extracted from my heart, so ruffled the serenity of my noble spouse that he instantly demanded to know the cause of its appearance. This tear did not long offend him, for his tone of voice so startled me that it fell from my cheek and became invisible. But the memory of it did not so easily evaporate. He deemed it an insult to *his* ideas of wedded love to entertain the feelings of a mother; to be worthy of so *rich* a prize, he thought it necessary that I should abjure all the sensibilities of nature.

“He knew that my heart panted to embrace my children. He therefore kindly proposed remaining some time at a pleasant inn on our journey. Again his passion for parade suggested the idea of sending for his turbaned attendants; till I—rather *mal-apropos*—reminded him, with all due respect, that he had humanely driven them from their post of dignity, and that they were at that moment selling rhubarb about the streets of the metropolis. Nor was the Moorish consequence a little degraded by their exhibiting the very liveries in which they had borne the Morocco standard when his most Gracious Majesty went in state to St. Paul’s cathedral.”

Desdemona’s real or fancied troubles continued, according to her own statement, all the way to Stamford. A landlord, whom she calls an honest Boniface, handed her out of her carriage, at which the impetuous Moor was highly enraged; and when she seemed to be ill at an inn, and the hostess suggested that a doctor should be sent for, the sable tyrant refused his consent, and ordered a chaise and four. As Desdemona elegantly puts it—“the car of wedded love, which Cupid had now abandoned, was to be led home, and the once-honoured reins consigned to plebeian hands.”

The Moor went to sleep on the journey, which afforded Desdemona a temporary relief from her troubles; but when he woke up he accused her of robbing him. When he found that his strong box was safe, like one of the bad geni in the fairy tales, he asked his victim to sing, to amuse him, in her old professional style. She complied with the request, but complained of her audience. He next accused her of witchcraft, and said she had used some potent charm to win a heart of such inestimable value. At a village on the borders of Lincolnshire he inquired for a stage-coach to convey him back to London, while the deserted Desdemona—obstinately bent upon going on to drop

* A man who carried a ridiculous puppet-show round the country. His people were dressed in Turkish habits.

a tear over her Topham children—accepted a place in the stage-coach, given her on credit by the landlord of the inn, as she was without money. “The vehicle,” she says, “had no other passengers; therefore, with the Moor’s concurrence, after tearing from my shoulders a shawl which he called his property, I was permitted to depart. The joy of escaping from this watchful lynx—whose eyes, like those of the basilisk, never ceased to annoy me—is not to be described.”

Her unprotected situation, and probably her levity, encouraged the coachman to patronise her in too friendly a manner; but she repulsed his offer of brandy-and-water by threatening him with the Moor’s vengeance. “On my commanding him to proceed,” she says, “he drove on six miles farther, frequently honouring me with a familiar knock at the window, with ‘How are you now?’ at the same time knowingly pressing his finger on his nose, and desiring me not to be unhappy.”

After some little difficulties, which are made the most of in the memoir, she arrived at Stilton, driven by the same coachman, and found that the Moor had arrived by some other conveyance. The quarrel was made up, and they journeyed together from this point to Stamford, visiting some friends at Gretford, on the way, where the Moor was induced to buy a horse, to travel handsomely with.

At Stamford the Moor hired lodgings, and said that he would send for Desdemona’s mother and children. “I hinted,” says the lady, “that he should send a draft to pay the expenses of their journey; but this unlucky proposition proved a new source of irritability. He refused to comply, and upbraided me for the expenses already incurred on our adventurous journey.

“At Stamford the splendours of Moorish decoration were again exhibited. The whole town was roused to consternation. A *great prince*—a *grand Turk*!—supposed by some to be insane, by others considered as *only* ridiculous.”

At a banquet given to many of Desdemona’s friends in that part of the country, a young lady appeared, who strikingly resembled the eldest of the Topham-Wells children. The resemblance revived all the motherly feelings of Desdemona, and she tried to prevail upon the Moor to allow her to depart for Yorkshire immediately. Failing to gain his consent, she started clandestinely, to travel one hundred and thirty miles, with two guineas in her pocket. She had hardly proceeded one stage when her determination to fight the journey out on this sum broke down, and she wrote to the Moor for more money. She received no answer to

this request, owing to the miscarriage of the letters; and her further progress was consequently attended by nearly all the mishaps which usually afflict people who travel without money. Her theatrical instinct, however, appears to have led her to seek the right people, and, like Romeo, she was befriended by an apothecary. After seeing the Topham children, and Major Topham also, for the matter of that, she returned to the Moor at Stamford. During her absence he had exhibited more Eastern magnificence, and had grown a little more jealous and excited.

“We met a poor shepherd,” she says, “on our journey back to Stamford. The honest fellow bowed as he passed me. My husband called to him, and demanded, ‘How long have you known my wife?’ The shepherd, rather surprised at the question, hesitatingly, and with simple honesty, replied, ‘About five years ago madam was on a visit here.’ ‘I’ll sell her to you for twopence!’ vociferated my husband. The shepherd looked aghast. My daughter burst into tears, and begged the groom to take her back to grandamma. I now foresaw all that would happen; while the honest countryman wisely took advantage of the confusion, and bade us ‘good night!’”

They removed to London together, and the Moor seems to have pined after his native land. Desdemona’s narrative still continues:—

“As his father always intended that he should succeed him in his situation as premier to the emperor, he determined to go to Morocco and present himself at Court; and to make his visit the more acceptable he laid out large sums of money in presents, among the items of which there was twenty thousand pounds’ worth of brass cannon. It had long been his darling theme that I should go with him, and, in person, supplicate the young emperor to receive him, as they had been boys together. The necessary forms to be observed on the occasion were regularly rehearsed at our house in Pall Mall, under the direction of my husband, and several Moors and Turks who attended for the purpose, himself always filling the imperial chair.”

They went on board a vessel lying in the river, bound for Mogadore; but when Desdemona found that he had engaged the whole ship her fears were excited, and she escaped in a boat. The Moor followed her to Pall Mall, where he appears to have acted Othello, to the extent of firing off a pistol over his wife’s head in their bedchamber. Of course he was taken to Bow Street in the most prosaic manner, and bound over with two substantial sureties to keep the peace. Badgered and defeated on all sides, he fled to Denmark about the beginning

of 1799; and his end, as recorded, is somewhat peculiar.

He settled down at Altona, where he built a large street at his own expense. For the last few years of his life his sole amusement was fishing, though he broke through every rule of sport in following his hobby. He had a large room built, containing a reservoir of water that contained fish of different kinds. If these fish did not bite quick enough to suit his Moorish temper, the water was let off, and they and the attendants were soundly beaten with sticks. The reason that he gave for deserting Desdemona were almost as eccentric as his conduct. "First," he said, "the ceremony was not a legal Jewish marriage; secondly, Mrs. Wells was not capable of becoming a Jewess, without which no marriage could take place; and thirdly, she broke the Sabbath and the holy feast by running away from me in a post-chaise, and eating *forbidden-fruit*—namely, *pork griskin* and rabbits."

THE POOR WOMAN.

(FROM BÉRANGER.)

It snows, it snows, and yonder, at God's porch,
Upon her knees, a woman old doth pray;
While through her rags the north-east cold doth scorch,
It is for bread she prayeth, day by day.
Groping alone through the cathedral-yard,
Winter and summer season cometh she.
Poor woman! she is blind. O Fortune hard!—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

Remember ye what this old wretch has been,
With her poor cheeks so meagre and so white!
Once was she of our theatre the queen,
Her songs the town enraptured with delight.
The young, amid their laughter and their tears,
Of her great beauty raved enthusiastically;
And all their charmed dreams reflected hers:—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

How many times, along the homeward street,
Her chariot's speed could scarce outrun the crowd;
Above the clatter of her horses' feet
She heard the echoes of applauses loud.
To hand her from her carriage to her door,
To tend her every pace voluptuously,
How many rivals watch'd her steps before!—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

When all the Arts were wreathing crowns for her,
How full of pomp was her high dwelling-place;
How many crystals, bronzes, columns, were
As loving tribute brought, her love to grace!
How many poet-lovers, at her feasts,
Quaff'd of the cup of her prosperity:
Your palaces have all their swallow-nests!—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

Oh sad reverse! an illness bow'd her head,
Broke her sweet voice, and dimm'd her beauty's
sheen;
And soon, alone and poor, she begg'd her bread,
Where for these twenty years her place hath been.
No hand knew better how to scatter gold,
Or with more goodness, than this hand which she
So hesitatingly to us doth hold.—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

The cold grows colder; woe and misery!

See, now the cold is stiffening every limb;

Her fingers scarce can lift the rosary

That blesses her wan lips with smiles so dim.

Under so many ills if her poor heart

Is able yet to feed on piety,

That her last trust in Heaven may not depart,

Let us bestow on her our charity.

L.

THE DAILY LIFE OF PLANTS.

As the monthly changes in the appearance of vegetation are the result of the ever-varying conditions of heat, light, moisture, and electricity, throughout each month in the year, so also the organisation of plants has its daily changes from the variability during the different hours of the day of the same physical agents.

Heat, light, moisture, and electricity are the principal stimulants of vegetation. Now the amount of heat and light received from the sun during the day, as also the quantity of moisture and electricity in the air, is continually varying with the elevation of the sun above the horizon; consequently the active vitality of plants must have its diurnal variations, and plants must necessarily enter, to some extent, upon a state of torpor and inactivity during the night, when these grand stimulants to vegetation are withdrawn. Hence we have produced, at the close of each day, that well-marked change in the appearance of the plant-creation which has been very properly called vegetable sleep.

It follows that the vegetable world has its daily, as well as monthly and annual life, and that vegetation oscillates daily as well as annually between a state of activity and one of comparative repose. In this respect a day is like a year in miniature, a space of time during which the earth runs through nearly one degree, or the $\frac{1}{360}$ th part of its annual orbit. Each hour, each minute, from the moment that he shows himself above the horizon, the sun exercises a new influence on the plant covering; for the peculiarities of the solar rays, their illuminating, chemical, and heating influences vary continually, increasing until the sun is on the meridian, and then decreasing until sunset. When the last rays of solar light have been reflected from the evening sky, it is only then that these influences cease, and a new life is necessarily called forth in the plant world.

These daily changes of nature are less marked in their effects on vegetation, than those monthly changes which have been so frequently described, because extending over a much shorter period of time; yet nevertheless their effects are sufficiently well marked and perceptible to be deserving of the most

careful study. This field of inquiry is somewhat novel, but we have endeavoured to explore it carefully, and we hope that the few thoughts which the reader may find in this paper may be of service as aids and inducements to further investigations.

We cannot do better than commence our plant-day by a description of the manner in which the grand change from night to day affects the vegetable world.

Reader, did you ever get up before day-break, and watch the gradual progress of the morning light from dawn to perfect day? The change comes on gradually, but it is among the grandest and most impressive of natural phenomena. In the feeble twilight of morning a dull uniformity of colour is spread over creation, but as the eastern heavens gradually brighten, and the upper strata of clouds catch and reflect the light of the advancing sun, the colours of objects begin to be perceived, and we hear the first sounds of awakening life. That wondrous sun-painting process continues until every spire of grass, and leaf, and flower, wet with the dews of morn, again resume their wonted colours. Every morning Nature may be said to re-create the plant forms which adorn the surface of our planet, so great is the change produced in the appearance of the plant world by the re-appearance of the sun.

The change from darkness to light produces an interchange of a different kind of air between the plant and the atmosphere, or an alteration in the process of vegetable respiration. Plants breathe out oxygen by day and absorb carbonic acid. We cannot see the pure oxygen thus given off by their foliage, because the air which surrounds them is invisible, and hence for ages it has been poured into the atmosphere unknown to man; but when the same process is carried on in a visible medium such as water, as in an aquarium, the escape of this gas from the submerged leaves of the plants is plainly to be seen.

Bonnet was the first who observed that leaves, when plunged into water and exposed to the action of sunlight, disengaged gas. He also found by experiment that the same amount of gas was evolved when the leaves were immersed in water which had been previously boiled, and therefore completely deprived of its air. The gas was therefore clearly given off by the leaves. Priestley recognised this gas to be oxygen, and Ingenhousz showed that light was indispensable to its manifestation, since it ceased to evolve itself from the leaves in the absence of the sun. Such was the state of the question when Sennebier fully demonstrated that the oxygen proceeding from the submerged

leaves was the result of their decomposition of the carbonic acid which they absorbed.

Now during the night this process is not only stopped, but it is actually reversed, for then plants breathe out carbonic acid and absorb oxygen. The breathing of plants is therefore at night like that of animals; but we must not imagine that they contaminate the air to the same extent. This is a very popular, and at the same time a very great mistake. It has been supposed that growing plants vitiate the air of a sleeping-room in consequence of the amount of carbonic acid which they exhale, and that they are unwholesome and ought to be removed, especially from the apartment of a patient. But allowing that they give off carbonic acid and destroy oxygen, yet if everything that does this is to be expelled, then the lamps must be removed, the fire put out, and all visitors at the same time.

The heat of the lamps, fire, and that of the human body, chemically considered, is produced by a combination of the same elements,—oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon,—and the evolution of the same products, carbonic acid and water. In all these processes the oxygen of the apartment is consumed, and its air to a certain extent empoisoned by the carbonic acid evolved, unless it is well ventilated. The heat of the human body is kept up by breathing. We inspire or breathe in oxygen, which enters into combination with the carbon and hydrogen of our blood, and forms carbonic acid and water, which we expire or breathe out. The carbon of the blood is burnt away by this union with the oxygen, and that heat is developed of which we are all conscious. This process of combustion ceases only when we cease to breathe; the body then soon grows cold, because the fire of life dies out for want of its fuel, oxygen.

In the case of the lamps and the fire in the apartment, the oxygen unites with the hydrogen and carbon more rapidly and in greater quantities. Hence, in addition to heat, we have light evolved from the burning body. The fire, therefore, consumes more oxygen than the lamps, and the lamps more than the people in the room; in fact, a single lamp consumes more oxygen, and gives out more carbonic acid in the same time, than five or six human beings.

In the case of the plants, it must ever be borne in mind that their preponderating functions are the evaporation of water and the fixation of carbon in a solid form by the decomposition of carbonic acid; both cooling processes. It is therefore impossible under ordinary circumstances that plants should have a specific heat

rising above that of the surrounding atmosphere.

It would appear, however, from experiments made by Dutrochet, that the heat of plants manifests itself when evaporation is restrained. Evaporation was prevented by placing the plants in an atmosphere saturated with moisture. The experiments were made with a thermo-electric apparatus, and it was found that their temperature rose from $\frac{1}{12}$ th to $\frac{1}{3}$ rd per cent. above that of the external air. Moreover, a rise and fall took place in the course of twenty-four hours, the maximum occurring between ten and two in the day, and the minimum at midnight.

Where, however, vegetable combustion is more rapid, the heat of plants is readily detected, even when evaporation is going on from their surface. This is the case in germination, which is always accompanied by a rise in temperature, and also in the act of flowering. The disappearance of the starch and sugar is the result of their combustion, or partial conversion into carbonic acid; oxygen is therefore consumed, and heat necessarily evolved.

The development of heat by flowers was first observed by Lamarck in the *Arum maculatum* of Europe. It was afterwards detected by Saussure in the bignonia, gourd, and tuberose. In these cases the heat was measured by a common thermometer. But since the invention of thermo-electric instruments, heat can be detected in any ordinary cluster of flowers. The best plants for experiment are the *Araceæ*, where the heat is confined and reverberated by the hood-like inflorescence. In some of these plants the temperature rises at times to 20° and even 50° Fahrenheit above that of the surrounding air. The temperature increases from the first opening of the flowers, and reaches its maximum when they shed their pollen, at which time the heat developed is so great as to be perceived by the hand; it afterwards gradually declines until the flowers fade.

The heat of flowers is strikingly seen in Alpine regions, when they bloom under the snow, by the disappearance of the snow which immediately surrounds them. This is well exemplified in the beautiful blue-eyed *Soldanella* of the Alps, which forms a complete cavity or hollow around itself when it blossoms under the snow, as was observed by the French naturalist Lortet.

Now although plants do absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid at night, yet in this instance the process of combustion is so slight, that although evaporation has ceased, not the slightest heat is produced which is perceptible to the senses, or even to the most delicate

tests which science furnishes. The absurdity, therefore, of removing the plants is at once seen. Let them alone! whether in flower or not, they are doing no harm, and will do good if the patient is fond of flowers,—bring back pleasant memories of the bright sun, the clear blue sky, the healthy breeze, of rambles in the field and forest; they are not foes, but friends. I love them. They have often driven away sad thoughts. They will continue to cheer me to the end of life's journey. They will take up their watch by my headstone. No matter if it is only a little groundsel, chickweed, or moss; all are welcome, because all are beautiful! Woven by the magic chemistry of Nature from earth and air, coloured by the distant sun, each is the work of an Infinite Being, associated with the past and linked with the future of an eternal universe; and naturalists will puzzle themselves about the nature of their chemistry, and try in vain to search out the grand secrets of their vitality for ages yet to come, as we do now.

Although the carbonic acid given off by plants at night is too small in quantity to do any harm, yet it is undeniable that unpleasant effects are sometimes produced by the odour of flowers. The powerful perfume of the swamp magnolia of North America (*Magnolia glauca*) is said to produce in some people sickness and headache, and the odour of the jonquil, lily, and tuberose will produce faintness in others. The writer is acquainted with a gentleman who suffers greatly during the hay season from the perfume of the hay-field, given off principally by the sweet-scented vernal grass, or *Anthoxanthum odoratum*.

As the exhalation of oxygen from the leaves of plants stops at night, whilst animals still continue to breathe out carbonic acid, it is obvious that if darkness continued the air would ultimately be totally deprived of its oxygen and filled with carbonic acid, which the plants would be unable to remove. The plants would therefore cease to grow, and the animals would die. The morning sun, therefore, brings not only light but life to the world, because it corrects the night breathing of plants; so that, as soon as the sunlight strikes their foliage, they commence exhaling oxygen, the gas which supports flame and human life at the same time. It is this renewed exhalation of oxygen by plants which gives to the morning air its freshness and purity. Therefore, this grand change from night to day alone preserves the earth habitable.

Again, the light of the sun is absolutely necessary to the formation of chlorophyl, or leaf-green. Direct sunlight, indeed, is not necessary; diffused daylight is enough. Now

when plants are placed in such circumstances that they cannot decompose carbonic acid, so that they cease to exhale oxygen, they become etiolated, or turn white. Were it possible, then, for the darkness of night to be prolonged, chlorophyl, or leaf-green, would disappear from creation. The grass of our meadows and the foliage of plants would turn white, and the whole of their vegetative energy would be expended in pushing forth weak, watery, and etiolated shoots and leaves. The same remark applies to the resins, volatile oils, wax, and other vegetable products which plants elaborate from the sap. Sunlight, or at any rate diffused daylight, is necessary to their formation, and the process stops during the night.

But not only leaves and blades of grass, but flowers are coloured by the sun. The beautiful cluster of leaves popularly called the flower, is only the ordinary green leaves of the plant carried forward to a more advanced stage of organic metamorphosis. The petals of flowers are usually greenish whilst folded together in the bud, and they only change their colour and obtain those charming and radiant hues by which they are distinguished, when they open and become exposed to the warm bright rays of the sun.

Nature shows us this change of colour as if for purposes of instruction, with unusual rapidity in some flowers. The following flowers go through periodic changes of colour :—

Hibiscus mutabilis. This is a malvaceous plant, a native of the East Indies, which has been properly called a vegetable chameleon. In the morning its flowers are white, at mid-day pink, and in the evening they shine with the colour of the rose.

Gladiolus versicolor. This is a species of sword lily, and a native of the Cape of Good Hope. In the morning its flowers are brown outside and yellow inside, and in the evening a clear blue. During the night the blue colour disappears, and in the morning has changed back to brown, and so for eight days this change of colour takes place. In *Brunfelsia*, a plant belonging to the natural order *Solanaceae*, the flower when it first opens is white, afterwards it changes to a straw colour. All the *Franciscea* species (another Solanaceous plant) begin the day with blue violet flowers and end it with lilac and white. Among our native plants the *Lithospermum purpureo-caruleum*, or gromwell, changes the colour of its flowers from blue to purple as the day advances.

These diurnal changes in the colour of the flowers can only result from chemical changes in the coloured fluid or semi-fluid matters

which fill the cells of the petals, the result of the variability of the amount of heat and light received from the sun during the day. It may be called solar chemistry, a science at present but little understood.

In the inorganic kingdom of nature we have many proofs of the influence of the sun's rays in effecting chemical changes. Chloride of gold dissolved in water will be precipitated in the form of gold leaf, if the solution be exposed to the sun's light. Paper sponged with a solution of chloride of silver darkens slowly in diffused daylight, but darkens in two or three minutes only by exposure in sunshine. So also the daguerreotypist succeeds better in the morning when the sun shines brightly than on a cloudy day, or in the evening, in the exercise of his art.

The odour of flowers is also affected by these daily changes of temperature, light, and other conditions of plant life. Some flowers, such as the *Leucojum*, or snowflake, and the *Oenothera*, or evening primrose, are more fragrant in the evening than they are in the morning. Each flower, in fact, has its own time of emitting its fragrance. The fragrance, as well as the colour of some flowers, is changeable. There is a species of *Cestrum* in Mexico, the odour of which changes in a most remarkable manner. It is called by the Mexicans "Angel de dia y punta de noche," or an angel by day and a dung-maid by night; because it gives forth a delightful smell by day and stinks at night, resuming its agreeable odour again in the morning. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the sunlight plays an important part in effecting this change of odour.

Perspiration.—If a plant with foliage is placed under a glass vessel and exposed to the sun, the sides of the vessel are soon covered with moisture, which is produced by the condensation of the insensible perspiration from the plant. This varies during the different hours of the day, depending on the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere, and the amount of light received from the sun. In bright sunshine, provided the atmosphere is dry, plants perspire most; in weak, diffused daylight least, and in darkness not at all. Morning and noon are, therefore, most favourable to perspiration; it diminishes in the afternoon, and ceases at night. It depends also on the number of leaf-pores and the amount of exposed leaf-surface. Compound leaves perspire more than simple leaves, evergreens less than trees with deciduous foliage.

A remarkable example of the influence of light on the juices of plants is mentioned by Liebig in the *Cacalia ficoides*. During the hours of darkness this plant, like others, assim-

lates oxygen ; and therefore in the morning it is as acid to the taste as sorrel ; by the influence of the morning sun it loses this oxygen, and is at noon tasteless ; and by the continued action of the light, and the abstraction of more oxygen, the plant is positively bitter in the evening, its acidity being again recovered through the night.

But the amount of moisture in the atmosphere is a variable quantity during the day. And many plants are weather prophets. Thus, if the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night, the ensuing day will be fine, and if it opens, it will be cloudy and rainy. If the African marigold continues shut after seven o'clock in the morning, rain may be expected ; and if the bindweed, or *Anagallis*, is open in the morning, it will shut on the approach of rain. The last flower, from its nice susceptibility in this respect, has been called the "Poor Man's Weather Glass."

The phenomenon of heliotropism, or that faculty which some flowers possess of following the movements of the sun during the day, by bending or turning gradually from east to west as the day advances, and during the night returning gradually to their eastern position, so as to be ready to catch the first beams of the sun in the morning, is a fact well known to all who have observed nature. So also everybody knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening ; their petals, in fact, close up in the same folds and return to the same position which they originally occupied in the bud. This phenomenon was called by Linnæus the sleep of plants ; and with its consideration we shall very appropriately close our plant-day.

The phenomenon of the opening and closing of flowers is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, which is continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day. The complete expansion seldom exceeds an hour in duration, most frequently not so long. The petals then begin to close, at first slowly, but afterwards more rapidly as they become folded together ; and in this closed condition the flower continues until the time of opening again returns.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat, to enable them to open, than others. Hence the hours of the day are, to a certain extent, indicated by their opening and closing ; and Linnæus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "*horologium floræ*," or floral clock. Thus, the common morning glory opens at dawn, the star of Bethlehem a little after ten o'clock, the ice plant at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the goat's

beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at mid-day, and the morning glory closes at the same hour, provided the day is fine ; but if it is cloudy, and the atmosphere moist, then the morning glory keeps open the whole day ; the four o'clock opens about that time in the afternoon ; the flowers of the thorn apple and the evening primrose open at sunset ; and those of the night-flowering cereus when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. Thus, the white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and again floats on the surface as before. The *Victoria Regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours ; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

So long as the corolla is open and the flower awake it proves that the plant is active ; but this vegetable activity is the result of the amount of heat and light derived from the sun, and that is always directly in proportion to the angular elevation of the sun above the horizon. This is proved by the slumbering of flowers in polar countries, even when under continuous sunlight, the sun approaching the horizon at midnight, but not sinking below its surface. The flowers thus continuously illuminated go to sleep and open at certain hours with as much regularity as during the temporary absence and re-appearance of the sun in lower latitudes. The *Trientalis* and *Anemone*, which in temperate climates produced white flowers, steep themselves in the beams of the midnight polar sun of the deepest red. They continue open when the rest of the polar flowers are closed.

Even the ordinary green leaves as well as the flowers are affected by sleep. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order *Leguminosæ*, or the pea tribe. The change of position in the leaves of some of them is so well marked that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust tree that grew before her nursery-window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied, with much acuteness, "Oh, mother, it is not yet time to go to bed ! the locust tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

But how do the sun's light and heat produce these mechanical movements of the petals and leaves of plants ? It may be thus explained.

All living tissues, whether animal or vegetable, possess a certain amount of elasticity and sensibility, and are capable of becoming expanded, turgid, and rigid when filled with moisture and gases. Thus, drooping flowers placed in water speedily recover themselves, their leaves assuming their natural position; for the water ascends by capillary attraction and endosmose or inward absorption in their stem, and diffuses itself through their fibrous and cellular tissues, which thus become distended with fluid. In like manner when the sun withdraws his influence the life-processes of plants are still going on, but with less activity. The process of evaporation stops, and the upward flow of the sap to the leaves is necessarily greatly retarded; they cease to evolve oxygen, all the chemical compositions and decompositions in their organism to which light is necessary, are no longer carried on, and their whole system is consequently relaxed. Their leaves droop, and their petals return to their original position in the bud. As soon, however, as the first rays of the sun strike the foliage, the chemistry of nature is again resumed in the laboratory of the leaf, and each foliole recommences its allotted task in the labour of plant construction; the sap ascends to the leaves with its wonted vigour, and their tissues again becoming filled with fluid and gases, the plants themselves naturally strive to take their greatest amount of rigidity and elasticity, their drooping leaves elevate themselves, their flowers open, and they recover all their vital energies.

But how is the fact to be understood that some flowers open at sunset and others in the night-time? At first this appears to contradict the principles already laid down. But the explanation is easy. It is probable that heat is the chief agent in causing the movements of flowers, whether by day or night; and that the light only influences them in so far as it contains calorific rays. On this principle, the opening of some flowers at sunset whilst others are closing is very readily understood. Those chemical changes necessary to the growth of plants can only take place when they are surrounded by the conditions of heat and light necessary to produce them, and in some cases these conditions only exist at sunset. Hence such plants are awake and active at this time. And the same observations apply to night flowers. These only experience the proper warmth at night, and therefore open themselves, and are the most energetic at this period; but as soon as morning comes, the conditions again change, their vital energies relax, and they once more fold themselves for their daily slumbers.

The slumbering and awakening of flowers is

not a poetic fiction, but a reality. It is beautifully analogous to the same phenomenon in animals, and arises from very similar causes. The organisation of plants, like that of animals, daily oscillates between a state of repose and one of activity. All over the illuminated portion of our planet vegetation is active, the rest of the plant world is slumbering. On one side of the earth where the dark hemisphere is turning to the sun, on a meridian extending over the entire temperate and tropical zones, the bright and rosy tints of dawn are *ever* advancing over scenery all blooming with awakening flowers and joyous with the song of early birds; and at the same moment on the side of the earth diametrically opposite, or on the same meridian, the landscapes are turning away from the sun and rolling into darkness and starlight, the sun is *ever* sinking in the west, his parting rays are tinging the evening sky, the flowers are folding themselves to sleep for the night, the song of the birds is hushed, and another day, with all its events for good or evil on the future destinies of mankind, is irrevocably passed.

What is life? What is our life, and in what respect does it differ from plant life? These are questions much easier asked than answered. We see a great many resemblances between human life and plant life, and also a considerable amount of dissimilarity. We are more governed by the laws to which plants are subjected, and more closely related to them than we are apt to imagine. When a man dies, his blood ceases to circulate through its accustomed channels, the heart-beat stops, the breathing ceases. It is the same with a dying plant. I have before me now one in a flower-pot, which is manifesting all the symptoms of a gradually expiring vitality. Its daily life is over. A great many of its leaves are ceasing to breathe, and they are turning yellow or becoming decolorised. Enough of life is, however, left in them to attract the sap which still fills their tissues. Some of the other leaves are withering and without sap, life in them is evidently extinct. Many of the leaves of my plant are fallen. The leaves of a plant held together by the attractive forces of life are scattered by death, and become subject to another set of laws by which they are resolved into their original elements of earthly matter and invisible gases. And it is the same with the organism of man, when his daily life is over and his life force is spent. He will no more awaken with the birds and flowers, and rise to greet the morning sun. The human body, when life is extinct, becomes disorganised, decays and disappears, perishes like a flower. Human life will be much better under-

stood when plant-life shall have been more profoundly studied.

The daily life of plants; how little in reality do we know about it! All the changes which take place in the organism of plants, whether by night or day, are very little understood; yet there cannot be a doubt but that the most important and principal changes take place by day, and that plants are, comparatively speaking, torpid and inactive at night-time. The recent advances which have been made in vegetable anatomy and physiology result from the right application of chemical re-agents to sections of vegetable tissue when placed beneath the microscope. Through the use of these re-agents a few facts have been brought to light. Starch, for example, is detected by iodine, if present in the cells, by the blue colour which the granules assume. The chemical nature of chlorophyl, gum, resin, sugar, and the other contents of the cells has been examined. We know nothing, as yet, about the order in which these substances are produced. It has been ascertained that starch passes into dextrin and sugar, which substances are again transmuted into starch; but when we look at the rich diversity of vegetable products and find that the most learned chemists and physiologists are compelled, through pure ignorance, to speak in the most general terms about them, we cannot but feel how little these works of nature are understood. Each plant has doubtless its working position assigned it, and is carrying out the grand and secret purposes of Providence in its creation. It dies when it has done its work, and not before. All are usefully employed, if it is only in robbing the air of its carbonic acid and exhaling oxygen. No true naturalist will speak contemptuously of any plant as a useless weed. All are to him deeply, profoundly interesting. Beautiful piles of matter borrowed from the earth and air, and united together by the operation of natural laws for a little space of time. Living problems which are everywhere presented to us by the Great Creator of all for our solution.

HARLAND COULTAS.

THE HUNT AT PORTSKEWITT.

SHORTLY before the Norman Conquest, Earl Harold, thinking his footing beyond the Severn sufficiently firm, built for himself, at Portske Witt, near Chepstow, a hunting-lodge, to which he purposed inviting King Edward the Confessor, for a little recreation. Before, however, this invitation was given, or, at least, accepted, Caradoc ap Griffith, one of the old Welsh Lords of Caerleon, looking, probably, upon the whole affair as a magnificent bit of poaching, collected his men, and proceeded to enforce his own game-laws, in his own fashion. The landing of William the Norman, soon

after, effectually prevented any reprisals which Harold may have had in contemplation.

The event alluded to is said to have taken place on St. Bartholomew's Mass-day (August 25th).

I.

EARL HAROLD's at Portske Witt,
He hath cross'd the Severn sea,
And with him come horse, hawk, and hound
And a goodly companie;
A goodly companie is come
Of knights and ladies fair,
To chase the deer on Wentwood heights,
And breathe the Cambrian air;
For Wentwood deer are fat and sleek,
And Cambrian air is free,
So may Earl Harold have noble sport,
For a noble earl is he.

II.

Their steeds are strong, their dogs are swift,
Well-breathed, and staunch, and true,
Their falcons are of choicest race,
Each pick'd from out his mew.
Their hunting-spears are stout and long,
Their knives are sharp and bright,
Their bows are of the good old yew,
Their darts are long and light;
Their hunting-horns are made to sound,
And well they sound, I ween,
For they ring as far as the lone Usk-side,
And the towers of old Caerleon.

III.

They've topp'd the hills, they've scour'd the dales,
Swept many an echoing glen;
Blithe go the ladies prancing by,
And merrily shout the men;
They've roused the deer in pleasant glade,
Struck many a royal stag,
Roused up the grim wolf in his lair,
In the thorn'd and dusky crag;
They've roused the wild cat, roused the fox,
Roused game in hosts, I ween;—
And they've roused Caradoc, Griffith's son,
In the towers of old Caerleon.

IV.

The hart hath horns, and, if he wound,
Take heed, or you're undone;
The wolf hath teeth that leave their mark
When once his grip is won;
The snapping fox hath main'd ere now;
Cats claw'd will claw again;
But the deadliest horns, and teeth, and claws
Do grow on angry men:
But Harold, looking for good sport,
Thought light of this, I ween,
When he roused Caradoc, Griffith's son,
In the towers of old Caerleon.

V.

'Twas on the third day of the chase,
And with the rising sun,
Caradoc with his men came down,
Arm'd, mounted, every one.
Blithe go the ladies, prancing by,
And merrily shout the men,
Till, sudden check'd at Wentwood edge,
Each horse is turn'd again.
Now ride, now ride, Earl Harold,
Ride well, ye ladies fair,
For Caradoc, with a hundred spears,
Comes riding in your rear.



VI.

Right gallantly the men hold back
 The ladies' flight to shield,
 And blows are struck, and blood is spilt,
 Unmeet for hunting-field ;
 And down the ruck goes to the strand,
 And, hurrying from the shore,
 The quick-mann'd boats across the waves
 Their panting burdens bore ;
 And glad once more the Saxon strand
 The frighten'd fair ones tread,
 For they who came the deer to chase
 Had a dear life chase instead.

VII.

Earl Harold's left Portskewitt,
 He hath cross'd the Severn sea,
 But some lie dead in Wentwood chase
 Of his goodly companie ;
 His hunting-lodge is sack'd and burnt,
 Its goods are scatter'd wide,—
 Some on the fields and moorlands round,
 Some on the muddy tide ;
 And Harold, on the Cambrian shore,
 Will hunt no more, I ween,
 Whilst C'radoc holds his hounds in leash
 In the towers of old Caerleon. C. H. W.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[PART THE SECOND.]

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE WATERING-PLACE.

SEVEN years to look forward to is a vast period of time ; to the young it seems almost interminable. It is long in the passing : for we count it by hours, and days, and weeks, and months and years. But what is it in the retrospect ?—a little bubble, as it were, on the ocean ; a speck in the span of life. Since the last chapter, seven years have gone over the heads of the actors in this history, and now the reader is invited to meet some of them again.

Seated on the sands of a fashionable and somewhat exclusive English watering-place, was a group of ladies. Some were working as they talked, some were reading, some were enjoying in idleness and silence the fresh breeze that came wafting over the sea, and some were watching the sports of the children in the distance, running hither and thither and making pies in the sand. A bevy of girls had congregated together, rather apart, but still within reach of speech and hearing. They were intent on their own pursuits, their peculiar interests : dress, flirtation, the libraries, the fashionable promenades of the day, and the assemblies in the rooms at night. Just now they seemed inclined to be quarrelsome rather than sociable. Jealousy was creeping in amidst them.

"You may say what you will, Miss Lake," exclaimed one, "but I maintain that he is the most distinguished-looking man staying at Seaford. Am I right or not ?" she added, appealing to her companions.

The speaker was a tall, stately girl, with aquiline features, pale and classic. She was the daughter of General and Mrs. Vaughan, and was staying with them at Seaford. The Miss Lake she had replied to was plain and cynical. And Miss Lake, in place of answering, again drew down the corners of her lips.

"I don't care whether he's 'distinguished looking' or not," spoke up a pretty girl, Fanny Darlington. "I know he is the pleasantest man I ever spoke to. And if he is 'distinguished' it does not make him disagreeable. I hate your distinguished-looking men ; they are generally vain and unapproachable ; two faults that he steers clear of. He danced with me twice last night."

"And not once with Augusta Lake, and that's why she is accusing him this morning."

A slight smile, suppressed out of good manners, appeared on the lips of several. Miss Vaughan was the only one who spoke.

"Dancing goes for nothing. A man may whirl his legs off, dancing with a woman, and yet not care for her : while he may be secretly attached to one, whom he never asks to walk through a quadrille."

"You say that, because he sits at your side in the rooms, and talks to you by the hour together, Helen Vaughan," interposed Fanny Darlington, who had a free tongue, and sometimes used it more than was quite requisite. "But you will be none the nearer him, for all that. I don't believe he cares two pins for any girl at Seaford."

A tale-telling flush rose to the face of Helen Vaughan. She shook back her head haughtily, as if to intimate that retort would be beneath her.

"Talking about the rooms, though, who was it he was with there last night ?" asked Miss Lake. "I have not seen her there before. A lovely girl."

"I'm sure I saw him with no lovely girl at the rooms last night," struck in Helen Vaughan.

"I know who Miss Lake means," cried Fanny Darlington. "She is lovely. She sat with a tall, majestic-looking lady, quite a Juno, and he kept coming up to them. I was near when he asked her to dance ; she refused, and said her mamma wished her not ; and he turned to the Juno, and inquired whether it was true——"

"A very ugly Juno in face, whatever she may be in figure," interrupted Augusta Lake.

"How you do stop me ! The Juno said Yes ; she thought it better that (I could not catch the name) should not dance with him, because she would have no plea for refusing others."

"Some second-rate city people, who would stick themselves up for 'quality,' and say the frequenters of the rooms are not good enough for them," remarked the general's daughter, with a lofty sneer.

"No, they don't look like that ; quite another sort of thing," said a young lady quietly, who had not yet spoken. "I think they are 'quality,' not would-be."

"Rubbish !" cried Miss Lake. "How do you know anything of them, Mary Miller ?"

"I have the use of my eyes, and can observe them as well as you, that's all. You

saw that child who came on the sands yesterday morning with a maid and an old black servant?"

"Well, what of him?"

"In the afternoon I saw her—the young lady—driving about with the same child," returned Miss Miller. "I infer that they are people of consequence."

"How can you infer it?" flashed Helen Vaughan, as if the remark disturbed her temper. "Every soul sojourning at Seaford drives out daily. You are turning silly, Mary Miller."

Mary Miller laughed as she answered. In her quiet way she liked to excite the ire of Miss Vaughan. "The carriage was well-appointed."

"You may get 'well-appointed' carriages at the hiring-place, by paying six shillings an hour for them," was Miss Vaughan's scornful answer.

"So you may," said Mary Miller. "But the carriage they were in was not hired. The footman had a powdered wig and a gold-headed cane; and the silver plates of the harness and the panels of the carriage displayed a coronet."

Had the speaker announced that the harness and panels displayed a live griffin rampant, it could not have aroused more excitement. "A coronet!" broke from the lips of those around.

"An earl's coronet. So if she is an earl's daughter, as we may assume, it would be somewhat *infra dig.* for her to be found dancing in these rooms, liable to be waltzed about by any clerk from London who may pay his subscription to go in—whatever you may say to the contrary, Miss Vaughan."

"It is singular I should not have observed them last night," was Miss Vaughan's remark.

"They did not stay long," said Fanny Darlington; "they seemed to come in more to see what the rooms were like than to stay. He went out with them, but he came back again. He appeared to know them intimately."

"Some of his patients, no doubt," cried Miss Lake. "Medical men are always——"

"Hush, Augusta! Here he is. Don't ask who the people were."

A tall, slender man was slowly approaching the group. Certainly he was what Miss Vaughan had just described him—distinguished-looking. The thoughtful expression of his intelligent countenance, full of the beauty of intellect, gave him the appearance of being somewhat older than his age, which may have been near five-and-twenty. But it was neither for his fine form nor his handsome

face that he was popular, popular with all classes; it was for his charm of manner. Quiet and refined, gentlemanly in bearing and in thought, he yet bore about him that ready frankness of speech, that winning courtesy to others, which is the great passport to favour, and which can never be assumed by those who possess it not.

Do you guess who it was? You have seen him before. It was that impetuous boy of years gone by, Frederick Grey. But Frederick Grey grown into manhood.

The change in the fortunes of Stephen Grey had been wonderful. At least it would have appeared wonderful, but that the rise had been so gradually progressive, one step leading easily, and naturally as it were, to another. Eight years ago, barely so much yet, he had been a general practitioner in South Wenlock, the modest dispenser of his own medicines; and now he was Sir Stephen Grey, a baronet, and one of the royal physicians.

A wonderful rise, you will say. In truth it was. But the transition had been, I repeat, easy and gradual. His settling in London was the turning point in his fortunes, and they had continued to rise step by step throughout the subsequent years. Practice first flew in to him, and he obtained a name; how valuable that is to a physician, more especially a London physician, let them tell you; next, he had been appointed to attend on royalty, and was knighted by the Queen; and now, about twelve months back, his patent of baronetcy had been made out for "Stephen Grey and his heirs for ever." There was scarcely a medical man in the metropolis who was so popular as Sir Stephen Grey; certainly none who had risen so rapidly.

Frederick, as you know, had been trained to his father's profession. He would soon take his degree as M.D. A break had occurred in his medical studies, for when Sir Stephen found his fortunes rising, he judged it right to afford his son the advantages of a more liberal education, and Frederick was despatched to keep his terms at the Oxford University. No wonder he was sought after by those young ladies on the Seaford sands! The heir to a baronetcy and the inheritor of wealth—for Sir Stephen was putting by largely; added to these were his own attractions of person, his high character, his fascinating manners,—the whole combined in one man might well be deemed a prize.

Lady Grey, no stronger in health than she had used to be, had come to Seaford for the sea air, accompanied by her son. They had been there a fortnight now, and Mr. Frederick, as you perceive, had not failed to make

himself a mark of interest ; though probably using no effort of his own in the process.

He walked slowly towards those susceptible young ladies, and a change came over them all : that change from apathy to interest which the presence of such a man is sure to bring. Perhaps there was not a girl sitting there but would have been glad to be his chosen, what with his own attractions and his fair prospects in life.

He shook hands with some, he chatted with others, he had a pleasant look and word for all ; but Helen Vaughan contrived to monopolize him—as she generally did. He thought nothing yet of her doing so, for he was accustomed to the homage of women. He never suspected she had any particular motive in it ; most certainly he did not suspect that she was permitting herself to become seriously attached to him.

"How is Lady Grey?" called out Fanny Darlington.

"Thank you," he replied, "she is not well this morning. I begged her not to think of coming on the sands to-day."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Miss Vaughan. "Vexatious that she should be ill, and vexatious on my own account," she added, with a fascinating smile. "You see this work that I am doing, Mr. Grey?"

"Very complicated work it seems to be," was his laughing reply, as he glanced at the fragile fabric of threads she held out to him.

"I cannot get on with it, do you know. I am doing it under Lady Grey's instructions, and cannot tell which part to take up next. If I thought mamma would not mind my walking alone through the streets, I would go to your house, and take them from her. Is she well enough to see friends?" continued the young lady, quickly.

"Quite well enough."

"I think I must go to her for instructions, then. It is so tiresome to be at a standstill. Besides, I am working against time ; this is for a wedding present."

"I can tell you how to go on with it, if you choose," interrupted Augusta Lake. "There's not the least necessity for your troubling Lady Grey."

Helen Vaughan shook her head dubiously.

"But if you should tell me wrong?—and I had the work to pick out again! No, I would rather trust to Lady Grey, as she has shown me all throughout. Would it be troubling her too much, Mr. Grey?" appealing to him with her handsome eyes.

"On the contrary, I think my mother would be glad to receive you," he replied. "On these monotonous mornings, when she is con-

fined to the sofa, she is often pleased at the sight of a visitor."

Helen Vaughan rose, but she did not move away ; she stood where she was, and seemed to be lost in perplexed deliberation.

"I scarcely know what to be at ; mamma has so great a dislike to our walking through the streets alone." Augusta Lake's lip curled scornfully, and she did not take any pains to hide it.

"Will you accept of my escort?" asked the gentleman. Could he say anything less?

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Helen, with a rosy flush. "Though I am extremely sorry to give you the trouble, Mr. Grey."

He had taken a step or two by her side when he found himself impeded. A little pale lad had come up, and was pulling him backwards. He wore a plain brown-holland tunic dress, and his straw hat had a bit of straw-coloured ribbon tied round it. There was nothing about the child to tell his quality or condition ; his attire might have been equally worn by one of no degree, or by a son of her Majesty the Queen.

"Hey, Frank! Where did you spring from?"

"Mamma's there. She said I might run to you."

"Who is that child, Mr. Grey?" came the eager inquiry, for the gossiping young ladies had recognised him for the one of whom they had been making mention.

Mr. Grey caught the boy in his arms and perched him on his shoulder.

"Tell who you are, Frank."

Master Frank did not choose to speak ; he was shy. One hand stole round Frederick Grey's neck ; the fingers of the other he inserted in his own mouth.

"The child was here yesterday with a black servant," began Miss Lake, "but——"

"It was Pompey," interrupted the boy, finding his tongue. "Put me down, please, Mr. Grey ; I want to go for my spade."

"There you are, then," he returned, depositing him on his legs. "But, Frank, I am ashamed of you. Not to tell your name when you are asked it!"

"It's Frank," said the boy, running away over the sand.

"Who is he really, Mr. Grey?"

"Lord Oakburn."

"Lord Oakburn! The young Earl of Oakburn, who was born when his father died?"

"The same," said Mr. Grey. "He is a somewhat delicate boy, and Lady Oakburn has brought him here for a month's sea-bathing."

"It was his mother we saw you so amiable

with at the rooms last night, then?" cried Miss Lake. "And the young lady—who was she?"

"A very lovely girl; quite charming to look upon," interposed Fanny Darlington rather maliciously, as she stole a glance at Miss Vaughan. "Who was she, Mr. Grey?"

"His sister, Lady Lucy Chesney."

"Are they patients of yours, Mr. Grey?" asked Helen Vaughan, in a cold tone.

"Of Sir Stephen's; not of mine," he answered, laughing.

"By the way, Mr. Grey, I thought you expected Sir Stephen down last Sunday."

"We expected him on Saturday, but he was unable to come. He will be here next Saturday, if not prevented again."

The little lord ran up again, spade in hand.

"Mr. Grey, Lucy says I am to tell you we have heard from town."

"Is Lucy there?" suddenly responded Mr. Grey, turning his head. "She told me she——"

The words died away with the steps of the speaker; for he strode off, quite oblivious to any recollection of Miss Vaughan. At some distance, tracing characters on the sands with her parasol, in a cool and pretty muslin dress, stood an elegant girl of middle height and graceful bearing, her features inexpressibly refined and beautiful, her complexion bright and delicate. It was Lucy Chesney: the little girl of the short frocks and white-tipped drawers had become this lovely young woman of nineteen. The blushes rose to her face in so obvious a degree as Frederick Grey approached her, that they might have told a tale, had any one been there to read it. Miss Vaughan looked on from the distance, her heart sinking, her lips paling: if ever she saw the signs of mutual love, she believed she saw them then.

Miss Vaughan was not deceived. Love, and love in no measured degree, had long ago sprung up between Frederick Grey and Lucy Chesney. That introduction of Stephen Grey to the Countess of Oakburn by Lady Jane—though indeed we ought to give Judith the credit of it—had led to a personal intimacy between the families, which had ripened into a close and lasting friendship. Lady Oakburn, poor for her rank, living a retired life in the house at Portland Place, educating Lucy, training her little boy, had been more inclined to form quiet friendships than to frequent the gay society of the world. A little gaiety now Lucy was out—and she had been presented this past spring—but the long friendship with the Greys could not be superseded by all the gaiety in the world. It had brought forth its fruits, that

friendship; for Lucy Chesney's heart had gone out for all time to that attractive young man, now bending to her to whisper his honied words.

Medical men have their prejudices in favour of certain watering-places, some patronising one place, some another. Sir Stephen Grey's pet place was Seaford. His wife generally visited it once a year; in short, Sir Stephen recommended it to all his patients, especially to those whose maladies were more imaginary than real. It was he who had said to Lady Oakburn, not ten days ago yet, "Take the boy to Seaford." The boy, young Frank, was but sickly, and his mother, as a matter of course, was very anxious. The boy had the sturdy independence of his father, and the magnificent dark eyes, the plain good sense of his mother. "There's no reason to be fidgety over him," Sir Stephen would say; "he'll grow into a strong man in time." But Lady Oakburn was fidgety in that one particular, and Sir Stephen had this year ordered the boy to Seaford—Sir Stephen having no conception that the mandate would be a particularly welcome one to his son and Lucy Chesney, Lady Oakburn as little; for they had been utterly blind to the attachment that was taking root under, as may be said, their very noses. Talk of beetles being blind, men and women are far more so.

He went up to her, holding out his hand, and the cheeks wore the loveliest carmine flush as he bent to her with his whispered words. Very commonplace words, though, and there was no apparent necessity for her blushes, or for his sweet, low tones. Their love-making had not yet gone on to open avowal.

"You told me you were not coming here to-day, Lucy."

"I thought we were not. Mamma said it would be too hot, but she changed her mind. We had a note from Sir Stephen this morning."

"Ah! What about?"

"He has obtained the information for us regarding those German baths. It is very favourable, and mamma says now she wishes she had gone to them instead of coming to Seaford."

An interchanged glance from between their eyelashes, shy on Lucy's part, speaking worlds on his, and Lucy's eyes at least were dropped again. Lady Oakburn's going to the German baths instead of to Seaford would not have been acceptable to either.

"But as Lady Oakburn is here, I suppose she will remain?" he said.

"I think so, now. It is only July, you

know, and there may be time for Germany later. Mamma says we must remain a month, for she has written to ask Jane to come to us. At least, we must remain if Jane accepts the invitation."

"I hope she will!" involuntarily exclaimed Frederick. "Did Sir Stephen say whether he should come down on Saturday, do you know, Lucy?"

"I cannot tell. I did not read his letter. Mamma read it to me, but I don't know whether she read it all. Sir Stephen——"

"Mr. Frederick Grey, Helen bade me ask whether you had forgotten that she is waiting. She says perhaps it is inconvenient to you to keep your promise."

Frederick Grey turned to behold a girl of ten, Helen Vaughan's sister. Helen Vaughan had watched the speakers with a resentful spirit and jealous eye. It was more than her chafed temper could bear, and she called her sister from the attractions of the sand pies, and gave her the message.

Following herself slowly on the heels of the little girl. As Frederick looked round she had nearly come up to them. The child flew off to the pies again and Helen spoke.

"It may be inconvenient to you now, Mr. Grey?"

"By no means. I shall be happy to accompany you."

The two young ladies stood, scanning each other's faces, waiting—as it seemed to him—for an introduction. He knew that Miss Vaughan's position as the daughter of a general officer, would quite justify his making it to Lucy.

"Miss Vaughan: Lady Lucy Chesney."

Two cold distant curtsies, and the ceremony was over. The general's daughter was the first to speak.

"Not Miss Vaughan; Miss Helen Vaughan. I have an elder sister. Her health was indifferent and she stayed behind us at Montreal to come home later."

Montreal? Vaughan? The names struck some nearly forgotten chord in the memory of Lucy, in connection with a Miss Beauchamp who had gone out to Montreal as governess, and who turned out not to be Clarice. She made no comment, however, no inquiry; the young lady's haughty face did not take her fancy. Neither perhaps did her intimacy with Frederick Grey.

A few interchanged words, cold and civil, two more distant curtsies, and the young ladies had parted, and Miss Vaughan was walking in the direction of the town, side by side with Frederick Grey.

"I don't like her a bit," thought Lucy, as

she turned away. "I wonder how long Frederick has known her?"

In a quiet spot, apart from others, sat Lady Oakburn. The seven years had passed over her face lightly, and she looked nearly as young, more magnificent than when, as Miss Lethwait, the captivated earl had asked her to become his wife. A hazardous venture, perhaps, but one that had turned out well: Lady Oakburn was a step-mother in a thousand. Seated by her side, having rushed up to claim acquaintance with her on hearing Frederick Grey's announcement, was a Mrs. Delcie. The acquaintance between them was very slight. They had met once or twice in some of the crowded rooms of London; but you know it is not all of us who get the chance to show to our sea-bathing friends that we are on speaking terms with a countess. Mrs. Delcie appeared inclined to make herself at home, and was already initiating Lady Oakburn into the politics of the place.

"You look tired, my dear child," exclaimed Lady Oakburn, when Lucy came up. "It is hot here. Would you rather go home?"

"I am not at all tired, mamma. I think Frank will be, by the way he is running about."

"It will do him good," returned Lady Oakburn. "You know what Sir Stephen says—that we wrap him up in lavender."

"Is that Sir Stephen Grey?" interposed Mrs. Delcie. "You know the Greys personally, perhaps?"

"Very well indeed," replied Lady Oakburn.

"I don't. But I should like to. I must get an introduction to Lady Grey. What a handsome young fellow is that son of theirs! He will not get away from Seaford heart-whole."

The words were spoken emphatically, and Lady Oakburn looked up with some curiosity. Lucy, who had sat down by her step-mother, bent her face and her parasol, and began her favourite pastime of tracing characters on the sands as she listened.

"That handsome girl, Helen Vaughan, has been making a dead set at him ever since he came here, and he does not respond to it unwillingly," continued Mrs. Delcie. "Some think that they are already engaged; but I don't know."

"I do not think that likely," observed Lady Oakburn.

"Why?"

"From what I know of Frederick Grey, he is not the man to choose a young lady for a wife after knowing her for a fortnight only."

"You would think it likely if you saw them together. He is ever with her, evidently

smitten ; on the sands, in the promenade, in the rooms, there he is by the side of Helen Vaughan. Some fancy his profession might be a bar in the general's eyes ; not it, say I : there's the baronetcy to set off against it. It is to be hoped he will have her, for she's dying for him."

Lucy's face turned white, and the parasol went scoring its marks according to its own will. *Was it true, this?* For the last few months she had been living as in a blissful dream of Eden : one that she had not cared to analyse. All she knew was, that the step of Frederick Grey sent her whole life-blood coursing through her veins, that his presence brought to her a rapturous bliss ; his voice was sweeter than the sweetest music, the touch of his hand thrilled her every fibre. The sunny spring-tide of love had come for Lucy Chesney, and she had been glad that it should never pass.

Love took up the glass of time and turned it in his glowing hands ;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all its cords with might ;

Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. CHANGES.

LADY JANE CHESNEY sat in her quiet drawing-room in the old house on the Rise. The Rise was a suburb of importance now ; mansions, and villas with two entrance gates, and dwellings with a miniature lodge, and other grandeur, had sprung up. Seven years make changes in a place. They had not made much in Jane Chesney. The former carking care, the disappointment, the trouble had passed ; and these peaceful last years of quiet had smoothed her fair countenance instead of ageing it. One source of care alone was hers ; and that had grown into a care of the past—the anxiety touching her sister Clarice. Strange as it may seem to have to write it, strange as it *was* in fact, nothing whatever had been heard of Lady Clarice Chesney. Not so much as a word, a hint, a sign had come to Jane of her in any way during the past seven years. Even Mrs. West—the only link, as it had seemed to Lady Jane between Clarice in being and Clarice lost—had disappeared. Not disappeared in the same sense that Clarice had. Mrs. West had given up her house in Gloucester Terrace and gone to reside on the continent for the benefit of her children's education. Her husband went with her. A successful man in business, he had realised a competency earlier than most men realise it, and had (perhaps

wisely) retired from it altogether. So that Jane had seen nothing of the Wests since the short interview with Mr. West at the period of Lord Oakburn's death.

No, Clarice Chesney remained lost ; her fate a mystery amidst the many mysteries of life ; and time had flung its healing wings over the heart of Jane, and the anxiety and sorrow were now all of the past. It is true that moments of dismay would come over Jane, like unto that first waking of ours in the early morning, when all the old horror would return to her ; the strange disappearance, the vivid features of the dreaded dream, the wearing suspense when she and the earl were afterwards searching for Clarice ; and she would remember how faithfully she had promised her father to make the seeking Clarice the one chief object of her life. In these moments she would ask herself—was she doing so ? But in truth she saw not anything that *could* be done, for all sources of inquiry had been exhausted at the time. Should any clue ever turn up, though it were but the faintest shadow of one, then Jane would act ; act with all her best energy, and strive to unravel it. A voice within her sometimes made itself heard, in spite of herself, whispering that that time would come.

But the seven years had gone on, bringing none ; and seven years at Lady Jane Chesney's age seems a long span in the lease of life. The signs of care had left her face ; it was of placid gentleness ; and existence in a calm way had charms yet for Jane Chesney.

Not that little temporary worries never intruded themselves ; I do not know anyone to whom they do not come. Even on this morning something of the sort is troubling Jane as she sits in her cool and shady drawing-room, where the sun does not penetrate until the noon is high. A letter has been delivered to her from Seaford from the Countess of Oakburn, and its contents are perplexing her, as her fair brow bends over it for about the twentieth time.

Lady Oakburn had written to her some days previously, inviting her to come and stay with them at Seaford. Jane declined it. She did not feel inclined to go from home just then, she wrote, but that perhaps, if all went well, she would spend Christmas with them in London. Jane's former antipathy to the countess had worn away : she truly esteemed her, and they were the best of friends. Her refusal was duly despatched, and a few days passed on : but this morning had brought another letter from the countess, containing a few urgent lines of entreaty. "Do come to me at once, dear Lady Jane. I ask you for Lucy's sake. She

quite well; but I must have some advice from you respecting her."

The words puzzled Jane. Lady Oakburn had written in evident anxiety; in—Jane thought—pain; certainly in haste. Her letters were always so sensible and self-possessed that there could be no doubt something unusual had seriously disturbed her, and that it concerned Lucy.

"I shall go," decided Jane, as she folded the letter for the last time, and placed it in her pocket. "I do not like suspense, and I shall go to-day. We can get away by the three o'clock train."

She rang for Judith, to give her the necessary orders, and in the same moment saw the carriage of her sister Laura stop at the gate. A grand carriage was Lady Laura's now, with six bedecked servants and all sorts of show and trimmings attached to it, quite after Laura's own vain heart. Mr. Carlton the elder had quitted the world, and bequeathed his gains to his son; and none in all South Wenlock were so grand as Mr. and Lady Laura Carlton.

She came in: the imperious look, which had now grown habitual, very conspicuous on her face; her robe of pale green morning silk rustling and glistening, her Chantilly veil of white flung back. Jane could see in a moment that something had crossed her. Something often did cross her now. The sisters were not very intimate. Jane maintained her original resolution, never to put her foot within Mr. Carlton's house; and her intercourse with her sister was confined to these chance visits of Laura's. Laura sat down upon the nearest chair, flinging her dainty parasol of lace upon the table.

"Jane, I wish to goodness you'd let me have Judith!"

The words were spoken without any superfluous ceremony of greeting. When Laura was put out, she was as sparing of courtesy as ever had been the sailor-earl, her father. Jane looked at her in surprise.

"Let you have Judith, Laura! I don't know what you mean."

"That Stiffing has nearly driven me wild this morning with her stupidity," returned Lady Laura, alluding to her maid, "and if I could only get some one in her place to suit me, she should go this very day. Would you believe, Jane, would you believe, that she has one and sent that lovely gold-coloured scarf of mine to the dyer's?"

"She must have done it in a mistake," observed Jane.

"But, good gracious, who but an idiot would make such a mistake?" retorted Laura. "I told her to send my brown scarf to be

died, and she says she thought I meant my gold one, and she sent it, and it has come home this morning converted into a wretched thing of a black! I could have beaten her in my vexation. I wish you'd spare me Judith, Jane. She would suit me I know better than anybody else."

Jane shook her head. Perhaps she admired the coolness of the request. She said very little; but that little was to the effect that she could not spare Judith, and Laura saw she meant it.

"Don't part with a maid who suits you in other ways for one sole error, Laura," was her advice. "At any rate, I cannot give you Judith. I am going to take her away with me this very day. I am going to Seaford."

"To Seaford!" returned Laura, speaking as crossly as she felt. "Why, it was only on Friday, when I met you in High Street, you told me Lady Oakburn had invited you to Seaford, and you had declined to go."

"I know I did. But I have had another letter from her this morning, and have altered my mind. I shall go to-day."

Laura gave her head a toss in her old fashion. "I'd not be as changeable as you, Jane. Then you won't give me Judith?"

"I am very sorry to deny you, Laura," was Jane's answer, "but I could not do without her."

Laura sat tapping the carpet with her foot. "I have a great mind to go with you," said she at length. "I am sure Lady Oakburn would be glad to see me."

"But I shall stay there a month."

"What of that?"

"Mr. Carlton might not like to spare you for so long."

"Do you suppose I study what he likes?" asked Laura, a scowl of bitter superciliousness crossing her face. "But I won't go: I should miss the races here."

For South Wenlock was a gay place now, and held its own yearly races, at which nobody enjoyed themselves more than Lady Laura Carlton. These races brought to them some of the good county families, and Laura was in her element, keeping open house. She said a cold adieu to Jane; she was capricious as the wind; and swept out to her carriage with pouting lips.

From that one little remark above of my Lady Laura's, the reader will infer that the domestic sunshine formerly brightening the daily life of Mr. Carlton and his wife, had not continued uninterruptedly to illumine it. Things might have been happier with Laura perhaps had she had children; but since that first infant which had died at its birth, there had

been no signs of any. Happier in so far as that she would have had occupation,—a legitimate interest to fill her thoughts; but it might not have made any difference to the terms on which she now lived with her husband. And the terms were not, on the whole, those of harmony.

The original fault was his. However haughty, sullen, passionate Laura might have become; however aggravating in her manner to him as she often now was, let it emphatically be repeated that the fault lay originally with him. It was but a repetition of the story too often enacted in real life, though not so often disclosed to the world. Laura had loved Mr. Carlton with impassioned fervour; and she had so continued to love him for three or four years; then she was rudely awakened. Not awakened by the gradual process of disenchantment, but suddenly, violently, at one fell stroke.

It is the *spécialité* of man to be fickle; it is the *spécialité* of some men to stoop to sin. Perhaps few men living were more inclined by nature to transgress social laws than was Mr. Carlton. He had been lax in his notions of morality all his life; he was lax still. His love for his wife had been wild and passionate as a whirlwind, while it lasted; but these whirlwinds, you know, never do last. Certain rumours reflecting on Mr. Carlton got whispered about; escapades now and again, in which there was, it must be confessed, as much truth as scandal, and they unfortunately penetrated to the ear of his wife. The town ignored them of course: was obligingly willing to ignore them; Lady Laura did not. She contrived to acquire pretty good proof of their foundation, and they turned her love for her husband into something very like hatred. It has had the same effect, you may be aware, in real life. Since then she had been unequal in her temper. The first burst of the storm over, the cruel shock in some degree lived down, she had subsided into an indifferent sort of specious civility: but this calm was occasionally varied by bursts of passionate anger, not in the least agreeable to Mr. Carlton. Personally he was loving and indulgent to Laura still. No open rupture had taken place to cause a nine days' marvel; before the world they were as sufficiently cordial with each other as are most husbands and wives; but Laura Carlton was an unhappy woman, looking upon herself as one miserably outraged, miserably deceived. Little wonder was there at the remark to her sister, "Do you suppose I should study what he likes?"

Lady Jane, attended by her faithful maid, drove to Great Wenlock to take one of the afternoon trains. The road was another thing

that had been changed by the hand of Time. The old ruts and hillocks and stones had gone, and it was now almost as smooth as a bowling-green. As they entered the waiting-room, the omnibus renowned in this history, which still plied between the two towns, and now boasted of a rather more civil driver, and of new springs and of sundry outer embellishments, was drawn up in its place outside, waiting for the passengers from the coming train. Had Lady Jane and Judith turned their eyes to it in passing—which they did not—they might have seen seated in it a remarkably stout lady. It was an old acquaintance of ours, Mrs. Pepperfly. She had been on an errand to Great Wenlock, and was taking advantage of the omnibus to return.

The train came up. It set down those of its passengers who wished to alight, and took up those who wished to go on by it. Amidst the latter were Lady Jane and Judith.

Mrs. Pepperfly had been enjoying a good dinner, comprising a proportionable supply of beer. The result was, that she felt drowsy. Only herself was in the omnibus, and she sat nodding and blinking, when a slight stir at its door aroused her.

A passenger from the train had come up to take her place in the omnibus. She was a hard-featured, respectable-looking woman, dressed in good widow's mourning, and she had with her a little boy and some luggage. She took her seat opposite Mrs. Pepperfly, and placed the child by her side; he was a delicate-looking lad of perhaps six years, with a fair skin and light flaxen hair. Mrs. Pepperfly, skilled in looks, detected at once that he was not in good health. But he was more restless than are most sickly children, turning his head about from the door to the side window incessantly, as different objects attracted his attention.

"Oh, mother, mother, look there!"

The words were spoken in the most excited manner. Two soldiers in their red clothes had come forth from the station; and this it was which caused the words. The mother administered a reprimand.

"There you go again! I never saw such a child! One would think soldiers were some of the world's wonders, by the fever you put yourself into at sight of 'em!"

"I have knowed some children go a'most wild at sight of a red-coat!" interposed Mrs. Pepperfly, without ceremony.

"Then he's one," replied the widow. "He'd rather look at a soldier any day than at a penny peep-show."

The omnibus started, having waited in vain for other passengers. The little boy, probably

seeing nothing in the road, or the fields on either side of it, to attract his admiration, nestled against his mother and was soon asleep. Mrs. Pepperfly had also begun to nod again, when the stranger bent over to her with a question.

"Do you happen to know a lady living about here of the name of Crane?"

Mrs. Pepperfly started and opened her eyes, hardly awake yet.

"Crane?" said she.

"I want to find the address of a lady of that name. Do you know a Mrs. Crane in South Wennock?"

"No, mum," answered Mrs. Pepperfly, her reminiscences of a certain episode of the past aroused, and not pleasantly, at the question. "I never knowed but one lady o' that name; and that was but for two or three days, eight year and more ago, for she went out of the world promiscuous."

The widow paused a minute as if she had lost her breath. "How do you mean?" she asked.

"She was ill, mum, and I was the very nurse that was nursing of her, and she was getting on all beautiful when a nasty accident fell in, which haven't been brought to light yet, and it put her into her grave in St. Mark's Churchyard."

"Was she hurt?" exclaimed the widow, hastily.

"No, nothing of that," answered Mrs. Pepperfly, shaking her head. "The wrong medicine was given to her: it was me myself what poured it out and put it to her dear lips, little thinking I was giving her her death: and I wish my fingers had been bit off first!"

The stranger stared hard at Mrs. Pepperfly, as if she could not understand the words, or as if she doubted the tale. "Where did this happen?" she said at length. "Was she in lodgings in South Wennock?"

"She were in lodgings in Palace Street," was the reply. "She come all sudden to the place, knowing nobody and nobody knowing her, just as one might suppose a strange bird might drop down from the skies. And she took the widow Gould's rooms in Palace Street, and that very night her illness come on, and it was me that was called in to nurse her."

"And she is dead?" repeated the stranger, unable apparently to take in the tidings.

"She have been lying ever since in a corner of St. Mark's Churchyard. She died the following Monday night. Leastways she were killed," added Mrs. Pepperfly.

The stranger altered the position of the sleeping child, and bent nearer to the nurse. "Tell me about it," she said.

"It's soon told," was the answer. "The

doctor had sent in a composing draught. He had sent one in on the Saturday night and on the Sunday night; she were restless, poor thing, though doing as well as it's possible for a body to do; but she were young, and she would get laughing and talking, and the doctors they don't like that—and I'll not say but there's cases where it's dangerous. Well, on the Monday night there was sent in another of these sleeping draughts, as the doctor thought, and as us thought, and I gave it to her, and it turned out to be poison, and her poor innocent soul went out after swallowing it; and mine a'most went out too with the fright."

"Poison!"

"The draught were poisoned, and it killed her."

"But how came the doctor to send a poisoned draught?" asked the stranger in a passionate tone.

"Ah, there it is," returned Mrs. Pepperfly. "He says he didn't send it so—that it went out from him good wholesome physic. But, as me and the widow Gould remarked to each other at the time, If he sent it out pure, what should bring the poison in it afterwards?"

"What was done to the doctor?"

"Nothing. There was a inquest sat upon her body, as I've cause to remember, for they had me up at it: but the jury and the crowner thought the doctor had not made the mistake nor put the poison into the draught—which he had stood to it from the first he didn't."

"Then who did put it in?"

"It's more nor I can tell," replied Mrs. Pepperfly. "I know I didn't."

"And was no stir made about it?" continued the stranger, wiping her face, which was growing heated.

"Plenty of stir, for that matter, but nothing come of it. The police couldn't follow it up proper, for they didn't know where she came from, or even what her crissen name was: and nobody has never come to inquire after her from that day to this."

"Who was the doctor that attended her?" was the next question; and it was put abruptly.

"Mr. Stephen Grey. One might say indeed that two was attending of her, him and Mr. Carlton; but Mr. Carlton only saw her once or twice; he was away from the town. She had Mr. Stephen Grey throughout, and it was him that sent the draught."

"Does he bear a good character?" asked the stranger, harshly.

"Mrs. Pepperfly opened her eyes. "What, Mr. Stephen Grey? Why, mum, nobody never bore a better character in this world, whether as a doctor or a man. Except that

mistake—if it was him that made it—he never had a thing whispered again him before or since. He left the place after that to settle in London, and he have got on, they say, like a house a-fire. I know this : he'd give his right hand to find out the rights about it."

"Is he a young man—an unmarried man?"

"Be you and me young and unmarried?" retorted Mrs. Pepperfly, for the want of sense in the question (as it sounded to her in her superior knowledge) excited her ire. "Him? He have been married this five-and-twenty year, and he's a'most as old as we be. There! There's the very churchyard where she's lying."

Mrs. Pepperfly pointed to the opposite side of the street which the omnibus was now approaching. And the stranger, in her eagerness to look at the churchyard, found her face brought violently in contact with the side of the omnibus, as it was whirled round the corner by the driver, to draw up at the door of the Red Lion.

(To be continued.)

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

"WHAT is the reason you object to live in the old family house, Alfred? The man who drove me from the station told me it was haunted; but you, surely, do not believe in such nonsense?"

"Certainly not. You must have a bad memory, however, if you cannot understand the reason why no earthly inducement would bring me to occupy it."

"Well, my memory is bad enough, I allow; but when I left England, seventeen years ago, your father and mother occupied it; and I never heard either you or your sister find any fault with it."

"Ah! I had forgotten. You have not heard of the dreadful affair which cut us up root and branch; for I am the only survivor of the family left, except my poor sister, and I shall never marry."

"Crossed in love, eh? If you had come out to me in South America when it happened, you would have forgotten it long ago, and have come home as fully determined to marry and settle down as I am. But tell me all about it, my dear old boy. Let me see, when I left England you had just entered on your first term at Oxford."

"Just so. Our parting was the first sorrow of my life. How well I remember my sister, my cousin Fanny, and myself walking with you to the station! Fanny was not much to look at then; but if you had seen her when she was two years older you would have thought

her, as I did, one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon."

"I understand—cousin Fanny was the rock on which the happiness of your life was wrecked, as novelists say."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, do not speak another word in that jeering tone. I will tell you what has happened since, on condition that you do not speak of it again. I had but a few months longer to remain at college when I was sent for, in consequence of the serious illness of my mother. On reaching home I found that Fanny was staying there, and during this time we were necessarily a great deal together. My sister was occupied in attendance on our mother, and could not often accompany us in our walks. Under other circumstances I might have seen so many different faces, have had so many visits to make, and have found so much amusement in field sports and in talking with my father respecting alterations and improvements about the estate, that I should have had comparatively few opportunities of associating with my cousin. As it was, we were in each other's society for hours daily. The result of this constant association was, that I became passionately attached to her; and when my mother had recovered so far as to be out of danger, and I was about to return to Oxford, I obtained from her the acknowledgment that my love was returned, and I left her with the understanding that when I had taken my degree the day of our marriage should be fixed. If ever there was a man in the world who looked forward with undoubting confidence to a life of happiness I was that man. My father and mother were both favourable to our marriage, and there was no conceivable obstacle to oppose our wishes. The only person whom Fanny had to consult was her aunt, and there was nothing to fear from any objections on her part.

"I do not suppose you remember, even if you ever heard, that this aunt of hers was very rich. She had adopted Fanny and her brother when they were mere children, their father and mother having been drowned in the ——— when that vessel went down in the Bay of Biscay. Fanny's brother I had never seen. His conduct was so bad at Eton that he was expelled from that school, and so disgusted his aunt that she refused to allow him to live with her, and he was sent to St. Omer to finish his education there. He left St. Omer without giving any reason, and went to Italy, living on the allowance that his aunt made him. In his letters he spoke only of the occupations and amusements of the various courts and cities he visited, and the frequency with which he wrote to his aunt mollified her feelings towards him

so far as to induce her to increase his allowance; but she said she had vowed that her whole fortune should go to her niece on her death, and nothing would induce her to break this solemn resolution.

"Complete happiness is better than all the cramming in the world in helping a man to read for his degree. I was up early in the morning and on the river, and had a long day afterwards for study. As I was leaving chapel one morning a familiar voice said 'Good morning, Mr. Alfred,' and a hand was held before me with a letter. I was so surprised that before I took the letter I looked at the speaker, and a chill came over me when I saw that it was the groom who waited upon me when I was at home. Telling him to go to my rooms, I went back into the chapel, which was now empty, and opened the letter. It was written by my father; and after exhorting me to bear the painful news he had to give me like a man, he told me briefly that Fanny had disappeared on the previous morning, and that they had been seeking her all night in vain. On reading this letter I rushed to my rooms, threw off my cap and gown, and within a quarter of an hour was driving homewards. My first question as I jumped out of the gig and took my father's hand was, 'Have you found her?' His answer was in the negative. He told me she had gone out alone before breakfast, as usual, and had not been seen since, though she had been sought for in every place.

It may have been a year or more before this that I had taken a great interest in photography, and there was not a picturesque spot about the state or near it I had not photographed. During my mother's illness it was my chief amusement; and, accompanied by my cousin and a man to carry the apparatus, I had spent whole days in practising an art which, to me, had all the charm of novelty. I remembered well all the spots which had most pleased her, and where we had afterwards walked most frequently. Too impatient to regulate my pace by my father's, I called to my groom to come with me, and set off to search those places beyond the limits of the estate which we had liked most. I had searched several of these without success, and had got as far as The Beeches, when I suddenly recollected that there was a place called 'Clay Hollow,' about two miles distant. This was a very lonely spot, but commanded a beautiful view, and had been a favourite walk of ours since we had discovered it. Wondering why I had not thought of it before, I set out for this place. The pathway, which led into the hollow, wound through furze and broom, and came out behind a remarkably fine old oak. I had no need to look further.

Beneath this oak lay the dead body of the woman with whom I had expected to share a long life of happiness.

"If this had happened but an hour ago, I should not have a more vivid recollection of what I felt as I looked at the widely-opened glazed eyes and the distorted features which I had last seen full of life and animation. The body was carried home and laid in the great hall, and a surgeon was sent for, who, after a brief examination, told us, what I had seen already, that she had been strangled.

"No other motive for the murder except robbery could be suggested; but whether she had been robbed or not nobody could tell, as at that early hour of the morning it was not likely she could have had anything about her which anybody could steal. There was indeed a brooch missing from her shawl, but this was afterwards picked up among the grass. The necessary legal formalities were gone through the next day, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' against some person or persons unknown was returned. As soon as the crowd of individuals concerned in the inquiry had departed, and I was left alone with my father and the surgeon (my sister having been sent, as soon as Fanny's body was discovered, to her aunt to inform her of the dreadful loss we had sustained), I requested the latter to come with me to the Hall. Perfect love excludes every other feeling. I felt no shrinking horror at the sight of the dead body of my betrothed. Night and day I had remained beside the corpse; and it was while looking at the eyes, so changed since the mind had ceased to look out of them, that an idea occurred to me which I had immediately determined to put in execution as soon as the official investigation was over. The idea was, *that a photograph of the retina of the eye might be magnified so as to present a distinct image of the last object depicted upon it.* Every object depicted on the retina during life endures for a time, and is succeeded and effaced by another. The duration of the image on the retina is, however, influenced by various causes. If the eye is directed towards a very brightly-illuminated object the impression made upon the retina is so strong that when the eye is turned towards a light-coloured surface the dazzling object is still visible; but, instead of appearing bright, it is represented darkly, as though it were the shadow of that object. The duration of the image is also affected by the condition of the humours contained in the eye. When death is caused by strangulation the eye becomes charged with a viscous secretion, which is not withdrawn, but coagulates and hardens, so to speak, as vitality is expelled, and the last image impressed on it is retained precisely

as the picture is retained on the photograph which the light has printed on it with the most delicate gradations of tone. These and similar reflections induced me to determine to put the conclusions I had arrived at to the test. With this view I requested the surgeon to remove one of the eyes from its socket. From this I took a great number of photographs on glass, and then gave it back to him that he might restore it to its place. These pictures were of course very much smaller than the eye itself, and it was therefore necessary to devise a method of enlarging them. No very profound knowledge of the effects produced by a combination of lenses was required to point out the means of accomplishing this. I caused one of the rooms to be made totally dark, and an opening to be made in the boards which were nailed over the windows just large enough to admit a single ray of light. This ray was made to pass through a succession of lenses, and also through the glass on which the photographic image was printed, a sheet of prepared paper being fixed to receive the magnified image, and record it in ineffaceable characters.

"Conceive, if you can, the intense anxiety with which I waited for the development of the hidden secret. The day was unusually dull and wet, both circumstances which delayed the reproduction of the image. Hour after hour dragged along till the day ended, and the result was just sufficiently evident to prove that a face was growing out of the paper. I heard persons knocking at the door, but I took no heed of them. I felt neither hunger nor the want of sleep; but sat there on the floor through the long long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end, till I was half maddened by my eagerness and the fear that the murderer might have time to escape beyond the reach of discovery. I thanked God with all my soul when the first faint indication came of returning daylight. The morning sun shone full on the window, and I saw with inexpressible satisfaction that the light was far more vivid than on the preceding day. By slow, very slow degrees—for it is not with these enlarged representations as with small ones—the face became more and more defined. What mixed feelings of horror, rage, and grief filled my mind while this likeness of the murderer crept slowly, but steadily, from darkness into light. It seemed as it were a phantom from the world beyond gradually assuming the solidity of an inhabitant of the earth.

"At last I had before me the portrait of the last human being on whom her eyes had rested. It was that of a man, young, with good features; but with an indescribable expression of mingled terror and ferocity in his face. This, to some

extent, served as a disguise; but the features were too strongly marked for it to prevent any person who knew the original from recognising him. I showed it to my father, and he had a vague impression that he had seen a person resembling it somewhere, but that was all. I then rode with it to the police-station, and put it into the hands of the superintendent. All the constables were called in, but they all declared that they had never seen a person about the country resembling the portrait. Leaving this in his possession, I took another likeness, which I myself showed to every individual, old and young, for miles round.

"All our researches were fruitless. Nobody had seen a person resembling the portrait: a circumstance the more mysterious that it was not that of a person who would be likely to pass unnoticed. The only plausible suggestion to account for this was made by the superintendent, namely, that the man, whoever he was, had come across the fields from the railway-station, and had returned the same way; but inquiries made at the station failed to confirm this idea.

"The continual sight of the effigy of the murderer almost drove me out of my senses. My brain was so far affected that I was incapable of applying myself to anything, and I believe nothing saved me from going raving mad but the conviction that I should one day discover the murderer. To search for him was my sole occupation. In theatres, on the racecourse, at railway-stations—everywhere where men congregated I sought him. I saw neither the amusements nor the business; nothing but faces. The death of my mother, which at any other time would have affected me deeply, came so soon after the other calamity that I hardly felt it.

"Month after month I wandered up and down the streets of London from morning to night, avoiding no place, however infamous, where there was a chance of finding the man of whom I was in search. My quest was interrupted for a time by a letter from my sister, summoning me home. My father was very ill, and no hope was held out of his recovery. When all was over, the medical man suggested that I might be more successful in finding my cousin's murderer if I went on the Continent. I thought he was right. I went to Paris, thence to Baden, and through all the German watering-places. From Berlin I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners. I was always well supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited. The first I presented on the morn-

ng after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasini, who, before we parted, gave me an invitation to a ball to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on this evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the Countess to pay their respects. I dare say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way towards the spot where the Countess was seated conversing with the young Archduke Maximilian and the commander of the Austrian troops. The taller of the two bent his head so frequently that I was unable to get a distinct view of his face ; but the partial glimpse I got of it from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the man I had been so long seeking. I re-entered the room ; but just as I did so he seemed to think it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he turned suddenly to the right, passed through a doorway, and disappeared. Little as I heeded who I thrust aside in crossing the room, it took me so long to make my way through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I rushed down the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square ; but it was not that by which I had entered, which was at some distance and surrounded by servants and boatmen. I looked eagerly about the square, uncertain which way to pursue, when suddenly I saw a bright flash at the furthest corner of the square, as though somebody was lighting a cigar. The distance between us was so great that I could only imagine it to be the man I was seeking. Nevertheless, I rushed across the square as fast as I could run towards him. I overtook him as he was leaning over a bridge which crossed one of the canals, looking down at the water. I seized him by the arm with my left hand, and with my right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement ; and just as I was about to raise my voice for help I felt a sharp pain, and a descent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After this I was half conscious of a cry that an assassin was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep. A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks afterwards before I knew that I had been thrown into a canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me with their gondolas where I had fallen. As soon as I had recovered my strength sufficiently to move about my room for the wound I had received was more pain-

ful than dangerous) I was told that I must consider myself in custody, the boatmen who gave me over to the police officials having told them that I was attempting to commit a robbery on a gentleman, when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, and I jumped into the canal.

"I sent for Count Frasini, and told him of what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police ; but although I showed him the portrait of his guest, he was unable to identify the original, 'which,' said he, 'is not surprising, considering the number of strangers who are here, and that any of my friends are privileged to bring as many of their friends to our parties as they choose, without the ceremony of an introduction.'

"I did not lose courage even under this disappointment ; on the contrary, the conviction that I must one day discover the murderer grew stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose ; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I travelled to Rome. At this city I found an accumulation of letters from my sister. They spoke of the satisfactory way in which the bailiff, who had served my father for many years, managed the estate, of a great many matters of less importance, and urged me strongly to return home. The strongest motive she had for desiring my return she said very little about ; nor did I, in my then state of mind, feel greatly interested in it. She wanted to consult me respecting an offer of marriage she had received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt. I answered her letter, telling her that, if she liked to accept him as her husband, I could have no reason for objecting to him ; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavour to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus, I dismissed the matter from my mind and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I had heard that my sister was married and was very happy ; and, in utter weariness and almost despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer, I resolved to come back here for a time.

"I left London about noon, and on reaching the station where my journey ended, I told the porter to put my luggage in a safe place till I should send for it. I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come, so, as I was not expected, I walked across to the old oak tree beneath which

the body had been found. I sat here buried in thought for a long time, and, soon after turning into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent many days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nursemaid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I stayed there some time, listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through a wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees I saw crossing the field, about a stone's throw distant from me, a man carrying a gun. I stepped out briskly to overtake him. The land had been newly ploughed, so that he did not seem to hear my steps till I was close to him, when he turned round and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to bend his head a little to look at me, because of the rays which shone directly into his eyes. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—his face inclined exactly as it was in the photograph—stood the murderer I had been seeking for so many years. He, no doubt, recognised me, for he looked as inanimate as though he had been suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed, I rushed at him, and seized him with both hands. 'Murderer!' I said, 'you do not escape as at Venice.' He offered no resistance at first, and I looked around to see if there was anybody near I could send to the police-station to bid the constables come to fetch him away. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him, for he recovered his strength instantaneously and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed liether and thither; but I clung to him notwithstanding. I tried, as I wrestled with him, to throw him, but I could get no foothold on the uneven ground; and it was he who succeeded in forcing me backwards to the earth. Still, I held him, but he could now press my throat with full force; and it was I now who had to struggle to save my own life. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrous size, and this was the last thing I remember.

"I lay in the field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the ploughing, and he, with the help of the keepers, carried me home. I was quite unable to move; but I had a dreamlike consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed I had recovered so

far as to be able to speak, and the first words I spoke was an order to a man to ride as hard as he could go to the police-station and bring back with him the superintendent.

"My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always strongly attached to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, as I supposed, the attack made on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she looked so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said,—

"'You were with our aunt when I made those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not,' I continued; 'but if you open the pocket-book which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it.'

"She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said, 'This is not it. This is my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?'

"'Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!' I stammered. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

"For several hours she remained totally insensible; and when at last she became conscious, she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason.

"I was thankful, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to anybody but my sister the cause of my being found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not been seen since the preceding evening. After he had made inquiries among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room, I said, carelessly,—

"'Have you still got the portrait I gave you several years ago?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire.'

"I made him no answer; but I was thankful that the copy I had given him had been less durable than my own.

"It was found that my sister's husband had gone to London; and that is the last I heard concerning him.

"Do I think he was his sister's murderer? you ask. Is it possible to doubt it? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all cases where death occurs in broad daylight, and especially when it is caused by similar means, the last object on which the eye rests will be found depicted on the retina after death, and from Darkness may be brought into Light."

"LATE" IS NOT "NEVER."



"Of course, murder will out; aye, and then there's God's vengeance upon the murderer, and the rest of it. Yes, and you believe all that; ah, *tant mieux*: but, shall I tell you a history?"

"Well, the night is fine, as our October nights here are apt to be; the coffee is not bad; the ice, that orange and pistaccio, among others, far from despicable; the tobacco passable; you are disposed to listen; there is a

crowd here in Florian, which is equivalent to solitude, for no one knows what his neighbour is chattering; Anna Bazzuri in "Beatrice" has excited you far beyond sleep, albeit the Campanile clock has tolled out its solemn ONE. They will let you in at Daniele's at any hour at which you choose to ring the bell which hangs, *descussée*, on the Piazza dei Shavoni, so half an hour, more or less, signifies little. I am not indisposed to talk, and will tell you a story. *Bottega! un caffè e fuoco.*"

Let me place my interlocutor before my readers. A man whom a careless observer might have described as old, for his hair was grey, "but not with years," as you discovered when you looked at him. There was a roundness of contour, a vigour, a flexibility in his movements, that pertained not to advanced age, and belied the promise of the grizzled hairs, in which but few chesnut remnants recalled their earlier hue. All this showed that the aspect of age was but the disguise of prematurely blasted youth, and arrested attention on the person who, one fine night, in St. Mark's Square, Venice, thus bespoke him who now writes. There was bright moonlight; the broad square was afloat in radiance; the many domed, multi-pinnacked cathedral loomed out like some Cyclop-work in frosted silver; down the arcades streamed lines of idlers, purposelessly gloating over the glittering goldsmith's ware at the arched angle of the "Merceria," or the equally glistening, if less costly, *objets de Venise*, the shell gauds of the neighbouring traveller traps. In Florian and Sattil overflowed a mass of loungers, frothing over into the outer breadth of the Piazza, playing chess, drinking coffee, eating ice, hatching treason, abusing the Austrians; it was 1859, and the Lombard campaign was imminent. There is your scene, now for the *dramatis personæ*.

Imprimis. Your servant, not very tall; stout (his enemies say squat, but that's mendacious), auburn of hair (the detractor's aforesaid call it red, but that's their ill-nature), not ill-looking (his private opinion), *very* expressive countenance, and gentlemanlike exterior—of course.

Secundo. The narrator, nothing out of the common; none of your melo-dramatic heroes, not the slightest flavour of daggers or trapdoors about him, all nineteenth century, modern and polished. He was prematurely grizzled, not his fault, as he said, but his misfortune. The man could moon all day over Basilica, *chiesa*, or *Accademia*; was unwearied in sight-seeing, the most exhaustive of tests; had a wrist of catgut in a *salle d'armes*; could sit up till daylight at opera, or post-opera orgie; seemed to renounce sleep and disown fatigue, yet had the exterior of elder

manhood. He lived as one beyond all sordid necessities, all the waifs and strays of Venice flocked round him as to a certain haven for mendicity, and the omnipotent Austrian police was cap-in-hand to him in all places. I never understood him, and ended by giving him up.

Let him speak for himself.

"I think I hinted that murder now and then managed to slip through the meshes of our wisdom; of course you will say that to be safe it must be subtle, that the coarse, violent assassin pays a premium on detection.

"I knew a man, a 'party' if you like, since the *mot* is popular. Where did he live? well, say India; Hindostan is wide. Suppose we call him Smith, the forgery may be pardoned.

"I knew him—not a bad creature, kindly and well enough disposed towards his fellow men. We will describe him as a subaltern of Native Infantry, aged nine-and-twenty or so, and married for the past three years; his wife, a fairly pretty woman, some four years his junior. He was a popular, pleasant man, and content with his lot. But—aye! there's always a but—this man, in a sort of fool's paradise, lived content. When, without any particular warning, his life clouded; his wife fell ill, grew worse, medical men did their best (we won't say to kill her), and the end of it was that she he loved 'lay a dying.'

"'My dear fellow, nerve yourself, we can do no more, she will die,' so spake the regimental doctor, and the rumble of his departing wheels rolled out the requiem of his hearer's longings, and he knew that all the devotion of years was coming to naught, and he had to tell *her*. How was it to be done? God knows how, but in some incoherent wise it *was* accomplished, and, out of his insanity, knowledge came to her. She knew that she must die; and he, more shattered of heart than she, grovelled by her couch and, what? prayed? *Did* he? I suspect he must have gone nearer to what you would have called blaspheming.

"When a hand touched his, and a voice spoke; 'Tom, don't break that simple man's heart of yours about *me*,' and somehow there was a hard cynical ring in the tone which grated on the husband. 'I am not worth it, Tom. I have carried about me, long enough, the weight of a deception, the burden of a lie. In my own despite, in the candour of death, I am speaking out. I shall teach you to curse me, my poor Tom; but I *must* tell you, I cannot die and hoodwink you. Your manly faith has not faltered, and I must, at last, be true.'

"What was going to be disclosed, what black arcana were to be revealed! He sat in

paralysis, she went on, and of what she said this is the epitome.

"Suddenly ordered on service (his regiment had taken part in the Sutledj campaign), he, like so many others, had to leave his wife behind, and alone. One they knew had, in the long weariness of those lonely days, wormed himself into her confidence, her affection, had triumphed and remained exultant. On her fell sickness, repentance, confession, death; on her husband, solitude, without even a loving regret to mitigate its bitterness—he remaining unscathed.

"Well, well: and Nemesis? Listen. A January afternoon, a broad expanse of level yellow-green (a crop of wheat and pease; these things ripen then in India), a line of coolies, two Englishmen, gun in hand, away buzz the quail—*brrrr, brrr,—piff, paff*—'my bird,' 'your eye wiped, old fellow,' 'hold on, load,' &c., &c., 'all right,' 'line bandho,' 'chulo,'—*brrr, brrr,—piff, paff,—piff, paff*,—'Oh, my God!' and a hurry of feet, and a man down, and blood on the trampled corn, *not* blood of quail!

"And while men of dark skin hurry away on foot to seek aid, one fair-skinned and fair-haired man, unharmed, bends over another who lies prone in the ripening harvest. The wounded man is very pale, the sound man, with fingers compressing the wound in his companion's thigh, to all appearance very earnest for his welfare. Brown-hued humanity is hurrying hither and thither. The white man, unhurt, watches closely the injury done by his unlucky shot (his uncocked gun had exploded suddenly), a space is left around the twain. Then speaks he who is unscathed.

"Bryan, you will never more mislead wife of mine."

"And he removes his finger from the severed artery.

"And straightway the wounded man, who, with every fibre in his shot-shattered frame has been holding on to life, abjures existence; looks up in his friend's face, sees in it what extinguishes all vitality in him, tries to speak and fails, and in the sudden horror—dies.

"And murder will out? *Bon à savoir! Bottega! un gelato di limonada.*"

He ate his ice, looking just a little pale, for he had excited himself as he went on. We strolled round the Piazza; and then, passing in front of the cathedral and the palace, parted at the corner of the Piazzetta. In a day or two afterwards, the rail rolled me away toward Milan and Turin.

This odd story has since recurred to me, while, at times, I recall scraps of my quondam associate's conversation, which had in them

hints of many years spent abroad, and in torrid climes. And again, he had a way of looking at the Austrian troops, whenever he saw them under arms, and a quick appreciation of defects or good points in their *tenue* or their *manceuvres*, that had in it a smack of the barrack yard and parade ground.

Had he ever lived in India, I wonder? Was it, perchance, his own story which he had thus half-scoffingly sketched?—who knows? He was just the kind of man whom I should decline to trust, if feeling that I had played him any trick for which he was likely to bear me malice.

MY FIRST TWO DAYS ON THE GROUSE HILLS.

It too often falls to our lot to be weary, exhausted, nervous, and irritable through overmuch mental exertion, and the best counter-irritant and relief which we have ever found is the fish-rod, the gun, and the country inn. Fashionable watering-places, heavy hotel bills, and listless promenades, sometimes make one worse instead of better; and besides, they are too expensive, and not sufficiently vigorous. The cheap, simple, and innocent recreations of fishing and shooting bring one into fellowship with nature. The influence of the sun and wind, the fresh air and the bracing breeze, the new sights and the varying objects which everywhere arrest the eye and strike the senses, form a wholesome and refreshing contrast to rejected manuscripts, half finished articles, and piles of books waiting to be read. The broad and bright expanse of the heavens is a relief from the study ceiling, dim with tobacco smoke; and to eat your bread and cheese with a voracious appetite at the foot of the mountain stream is a healthier meal than a raw mutton chop eaten by the dull embers of a fire which you have forgotten to keep burning.

Returning from an evening walk, in a very dyspeptic condition, we found a note upon the study table, and a glance at the caligraphy showed it to be the hand-writing of a hale and generous man, whom we may as well call the Baron, or, to use the mock-heroic style, a baron of high degree. The note was not a cynical criticism from some captious editor, but a hearty invitation to a couple of days with the grouse. To write a grateful acceptance of an invitation so considerably and kindly given, was to fire the imagination with fresh inspiration and new life. Fancy speedily shook the heavy slumber from her wings and roved about in merry flight. The prospect of long shots, the exciting cripple chase, a rapid right and left cleverly dealt, and both birds well brought down; the hopes of heavy game bags, and

sporting tales by the evening fire, soon transformed the languid study into a place of reactionary excitement, strong physical determinations, accompanied by pleasing sensations of returning health.

The day for making the necessary preparations soon arrived. The gun had to be examined, and the shooting boots, and the shooting dress, and the ammunition stores. Were the springs of the elastic and the shot belts in good order? A few hours of pleasant exertion saw everything nicely packed, and ready for the start on the morrow. No one in the house worked harder at the preparations than our favourite companion, retriever Carlo. He seemed to understand all that was going on; he pushed his nose here and there, wagged his tail, jumped about, and interfered with everything. Poor Carlo appeared to think that nothing would be done right unless he helped and meddled; and not even the thumps which the servant gave him, for nearly knocking her over as he dashed past her with a shooting boot in his mouth, could sober his gleesome zeal. At last the bustle of preparation was over; Carlo was ordered to his sleeping quarters, and we turned into ours. The expectation of new and anxiously-desired excitements in the approaching day have caused many a sleepless night; and even if we could have slept soundly, Carlo's noisy restlessness rendered it impossible. In and out of his kennel, rattling his chain till his hollow wooden house sounded like a drum, barking at the policeman, and hammering his heavy tail with prodigious and resounding force against the yard door, as if he were hunting on his own account, and beating the bushes for game; lying down for an hour, then suddenly waking, and going through the entire performance again. All this was done, no doubt, in the full belief that he was giving his master and his neighbours a specimen of how clever and industrious he could be when he put himself to his best; but this was by no means the first mistaken exhibition of noisy talent which Carlo had displayed; and if we had not been very fond of him, with every confidence in his good intentions, he would have received a chastising visit, whip in hand. The drowsy morning, which seemed as if it never would come, at length arrived, and the half-sleepless bed was exchanged for the cold shower-bath.

Immediately before starting a note was handed in from Mr. Overeager—of whom more hereafter—stating, dogmatically enough, that Carlo must be left at home, as he would be of no use on the moors. The intimation was ridiculous; but as we had to share Mr. Overeager's dog-cart, there was nothing left for it

but to acquiesce. It was painful work to order Carlo back to his kennel, and the gun case was ordered to be concealed from him in order to lessen his disappointment. He stood in the passage, poor fellow! the very picture of sadness, and, with a strange expression of injured innocence in his eyes, he refused either to lie down or go to his kennel; and so the front door was reluctantly closed upon him.

Overeager's wife was behind time, as usual, and the hour appointed for starting was necessarily delayed. When at length we found ourselves on the road, and clear of the town, the beautiful sunshine put us all into good humour: and there lay before us the delightful prospect of a five-and-twenty miles' drive through an agricultural district, and in charming weather. Most of the corn had already been housed in the farm-yards; but here and there a solitary field was still out, and the sheaves looked very miserable in their loneliness. Some farmers are always behind, as Mr. Overeager remarked. This gentleman is passionately fond of the Italian language, which he anglicises and uses very frequently, sometimes for fun, or to add to his importance, as the case may be. "*Andiamo ad una caccia*," said he to the first toll-gate keeper, as she handed him his change. In passing through the game-preserved districts, Mr. Overeager distinguished himself by the quickness of his sight in the discovery of hare runs, rabbit holes, likely places for pheasants, and partridge covies lying hidden in the grass and stubbles. The proximity of game, in one instance, placed our travelling companion under strong temptation to load his gun. His trigger-finger jerked the driving-reins; but, fortunately, the mischievous impulse went no further. Mr. Overeager was once travelling along this same road when a remarkable adventure befell himself and his friend. At the bottom of the wayside ditch, peering above some tall grass, they discovered something red. Was it a bunch of hips or haws? Not a likely place for such things. Then what was it? Get out and see. Goodness gracious! here is a wild-goose squat at the bottom of the ditch, completely exhausted by his long flight from Norway. To bag the game and drive on was the work of a moment. But the canny sportsmen had not driven far when they made another discovery. They came upon the remainder of the flock of wild geese, cowering in mortal terror at the bottom of the ditch. Bag them all? The bag would not hold them; and before they had lifted half the flock out of the ditch, they found that several of the geese had their wings tied. But as wild geese are not generally in the habit of having their wings tied, the truth broke upon the

priggish travellers, and their joy gave place to fear, and they emptied their bag in a twinkling. Scarcely had they time to settle down again in their conveyance, and drive away from the mare's nest, than they met a farmer and a policeman; the latter stopped the travellers in a somewhat officious manner. Had they seen a flock of geese anywhere? or had they met a couple of "boosy" butchers? The travellers were somewhat taken aback; but Overeager's cool assurance never forsakes him. He smartly asked the policeman what he meant by stopping two gentlemen on the Queen's highway. The farmer said that his geese were missing from the village, and the general belief was that two low butchers, who had been drinking at the village inn, had picked up the geese from the roadside and driven off with them. Well, Mr. Overeager certainly had seen a flock of domestic geese a little lower down the road, and he wondered that any farmer should leave his poultry so exposed to vagabonds and tramps. Some banter ensued; and the fact of the farmer's geese being in such terror, and hidden in the long grass, was explained by the suggestion that some fox must have shown himself to the flock. After this specimen of "*i miei racconti istorici*," as Overeager phrased it, he settled down and said no more about "*il cattivo sbirro*." We took to rubbing up an irregular Greek verb, then to the newspapers, and then to a few mild cigars.

Night neared us, and we began to near the moors, the first sight of which from an eminence roused us. The eye gazed wistfully and lingered long upon that distant blue, the landmark of many a sportsman in the generations that are gone, the resting-place of many a winged fowl, the chosen home of the glistening snow. Beautiful hill! wait till to-morrow, and we will climb thy rugged sides, and twine a wreath of gun-smoke about thy hoary brow.

The reader must pardon our want of gallantry, for one of the travelling companions—Mrs. Overeager—has been forgotten. The forgetfulness is the more culpable, as she occasionally takes a shot herself, and can knock a hare over as well as most men. The sight of the moors set her talking, and when she does begin she can talk to some purpose. Domestic narrative is generally her forte; but in this instance she ventured into a new region, and jocosely gave a description of the moors. Her verbal sketches were terrible. Gun-accidents, boggings, whole shooting parties suddenly swallowed up in the moss and never heard of more; hills, which half way to their summits were so steep that you could neither get up nor down. By this time we had turned off the main road into the moors, and were crossing

for the shooting-box. The roads were rough enough, but not by any means of the fearful character with which Mrs. Overeager had invested them in order to intimidate a nervous man of letters. Sometimes up to the axle-tree in mud—for there had been heavy rain the day before—up the steep side of a hill and down it on the other side, plunging through a swollen burn; occasionally a narrow escape of wrenching the wheels off by twisting out of ruts: thus we journeyed on for about three miles, until we were suddenly pulled up by a tremendous shout. There was no mistaking that voice. On the summit of the last hill, with his aged sister leaning on his arm, stood the baron of high degree; sixteen stones weight, and measuring six feet four in his stockings, halloing a hearty welcome, and waving his long arms in the moonlight. His sister heartily enjoyed the wild salutation, for she thinks there is no one like her glorious brother. Mr. Overeager has a soft and mellow voice of limited range, ours is heavily afflicted with a perpetual German grunt; but we did our best, and shouted until the astonished gamekeepers made their appearance.

The shooting-box was far away from any other human habitation, of rough exterior, but very comfortable within. The Baron, having bagged fifteen brace of grouse that day, was ready for his dinner, and so were we. The game pie, the grouse, and other comestibles were, thanks to the Baron's maiden sister, very savoury; and with the help of a few glasses of champagne we were not overlong in making a hearty and generous meal. The good lady treated us to several anecdotes about her fond brother, who, in the days of his early sportsmanship, was wont to walk tremendous distances on the moors. When other means failed, and grouse must be had, *carting* was resorted to in those days; but in these times, our contemporary, The Field, would pronounce carting to be pot-hunting and foul play. The Baron left us for a while, to arrange with the keepers about dogs, beats, likely places, and the time of starting. Before retiring to rest the best sofa was, by general consent, assigned to the gentleman who should bring home the heaviest bag.

The morning broke splendidly, and with every prospect of a beautiful day we all turned out at nine o'clock. A good stock of lunch was laid in separately for each. We had a long way to go, and were not to meet until we returned to the shooting-box in the evening. The Baron took his favourite horse, Old Jack, Mr. Overeager used his own quadruped, and the best dogcart and the favourite gamekeeper fell to our lot. The reader need

not be troubled with an account of the shooting grounds. Our roads did not lie together for very long ; yet in that short space Overeager dashed past us so close and fast that he was very near taking an extra wheel with him. Bang he went, with one of his wheels over a huge stone. The shock nearly threw him out of the dogcart, and scattered his luggage over the road. We left him and the servant picking up sandwiches, shot-bags, and broken bottles.

When we turned in for our beat the keeper pronounced it a bonny day for sport, and so we hoped to find it. But the birds proved to be both scarce and wild. After an hour's hard walking we got a double shot, and maimed both birds. It would be necessary, however, to give them another barrel. The birds, unfortunately, scrambled into the heather while the gun was being charged, and when that operation was completed they were nowhere to be seen. A long and tedious search was only time thrown away. Bounce, the spaniel retriever, ran about in all directions, stopped, made false points,—in short, did everything except find the birds. "Seek dead ! seek dead ! good dog !" but he would work no longer, and finished his mongrel toil by giving us a sulky look, which seemed to say "You should have killed them better." Off we started again. Many a shot was fired. The feathers flew sometimes, the birds always. The heavy walking began to tell upon us ; and this, together with the intense heat, brought on a parching thirst. The keeper was despatched for the bottle while we sat down to rest. Brighton, the keeper, returned and brought no beverage with him : it had been forgotten. Here was a pretty predicament. Fainting with thirst, and not a drop to drink, and no prospect of anything to drink for the whole day. What could the servants have been thinking about to send one out in such a very dry condition. There was a well five miles off, Brighton said ; and although the water was hardly fit for a dog to drink, it would be better than nothing. So off we started again. This time across a moss, picking each step, often up to the knees in mud and water, and occasionally feeling the whole bog shake under the heavy tread of the keeper. Lucky it was for us to be very light and slender, or before we got out of that horrible morass the first day's grouse shooting might have been our last. After climbing up an enormous hill the dogs began to be lively, and this enlivened us. A splendid point ! Now for it ! A whole covey started close to our feet. The gun was dead on two of them ; but the triggers were pulled in vain ; neither of the hammermen fell. When Brighton went for the bottle the gun

was placed on half-cock, and there it had remained. However, it was better to miss a shot than have an accident. We saw no more game on that hill, and sought for better luck in the valley. We soon had a fine chance at a snipe ; but this time the cap missed fire, and the second barrel was delivered a trifle too late. Brighton cheered us by the certainty of game on a fine flat half-way down the other side of the next hill. What with the thirst, the fatigue, the perspiration, and the vexation, it seemed as if this hopeful part of the beat never would be reached. Long before we got to it about half-a-dozen double shots were heard, and these were succeeded by a number of straggling and dropping shots. The keeper was astonished. Poachers never could have the impudence. It was unaccountable. We hastened to the top of the hill, when behold ! Overeager drawing off the flat. He had blundered into our beat, and the ungentelemanly mistake was not corrected during the whole of that day ; for wherever we went, there he had been before us. It might be a joke, but it was much too bad for a joke ; though he tried to make the best of it at night, over his whisky, by a handsome apology. The ground in which Mr. Overeager had forestalled us was indeed a splendid flat, the level heather looked as if it had been artistically arranged in its unassuming and quiet beauty. But for the mortification of no game, we should have enjoyed that scene ; and we were somewhat refreshed by it, though the heat of the shooting was gone. The well of brackish water was no great distance, only across another moss. As we passed through the watery waste, snipe started hither and thither ; but we were too tired, and too much out of humour for another shot, the fatigue and thirst had become so intolerable that we would have given all the grouse on the hills for a sofa and a pint of ale.

We sat down to lunch with a kind of dogged determination never to get up again. For some time we could neither eat nor drink. Utterly weary and exhausted, we lay down on the heather. It made no bad couch, and the more painful sensations of fatigue abated somewhat. The lunch was half finished when we sighted Overeager on an adjacent hill. Now at least there was a hope of something to drink ; but, unfortunately, our keen friend did not understand the signals of distress, and speedily disappeared, leaving us to conjecture his whereabouts by the echoes of his gun. It needed some coaxing, on the part of the good-natured gamekeeper, before we could muster courage to start again. The only comfort in setting off upon a new track was that its direction was homewards. On our new journey we had

several fair shots, and ought to have killed ; but the birds always got away, although they frequently left some of their feathers behind them. Once or twice we saw the plumage sailing through the air in a cluster ; but, alas ! the lawful owner had gone away and left it. Another hour's hard walking brought both legs to a halt, and neither of them would budge an inch. It was down charge with us this time, and the command was instantly obeyed. Irritated with disappointment, and angry at our own fatigue, we spoke more testily to our companion than there was any need for. Here, keeper, take the gun ; go and shoot ; go and do any thing ; only let one gather strength to escape from these horrible hills ; and if you can shoot nothing else, you may take a long shot at us, for we are literally weary of life. In about half-an-hour the keeper returned with an empty bag. There was no difference between his shooting and ours, except that while we always missed, he got no chance of a shot.

"Cheer up," said the keeper ; "two miles more and we shall be in the dogcart."

So we struggled on, and at length the dog made another point. Luck must certainly be tried once more. The trigger was pulled with a determination desperate enough to blow twenty grouse to atoms. Hurrah ! One at last ! Needing no second barrel, and gone dead into the game bag. That successful shot seemed to blow away all the fatigue and low spirits. The new-found buoyancy actually led to the heroic resolution of one more bird, just to make a brace. Fortunately, there was another find just on the edge of the last moss. Down came the bird again, and a second bird was winged. They both fell in the moss, and the keeper followed them. The dog made a dead set ; and we were just about to hurrah for the glorious brace, when the dog abandoned his false point, and dashed on. Brighton splashed about in the water for a long time ; but neither of the birds would show. He grew very angry, and vowed that if he only saw them stir he would blow them to pieces, but the wicked creatures would not let him see them ; and as night was coming on we left the provoking miscreants in their obstinate hiding-place. Home with only one bird ! What a humiliation !

The shooting-box soon loomed into view, and the reader need not be told that it was a right welcome sight. The Baron and Mr. Overeager arrived in about half-an-hour afterwards, and within a few minutes of each other. A glass or two of wine was very invigorating ; and what with warm water for the feet, a good wash, and change of linen, one managed to sit down to dinner not more dead than alive, but *vice versa*. The other gentlemen had each five

brace and a half in their bags, and began to tease us unmercifully about our bad luck. Out of pity for our fatigued and mortified condition, the Baron's aged sister kindly came to the rescue, and stopped the flowing banter. Her word was law ; and we were never once reminded of our misfortunes after her prohibition. Before the dinner was well over we all got into good spirits. Good hits at long range and bad shots at close quarters, dead birds that would not allow themselves to be found, the wild flight of the golden plovers, and the scarcity of snipe, occupied the conversation at intervals. After the favourite dish of coffee, the old lady treated us to her usual diatribe against marriage. How could people ever be such fools, &c. But as old maids are generally prosy, and as young people will get married, whatever old maids may say, it would be of very little use to insert the anti-marriage invectives here.

The evening was long, and we all began to feel the want of some amusement. Would the old lady give us a song ? Of course she would ; and from the manner in which she sang "Auld Lang Syne" one could not avoid the thought that she must have loved in her youth. What would we not have given to know whither her thoughts were fled—for they were evidently far away—while she sang ! The Baron's thoughts were not far away, though, while his sister was singing. The song sent him off into a brown study, and he presently made us acquainted with the results of his cogitations. He supposed that there had not been a highway robbery on the hills since the days of Dick Turpin ; but he thought there would be one that night. This was said with such a serio-comic face as to tickle one with a sort of comic fear. The Baron looked very grim for a long time, and at last burst into such a loud laugh that he woke the kenneled dogs, and made the old lady believe for the moment that one of the guns had gone off by mistake. The Baron's pet servant, John, was coming to the shooting box that night ; and as he had to pass through several dismal gorges among the hills, it would furnish a good opportunity for a burlesque "*stand and deliver*." We objected to the practical joke, and hinted, that without great care serious consequences might ensue. The old lady herself objected at first ; but, seeing that her brother was determined, she ultimately gave way, putting in a mild remonstrance—such things used to be done in their young days, but her brother ought to know better at his time of life. So far as we ourselves are concerned, the reader may be assured that we did all in our power to prevent the joke, but without success. Overeager, always

ready for a joke, proposed to take one of the guns and snap a cap or two. But the old lady shook her grey head, and gave him such a reprimand, that he said no more about the guns. The Baron and Overeager blackened their faces, and finished their toilettes by wearing their night-shirts outside, in imitation of "navvies' slops." Having equipped themselves with two long staves, they set out on their robbing expedition. They had not been gone long however, before the Baron's sister insisted upon our following the robbers with a bottle of brandy, which, she said, would be useful, and help to bring them round if anybody fainted. In vain we pleaded fatigue, sleepiness, and disapproval of practical jokes. The old lady broke into a lecture—what curtain lectures she could have given had she chosen to enter the marriage state! "You must go, sir. Somebody must stand by and not allow things to go too far; and suppose they should all murder one another in a mistake, what a disturbance there will be in the newspapers, because nobody can be hanged if everybody is killed." A little coaxing was added to the command. If we would only go like a good boy, one of the keepers should come and meet us with the dogcart. For the first time in our very long acquaintance we wished the dear old maid at Jericho; but as she wasn't there, and would not be sent by our wishing, there was nothing left for it but to start with the cordial.

It was a very dark night—dark enough to frighten any nervous man. In about a quarter of an hour we sighted something white moving along the road. They took no notice of our call, and still moved on. What could be the meaning of this? Had we missed the road, or were yonder moving figures two real robbers? Should we turn back? Luckily, fear did not overcome us. The white figures proved to be two straggling sheep. A little further on the two bold highwaymen were in view; we could hear them talking and laughing. After taking a short cut, with not a little danger of being bogged, we were considerably in front of the two desperate robbers. Running to meet them, we were suddenly pulled up by a heavy fall, received a smart blow on the back, and something seemed to rush from us with a terrible noise. In a second or two there was another most unearthly uproar, in the midst of which one of the white figures and the strange thing that rushed from us, rolled, kicking and shouting, down a very steep bank into the swollen brook below. While Overeager was fighting and plunging in the water, the giant Baron stood shaking on the bank in the utmost consternation; even his strong voice trembled as he shouted, in his bewilderment, "Over-

eager! whatever are you up to? Come out of the water, man! You'll be drowned. What's got you?" But the battle was not over, and the keen sportsman was in the grasp of something too strong for him. After pausing, as if for breathing time, the scuffle and uproar were renewed in a desperate manner. Overeager splashed about furiously; and in the stillness of that quiet night his dreadful groans might have been heard a long way off. "Come on the land, man; what's got you?" shouted the Baron. We suggested one of the infernal powers. "Infernal powers indeed," said the Baron, "to drown and kill a poor fellow without a moment's warning. Good heavens! if we can only get safe out of this mess, it's the last time I'll turn highwayman." Poor Overeager at last came ashore and up the bank, though in a sad plight. He was dripping wet, his night-shirt torn to shreds, and his left hand had the skin taken off. The poor unfortunate donkey, which caused all the panic, had been quietly sleeping when we tumbled over him, and in the scuffle his tether cord had somehow got entangled round Overeager's legs. The neck of the brandy-bottle was broken; but the liquor was not all spilled. Overeager drank heartily, to "keep out the cold." His spirits were so much raised by the deep draught, that he became rather boisterous, and would not listen to our suggestion of returning home. He was determined that the robbery should be completed—"It must be finished; why not? *Orsù! Chi va là? Signor asino, addio!*" The Baron thought they had romped enough for one night; but the sound of the servant approaching was heard, and they hastily made up their minds to complete the robbery.

A few paces from the foot-path there was a gate, through which the servant must pass. This spot was decided upon as the best place for the exploit. As the horse came slowly up to the gate, Overeager seized the reins, and commanded John to stand and deliver. But John was very deaf; and it required some shouting to let him know what was intended. "Your money or your life," bawled the Baron; to which John made answer, with considerable spirit, "Who's there? Stand off, or I'll shoot you, you vagabond." The Baron closed up, and John and he went through some sharp fencing with whip and staff. The poor servant became dreadfully alarmed, and, in his frenzy, shouted "Police! police!" But in that out-of-the-way place he might just as well have called for a regiment of the royal guards. The horse, as much frightened as the driver, reared and plunged, so that Overeager was compelled to let go the reins. Fearing that something might happen too serious for the brandy to

rectify, we came from our hiding-place to the gate, intending to put a stop to the dangerous game, when immediately John caught sight of us, and vented all his rage upon his best friend. "Open that gate, you rascal! If you don't open that gate I'll blow your brains out, you scoundrel!" The gate was opened, and the horse dashed through. John stood up in the dogcart, looked behind him at the robbers, pointed his whip in the same direction, and shouted, as long as we could hear him, "I'll shoot you; yes, shoot you!"

It was late when we arrived at the house, and John's fears were soothed by a stiff glass of brandy, which the terrified teetotaler was nothing loth to take. "It's medicinal," said he, with a sardonic grin. John tried to be very brave in the kitchen, and told his fellow servants that it was a lucky thing for the robbers that he had no gun with him, as he had fully made up his mind to shoot every one of those cowardly highwaymen. From all that we could gather, John seemed disappointed that the adventure was a hoax, and not a reality. His clever escape, and his frightening the robbers to open the gate for him, would have been something to crow about for the rest of his days.

At the breakfast-table next morning we had a hearty laugh at Overeager's fight with the donkey, but as Mrs. Overeager did not much relish the account of her husband's conflict, the subject was dropped. Before starting on our second day's excursion the keeper shed some light on our bad shooting of the day before, the charge, both of shot and powder, had been much too small for very long range shots at October grouse. This was good news, not only because it wiped off much of the disgrace; what was considerably more cheering, it held out the prospect of better luck for the coming day. The flasks and shot belts were altered to heavy charges, and who would not run the risk of being kicked over by the recoil of the gun rather than miss every shot? The weather was again beautiful, and promised to be so for the day. We were only to work two beats this time. To the first, a hard walking one, Mr. Overeager was assigned; the second beat was for us, the Baron, and the keeper. The Baron's favourite dog, Juno, went with us, and very fortunately so, as events subsequently proved. We drove off in high glee, and soon lost sight of Overeager as he disappeared full speed behind the hills. A nice flat came first in our way, but no birds were to be found. Crossing a large moss, we had some good sport with the snipe, the Baron bringing several to the ground. One fell to our gun, which was con-

sidered a good beginning, the keeper being quite as much pleased as ourselves with the shot. On reaching the summit of the first hill we came full upon Overeager in our beat again. This was too much of a good thing. The Baron was nettled, and quietly explained to the erratic gentleman that his course lay in a very different direction; the crest-fallen wanderer sheered off, and, to do him justice, he troubled us no more for the rest of the day. We soon after came upon a covey of birds which were tamer than any we had seen; the Baron, like a gentleman as he always is, gave us every chance of the best shots, and we had the good fortune to do a right and a left, both birds being killed dead. Brighton was highly pleased, and blamed the small charges for the misfortunes of the previous day. We missed several times after this, the kind Baron always finding some encouraging excuse; the birds, he said, were too far off, or the shot was such an awkward one that the best marksman must have missed. This was very kind of him, and helped to lessen the pain and fatigue which successive disappointments always bring to the unpractised sportsman. Towards twelve o'clock our old enemy, intense thirst, renewed his parching attacks; but the reader may depend upon it that the beverage flasks had not been forgotten this time; we have, in our life-time, tried many sorts of drinks when engaged in field exercises, but tea, moderately sweetened, had generally proved the most satisfying, and it was so in this instance. It answered so well that we kept to it until luncheon; cold tea not only allays the thirst but it does not produce the feverishness and heaviness which other drinks generally bring upon us in the open air. The absence of severe fatigue, and the satisfaction of having shot well enough to redeem one's credit with the ladies at home, left one at liberty to enjoy the scenery of the hills. Everthing about us was tranquil and lonely, here was no hum of business, no blundering clerks, no melancholy, no rejected manuscripts, and no scolding editors. We were free for the time to think as we liked and do as we pleased. For an hour or so we left the Baron and the keeper to do the principal part of the sport, and only took a shot now and then; it was such a joy of nature to let the mind go free, free as the gliding clouds above us, and careless as the heather upon which we trod; carking care will frequently follow us into the places whither we have gone to escape him, but to-day it was not so. The dogs dashed through the moss water, and shook it from their sides in pearly showers, while we looked on with boyish glee. In the old days of village school life we had dreamed the summer after-

noon away, gazing at the sporting picture on the cover of the copy-book, thinking what a glorious thing it must be to catch a salmon and shoot a grouse; after long years of toil, not unmingled with sorrow, here we were, out on the grouse hills, realising boyhood's charming day-dream. Childhood touched us once more: it does not touch us often; but oh, it is divinely sweet to feel the spirit of other days stealing over us, the heart for a fleeting hour transformed into boyhood's soul so light and free, free as the freshening breeze upon the sunny hills.

We had agreed to meet Overeager for luncheon at a shepherd's hut: of course he was there before us, and had made the necessary inquiries for the hamper and the claret bottles. The day was so fine that we had the spread on the grass; cold fowl, sandwiches, cheese, claret, and whisky were well discussed; and amid the curling fumes of some capital cigars, Overeager told us a tale. A gentleman once wanted a pointer, and it happened at the same time that a collier in a neighbouring village had one to sell. The dog was sent for and tried, he had an excellent nose and pointed exceedingly well, but the moment the gun was fired he invariably ran in. Flogging effected no cure, the dog was incurable. The collier was sent for, and on the fault being explained to him, he admitted that it was very bad. However, the pitman thought that *he* could make his dog down charge, and as that was the only thing required, the gentleman agreed to give the pointer another trial in presence of the miner. Out in the fields they soon found game. The gentleman shot and called out "down charge," but away the heedless pointer went, wilder than a March hare. The collier owned that such bad behaviour would never do, but said he to the gentleman, "The dog doant understand yer honner. Doant yer talk to him next toime; let me talk to him." They soon had another find, and as the gentleman drew up to the point, the miner said again, "Doant speak to him, yer honner." When the gun went off, the collier shook his fist savagely at the dog, and shouted, "Squat ye beggar." The dog down charged in an instant, and the experiment was several times repeated with the same results. Of course the gentleman could not purchase the dog; to use such a vulgar version of "down charge" would ruin any man's sporting character. "But," said the Baron laughing to Overeager, "why didn't you say 'squat ye beggar,' to the donkey last night when he ran in up the brook, with you for his startled game?" "No, no," said Overeager, reddening with anger, "*Quello non era uno scherzo. Cattivo! Troppo cattivo.*" This

brought up the subject of the robbery, and poor John was questioned about the state of his nerves. He was never very strong at any time, and his remarkably small appetite, joined to an inveterate habit of fasting, always kept him weak in strength and low in condition. Would he not take a little whisky medicinally? The Baron gave the poor fellow whisky and whisky instead of whisky and water.

It was time to start homewards, and there were several places which had been scarcely shot over during the season. We were much less fatigued than on the previous day, and the Baron obligingly slackened his speed for our especial accommodation. We had nearly forgotten to say, that before starting the Baron asked the shepherd's wife how the pig killed, and whether she found any shot in his bacon. As we went along, we asked the Baron to tell us about this pig. He related the following adventure. "I once lunched at yonder hut, when my attention was attracted by a very lively pig. I could not help admiring his active intelligence, and threw him several pieces of bread. After walking more than a mile from the hut, I found, to my astonishment, that the pig was after me; and, what was worse, all his intelligence forsook him in his obstinate refusals to be driven home again. I walked on for a considerable distance, had several shots, and still the pig followed. The keeper tried what he could do with the animal, but, pig like, he would neither be coaxed nor driven. Wherever I went the pig followed, and the thing was so ridiculous, that I sometimes laughed and sometimes stormed with vexation. At last we had a good point with both dogs, and I thought no more of the pig. Before we could draw up to the dogs our swinish companion rushed ahead, and doubled on the pointers with a terrific grunt, and flushed the covey. One barrel I gave to the birds, and the other contributed to the pig's hind-quarters, just as he was in the act of kicking up his heels for a chase after the dogs. The shot was effectual, he started off for his sty at full speed, and I saw him no more."

We had not gone very far on our way homeward, before the report of Overeager's gun was heard, but this time he was out of bounds. The Baron was displeased, and at night he did not forget to rebuke the keenest sportsman that ever planted his foot upon the heather. The shooting was very good all the way home, plenty of game coming to bag. Heavy charges began to tell upon the shoulder, and the Baron complained that our gun made too much noise. Not liking to let him know the very heavy charges we were firing, we had

recourse to French for an answer to his question: "Why in the world does your gun make so much noise?" "*Mon mal d'épaule pourrait le mieux répondre à votre question. On entend toujours mieux le fusil qu'un autre tire que celui qu'on tire soi-même. Victoire à celui qui est habile et brave.*"

Brighton has a capital eye for marking down, and scarcely made a mistake during the whole day. Towards evening we found ourselves upon the summit of the last hill in pursuit of a wounded bird, Juno was soon on the scent, and it was beautiful to see the manner in which she footed her game into a small bunch of heather; the bird lay so close that one might have touched it with the gun-muzzle: there she lay unmoved, although we were within a yard of her. When she did take wing we were in a very awkward position immediately behind the Baron. He fired both barrels and missed; we then stepped to the front, fired a volley, and the bird still went on. Both of us were standing very awkwardly and close together, so that the slightest mistake might have been attended with fatal consequences; the common danger made both nervous, and if the game had been as big as an elephant neither of us could have hit it. Brighton was standing on the edge of a deep gorge, and as the bird crossed the valley he also gave her both barrels. The unerring eye of the game-keeper marked her down at an enormous distance, and as it was the last shot of the evening he determined to retrieve, and, descending into the valley with Juno at his heels, he left us to empty the guns and start for home.

It was very pleasant to mount the dogcart and trot leisurely across the moorland in the light of the setting sun. It needed no very poetical nature to enjoy the golden clouds which shone resplendent beyond the western hills. The calm soft light seemed to subdue the sense of weariness, and the lonely stillness of our journey was only broken by an occasional flight of grouse from their last disturbance in the coming twilight. Many a weary sportsman had passed through the same valleys, and watched the same retreating of the light as it faded into the western sky; but their feet no longer tread the heather: they enjoyed themselves, they are gone, and other feet must step the blooming heather in the same pilgrimage of life. Other guns shall rattle among these hills, and other eyes shall sparkle at the sight of falling birds, when these orbs of vision are closed in the long lone sleep which comes behind the curtain of death. Let it be so. We are content. Here's to the happiness of the coming time when we are out of it!

Overeager entered the road about half a mile in advance of us, driving, as usual, at a very rapid rate. The Baron hoped that "Old Adam" would stand the rough roads, and convey the Jehu safely to the lodge. But why the name of "Old Adam?" It was indicative of the great age of the vehicle. It certainly never could have been made in the memory of man, for it was about the most antique-looking thing that ever crossed a fell. The Baron's misgivings were not superfluous. Down in the next valley we came up with what proved to be the ruins of Old Adam. Overeager and the servant John had driven furiously against a large stone, and the vehicle was broken to pieces. Neither of the passengers was hurt, although thrown out somewhat violently upon the heath. Poor John's whisky and whisky had made him oblivious of danger; he spared at the upright shaft of the old gig, as if it were a robber. "I'll sh-shoot ye; ye rascal." Overeager loaded his goods in our dog-cart, tied the broken harness of his horse, jumped upon its back, and dashed ahead, first as usual. John came slowly after us, very merry, bidding defiance to all robbers, and threatening to shoot every tree he came near.

When the guests made their appearance at the dinner-table none of them were so fatigued as on the previous evening; we had some merry talk before we put our pipes out and retired for the night. Two custards were left after dinner, and before they were removed the Baron was facetiously inclined for another lark. "Heads or tails;" he would toss, and the man who lost should be compelled to eat both custards. The loss fell to us, but to eat any more was impossible. Overeager kindly acted the part of deputy, and when he had completed the gastronomic duty, his enormous appetite seemed to revive, and he began to inquire for the uncut game pie. This was too much for the endurance and irritability of the Baron's aged sister: she declared that no man should burst himself in her presence. Overeager was snubbed and effectually put down.

The moor and its improvement formed the principal subject of the evening's conversation. Heather burning had already caused much mischief, the people abusing good nature, and burning too late in the season; no burning should be allowed after the 25th of March, and the moor had been burnt so much that it needed three or four years' rest. Overeager gave it as his decided opinion that the best method of improving and increasing the grouse would be to cross the breed. The importation of a number of hens from the Scotch moors would be of the greatest use. It would only be

necessary to cut the pinion of one wing to prevent the foreigners from leaving their new home. By this crossing of the breed the birds would become much more numerous and healthy. The hares and "gray" needed more shelter. There was room for at least three or four plantations; these would be of considerable service, particularly for moor game. The trout streams are also in bad condition; burn fishing at best is by no means first-class sport, but in the present instance the angling might be much improved at no very great cost. Francis would very soon transform those long, narrow, and thin streams into prolific homes for the finny tribe; a few dams, a few deep holes, and resting places for the fish, together with the necessary supply of food in the shape of weeds, minnows, and insects, would greatly improve the moor fishing. The wonder is that the Baron's fast son, Tom, has not attended to this before now; but we suppose he is already too much occupied with the cares of his racing stud, and his admiration of Cornish ladies.

We retired to rest early. During the night a tremendous wind arose, which threatened to blow the shooting box to atoms; we escaped, however, with the dismal noises of cracking timbers and creaking doors. The morning was remarkably fine, and we set out for home well content with the past and hopeful for the future. We had not gone far on the road before the Baron and his aged sister passed us, and we saw them no more for the day; Overeager's horse was no match for the Baron's dashing pair, and we were left to jog on far in the rear. We had a long chat about the donkey and the robbery; Overeager, perhaps for the first time in his life, admitted that he was frightened. After asking for a pledge of secrecy, which was given, he assured us that at first he thought St. Nicholas himself had seized him, and was dragging him *al inferno*. He felt some twinges of conscience, and some fears about the kind of reception he should have in the next world, but he had not time to go into the thing before he discovered the length of the fiend's ears, and his not arrow-headed tail. The two days' exertion on the grouse hills made one uncommonly stiff, but through walking the heavy hills the stiffness wore away.

It was a pleasure to sit down in the study once more, and the pleasure was increased by a handsome cheque from a London publisher. But there is always some drawback to human happiness. Carlo had gone off, and neither the servant nor the police could discover any trace of him. What a pity we did not take him with us to the moors, for then all this expense and vexation would have been spared.

After our departure the dog became very restless; unfortunately, he had seen the gun case go out of the house, and this was quite sufficient to upset him. During the first day of our absence he was distracted and inconsolable, he would eat nothing, he would not even enter the house; the next morning the yard door happened to be open, and he absconded. It was not until after two or three advertisements that we obtained tidings of the runaway. We had given him up for lost, and it was indeed good news to learn that he was in safe hands. Where does the reader imagine the truant was found? He had never been out on a shooting excursion in this part of England except twice to one place, and thither he had gone both times by train. When he saw the gun he must have concluded in his own mind that his master was gone to the field, and as he only knew one shooting place in this part of England, he started for it, and found it. The poor dog's sagacity and attachment, which guided him successfully in a twenty miles' exploring expedition across the country, will never be forgotten.

As for the general result of our two days on the grouse hills, they may be stated in one sentence. The best things of shooting are, immediate and full release from the usual cares and occupations of life, a quickened appetite, the refreshment of the sun and wind, and the augmented physical vigour which one finds after the exercise is over.

THE DACE.

(A SHORT SUPPLEMENTARY PAPER TO
"THE ROACH.")

A SHORT notice will suffice to say all that is necessary of this fish, which, in its habits as well as appearance, bears some resemblance to the roach.

The dace is one of the most beautiful of all our fresh-water fish, and though by no means so common or so popular with anglers as is the roach, is yet usually to be found in most rivers where the latter is abundant. Dace are far more silvery-looking and more elegant in general contour than the roach, but have not the bright scarlet fins which constitute such an attraction of the last-mentioned fish; the fins of the dace being, like its body, of a bright silver, slightly pencilled with dark grey or olive green at the edges.

The dace seldom exceeds one pound in weight, and rarely indeed runs so high as that, whilst roach are taken weighing two and sometimes three pounds. On a summer evening dace often afford good sport to the fly-fisher, for, like chub, they are fond of lying on the surface of the water, whence they rise eagerly

to the angler's "cast." For this pastime a small white fly is the best, as I think. Persons fishing for roach commonly take dace also, as both varieties often feed together, but the fish taken will be in the proportion of one dace to ten roach. In my paper on "The Roach," I have given directions for this method of fishing,* and therefore need not repeat them here. Dace frequent both rivers and ponds, but I fancy prefer a clear stream running over a gravelly bottom in summer time. The largest dace I have ever taken have been caught in the autumn months, and always near the arches of some old bridge, as, for example, those of Walton and Henley-on-Thames, and the weight of the biggest of the species ever taken by my own hand was precisely one pound two ounces, which I consider good for a dace. I caught this dace with a red worm, when taking gudgeons for jack-fishing. In many rivers (the Trent for instance) the red worm is at certain seasons the best bait for both dace and roach. The grayling-fisher either with fly or worm, will often add some good dace to his basket. But for the sport which they afford, dace are useless, and possess so little culinary excellence, that they are not worth the trouble of carrying to the cook. As a bait, however, to the jack-fisher they are more valuable than most other small fish. Almost all live-bait fishermen select the dace as the most likely to lure jack. I think the gudgeon equally good, but perhaps the latter is to be preferred for *trolling*, and the dace for *cork-float* fishing. Dace, being very delicate fish, are apt, if used for trolling, to lose their silvery gloss on being dragged over the ground, an ordeal which the gudgeon goes through triumphantly.

Dace cannot exist in impure water. Of all fish they are perhaps the most fastidious in this respect. I do not think that dace are to be found in any quantity in the Thames nearer to London than Richmond, which, of course, is to be attributed to the foul state of the river within its metropolitan boundaries. Years ago, dace were common enough between Westminster, Hungerford, Waterloo, Blackfriars; and Southwark bridges, down to London bridge, and even below it. Now the capture of a dace in those waters would be a curiosity. The localities mentioned, however, are from their filthy attributes the paradise of the eel, which has plenty of garbage and refuse to prey upon. I have said that in summer dace may be taken with the fly, and a very good way of accomplishing this, especially for boys, is to tie five or six flies on a line together at short intervals, and lightly drop them on the top of the water

where the dace and bleak are basking. This plan is called "whipping," and is very killing, but it requires a light and delicate hand; or a gentle may be used instead of a fly, and dropped in like manner on the surface of the water. In this way the school-boy will have no difficulty in filling his basket with bleak, dace, and small chub, and if he is careful to keep out of sight and not throw his shadow on the water, more than one good-sized chub or dace is likely to fall a victim to his devices.

Dace spawn at about the same time as the roach, viz., in April or May, and oftener in the former than the latter month. They come into condition again early in June, and afford good sport to fishermen through the following months of July, August, and September, biting best from sunset until dark, as do all fish in the hot season of the year. In autumn the dace bites best at mid-day, when the baits to be used are a gentle, a red worm, and a bullock's pith and brains, which dace, like chub, are fond of. Occasionally the barbel-fisher using greaves will hook a dace. I do not think there is any other special remark to be made on this handsome fish, which, however, from its one or two peculiarities I considered worthy of a page to itself, and have therefore added this little supplement to my paper on its popular relation—the roach.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

(A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.)

[THE ballad of which the following verses are a translation is to be found in the "Normandie; Traditions et Legendes," of Madlle. Amelie Bosquet, who states that it is still (1845) sung in the environs of Saint Valery-en-Caux. Madlle. Bosquet hazards a conjecture that it was written on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Catharine, daughter of Charles VI., with Henry V. of England—a singularly infelicitous guess, considering that the Queen of Henry V. not only did not die on her wedding night, but outlived her husband, and a second time married an Englishman.]

I.

The King has a daughter he fain would wed,
And a Prince of England seeks her bed;
But she turns away with a scornful glance—
She will wed with none but a knight of France.

II.

She has said to her suitor a haughty—Nay;
She has turn'd from her sire in tears away;
But her sister comes to implore the maid,
" 'Tis for peace to our wounded France," she said.

III.

And when she came to leave the land,
She tore the veil with a passionate hand:
"Away," she cried, "nor check my glance—
My last—on the happy shores of France."

* See Vol. x., p. 444.

IV.

And when she came to the English strand,
The castle with banner and shield was grand :
" Away ! " she cried, with averted glance,
" There floats not here the white flag of France."

V.

And when the banquet board was spread,
She drank no wine and she ate no bread :
" Away, away," again cried she,
" Nor meats nor wines of France I see."



VI.

And when the midnight hour was nigh,
Came from her chamber a fearful cry :
" Oh King of kings," the wail began,
" Leave me not a prey to the Englishman ! "

VII.

Four o'clock from the castle tower !—
The maiden died the self-same hour ;
Died with a grateful, joyous heart ;
And the English, weeping, stood apart.

G. J. DE WILDE.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXIX. RIVALRY.

WAS it a scene of enchantment?—such as those we read of in the Arabian Nights? Indeed it seemed like it. The assembly rooms, brilliant with light, with garlands, with mirrors and beautiful statues, were thrown open to the outside, where the hanging terraces, redolent with the perfume of the night flowers, reposed so calmly in the moonlight. If only from the contrast, the scene would have told upon the heart and upon the senses. The garish rooms, speaking of the world and its votaries, hot, noisy, turbulent in their gaiety; the calm cool night, lying clear and still under the starred canopy of the blue heavens! Fairy forms were flitting in the rooms, strains of the sweetest music charmed the ear; hearts were beating, pulses quickening; and care, in that one dizzy spot, seemed to have gone from the world.

These Seaford assembly rooms were made gay for that one night. A fête in aid of some local charity had been projected, and the first names amidst the visitors at Seaford were down as patrons of it. The Right Honourable the Countess of Oakburn's headed the list, and amidst the rest might be read those of Lieutenant-General and Mrs. Vaughan. The Vaughans and the Oakburn family had become acquainted. General Vaughan's eldest son came to join them at Seaford, and he remembered his one night of introduction years before to Lord Oakburn's house. Lady Grey and Mrs. Vaughan were also intimate—the intimacy, you know, that we form at watering places, warm while it lasts, but ceasing when the sojourn is over. So Lucy Chesney and Miss Helen Vaughan had been brought into repeated contact, and—if the truth must be told—desperately jealous were they of each other. Lucy heard the rumours obtaining in Seaford—that Mr. Frederick Grey was "in love" with Helen Vaughan. She looked around her and saw, or thought she saw, many proofs to confirm it. That Frederick Grey was the one object of attraction to half the young ladies staying at Seaford could not be disputed; the chief part of his time was spent with them without any seeking of his own. *They sought him*; they laid their pretty little plans to meet him, to form engagements with him, to get him to their side. In the morning lounge, on the sands, in the walk, in the ride or drive of the afternoon, in some of the

réunions of gaiety of the night, there would he be with some or other of them; more especially would he be with Helen Vaughan. Do not fancy he disliked it, although it was the fault of the young ladies more than of his; Frederick Grey was no more insensible to the charms of pretty girls than are other men.

And Lucy saw all this; saw it with the bitterest pain, with fierce resentment. It might be, that things looked a great deal worse to her than they would have looked to unprejudiced eyes, for jealousy, you remember, makes the food it feeds on. He had not spoken to her; he had not told her that he loved; and it may be excused to Lucy if she took up the notion that he never had loved her; that the sweet consciousness that it was so, recently filling her heart, had been altogether a mistake; and her cheeks tingled at the thought with a scarlet shame.

Frederick Grey himself helped on the delusion. Lucy's manners had so altered to him, had become so unaccountably cold and haughty, that he was avoiding her in very resentment.

Ah, who knew?—the intricacies of this subtle heart of ours are so cunningly profound!—it might be that this haunting of the other demoiselles, this making love to them—if his flirtations could be called such—was but done to plague Lucy Chesney, and bring her love back to him. In the midst of it all, Lady Oakburn had become acquainted with the state of affairs. By the merest accident, her eyes, so long shut, were suddenly opened, and she saw that Lucy loved Frederick Grey. She had little doubt that he returned the love; she as little doubted that the passion was of some standing. There occurred to her dismaying memory the intimacy that had subsisted between them all in town; the interviews without number, in which he could have made love to Lucy had he chosen so to do.

The countess sat down aghast. She liked Frederick Grey herself beyond anyone she knew; but what of Lady Jane? Would *she* deem him a suitable *parti* for Lucy? Would she not rather condemn him as entirely unsuitable?—and how should she herself answer to Lady Jane for her lax care of Lucy? Care!—as applied to love? Lady Oakburn in her self-condemnation forgot that the one is rarely a preventive to the other. She did the best that she could do. In her open straightforwardness she wrote that hasty letter

to summon Lady Jane ; Lucy meanwhile remaining entirely ignorant of the discovery and its results. Lucy had enough on her heart just then, if not on her hands, in looking out for food for her new jealousy.

It was not an ordinary evening at ordinary sea-side gala rooms, but a grand fête for which the rooms had for once been lent, and to which everybody of note flocked, not only of the temporary visitors, but of the local, standing society. Much had been made of it, and the arrangements were of that complete, it may be said superb, nature, not often seen. You may be very sure the ladies' toilettes were not behind the rest in attraction.

Lady Oakburn and Lucy arrived late. So late indeed that Miss Helen Vaughan was saying to herself they certainly would not come. The little Earl of Oakburn was with them. The little earl was indulged a great deal more than was good for him, especially by Lucy, and his mamma had yielded to the young gentleman's demand of "going to the ball," upon the condition that when he had taken a twenty minutes' peep at it, he should retire quietly and be conveyed home by Pompey. The delay in their arrival was caused by their expectancy of Lady Jane. Jane had telegraphed to the countess that she was on her road, and they waited to receive her. But it grew late, and she had not come.

As Lucy entered the rooms, her eyes were dazzled for a moment by the blaze of light, and then they ranged themselves abroad in search of—what? Exactly in search of what she saw, and nothing less; of what her jealous heart had pictured. Whirling round the room in the mazy waltz, to the tones of the sweetest music, his arm encircling her waist, his hand clasping hers, his eyes bent upon her with admiration, or what looked like it, and his voice lowered to whispered tones of softness, were Frederick Grey and Helen Vaughan. A pang, almost as of death, shot through Lucy's heart, and she shivered in her excess of pain.

Helen Vaughan looked well. She always did look so. Tall, regal, stately, fair : a fit companion for the distinguished Frederick Grey—and many were thinking so. But what was her beauty, compared to that of Lucy Chesney?—with her retiring grace, her exquisite features, her complexion of damask purity, and her sweet brown eyes? Both were dressed in white ; robes soft, flowing, fleecy as a cloud ; Miss Vaughan displayed an elaborate set of ornaments, emeralds set in much gold ; Lucy wore only pearls, the better taste for a young lady. Both of them looked very very beautiful, and the room thought so ; Helen Vaughan was praised in words, but a

murmur of hushed admiration followed Lucy Chesney.

The waltz was over, and Frederick Grey made his way to Lucy. She affected not to see him ; she had her head turned, and was talking volubly to Fanny Darlington : he had to touch her at length to obtain her attention.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she coldly said. "Good evening."

"How late you are, Lucy ! The dance for which you were engaged to me is over."

"I supposed it would be," she said in her bitter resentment. "I told you at the time I promised that it was more than probable I should not perform."

"You will dance this next with me. I think it is to be the Lancers."

Was she deaf ? She made no reply whatever, and her head was turned from him. At that moment, a gentleman was brought up and introduced to her ; a little man who looked as if he had not two ideas in his whole brain, with an eyeglass popped artistically in his eye, and his sandy hair parted down the middle, back and front. She did not catch his name ; it was Viscount Somebody, one of the county notabilities ; but she put her hand within his arm when he solicited the honour of it for the forthcoming quadrille, and was moving away with him.

Mr. Frederick Grey's blood boiled up, dyeing his brow crimson. He laid his hand on Lucy's arm to detain her.

"I asked you first, Lucy."

She recoiled from the touch, as if there had been contamination in it. "I beg your pardon. Did you speak to me ?"

"I asked you for this quadrille. You are engaged to me for it, not to him."

"If you are anxious to dance it, there's no lack of partners"—and her tone stung him with its indifferent coldness. "Plenty are waiting for you : Miss Lake, Miss Vaughan, Miss Darlington—look at them. Pray choose one."

She moved away in her haughty pride ; a looker-on might have said in her calm indifference. But every pulse in her body was throbbing with pain, every fibre of her heart was sick with love—love for Frederick Grey.

His face was ablaze with anger, and he stood still for a moment, possibly undecided whether to make a scene and pull the little viscount's nose, or to let it alone. Then he went straight up to Helen Vaughan and asked her for the quadrille. They took their places in it, vis-à-vis to the viscount and Lucy.

Lady Grey was seated between the Countess of Oakburn and Mrs. Deleie. The latter, an inveterate busy-body, one of those wretched

people who can never let anybody else be at peace, her eyes sharp as a needle, her brain active as a mischief-maker's tongue, watched Frederick Grey and Helen Vaughan for some minutes, and then turned to Lady Grey with a whisper :

"Is it a settled thing?" she asked.

"Is what a settled thing?"

"That your son marries Helen Vaughan?"

It was the first time the idea had been presented to Lady Grey. Living much in seclusion, she had seen and known nothing of the doings of the outer world of Seaford. Her heart leaped up with a bound of dismay, for she did not like Helen Vaughan.

"Pray do not mention anything so improbable," she faintly said. "My son marry Helen Vaughan! Indeed I hope not!"

"Impossible you call it?" was Mrs. Delcie's answer. "Look at them."

Lady Grey did look. The Lancers were over, and he was taking Helen Vaughan back to her place. He was bending down to talk to her, and there was an *impressment* in his manner that she, the mother, did not like. The evening's pleasure had gone out for her.

Back came Lucy, escorted by the viscount; she sat down by Lady Oakburn. The seat next her was vacant now, and Frederick Grey dropped into it. My Lady Lucy's cheeks grew pale with inward agitation.

"Lucy, what have I done to you?"

"Done?" repeated Lucy, in a tone of supreme indifference mingled with a dash of surprise. "Nothing."

He bit his lip. "Will you tell me how I have offended you?"

"You have not offended me."

"Then what is the matter with you?"

"What should be the matter with me? Really I do not understand you."

Neither in real truth did he understand Lucy. Frederick Grey was not a vain man, and it never occurred to him to think that she could be jealous. He thought nothing of that foolish dalliance—flirtation—call it what you will—in which his hours were often spent; the society of those pretty girls was pleasant pastime, but to him nothing more. If Miss Vaughan threw herself rather more in his way than the rest did, he never gave it a second thought; and most certainly he did not cast a suspicion that it was changing the manners of Lucy Chesney. In the few days that had elapsed since her arrival at Seaford, he had been at times greatly pained by her behaviour to him. He had set it down hitherto to some unaccountable caprice: now he began to think that her feelings to him were changing. And he had felt so sure of her love!

"Lucy, you must know that you are behaving very strangely to me. You heard me ask you for the Lancers, and you turned and engaged yourself to that little puppy, who is not worth a kick. Will you stand up with me the next?"

"Thank you: I do not intend to dance the next. I feel a little tired."

He paused a minute, rose from his seat, and stood before her. "There must be some reason for all this."

"Reason for all what?"

"For your indifference to me."

"You may think so if you please."

"It looks very like caprice, Lucy."

"Caprice? Oh yes, that is it. It is caprice."

"Once for all," he rejoined, quite savagely, "will you dance the next dance with me, Lady Lucy?"

"No I will not. Thank you all the same."

He turned on his heel.

Lucy caught her little brother, who was running up to them.

"I am going home, Lucy. Pompey's come, and I am going without being naughty, because I promised I would."

"There's my darling Frank," said Lucy, bending over the child. "Wish mamma good night."

He was a brave, honourable little fellow, and he intended to go off blithely with Pompey, whose black face was seen at the door. The Oakburns were noted for holding a promise sacred; and it seemed that the future chief would be no degenerate descendant. Kissing his mamma, he put up his face to Lady Grey; but that lady was too much engaged to pay attention to him, and the boy ran away without it.

Lady Grey had her face turned to her son. She had pulled him to her when he was quitting Lucy. Mrs. Delcie had left her seat then, and Frederick halted before it, listening to his mother's whisper.

"Frederick! only a word—to ease my troubled heart. Surely you are not—you are not falling in love with Helen Vaughan!"

"I don't think I am, mother."

The answer was given gaily, lightly. All conscious of that other love so deeply seated in his heart, he could afford to joke at this. But he caught the anxious look of pain in his mother's eyes.

"You would not like her for a daughter-in-law?" he breathed, laughing still.

"I confess I should not."

"Very well. Be at ease, mother mine. What put such a thing into your head?"

"They say she is in love with you—that

you love her. They are saying she is your chosen wife."

"I am much obliged to them, I'm sure. Who are 'they'?"

"Oh—the room of course," replied Lady Grey. "The people stopping at Seaford. Frederick——"

"Mr. Grey do waltz with me if you are not engaged."

The interruption came from Miss Fanny Darlington. She was quite young, and therefore deemed herself justified in acting as a child or a romp. He was not engaged, he said, and laughed as he took her on his arm.

"When is the wedding to be?" she asked, as he whirled her to the strains of Strauss's music.

"What wedding?"

"As if you did not know! It can mean nothing else, when your attentions are so marked. Mrs. Delcie says she knows for a fact the general has consented."

"When did she say that?"

"A minute or two ago. She was talking to me and Lady Lucy Chesney."

A change came over his features. Was *this* the secret of Lucy's inexplicable conduct to him—some wretched gossip linking his name with General Vaughan's daughter? All his gaiety seemed to have gone from him, and his tone, as he spoke to Fanny Darlington, was changed into one of grave earnestness.

"Miss Darlington, will you allow me to remind you—as I most certainly shall Mrs. Delcie—that to speak of Miss Vaughan in this way, or of any other young lady, is unjustifiable. I am certain it would seriously displease her—and it has displeased me."

He went through the rest of the waltz in silence. Miss Darlington grew cross, and asked what had come over him. At its conclusion he looked for Lucy and could not see her.

Lucy Chesney had gone out from the garish rooms: they accorded ill with her aching heart. In a corner of the terrace, shaded from observation by the clustering trees, she stood, leaning over the rails and gazing on the sloping gardens beneath, lying so cold and still in the light summer's night. Cold and still was her own face; cold and still her unhappy heart, for its pulses felt as if frozen into stone. The waltz was over; she could hear that; and she pictured him with her happy rival, whispering his sweet vows in her ear. She stood there in her bitter misery, believing that he, whom she so passionately loved, had deserted her for another! The sound of laughter, of merriment, came from the rooms; the rich strains of the music were

again floating on the air; the fragrant flowers, giving forth their strong night perfume, rose at her feet: all pleasant things in themselves, but they grated inharmoniously on Lucy's heart.

What had become of the old bliss that had made her days seem like a dream of Eden? It was gone. All had changed since their sojourn at Seaford; the joy had left her, the sweet half-consciousness of being beloved had departed, to give place to the bitterest jealousy.

Why did Helen Vaughan so seek him? Why do girls thus beset attractive men?—ay, and men who are not attractive? Perhaps she hoped she should gain him; perhaps she but thought to while away her idle hours. However it might have been, it brought to Lucy Chesney fruits that seemed like bitter ashes. But she had to digest them; and never, never had they been harsher or more cruel than at that moment, as she hung over the terrace in the moonlight.

Her hands were clasped together in pain, and her forehead was pressed upon the cold iron of the rails, as if its chill could soothe the throbbing fire within. A cloud of images was in her brain, all bearing the beautiful but dreaded form of Helen Vaughan, and—some one touched her shoulder, and Lucy shivered and looked up.

It was Frederick Grey. What had he come out there for? He to see her in her abandonment of grief!

"Lucy!" he whispered, and the tone of his voice spoke of love if ever tone spoke it. "Lucy, are you ill?"

She would have been glad to fling his hand away, to fly from him, to meet his words with scorn; but she could not: for the heart will be true to itself, and the startled agitation unnerved her. She shook like a leaf.

He gently wound his arms round her, he bent over her and poured forth his tale of love—to be suppressed no longer: he told her how passionately he had hoped to make her his; that if he had been silent, it was because he feared the time to speak had not come. Lucy, in the revulsion of feeling, burst into tears, and yielded herself up to the moment's fascination.

"Oh, Lucy, how could you suffer this cloud to come between us?" he whispered. "How could you suspect me of faithlessness? My darling, let me speak plainly. We have loved each other, and we both knew it, though it may be that you scarcely acknowledged the fact to yourself; but here, without witnesses—save One, who knows how ardently and loyally I will cherish you, under Him—surely we may

lift the veil from our dearest feelings ! Lucy, I say, we have loved each other."

She did not answer, but she did not lift her face from its sheltering place on his breast. The moment of rapture, shadowed forth in her dreams, had come !

"I was not conscious until to night, ten minutes ago, that my name had been made free with, as it appears it has been, in connection with Helen Vaughan's. Lucy," he resumed, "I swear to you that I have not willingly given cause for it ; I swear to you that I have had no love for her, or thought of love. I certainly have been brought much into contact with her, for you have estranged yourself from me since you came, and the idle hours of this place have hung upon my hands ; but I cast my thoughts back and ask how far it has been my fault, and I believe I can truly say"—he paused with a quaint smile—"that I have been more sinned against than sinning. Lucy, when I have been walking by her side, my heart has wished that it was you : in conversing with her, I longed for your voice to answer me. Will you forgive me ?"

Forgive him ? ay. Her heart answered, if words failed. He bent his face to hers in the hushed night :

"Believe me, Lucy, I love you as few men can love ; I picture to myself the future, when you shall be mine ; my cherished wife, the guiding-star of my home ; my whole hopes, my love, my wishes are centered in you. You will not reject me ? My darling, you will not reject me !"

How little likely she was to reject him, he contrived to gather. And the twinkling stars shone down on vows, than which none sweeter or purer had ever been registered.

"Lucy, you will waltz with me now ?"

She dried her happy tears ; and, as she returned to the room to take her place with him in the dance, she laughed aloud. The contrast between that time and this was so great ! Miss Helen Vaughan and the little viscount whirled past them, and Frederick darted a saucy glance into Lucy's eyes. It made hers fall on her blushing cheeks.

Lady Jane Chesney had arrived when they reached home. After Lucy had retired for the night, Lady Oakburn opened her mind to Jane ; she could not rest until she had told her all—how that Frederick and Lucy were in love with each other. Jane at first looked very grave : the Chesney pride was rising.

"I could not help it," bewailed the countess in her contrition. "I declare to you, Lady Jane, often as Frederick Grey came to us in Portland Place, that I never for a moment

thought or suspected love was arising between him and Lucy. Our great intimacy with the Greys, and Sir Stephen's attendance as a medical man, must have blinded me. I would give the world—should this be displeasing to you—to recall the past."

"Nay, do not blame yourself," said Jane kindly. "It is very probable that I should have seen no further than you. Frederick Grey ! It is not the match altogether that Lucy should make."

"In some respects it is not."

Jane remained silent, communing with herself, her custom when troubled or perplexed. Presently she looked at Lady Oakburn. "Tell me what your opinion is. What do you think of it ?"

"May I tell it freely ?"

"Indeed I wish you would," was Jane's answer. "You have Lucy's welfare at heart as much as I have."

"Her welfare and her happiness," emphatically pronounced Lady Oakburn. "And the latter I do fear is now bound up in this young man. In regard to him, as a suitor for her, there are advantages and disadvantages. In himself he is all that can be desired, and his prospects are very fair ; Sir Stephen must be a rich man, and there's the baronetcy. On the other hand, there's his profession, and his birth is wholly inferior ; and—forgive me for saying it, Lady Jane—the Chesneys are a proud race."

"Tell me what your own decision would be, were it left to you."

"I should let her have him."

Jane paused. "I will sleep upon this, Lady Oakburn, and talk with you further in the morning."

And when the morning came, Jane, like a sensible woman, had arrived at a similar decision. The first to run up and greet her as she quitted her chamber, was the little lord. Jane took him upon her knee in the breakfast-room, and turned his face upwards.

"He does not look ill, Lady Oakburn."

"I have no real fears for him," replied the countess. "In a few years I hope he will have acquired strength. Frank, tell sister Jane what Sir Stephen says."

"Sir Stephen says that mamma and Lucy are too fidgety over me ; that if I were a poor little country boy, sent out in the corn-fields all day to keep the crows off, with only brown bread and milk for food, I should be all right," cried Frank, looking up to his sister. Jane smiled, and thought it very probable Sir Stephen was in reason.

"Do you know, sister Jane, what I mean to be when I grow up a big man ?" he continued. "I mean to be a sailor."

Jane faintly smiled and shook her head.

"Yes, I do. Mamma says that if I were the poor little country boy, I might be one; but as I am the Earl of Oakburn I shall have other duties. Oh Jane, I do wish I could be a sailor! When I see the ships here, I long to run through the waves and get to them."

"It is surprising what a taste he has for the sea," murmured the countess to Jane; "he must have inherited it." And poor Jane sighed with sad reminiscences.

Lucy came in. Jane took her hand, and smiled as she gazed at the bright and blushing face.

"And so, Lucy, you have contrived to fall in love without leave or licence!"

Lucy coloured to the roots of her hair, to the very nape of her delicate neck; her eyelids were cast down, and her fingers trembled in the hand of Lady Jane. All signs of true love, and Jane knew them to be so. The Countess of Oakburn approached Jane.

"I know you have felt the separation from Lucy," she said, with emotion. "Had the terms of the will been such that I could have departed from them, Lucy should have been yours. I could not help myself, Lady Jane; but I have tried to make her all you could wish."

"All any one could wish," generously returned Jane, as she took Lady Oakburn's hand. "You have nobly done your part by her. Do it by the boy, Lady Oakburn, and make him worthy of his father. I know you will."

"Being helped to do so by a better Help than mine," murmured the countess, as her eyes filled with tears.

And when Mr. Frederick Grey arrived that day and spoke out—as he did do—he was told that Lucy should be his.

CHAPTER XL. A TALE FROM MRS. PEPPERFLY.

THE afternoon's sun was shining on South Wennock: shining especially hard and full upon a small cottage standing by itself down Blister Lane. More especially did it appear to be shining upon a stout lady who was seated on a chair, placed midway in the narrow path leading from the little entrance gate to the cottage door. Her dress was light, what could be seen of it for snuff,—and so broad was she, taking up the width of the path and a great deal more, that she looked like a great tower, planted there to guard the approach of the cottage against assaulters.

Judith came down the lane. Two or three weeks had passed since the events recorded in the last chapter, and Lady Jane was back at South Wennock again. Jane had some poor

pensioners in some of the smaller cottages lower down this lane, and the servant's errand in this afternoon was connected with them. Judith's eyes fell upon the lady, airing herself in the sun.

"What, is it you, Mother Pepperfly! Why I have not seen you for an age. Well, you don't get thinner!"

"I gets dreadful," said Mrs. Pepperfly. "They might take me about in a caravan, and show me off to the public as the fat woman from South Wennock. Particularly if they could invent a decent way of exhibiting of the legs. Mine's a sight, Judith."

Mrs. Pepperfly gingerly lifted her petticoats a little, and Judith saw that the ankles were indeed a sight. "I wonder you don't take exercise," she said.

"Me take exercise!" uttered Mrs. Pepperfly, resentfully, "what's the good of your talking to a woman of my size about exercise? It a'most kills me to get about when I changes my places. It's my perfession as have brought me to it, Judith; always a sitting by a bedside, or a dandling a babby upon my knees; I haven't been able to get exercise, and, in course, now I'm too fat to do it. But I must be thankful it's no worse, for I retains my appetite, and can eat a famous good meal every time it's set afore me."

"I should eat less and leave off beer," said Judith. "Beer's very fattening."

The tears rushed into Mrs. Pepperfly's eyes at the cruel suggestion. "Beer's the very prop and stay of my life," cried she. "Nobody but a barbarian would tell a poor woman that has to sit up often o' nights, tending upon others, to leave off her beer. I never shall leave off my beer, Judith, till it leaves off me."

Judith thought that likely, and did not contest the point.

"I suppose you are nursing somebody up here," she remarked. "Who lives in the cottage? The last time I came by, it wasn't let."

"I ain't a nursing nobody," returned Mrs. Pepperfly. "I'm up here on a visit. I left my place yesterday, and I expects to be fetched to another in a day or two, and I was invited here to spend the time atween."

"Who's the cottage let to?" continued Judith, dropping her voice.

"It's a widdier. She ain't at home; she took the opportunity of my being here to get in a store of things she wanted, so she's gone about it. We haven't got nobody to overhear us that you should set on to whisper. I say, wasn't it a curious thing," added Mrs. Pepperfly, dropping her own voice to a whisper in opposition to what she had just said to Judith, "she

came here, it's my firm belief, just to find out the rights and the wrongs about the death of that poor young lady."

"What young lady?"

"Why, that poor creature that the poisoned draught was gave to. She——"

"Who is she? Where does she come from?" interrupted Judith, aroused to interest.

"I'll just tell ye about it," said Mrs. Pepperfly, "but if you go to ask me who she is, and what she is, and where she comes from, I can't tell; for I don't know any more nor the babby that has not yet got its life's breath into it. My missis that I nursed last didn't get strong as soon as she ought, so it was settled she should go over to Great Wennock and stop a week or two with her relatives, and I went to take her there; it were Mrs. Tupper, the butcher's wife, and the babby died a week old, which I daresay you heered on. We went over on a Tuesday morning in the omnibus, and it's the first time I've been in the new omnibus or along the new road, for I'm no traveller, as is well known, which it's beautiful and smooth they both is, and gives no jolts. I took my missis on to her mother's, carrying her parcel of clothes for her, and I had a good dinner with 'em—a lovely shoulder o' mutton and onion sauce, and was helped three times to beer. After that, I goes back to the station, which it's not three minutes' walk, and sits myself in the omnibus agen it started to come home; it were waiting, you see, for the London train. Well, it came in, the train, and there got into the omnibus a widder and a little boy and some luggage, and that was all. She begun a talking to me, asking if I knowed any lady living about here o' the name of Crane. 'No, mum,' says I, 'I never knowed but one lady o' that name, and I didn't know much of her, for it's eight year ago, and she died promiscuous.' 'How do you mean?' says she, a snapping of me up short, as if she'd lost her breath. Well, Judith, one word led to another, and I told her all about the lady's death in Palace Street, she a listening to me all the time as if her eyes were coming out of her head with wonder. I never see a body so eager."

"Who is she?" asked Judith.

"I tell ye I don't know. I'm sure o' one thing, though—that she knowed that poor lady, and is come to the place to ferret out what she can about the death."

"How is it that she is living in this cottage?" returned Judith, completely absorbed in the tale.

"I'm coming to it, if you'll let me," answered Mrs. Pepperfly. "I never see a body interrupt as you do, Judith. We talked on, the widder and me, till we come to South

Wennock, and got out at the Red Lion. With that she looks about her, like a person in a quandary, up the street and down the street, and then she stretches out her hand and points. 'That's the way to the house where the lady was lying,' says she; 'And you're right, mum,' says I, 'for it just is.' 'I wonder whether them same lodgings is to let?' says she; 'if so, they'd suit me.' So upon that I telled her, Judith, what every body knows, that the lodgings was *not* to let, through the widder Gould keeping of the parlours for herself now, having had a income left her, and the new curate occupying of her drawing-room. Well, then she asked me did I know of a cottage to let, where there was plenty of fresh air about it, her child being poorly, and I cast it over in my mind and thought of this—which it belongs you know to Tupper hisself, and them be his fields at the back where he keeps his beastesses."

"And she took it?"

"She looked at it that same afternoon, and she went straight off to Tupper and took it of him, paying three pound ten down for the first quarter's rent, for she said she'd not bother him with no references, and then she asked me where she could buy or hire a bit of second-hand furniture, and I took her off to Knagg the broker's, and she got what she wanted. She invited me to stop with her, but I couldn't, for I had agreed to be at Tupper's and look after the children while his wife was away, and the widder said, then come up to her as soon as I was at liberty. Which I was a day ago, through Tupper's wife returning home hearty, and I come up here, and she has asked me to stop till I'm called out again, which it'll be in a day or two I expect, and happens to be Knaggs's wife—and I thought it uncommon genteel and perlite of her, Judy; and so here I am, a enjoying of myself in the country air."

"And in the sun also," said Judith. "You'll get your face browner than it is."

"Tain't often I gets the chance of sitting in it out o'doors, so I thought I'd take advantage of it when I could, and I don't care whether I'm brown or white."

"But why do you think the person came to find out about the young lady?"

"Look here," cried Mother Pepperfly, "I can see as far through a milestone as most folks, and I argue why should she invite me here, a stranger (though it were perlite to do it), unless she wanted to get something out of me. Not a blessed minute, Judy, have I been in the cottage, and I got here at two o'clock yesterday, but she has been a questioning of me about it: now it's the draught, and now

it's the doctors, and now it's the nurse, and now it's the inquest, till I declare I'm a'most moithered. She wants to know where she can get a old newspaper with the history of it in, but I can't tell who keeps 'em unless Mrs. Fitch at the Lion do. 'You won't say nothing to nobody, as I've asked you these questions about Mrs. Crane, I've a reason not,' says she to me last night. 'Mum, you may put your faith in me as I won't,' says I."

"And you have gone and told me to-day!" retorted Judith.

"But you are safe, you are, Judy, and won't repeat it, I know. You were one of us with her, too. I thought to myself this morning, 'Now, if I could see Judy Ford, I'd tell her this;' but I wouldn't open my lips to nobody else: and shan't, as the widder has asked me not. That other widder, Gould, I wouldn't furnish with a hint of it, if it was to save my life; she's such a magpie, it would be over the town the next hour if she got hold of it."

"Does she mean to live here all alone?" retorted Judith.

"I suppose so. She has a woman in to clean, and puts out her washing. The child's a sickly little fellow: I don't think he'll make old bones. Come and see him."

Mrs. Pepperfly rose and sailed in-doors; Judith followed. Upon a rude sort of bed on the parlour floor, which opened from the kitchen, and *that* opened from the garden, after the manner of cottages, lay a boy asleep; a fair, quiet-looking child, with light flaxen hair falling over his features. Judith looked at him, and looked again; she was struck with his likeness to somebody, but could not for the life of her recollect to whom.

"He has got a white swelling in his knee," said Mrs. Pepperfly. "Leastways, I'm sure it's coming into one."

"A white swelling in his knee? Poor little fellow! that's dangerous."

"Kills youngsters nineteen times out of twenty," returned the nurse, with professional equanimity.

"How thin and white he is," exclaimed Judith. "How his forehead's drawn! Whenever you see that lined forehead in a child, you may be sure it comes from long-endured pain."

"His mother says he has never been strong. Take a wee drop short, Judy?" continued Mrs. Pepperfly insinuatingly, as she produced a small bottle from some unseen receptacle beneath her capacious petticoats.

"Not I," answered Judith. "I'd rather pour it down the garden than down my throat: and I must be off, or I don't know what time

I shall get back, and my lady will say I have been gossiping."

Judith proceeded on her way, and executed her commission with Lady Jane's pensioners. As she returned, she saw a stranger seated in the chair Mrs. Pepperfly had occupied, but which was now drawn close to the cottage in the shade; a respectable looking widow woman of fifty years. The child lay in her arms, still asleep, and Mrs. Pepperfly had disappeared. Could Judith's eyes have penetrated inside the cottage, she would have seen her comfortably stretched out on an arm-chair, overcome either by the sun or the bottle, and fast asleep as a church.

Judith scanned the hard features of the stranger, and remembered them, having probably been assisted thereunto by the conversation with the nurse. An impulse prompted her to enter the gate and speak.

"Good afternoon. I think I have seen you before."

The stranger scanned her in turn, but did not recognise her.

"May be," she quietly replied. "I don't remember you."

"I was the young woman who was so much with that poor lady, Mrs. Crane, during the few days she lay ill."

Intelligence, glad intelligence, flashed into the stranger's face. "I am glad to see you," she exclaimed. "I wonder you remembered me."

"You are Mrs. Smith, who came down and took away the baby."

"Yes, I am. But now I'd rather it wasn't spoken of, if you'd oblige me. If it got about, I should have the whole parish up here, wanting to know what I can't tell them; and I have another reason besides. Mrs. What's-her-name, the fat nurse, says nothing has been heard as to who the young lady was, and people would be asking me. I could not answer them; I don't know anything to tell; so I'd rather not be questioned."

"Where's the baby?" inquired Judith, believing as little of the last words as she chose.

"Dead."

"Is it, indeed! Well, 'twas but a little mite. I thought perhaps this was it."

"This is mine," said Mrs. Smith. "And a great sufferer he is, poor thing. He has always been weakly."

"He seems to sleep well," observed Judith.

"That's because he gets no sleep at night. Every afternoon he's dead asleep, so I put him down a mattress in the kitchen or parlour, or wherever I may happen to be, for he don't like to go away from me. Why, if that child

had lived, he would have been getting on for nine years old. This, you may see, isn't seven."

"I can't think who he's like," remarked Judith, again looking attentively at the child. "He is the very model of somebody, some face that's familiar to me; but I can't call to mind whose."

"I know nobody he's like when he's asleep," said Mrs. Smith, also regarding the boy. "Asleep and awake, it is not the same face—not a bit; I have often noticed that; it must be the eyes and the expression that make the difference."

"Has he light eyes?" inquired Judith.

"No; dark. But now, do just tell me what you can, about that horrible death. Was it a mistake, or was it wilful?"

"That's what people are unable to decide," said Judith.

"That old nurse is not very explicit; she speaks of one doctor and speaks of another, mixing the two up together. I want to know who really was attending her."

"Mr. Stephen Grey had been attending her—he is Sir Stephen Grey now; and Mr. Carlton had seen her once or twice; the night of her death, and the night before it."

"Was she ill enough to have two doctors?"

"Not at all. Mr. Carlton was to have attended her, but when she was taken ill he was away from South Wennock, so the other came for him. Mr. Carlton was to have taken her the next day."

"Were they both married men?"

"Mr. Grey was; had been a long while; and Mr. Carlton married directly after. He married a peer's daughter. But I can't stay to talk now."

"Oh, do stay! I want you to tell me all that passed; you'll do it clearer than that woman. Step in, and take a cup of tea with us."

"You might as well ask me to stay for good," returned Judith. "My lady will wonder, as it is, what is keeping me. I'll get an hour's leave, and come up another time."

"Just one word before you go, then; I hear of Messrs. Grey and Lycett, and I hear of Mr. Carlton; which would be the most skilful to call in, in case my child gets worse? I am a stranger here, and don't know their characters."

"I believe they are all clever; all skilful men. I like Mr. Grey best; I am most used to him."

"It doesn't matter much, then, as far as skill goes, which I call in?"

"As far as skill goes, no," replied Judith. And she said good afternoon, and left.

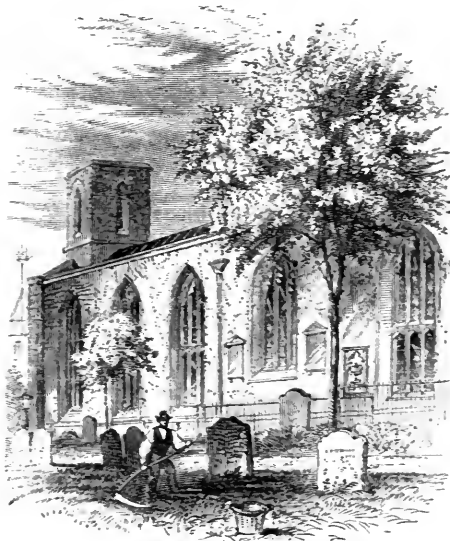
She went home, pondering on the likeness

she had traced in the boy's face; she could not recollect who it was he resembled. Her suspicions had been aroused that it might be the same child, in spite of the apparent difference in the age; but, even allowing that Mrs. Smith had deceived her in saying it was not, and Judith did not see why she should, the fact would not have helped her, since it was certainly not the deceased lady's face that the child's struck her as being like.

But all in a moment, as Judith was turning in at the gate of Cedar Lodge, a face flashed on her mind's remembrance, and she saw whose it was that the boy's resembled. The fact seemed to stagger her; for she started aside amidst the trees as one who has received a blow. And when she at length went in-doors, it was with a perplexed gaze and knitted brow.

(To be continued.)

THE SAVOY.



The Savoy Chapel.

Down a narrow street leading somewhat circuitously from the Strand to the river, just before you reach the approach to Waterloo Bridge going eastward, the ruins of a recent fire, walls left standing without a roof, are visible through the railings of a small, well-ordered churchyard, whose scattered headstones are shadowed by the foliage of a few trees. From the old-world aspect of the place, its odd, irregular outline, and its air of quaint seclusion, the passer-by would conjecture that the building thus destroyed, whatever it was,

belonged to a period long antecedent to the present day—and he would conjecture rightly. The architectural traditions of this out-of-the-way nook go far back into the Plantagenet times, when the Strand was a wild track, with savage wastes or wildernesses stretching away into the open country, before Covent Garden was laid out and enclosed, or Lincoln's Inn built; while the bank of the Thames, from Charing to the Temple, was covered with the inns or palaces of such great people as peers, bishops, ambassadors, off-shoots of royalty, and occasionally even royalty itself. Hence the epithet "luxurious Strand," which came to be applied to the thoroughfare thus richly inhabited on one side. In those ages the suburbs were considered dangerous, having neither lights, nor patrols, nor roads, and there being hardly any population, except at wide and dreary intervals; consequently most of the noblemen and persons of estate dwelt within the city walls for security. To this circumstance may be ascribed the remarkable strength of these water-side structures, which were no less distinguished by their size and magnificence. The general effect of this succession of noble residences, whether regarded from the north or the south, was picturesque and imposing; and what with their lofty walls, their court-yards and gardens extending to the brink of the Silent Highway, their stately roofs, towers and water-gates, they realised that vision of power and splendour which one of the old chroniclers tells us was the prominent characteristic of ancient London.

Amongst those princely houses upwards of six hundred years ago stood the Palace of the Savoy, so called after its possessor, Peter, Earl of Savoy, and uncle of Queen Eleanor, the wife of Henry III. The site of the palace had been bestowed upon the earl by the king, and the earl in turn bestowed the palace upon one of those religious fraternities into whose laps wealth and power rained down so bountifully in those times. But Queen Eleanor was not willing to lose the pleasant demesne on the water-side, and she purchased it back again for her second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. This was in 1295, some fifty years after the palace was built. At a later date the old pile was repaired and almost rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster. This creation led to the Savoy being erected into a duchy, and the Jura Regalia of a County Palatine were fully vested in the duke, who had power to appoint his own chancellor and justices for pleas, together with fines and forfeitures, and pardons of life and members, and other liberties and rights belonging to a county palatine. Thus, as the place originally acquired the title of the Savoy,

or the Precincts of the Savoy, from its first possessor, it now became known as the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster, and to this day the name is preserved in the surrounding district, the office of the duchy being in Lancaster Place, close by.

It was here that John, King of France, was held in captivity after he and his son Philip surrendered at the battle of Poitiers to Edward the Black Prince. But although nominally a captive, he was really regarded as a guest of distinction. His entry into London was a sort of triumph. In the sumptuous chambers of the Savoy the King and Queen would frequently come and feast with him, and his "cousin" and conqueror, the Prince of Wales, would wait upon him at table. He was touched by this generous treatment, and, after he had been released by treaty, and had re-occupied his throne for three years in the midst of intestine discords, he returned to the Savoy to die.

The contemporary life of this old Lancaster palace is an indispensable element in its literary restoration. The England of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, which witnessed its building and its destruction, was marked by traits widely contrasted with those of our more advanced era. The upper classes spoke Norman and lived as Normans in their habits and fashions; the middle classes had not yet yielded very extensively to the foreign influence which conquest had established at court; and the lower classes were still strong Saxon. The word comfort, originally Norman, and afterwards English, and now generally but erroneously believed to have been always English, had not yet practically found its way into the homes of the people. The architecture of dwelling-houses was still primitive, showing signs here and there of struggling out into new forms and more elaborate designs. The material of which they were built was generally timber; the windows were principally protected by lattices or shutters; glass was the costly monopoly of great establishments; the hall, as the chamber of rendezvous and festival, was still the most important apartment in houses of pretension, which were sometimes constructed of stone; the Anglo-Norman parlour, adopted from the *parloir*, or talking room, of the monastic establishments, was beginning to be introduced into country houses; and minstrels also held their place of prominence in all wealthy households. The denizens of the West-End in the nineteenth century have turned the night of our ancestors into day, and assigned to the four-and-twenty hours a series of functions that entirely reverse the old order of the domestic life. In the time when the Savoy flourished people rose at five o'clock, and dined at nine or ten. Even later,

in the Elizabethan age, the dinner hour had not advanced beyond eleven, and in the comedies of the Restoration we find the jaded appetites of the fashionable rakes summoning them to the ordinaries about noon. The Savoy Palace never knew the luxury of a fork. There, as under humbler roofs, the guests ate with their fingers, a custom which imposed upon them the necessity of washing before and after meals, and so much stress was laid on this purifying process that it always took place on a signal from trumpeters or minstrels. Whatever may be thought of the habit of eating with the fingers, there was a rude grandeur at least in the notion of washing them to a burst of trumpets. Stepping out of the house into the streets a spectacle presents itself of which we occasionally obtain glimpses now-a-days through some very careful stage representations. The façades of the houses are everywhere fantastical and dissimilar; large sign boards project many feet into the causeway; there is no footway, and no rule of the pedestrian road, and you are compelled to make way by dint of force or stratagem, and to avoid contests for the wall as well as you can. Carriages are unknown to this great city in those early times; Flemish barbs and royal coaches have not yet come into vogue; and the only people who are conveyed through the streets are the mounted horsemen, who prance and curvet amongst the crowd at considerable risk of mischief. The prevailing aspect of the people in the streets is that of a fraternity of lay monks. Everybody is dressed very nearly alike, the costume of the men consisting for the most part of a long loose gown, reaching to the heels, and fastened round the waist, the head being covered by a hood, variously shaped, according to the whim of the wearers. The hood is common to both sexes, the women wearing a capacious gown unconfined at the waist, and trailing far behind them in the mire, with a wimple round the neck, fastened up under the chin and above the ears, as if there were some ailment in the throat or jaws which it is desirable to conceal.

Lancaster, or Savoy, Palace, as it may be indifferently called, was not destined to enjoy a long tenure of security. Blanche Plantagenet, daughter of the first Duke of Lancaster, married her cousin, John Plantagenet, fourth son of Edward III., better known to historical legend as John of Gaunt, and by this marriage the Lancaster coronet, carried by the lady to her husband, continued to reign in the Savoy. It was in the time of the Duchess Blanche that the acquaintance began, which afterwards ripened into the most intimate friendship, between John of Gaunt and the poet Chaucer,

who had served in the expedition to France, and been made prisoner there, circumstances which helped materially to recommend him to the protection of the duke. Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, who came over to England in the retinue of Queen Philippa, had two daughters, one of whom, Katharine, entered the service of the Duchess Blanche, and the other, who bore the then popular name of Philippa, was taken into the royal household as one of the maids of honour. To the latter lady Chaucer was married. The poem of "The Dream" is supposed to veil, under an elaborate allegory, allusions not only to his own courtship, but to the courtship and marriage of the Lady Blanche and the duke, then Earl of Richmond, and only nineteen years old; and if some of the interpretations which have been put upon "The Dream" be correct, Chaucer must have known the duke before his marriage. But it is certain that their close relations grew up afterwards, when Philippa's sister was resident in the Savoy, and subsequently when Philippa, having left the royal household, became attached to the person of the Duchess Constance, the second consort of John of Gaunt. Chaucer, therefore, may be presumed to have lived for some years in the Savoy, and not merely to have been received by the duke as a frequent guest; and the tradition, which tells us that he wrote several of his poems here, is consequently all the better entitled to credit.

The duke married the Duchess Constance in 1371. Six years afterwards Gaunt, who had made himself obnoxious by his patronage of Wickliffe, had his palace attacked by the mob; and four years later, during the tumults of Wat Tyler's rebellion, the place underwent a short but violent siege. The palace was gutted and burned to the ground, its plate and other valuables were either destroyed or flung into the river, and several of the neighbouring houses, forming part of the duchy, were blown up. The magnificent structure, which had been all throughout connected with the names and fortunes of kings, was thus in a few hours reduced to a heap of ruins; in which state, desolate and neglected, the Savoy continued to remain for upwards of one hundred and twenty years.

Of the vicissitudes through which the duchy passed during the dreary interval, it is hardly necessary to speak at large. Upon the death of John of Gaunt, the duchy devolved on his son Henry, who afterwards became King of England under the style of Henry IV., when the estates of which the duchy consisted were merged in the crown. They were subsequently by Act of Parliament separated from the crown, and upon the union of the houses of York and

Lancaster by Henry VII., they passed into a new phase. Upon the site of the old palace, the king in 1505 erected an hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, to receive and lodge nightly one hundred poor people. The buildings, left unfinished by the royal projector, were completed by Henry VIII. The hospital was in exterior structure in the shape of a cross, with double rows of mullioned windows and embattled parapets, lozenged with flints, a friary on the north, and a guard-house at the west end, used as a receptacle for deserters, with quarters for thirty men and uncommissioned officers. According to the old accounts of the building, it must have stood close upon the river, and the views which have been preserved of it show that it combined some pictorial effects with considerable solidity.

The chapel, which was close to it, had more pretensions in the way of architectural beauty, and appears to have undergone no material revolutions either in itself or its immediate accessories since it was built, upwards of 350 years ago, till it was recently burned down. The little burial-ground, raised some fifteen steps above the floor of the chapel; the small tower, on the east side at which a sentinel used to mount guard; and the diminutive trees overshadowing the mouldering walls, and giving rather a picturesque character to the place, may still be seen pretty much as they existed long ages past. But the decorations of the interior, the rich and noble altar-piece, the delicate embellishments on the eastern and western sides of the great window, supposed to be the work of Sir Reginald Bray, and the exquisite roof, with its hundreds of quatrefoils, enclosing carved emblems on shields in endless variety, are gone. There is nothing left of the chapel but its bare outline, with a few smashed and blackened beams overhead marking the configuration of the roof.

The chapel survived the hospital, which in 1553 was given up to Edward VI., who transferred its revenues to the then newly-erected Bridewell and Christ's Hospital. Subsequent attempts were made by Mary and Elizabeth to restore the original uses of the building, but without much success. The place had suffered an utter change in its character, and had become a nursery of rogues and refugees from justice, who took shelter within the precinct that they might claim the protection of the master of the hospital. This mastership of the Savoy was an office much sought after as one of those "easy cushions" reserved for the repose of men of merit or favourites of the great. Cowley the poet had long sought the appointment, which was promised to him by Charles I., but the Restoration called into

existence a new class of candidates, and Killigrew was nominated to the post. To this disappointment we owe Cowley's "Complaint," and the epithet of "Savoy-missing Cowley," which has come to us from the State poems.

At different times the hospital, although falling into rapid decadence, was found available. During the Dutch war, sung by Dryden it was thrown open to receive the sick and wounded; but about that period, or shortly after, a great portion of it was injured by fire. The hospital was finally dissolved in 1702, and its last relics were swept away in the building of Waterloo Bridge.

Early in the last century the old Savoy House, as the remains of the hospital were called, was in a ruinous condition. It was tenanted by tailors and cobblers and other handicraftsmen, who plied their various avocations in its spacious apartments; a not altogether inappropriate purpose to convert them to, for here in this old Savoy House, in 1552, was established the first manufactory of glass set up in England. The west end was used as a prison for deserters, impressed men, convict soldiers, and other military offenders; and the gateway to that quarter bore up to the last the arms of Henry VII., and the badges of the rose, fleur-de-lis, and portcullis. To this complexion came the place in its latter days, where the Independents met in 1658 and framed their famous declaration of faith, and where, in 1661, the Savoy Conference was held for the revision of the Liturgy.

The precinct of the Savoy, notwithstanding the decline and fall of the hospital, its chief structure, contained many commodious houses, and held a busy population. The King's presses were maintained here, and here all proclamations, acts of parliament, and gazettes were issued. Here, too, the books of the Royal Society, and other contributions to popular and scientific literature, were produced, as we learn from the title-page of the *Anglicæ Notitia*, now lying before us, which informs us that the work was printed in the Savoy by T. N. for John Martyn, printer to the Royal Society, at the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the year 1671. Besides the royal chapel of the Savoy, which was assigned to the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand on the destruction of the old church by the Protector Somerset, there were churches, or congregations, established for the Dutch, High Germans, French, and Lutherans, and also Protestant dissenters. But the chapel of the Savoy alone possessed the privilege of sanctuary, and this circumstance drew into the place the worst characters, and often led to serious consequences. Whenever an attempt was made to follow a debtor

or other offender into the precinct, the mob assembled, and executed summary vengeance, in accordance with the wild customs of the locality. In 1696 a creditor went into the Savoy to demand a debt of one who had taken sanctuary. The population immediately poured out from every nook and corner, seized the unfortunate creditor, tarred and feathered him, and in that condition conveyed him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him to the maypole, where they left him.

The chapel did not entirely escape the contagion of the moral atmosphere by which it was surrounded. The clergymen who officiated here about one hundred years ago, emulated the traffic in contraband marriages which, about that time, were being profitably carried on in May Fair and the Fleet. These marriages were duly advertised in the newspapers, and intending runaways were informed that lovers were united, not only with privacy, but with decency and regularity; that there were no less than five private ways by land and two by water to this secret temple of Hymen; and that this imposing ceremony, which no man could set aside, was performed at the small charge of one guinea, including a five-shilling stamp. This nefarious trade was ultimately put down by Act of Parliament, but not till some examples were made of parsons who persisted in violating the law. One of the last transgressors was the father of Tait Wilkinson, afterwards a theatrical manager of renown. The reverend gentleman, his father, pursuing his illicit practices at the Savoy, was informed against by Garrick, tried, and transported.

But the Savoy bequeaths to us pleasanter memories than these. Fuller was a lecturer in the chapel, and may, possibly, have written some part of his "Worthies" on this spot; Alexander Cruden, the author of the "Concordance," lived here; and here Jacob Tonson had a warehouse. Many persons of note and distinction are buried within and without the walls, and had monuments in the chapel, which are now destroyed. Amongst them occur the names of Douglas, Dalhousie, Chaworth, and Rokeby; Wither, the poet, who sleeps between the east door and south end of the church; Anne Killigrew, poet and painter, "born to the spacious empire of the Nine," whose father, the facetious Tom, was Master of the Savoy, and with whose memory a gentleman is said to have fallen in love from merely seeing her picture and her poems; Gavin Douglas, who translated Virgil; and D. Cameron, the last person who suffered for the Rebellion of 1745, and to whom a monument was erected one hundred years after the battle of Culloden.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has always

manifested a zealous interest in the church of the Savoy, which she still retains. In 1843 she put it into repair, and she has now undertaken to restore it at her own cost.

ROBERT BELL.

OLD WIT.

"As for jest," says "large-browed Verulam," saying what many scores of others have said, if not said as well, "there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity." This is most true, and however prone we may be to violate it, we should not desire or dare to contradict it. But because we see that there are some matters unfit for ridicule and jesting there is no reason why we should suppose persons occupied with religion or matters of state to be incapable of a joke or witticism. We do not mean saints, statesmen, and magnates of to-day: everybody knows that the frock does not of necessity silence the joker, and that as for statesmen and magnates, legislation is becoming nightly more impossible without "great laughter": but saints, statesmen, and magnates of hundreds, even thousands of years ago,—the "ancients,"—men whose names stink in the nostrils of the schoolboy and are seen in the footnotes of the man of research. Repartee is not peculiar to the moderns, any more than *bon mots* to the French. Musty classics can show epigrams as pointed and sallies as lively as the best things written or said by Rochester, or Sheridan, or De la Rochefoucauld, or Montesquieu, or Talleyrand.

There never was a more graceful rejoinder than that which the putative Father of History tells of Croesus, carried off from his hoards, and dragged about among the lords in waiting of Cambyzes. "Croesus," asked the crazy tyrant, "which is the greater man—I or my father?" The captive must have known that if his adroitness failed him he would probably be offered an immediate mark for the scimitars of the escort; but it did not. "Cyrus," he replied, "was greater than you. If in other respects you are your father's equal you will never have so great a son."

We might get a good many witty bits from this same Herodotus; but, not to dwell on the airy impertinence of the reply of Amasis to Patarbemis, or the remark of the Spartan on the arrows at Thermopylæ, that he could "fight all the better in the shade,"—what can be better than the rebuke of Themistocles to the obscure rascal who grumbled at his honours because they were paid "not to the

man but to the Athenian?" "You, sir," said the hero of the day, "would not have won them if you had been an Athenian; nor I, if I were a citizen of no better place than you;"—or the repartee of Croesus to Cyrus, when the conqueror's soldiers were sacking Sardis,— "They are pillaging your treasures," said Cyrus. "Not at all," said his ready captive, "they are pillaging yours."

Philip and his son have been two rich mines for historians and story-tellers (the two are by no means synonymous), but they seem to have deserved their reputation for wit. Try them by brief specimens. A friend of Philip's died. "He had lived long enough," said an officious comforter. "Long enough for him, not long enough for me to repay him all the love I owe him." Our own "laughter-loving king" was humorously urbane, we know, even on his death-bed, and apologised for the unconscionable time occupied in his dissolution. Alexander preserved his faculty for saying a good thing as long. "Where are your treasures hidden?" he was asked. "In the purses of my friends;" and what more felicitous rendering of a trite commonplace can there be than his remark that "he owed as much more to Aristotle than to his father, as it is better to live well than to live."

Molière, it should seem, has been anticipated by Antigonus. It was not the great Frenchman who first discovered that no man is a hero to his valet. A flatterer said to Antigonus, "You are divine." "Ask my valet, he will tell you otherwise."

Here are more scraps for such a "Table talk" as might have been written by the Illissus or the Tiber.

"If ever the people lose their senses," said Demosthenes to Phocion, "they will kill you." "If they recover them they will kill you," was the reply.

Montesquieu says that princes ought always to do what is *fort raisonnable*, and to *raisonner fort peu*;" and who was it who told the young cadet in the Indian civil service that his decisions would probably be right, but did he attempt to defend them his reasons would be sure to be wrong? Demosthenes said of Phocion that he upset by his logic what he set up by his rhetoric.

Carlyle's "speech is silvern, but silence golden," is only another version of Demosthenes' observation that we have one tongue and two ears, because we ought to listen twice as much as talk.

The pinching shoe, it should seem, was proverbial in Rome. When astonishment was expressed that Æmilius Paulus should repudiate a wife both virtuous and well-born, he

pointed to his boots, the work, no doubt, of the most fashionable *cordonnier* of the day, and observed—"You can see that they are well-made, but not where they hurt."

"Everybody knows" (a lying phrase introduced by writers as a half apology for repeating what a few know);—everybody knows how the Conqueror, tumbling down as he sprang on the Sussex coast, rose with his hands full of sand, and cried, "By the splendour of God! I hold England in both my hands!" Was this original, or was he imitating Cæsar, of whom nearly the same words on a similar occasion are recorded?

There is nothing new under the sun; and whenever anybody says a good thing, let him reflect on the strong probability there is that somebody else has said it before him.

CLYTIE.

THE summer night was waning. Few in number
The stars shone, and less bright :
And Nature, slowly waking from her slumber,
Was dawning into light.

And Clytie eastward turned her face to heaven,
While yet 'twas grey above,
Lest to her eager eyes should not be given
The first glimpse of her love.

And ever, hour by hour, the sun ascended
Unwearying : till soon
The glory of his heat and light were blended
In the full blaze of noon.

Yet not alone the eagle's eye could lengthen
Its glance upon his rays,
Whose burning brightness only served to strengthen
The nymph's more burning gaze—

Still burning towards him, even till he vanish'd
Under the western main,
As upon one who now to darkness banish'd
Shall soon return again.

And e'en when all the weary world was sleeping,
Beneath the pale moon-beams,
The sun, unseen by other eyes, was keeping
High noon in Clytie's dreams.

O nymph ! that joyest every morn in knowing
The sun's first doubtful ray—
Say, art thou Hope, that ever sees the growing
Of twilight into day ?

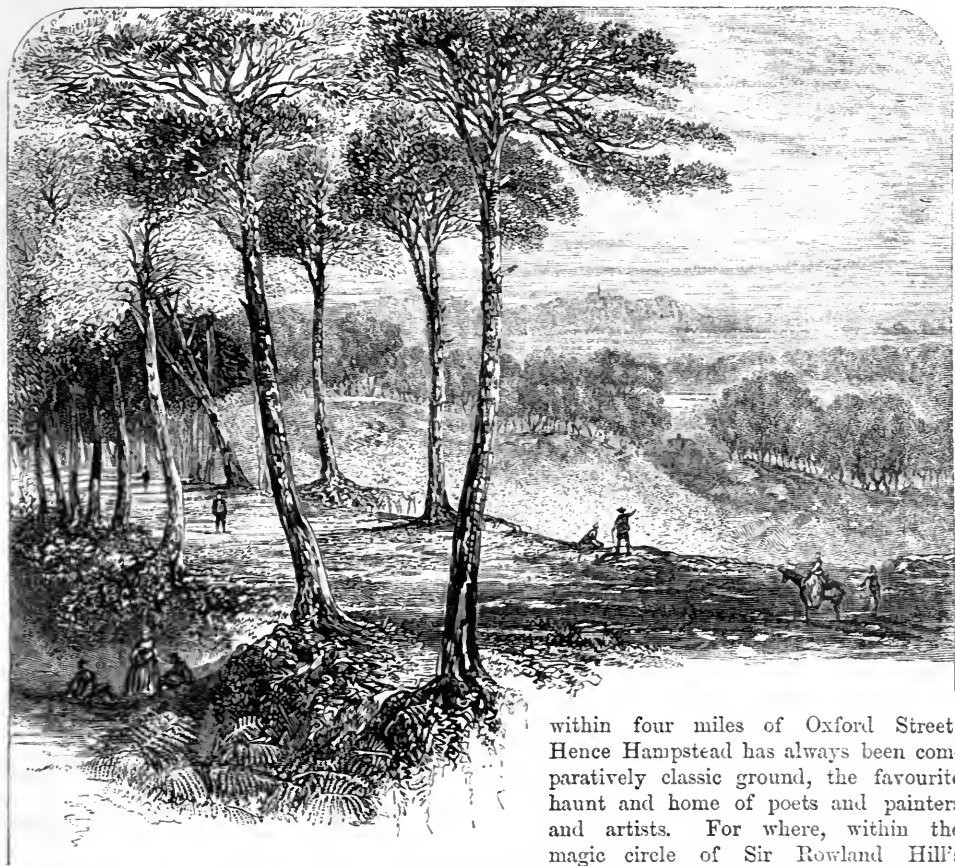
Or, art thou Genius, sending eagle glances
Far into truth's pure light,
E'en when it shines, as, sun-like, it advances,
For mortal eyes too bright ?

Or Faith, that hardly dares to suffer sorrow
For loved ones in the tomb,
Knowing full well how soon a glorious morrow
Shall raise them out of gloom ?

Or Love, that links Faith, Hope, and Adoration,
And Genius all in one—
To the Creator drawing all creation,
As Clytie to the sun ?

R. E. F.

A SUMMER DAY AT HAMPSTEAD.



A SONG, now or lately very popular, enunciates an undoubted truth, when it says that, of all the suburbs of this great metropolis,

Hampstead's the place to ruralize.

Standing, for the most part, on ground that rises to about the level of the cross of St. Paul's, on the edge of a gravelly and sandy heath which has been dug at various times into the most eccentric shapes, the whole parish presents an appearance of picturesqueness which the demon of brick and mortar will find it difficult altogether to destroy for many a long year to come. The tenure of land at Hampstead is also for the most part copyhold, a fact which presents a firm stand against all modern "improvements" in street building, so that in all probability the twentieth century will look upon some at least of the old red-brick mansions and high-pitched roofs which delight our eyes at the present day with a pleasing variety, and are not easily to be found elsewhere

within four miles of Oxford Street. Hence Hampstead has always been comparatively classic ground, the favourite haunt and home of poets and painters and artists. For where, within the magic circle of Sir Rowland Hill's suburban postal district, can our Herberts and our Stanfields find such "bits" and effects, such foregrounds and distances, as are to be found in the fields and lanes which fringe that undulating Heath? Long may that heath remain sacred and intact, the fairest of pleasure grounds for the North-London cockney on Sundays and Mondays, and of rosy Hampstead children and their nurserymaids the other five days of the week.

Hampstead is in every respect a watering-place,—except in there being no sea there. With that important drawback, it possesses all the necessary attributes: it has its donkeys, its bath-chairs, its fashionable esplanade, its sand and sandpits, its chalybeate spring, its "eligible" houses "to be let furnished," its more humble "apartments;" its "Vale of Health," where "parties" can be supplied with "hot water for tea," at various prices, from 2d. to 4d. per head; and last, not least, its fancy stationers' shop, with the proper supply of

dolls, novels, and illustrated note paper; its old church and its new church, its chapel of ease; its flagstaff,—ready to “dip” its colours to steamers, which, from the nature of the case, can never appear in the offing; its photographic pavilion, with portraits “in this style” (a style which would effectually prevent any sensible person from entering the place of execution); it has its country walks and rides; its residents, so exclusive; its visitors, so *flanants*; its boys, fishing for tadpoles with crooked pins in the (freshwater) ponds; its tribes of healthy children with their nurses and nursemaids, to whom allusion has already been made; in fact, it has all that can make the heart glad and place Hampstead on the list of sea-bathing places, with the trifling omission mentioned above.

Hampstead, with its sister hill of Highgate, may be said to be the Switzerland of Middlesex: and though these mountain ranges do not give an altitude exceeding 400 feet, yet in the wide and level valley of the Thames, even this elevation affords very extensive views; thus, for instance, from Hampstead Heath we can see parts of seven or more counties. The panorama includes Richmond Hill, the Knockholt Beeches near Sevenoaks, Brentwood Hill and the Laindon Hills in Essex, the Grand Stand at Epsom in Surrey, and Hainslop Steeple in Northamptonshire; and last, not least, the royal castle of Windsor; the most distant object visible is said to be a church just within the borders of Oxfordshire.

There are two routes by which the Londoner may make the journey to this suburban Oberland; the one *via* Tottenham Court Road and Haverstock Hill, the other by St. John's Wood and the “Swiss Cottage” Fields. The former road will take him past the wooden cottage once tenanted by Sir Richard Steele (whose name it bears to this day), and where he was visited by Addison and other familiar friends. Following the latter route, he will cross the pleasant uplands which were so much admired by Leigh Hunt, leaving on his right old Belsize, and the holy fountain of never-falling clear water from which the breakfast and dinner tables of Hampstead were supplied till recently, and concerning the merits of which the jolly monks of Westminster had many a pleasant tale to tell some three centuries and a half ago.

A long mile's walk from Haverstock Hill or from the Swiss Cottage will bring the traveller to the parish churchyard, whence he will obtain, on a clear day, a splendid view of the Crystal Palace and the Surrey Hills far below Epsom; a further five minutes' walk will take him, by any one of a dozen devious paths, up another

ascent to the Heath, that Mecca of the wearied Londoner. Here he will be at a loss whether to admire most the pleasing undulations of the sandy soil, scooped out into a thousand cavities and pits, or the long avenues of limes, or the dark fir trees and beeches which fringe it on the north towards The Spaniards, or the gay and careless laughter of the merry crowds who are gathering around the entrance of “Jack Straw's Castle,” or riding donkeys along the steep ridge which reaches towards Lord Mansfield's park, Caen Wood. We can only promise him, that if he chooses a fine day for his visit, and comes up to the heath when the day is near its close, he will own that he has never known a place in England where he has seen the sun set in a more brilliant array of colours.

It is curious that Hampstead, which embraces nearly 2170 acres, and contains a population of some 19,000 souls, has reached the dignity of a parish only within the last three hundred years. We are told by Mr. Park, whose “History of Hampstead” is now exceedingly rare and valuable, that in early times it was a little chapelry, dependent on the mother church of Hendon, which was itself an incumbency in the gift of the abbot and monks of the convent of St. Peter in Westminster. To this day the Dean and Chapter of Westminster own a considerable quantity of land in the parish, whence they draw a large income, owing to the increased and increasing value of property. Prior to the Reformation, it is clear that the Rector of Hendon was himself responsible for the cost of the keep of “a separate capellane,” or chaplain, to serve “the chapell of the Blessed Virgin at Hamsted;” this, however, was not a very heavy cost, for the stipend of an assistant curate at that date was only from six to eight marks a year; and in the reign of Edward VI., the curacy of Hampstead itself, as we learn casually from a chancery roll, was valued at 10*l.* per annum. It is not at all clear when the benefice of Hampstead was separated from that of Hendon, but the ties of the one must have been severed from those of the other before the year 1598, when the churchwardens of Hampstead were for the first time summoned to the Bishop of London's visitation, a fact which looks like the commencement of a parochial settlement. It is probable that the correct date is 1560, as the register of baptisms, marriages, and burials commences in that year.

In the reign of Edward VI., the manor and advowson of Hampstead were granted by the young king to Sir Thomas Wroth, Knt., from whose family they passed, about seventy years later, by purchase, to Sir Baptist Hicckes,

afterwards Viscount Campden, whose descendant Baptist, third Earl of Gainsborough, alienated them to Sir W. Langhorne, Bart., in 1707. They passed from the Langhorne by descent through the hands of three females, to the father of the present patron, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, Bart., of Charlton House, Kent.

The present parish church is a large unsightly edifice, a production of the middle of the last century, and stands on the site of the original fabric, which was small and unpretending enough, if we may believe the only drawing of it that has been preserved.

Passing by the house that was for so many years tenanted by Agnes and Joanna Baillie, our five minutes' walk takes us up from the church to the heath, through a pleasant avenue of shady limes, and we sit down upon a rustic seat in what is still called Judges' Walk. It is said that during the time when the plague was raging in London, the courts of law were temporarily transferred hither from Westminster, and that the heath was tenanted by wig- and toga-bearing gentlemen, who were forced to sleep under canvas, owing to the want of accommodation in the village of Hampstead.

It may not be generally known, that until the year 1701, when that honour was transferred to Brentford as more central, the elections of knights of the shire for Middlesex were held on Hampstead Heath; but such is proved to have been the fact by notices which appear in the *True Protestant Mercury* for March 2-5, 1681, and *The Flying Post* for Oct. 19-22, 1695, and for Nov. 9-12, of the same year. The western part of the heath, behind Jack Straw's Castle, would appear to have been the Hampstead race-course. Mr. Park gives his readers extracts from the *Daily Courant* of July 5 and Sept. 6, 1732, announcing the various heats. The races do not appear to have been very highly patronised, if we may guess from the fact that at the September Meeting one race only was run, and for the very modest stake of ten guineas. "Three horses started," says the *Courant*; "one was distanced the first heat, and one was drawn; Mr. Bullock's Merry Gentleman won, but was obliged to go the course the second heat alone." We learn from Park that the races "drew together so much low company that they were put down on account of the mischief that resulted from them." Let the projectors of the Alexandra Park race-course at Wood Green look to this. The very existence of a race-course on Hampstead is now quite forgotten, and the uneven character of the ground, which has been much excavated for

gravel and sand, is such as would render a visitor almost disposed to doubt whether such could ever have been the case. The heath, however, is still well suited for the purpose of a military review, and a prettier sight cannot easily be imagined than a sham fight on its slopes on a volunteer field day.

At the further end of the heath, close to the dark fir trees shown in our illustration, stands a well-known inn, overlooking Hendon and Finchley, called *The Spaniards*, from the fact of its having been once inhabited by a family connected with the Spanish embassy. It adjoins Lord Mansfield's property of Caen Wood, and has been a place of entertainment for nearly a century, if not longer.

Passing across the heath in a southern direction, we return to Jack Straw's Castle by a broad road, which seems to be artificially raised along the ridge of the hill. Here we get a fine view of St. Paul's: standing on a level with the top of its cross, the whole of the eastern metropolis lies spread at our feet; and the eye follows the line of the river Thames down the valley nearly to Gravesend.

Here we take leave of the open heath, and of the eternal donkey-boys, who will persist in tendering us their services, unwilling as we are to avail ourselves of such animals, biped and quadruped. Judging from our own experience, we think it is a great pity that the respectable inhabitants do not take into their own hands the regulation of this trade, and force the donkey-boys to wear a suitable dress, with a number or a badge, so that it would be possible to obtain some security (which is impossible now) against the foul abuse of their employers and the rough treatment of their animals, which seem to be their chief characteristics. Really the local magistrates should see to this.

As we quit the heath, we pass a house known as the Upper Flask, whither Richardson sends his *Clarissa* in one of her escapes from Lovelace, and where the Kit-Kat Club used to hold their meetings in the summer months. It has long since been turned into a private residence: and we understand that it once was tenanted by the celebrated George Stevens, who died here. We turn back, and think of Tonson the bibliopole, and David Garriek, and Samuel Johnson, and other worthies of the time.

We must next notice the two leading features of Hampstead as it was in its palmy days—"The Wells," and "Old Belsize."

Mr. Britton tells us* that down to the reign of Henry VIII. Hampstead was chiefly the abode of washerwomen, who brought hither the

* MS. description of Middlesex.

clothes of the nobility, gentry, and chief citizens of London—in a word, of “the quality”—to be washed and dried. Still, there are reasons for thinking that even at that early date there were some houses belonging to the “upper ten hundred” (we dare not say “thousand”) mixed up with the cottages of the *blanchisseuses*. Be this, however, as it may, during the seventeenth century it grew gradually into a place of fashionable resort on account of its healthy and invigorating air. “The Wells,” at all events, are spoken of by name in 1698; and two years later it is ordered by the authorities of the Manor Court, “that the Spring lyeing by the Purging Wells be forthwith brôt to the tonne of Hamsted, at the parish charge, and y^e y^e money profits arising thereout be applied tow^{ds} easing the Poor Rates hereafter to be made.” It was not long before they came into fashion and general use. The Postman of April 20, 1700, announces that “the chalybeate waters of Hampstead, being of the same nature and equal in virtue with Tunbridge Wells, are sold by Mr. R. Philips, apothecary, at the Eagle and Child, in Fleet Street, every morning, at three pence per flask, and conveyed to persons at their own houses for one penny more. N.B. The flask to be returned daily.” Another advertisement, apparently a year or two later, announces that the said waters are to be had at ten or twelve houses in London, including “Sam’s Coffee House, near Ludgate; the Sugar Loaf, at Charing Cross; and the Black Posts, in King Street, near Guildhall.” The virtues of these waters seem to have been loudly trumpeted by a physician of eminence, Dr. Gibbons, who, to do him justice, swallowed his own prescription regularly, and died at a good old age, much lamented by the village which he had helped to raise into the dignity of a watering-place. Another M.D., John Soame by name, published, in 1734, “Directions for Drinking the Hampstead Waters,” with an appendix, placing on record some “experiments of the Hampstead waters, and histories of cures.” It is curious that in this work the worthy doctor expresses a sanguine hope that these waters are destined to “retrench the inordinate drinking of tea, which, if continued, must bring a thousand ills upon us and on generations afterwards,” and that he christens the wells “The Inexhaustible Fountain of Health.”

The Postboy, of May 8-10, 1707, informs “all persons that have occasion to drink the Hampstead mineral waters, that the wells will be open on Monday next, with very good music for dancing all day long, and to continue every Monday during the season.” It is added, that “there is all needful accommodation for water

drinkers of both sex (*sic*), and all other entertainments for good eating and drinking; and a very pleasant bowling-green, with convenience of coach horses; and very good stables for fine horses, with good attendance; and a farther accommodation of a stage coach and chariot from the wells at any time in the evening or morning.” Certain extracts from Baker’s comedy of “Hampstead Heath,” performed at Drury Lane about the same year, give an insight into the nature of the diversions here, and of the parties who took part in them. It is enough to state that the “Wells” were now furnished with a tavern, coffee-room, dancing-room, bowling-green, and raffling shop;* to say nothing of races on the heath adjoining, concerts at the “Long Rooms,” evening entertainments at Belsize, and last, but not least, private marriages at Zion or Sion Chapel.† The exact site of this chapel is no longer known; but in all probability it adjoined the Wells, and belonged to the keeper of the adjoining tavern. No doubt it was a capital speculation before the trade in such matters was spoiled, some century ago, by the Private Marriage Act.

The Wells continued to be more or less a place of resort for invalids, real and imaginary, down to the early part of the present century, when their fame was revived, for a time at least, by Mr. Thos. Goodwin, a medical practitioner of the place, who discovered that there are in Hampstead two kinds of saline water answering to the Cheltenham and the Harrogate springs. Mr. Goodwin presented his patients with an annual free ticket of admission to the waters; but the visit of George III. and the Court to Cheltenham set the tide of fashion in a different direction. The chalybeate did not cease to flow forth, but patients gradually

* To this raffling shop allusion is made in the Tatler, vol. ii. No. 59, Aug. 1709:—“Letters from Hampstead give me an account of a late institution there, which is (it seems) secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another.”

† The existence of this chapel is only inferred from the following newspaper advertisements. Its former situation in Hampstead seems to be utterly unknown to the inhabitants; but it may be surmised, from the latter of these advertisements, to have stood near the Wells, and to have been the property of the keeper of the adjoining tavern:—“As there are many weddings at Sion Chapel, Hampstead, five shillings only is required for all the church fees of any couple that are married there, provided they bring with them a licence or certificate according to the Act of Parliament. Two sermons are continued to be preached in the said chapel every Sunday; and the place will be given to any clergyman that is willing to accept of it, if he is approved of.” *Postboy*, April 18, 1710. “Sion Chapel, at Hampstead, being a private and pleasure place, many persons of the best fashion have lately been married there. Now, as a minister is obliged constantly to attend, this is to give notice, that all persons upon bringing a licence, and who shall have their wedding dinner in the gardens, may be married in that said chapel without giving any fee or reward whatsoever; and such as do not keep their wedding dinner at the gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all fees.”—*Wood’s Weekly Journal*, Sept. 8, 1716.

ceased to flow in. The waters now are no longer taken medicinally; but—oh, vile use!—supply a plebeian drinking-fountain in what still bears, as though in mockery, the name of “Well Walk.”

On his way back to town, near Hampstead Green, just above Haverstock Hill, the visitor will notice a beautiful avenue of chesnuts, with a newly-made road on his right leading to what is now the populous district of South Hampstead, or Belsize Park. At the lower end of that avenue stood “Old Belsize,” a house only recently demolished, which a century ago enjoyed a celebrity akin to the Vauxhall of our own time, but which in an earlier date had a history of its own. In the reign of Elizabeth the mansion of Belsize, under lease from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, became the residence of a family named Waad, who are frequently mentioned in the diplomatic history of their day; one of them, Armigell Wade, is known as the British Columbus; and another, Sir Wm. Waad, was Lieutenant of the Tower, and Clerk of the Council to the Queen. His widow sold Belsize; and after passing through one or two intermediate hands, we find the estate in the hands of the Earls of Chesterfield, by whom it was sold early in the present century. The mansion itself was occupied by tenants, among whom I find one Mr. Povey, a literary coal-merchant, who made himself notorious in his day by the publication of sundry pamphlets, exposing the evil practices of government agencies. This gentleman takes to himself great credit, as a patriot, for having refused to let his mansion to the French ambassador, and modestly claims some reimbursement from the nation for having “kept the Romish Host from being offered” in Hampstead, at a cost to himself of 1000*l*. It may be interesting to know that he got no thanks for his pains, any more than he did for an equally disinterested offer of his house and chapel for the use of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales “for a place of recess, or constant residence.” Not obtaining an answer to his impertinent intrusion, he seems to have turned Belsize to good account by opening it as a place of fashionable amusement in 1720, from which time for nearly thirty years it continued to enjoy great popularity.

The following extracts from curious sources, quoted in Parkes's very scarce “History of Hampstead,” will serve to show the nature of the amusements of this place:—

HAMPSTEAD FAIR.—The following advertisement appears in the original edition of the Spectator. No. 443, 29th July, 1712:—“This is to give notice, that Hampstead fair is to be kept upon the Lower Flask tavern walk, on Friday the first of August, and holds for four days.” When this unreasonably long fair was

put an end to I do not know; but it is not within the memory of any person of whom I have inquired.

BELSIZE HOUSE.—Of Belsize-house, as the mansion of a manorial district in the parish of Hampstead, I have already spoken; it is introduced again here as a place formerly of considerable notoriety for public diversions. The following extracts will give some idea of the nature and character of these amusements, and indicate that it was the prototype of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and many other more modern establishments:—“Whereas that the ancient and noble house near Hampstead, commonly called Bellasis-house, is now taken and fitted up for the entertainment of gentlemen and ladies during the whole summer season, the same will be opened with an uncommon solemnity of music and dancing. This undertaking will exceed all of the kind that has hitherto been known near London, commencing every day at six in the morning, and continuing till eight at night, all persons being privileged to admittance without necessity of expence,” &c., &c.—Mist's Journal, April 16, 1720.

A hand-bill of the amusements at Belsize (formerly in the possession of Dr. Combe) which has a print of the old mansion-house prefixed, announces Belsize to be open for the season (no date), “the park, wilderness, and garden being wonderfully improved and filled with variety of birds, which compose a most melodious and delightful harmony. Persons inclined to walk and divert themselves, may breakfast on tea or coffee as cheap as at their own chambers. Twelve stout fellows, completely armed, to patrol between Belsize and London,” &c., &c. “Last Saturday their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales dined at Belsize-house, near Hampstead, attended by several persons of quality, where they were entertained with the diversion of hunting, and such other as the place afforded, with which they seemed well pleased, and at their departure were very liberal to the servants.”—Read's Journal, July 15, 1721.

In the same journal, Sept. 9, 1721, is an account of his Excellency the Welsh ambassador, giving a plate of six guineas to be run for by eleven footmen. “The Welsh ambassador appears to have been the nickname of one Howell, who kept the house.

“The Court of Justices, at the general quarter sessions at Hicke's-hall, have ordered the high-constable of Holborn division to issue his precepts to the petty constables and headboroughs of the parish of Hampstead, to prevent all unlawful gaming, riots, &c., at Belsize-house and the Great Room at Hampstead.”—St. James's Journal, May 24, 1722.

“On Monday last the appearance of nobility and gentry at Belsize was so great that they reckoned between three and four hundred coaches, at which time a wild deer was hunted down and killed in the park before the company, which gave near three hours diversion.”—*Ibid.* June 7, 1722.

In 1722 was published “Belsize House, a satire, exposing, 1. The Fops and Beaux who daily frequent that academy. 2. The characters of the women (whether maid, wife, or widow) who make this an exchange for assignments. 3. The buffoonery of the Welsh ambassador. 4. The humours of his customers in their several apartments, &c. By a serious person of quality. Lond. 1722.” 8vo.

According to this poetical sarcasm, Belsize was an *academy* for dissipation and lewdness to a degree that would scarcely be tolerated in the present times, and that would be a scandal

in any ; but some allowance must probably be made for the jaundiced vision of the writer. The following brief description is given of the house :—

“ This house, which is a nuisance to the land,
Doth near a park and handsome garden stand,
Fronting the road, betwixt a range of trees,
Which is perfumed with a Hampstead breeze ;
And on each side the gate’s a grenadier :
Howe’er they cannot speak, think, see, nor hear ;
But why they’re posted there no mortal knows,
Unless it be to fright jackdaws and crows ;
For rooks they cannot scare, who there resort
To make of most unthoughtful bubbles sport.”
 &c. &c. &c.

Belsize continued open as late as the year 1745, when foot-races were advertised there.

There are many other places of interest in Hampstead upon which we could easily dilate were it not that we have already exceeded our ordinary limits. For instance, the name of Lord North is associated with Wildwood, at North End ; those of Sir Harry Vane and the great Bishop Butler with Vane House, which has lately been turned into an Asylum for the Orphan Daughters of Soldiers ; that of Lord Erskine with Evergreen Hill, at the far end of the heath, near The Spaniards ; that of Lord Alvanley with Frognall ; that of Lord Rosslyn with Rosslyn Park ; and those of Charles II. and Sir Charles Sedley with “ The Chicken House,” a curious old edifice, a portion of which, now cut up into cottage tenements, is still standing on the east of the hill.

Among those who lie buried in the church and churchyard of Hampstead are Lord and Lady Erskine, and their grandfather and grandmother, the Earl and Countess of Buchan ; Sir James Mackintosh ; Dr. Sewell, the friend of Pope, Addison, &c. ; Samuel Gale, the antiquary ; Mrs. Letitia Cromwell, and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Cromwell ; Dr. Askew, the bibliomaniac ; Miss West, the notorious female pickpocket and accomplice of Barrington ; Mrs. Jane Lessingham, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden ; Mrs. Tierney (mother of the late George Tierney) ; Mr. Edward Jones, printer in the Savoy, who is mentioned in Nichols’ “ Literary Anecdotes ;” Miss Agnes and Miss Joanna Baillie, the one a centenarian, and the other but little short of it ; and last in point of date, Miss Lucy Aikin, on whom the grave has closed since this year commenced, at the ripe age of eighty-two.

Amongst those who have made Hampstead their temporary home, besides Pope and Steele, we should mention Dr. Johnson, who wrote his “ Vanity of Human Wishes” while in lodgings at Frognall ; Mark Akenside ; Dr. Sherlock ; Gay ; Arbuthnot ; George Steevens, the editor of “ Shakespeare ;” and Spenser

Percival, who rented Belsize in the early part of the present century.

I ought to add that the late Mr. A. E. Chalon, who was much attached to Hampstead, shortly before his death offered to present his beautiful collection of drawings and paintings to its inhabitants, if they would be at the cost of erecting a building to contain them, and of paying a curator until the death of the donor ; but, unfortunately, the good people of Hampstead had not the public spirit to raise among them the necessary funds. The intended bequest, therefore, never took effect, and Chalon’s drawings and paintings were sold under the hammer. E. WALFORD.

HUMAN WASTERS.

BY DR. ANDREW WYNTER.

AMIDST the innumerable waste objects that of late years science has utilized there is one, the most important of all others, we have neglected in this England of ours—the paradise for asylums for the distressed and helpless of all classes and degrees. The human waster—for until lately the idiot and the imbecile has been looked upon as such—has not only been a curse to himself, jeered at in the village, hooted, pelted, treated by other boys like one of the lower animals, and, consequently, often goaded into the commission of great crimes, but he has been a cause of infinite misery to others—his condition, in many cases, causing the waste of a sane life in order to take care of him. It is somewhat strange that, whilst efforts to improve the condition of these poor creatures have long been made on the Continent and in America, it is only within these twelve years that we have attempted to improve the mental condition of the imbecile, and to place him on the stage of life as a self-reliant being capable of earning his own living. It is said that thirty-five per cent. of these poor creatures are capable of being so elevated. This is, perhaps, too high an estimate, but there can be no doubt whatever that a very great number, by judicious and careful training, can be reclaimed from mere slaving idiots, incapable even of producing articulate sounds, or of the simplest acts of volition, and turned into very tolerable workmen, capable of living by the labour of their hands and brains. Fifty years ago the ablest psychologists did not believe such an amelioration of their condition possible. Esquiroel thought that, mentally, they were incapable of improvement, and the lawyers, of course, followed suit.

Those who travel on the Brighton Railway must have noticed the handsome pile of buildings at Earlswood, near the Redhill Station. This building was erected about seven years

since, and is the sole asylum in this country devoted to the education of imbeciles above the pauper class. As the rules of the establishment are calculated to exclude all those cases which are incurable, the visitor must not expect to find here any of the very lowest forms of idiots—beings that can by no stretch of reason be called human, but rather agglomerations of flesh and bone incapable of motion or sensation, and enjoying no special sense of any kind; these are to be sought in pauper asylums, and form the most terrible and loathsome of their inmates. The object of Earlswood is to develop, as far as possible, those congenitally deficient, mentally and physically, and not to clog its wards with creatures in some particulars below the condition of the zoophyte.

At the invitation of Dr. Down, the medical superintendent, we made the tour of the asylum; and certainly we were not prepared to find anything like the order and the perfect obedience that reigns throughout the whole asylum. Those who have seen idiots only in our lunatic asylums and workhouses, where they are tolerated rather than treated, would scarcely recognise the nature of the institution. The "boys" and "girls" at Earlswood put on the appearance of a large school, and they go about their duties with an alacrity and a will that seems utterly opposed to the usual habits of imbeciles. And, indeed, the change they undergo, after being tutored by the daily routine of the establishment, is often surprising to their instructors themselves.

The majority of the patients, when admitted, are mischievous and destructive in the extreme, destroying their clothes on the slightest provocation, eating their food like beasts, not knowing their right hand from their left, and often deficient in the power of performing any volitional act; as to dressing themselves, it is quite out of the question. In all these matters they have to receive instruction. Instead of tearing his clothes, the patient's destructive habits are turned to some useful purpose; fibrous substances that require to be divided are put into his hands; instead of being scolded and beaten for accomplishing his purpose, he finds that he is petted and praised, and his very evil propensity is made a means of leading him into habits of obedience and usefulness.

One cannot be in the wards of this institution many minutes without perceiving that, whatever may be the age of the patient, the intellect, in many particulars, is that of a very young child. The process of development in them has been arrested at a very early stage, consequently they have to be instructed in the

most elementary offices, and the method of instruction is the same we find doing our work so efficiently in the nursery. The faculty of imitation is the lever which the teachers use in those elementary finger lessons most of the inmates have to begin with. Twenty or thirty girls, for instance, were busily employed in one of the school-rooms learning to unbutton and to button gaiters, to tie strings, and even to pin their clothes together. Some of the children, through long practice, can do this perfectly, and these are distributed through the ranks of those who are untaught, and at the word of command the lesson begins. On the same principle, the Cingalese, when they have caught a troop of wild elephants, turn some tame elephants among them, and thus they are speedily taught to do all that is wanted of them.

Instruction in eating with a knife and fork is given in the same simple manner, and very speedily children that fed themselves, on admission, with their hands, and scarcely knew how to do that well, are brought to take their dinner like other people. We witnessed the five hundred children in the establishment taking this meal, from a small balcony overlooking the spacious dining-hall, and we could not detect any one of them eating other than properly. When perfect command of the fingers is obtained, they are instructed in classes in the movements of the limbs. The fire that seems to light up the duller face when these lessons are going on is a sure proof of the attention being paid to the lesson. The power of attention is one of the feeblest the imbecile possesses; accordingly, it is never distressed in these school-lessons—they are hurried from one room to another, and constant change is of the very essence of success.

The powers of speech are exercised by what is called the "bell-pulling lesson." The children all imitate, by their actions, bell-ringers, and, as they pull, they sing together some such doggerel rhymes as children do in play. This lesson exercises the tongue, the lips, and the sense of time and tune; for they all sing together, and the ear is rarely distressed by any discordance. We could not help comparing the articulate and not unpleasing sounds we heard in this bell-pulling lesson with the fearful howling, worse than that of a wild beast, which once struck our ear, as a troop of poor pauper imbeciles passed us in their evening walk. The infinite pains the patients require to teach them the most simple actions which ordinary children acquire by themselves almost imperceptibly, is a measure of the feebleness of their perceptive qualities. Once

having conquered these little preliminary difficulties, their progress is more rapid ; but still the process is tedious, for it must be remembered they have to learn everything. Form and colour lessons, especially, are essential, if they are to become workmen and workwomen. Accordingly, the industrial and the intellectual lessons go on at the same time. We saw a group of lads putting square pegs into square holes, others fitting oval and other forms into corresponding recesses. In this way the eye is taught to appreciate accurately how to fit things together. Some of the lads, who show an inclination that way, also learn drawing ; and we were astonished at nothing so much as the very admirable copies of Landseer and Phillips we saw done in crayons, by one of these students. These pictures were as perfectly copied as they could have been done by any of the prizemen of the Schools of Art. In all probability the draughtsman could not sketch the simplest form from nature, but, as far as mechanical imitation was concerned, the result was perfect. Possibly our reader has had an opportunity of inspecting these and other results of educated idiot labour, at the fancy fair recently held in the metropolis. All these exercises greatly facilitate the boys in the learning of the various handicrafts carried on in the workshops of the establishment. The tailors' shop turns out all the clothes used by the inmates, the shoemakers' shop makes and mends, and the carpenters do the repairs and make the articles wanted on the premises. One is reminded, at every step we take, of the infantile nature of the brains we see around us ; all their actions, even of men of eighteen and twenty, we see repeated in our own nurseries by children of three and four. The eagerness with which the workmen run up and show how well they can do what they are about, the pleasure with which a little praise is received by them, all testify to the arrest of development their brains have undergone at a very early age. Although the training they have experienced leads them to habits of industry and obedience which assimilate them in their movements to ordinary boys and girls, yet one cannot mistake their mental condition, on a close examination, for one instant. In nearly every case the head is misformed, being either unsymmetrical or undersized. The uninitiated, however, are apt to make strange mistakes with respect to the powers of improvement of the patients from the appearance of the head alone. Some of the most hopeless cases have often the best-looking heads and the most regular features ; and, on the other hand, the smallest heads, that would at once be denounced as typical of the true idiot, have proved comparatively in-

tellectual. Dr. Down gives it as his opinion, and it is a very valuable one, that the congenital imbecile is far more likely to show good results from his training, than the boy with a merely damaged brain. It cannot fail to be remarked that a very large percentage of the lads have some obliquity of vision, there is a twist in the visual organ which corresponds to the cerebral twist which distinguishes them ; and this fact gives some foundation to the popular prejudice against squint-eyed people, and a belief in a moral obliquity of vision corresponding to the physical strabismus.

There is a farm of upwards of a hundred acres attached to the asylum, and stock enough kept on it to supply the dairy requirements of the asylum. The least intellectual of the patients, but who yet possess good physical health, are employed about the farm, and are especially fond of the work. Feeding the animals is very congenial employment to them, and several of the lads are good milkers—an occupation which is not so very easy to some sane people. The piggery, again, is a very pleasant scene of operations, and certainly the animals we saw possessed good points, which would have won prize medals for them had they belonged to the late Prince Consort.

The training of the girls, like that of the boys, is calculated to practise them in all domestic operations. They scrub, work at the needle, attend to the linen, and do all the necessary offices of the ward-rooms, and are made useful in the kitchen as scullery-maids, in washing up. Consequently, when the five years, the time for which those upon the foundation are elected, have elapsed, they return to their homes, quite capable of assisting in the household, instead of being a drag upon their parents, and a constant source of misery and care to them. We trust our lady reader will not be offended if we tell her that we saw some specimens of that fashionable occupation—Berlin wool-working—admirably done by some poor idiots in this asylum.

Dr. Down speedily found out, however, that, notwithstanding the value of associating idiots together in classes, regarded in an educational point of view, yet that it was injurious to them in respect of self-reliance. It is not enough to make a man a good carpenter ; he must be taught to deal with sane people, as he must do, if he is ever to mix with the world again and earn his own livelihood. In this respect it was found that he was less capable after a residence at Earlswood than he was when running about the town or village, a butt to every other boy, but still learning something from his tormentors ; he would go some simple errand to the village shop, for instance, and

know the value of his pence. This Dr. Down found his little charges were quite ignorant of, and it led to one of the most interesting methods of instruction in the establishment. We allude to the "shop lesson." We all know what a favourite amusement it is in the nursery to play at "keeping shop," and the hours of amusement a few bits of broken biscuit, and a bit of board for a counter, will afford a troop of children, in making believe to buy and sell. In our opinion, it was a real inspiration of genius which led Dr. Down to imitate the play of the nursery; for his patients are but children, and have all the instincts, amusements, and habits of our little ones.

The room in which this lesson is taught is fitted up with small drawers, such as we see in a general-shop. On these drawers the names of the different articles they contain are written, such as sugar, soap, starch, nutmegs, nuts, twine,—indeed, the common run of articles to be found in the village general-shop. The boys are ranged one above another, on rows of seats, and the counter, with scales and weights and measures, is placed in the middle of the room. The instructor calls out for a shopman, and half-a-dozen eager voices proclaim their willingness to take upon themselves the duty. One is selected, steps down, and places himself behind the counter. The master then asks who wishes to buy. There is the same contention of voices, all willing to take part in the play, and at last one is chosen. It is really a good study of fun to watch the buyer and seller commence operations. The customer makes believe to enter, and if the seller does not immediately salute him in the most polite manner, the customer gravely tells him what he ought to do. Now commences the process of sale. The customer, evidently with an eye to his stomach, demanded a quart of Spanish nuts. The shopman marched to the drawers and deliberately read them down until he came to the right one. Then commenced the process of measuring and the scrutiny of the measures to find the right one. This process was watched with the most intense eagerness by the audience, and every mistake was corrected immediately by some one of the boys. Now came the still more puzzling matter of calculating the payment, and of giving change. It was often a curious struggle between buyer and seller, as to which should manage to throw upon the other the difficulty of calculating; sometimes the purchaser throwing down a shilling and archly asking the shopman to give him back the right change, which, of course, the shopman objected to do. The audience above, however, very much helped the players in the drama by their remarks; a good cal-

culator prompting the purchaser, whilst the others would be making remarks upon the dearness of the nuts, the correct value of which some of them at least were well acquainted with. The instructor, who stood by, saw that the transaction was carried on properly, and when the boy had paid the money he opened his jacket pocket, and the instructor, making believe to pour the nuts into it, adroitly put them back into the drawer, to the great annoyance of the purchaser, but to the uproarious amusement of the audience. The amount of instruction conveyed by this practical lesson to the class is immense, and we trust that many more shops will be opened for their instruction, beyond the general-shop, which is very well as a beginning. Some of the lads are now sent on small errands to the neighbouring village, and one of the inmates acts as postman to the establishment.

Two days are set apart in the week for special amusement, but even the amusements are intended to afford instruction. The gallantishow, for instance, is a most powerful means of teaching the patients the common objects of nature, and the little stories or dramas in which these are introduced show their relation to each other. By means of the lime-light movable figures of animals and human figures are cast upon a white sheet, and this shadow pantomime strikes the feeble mind most forcibly. "Punch" is also performed, and the destructive organs, which are always predominant in the imbecile, are greatly excited by the whacks Punch deals to his wife.

Whilst the condition of all the inmates is far more favourable, we will venture to say, than the outside world has any conception of, there are certain show-boys that really evince a marvellous ability in certain special directions; so much so, indeed, that they would lead persons, judging from their performances in the particular matters in which they excel, to deny their imbecility altogether. For instance, there is the historian, a "boy" of two or three and twenty—they are all called boys whatever age they may be, and they really are so in intellect—who will go through the whole "History of England," from the Conquest to the present time, without making an error. He would take very high marks in the Civil Service examination on this subject, but if asked any question of the most ordinary kind out of this particular line, he would be completely dumfounded. His memory for occurrences in history appears to be quite mechanical—it is Magnall's "Questions and Answers" to the letter. If, in his recital, he happens to make a mistake, he goes back until he recovers the right word or the right form of expression. We could not

help thinking, whilst he was thus "trying back," of the calculating machine of Babbage, which retraces its steps on the commission of an error in just the same manner. The fact of this patient possessing the quality of memory in such a perfect degree, is only another example of the fallaciousness of imputing any high quality of brain to the person possessing it. Morphy, the chess-player, once told us that if he only once read a column of the Times, he could repeat it from the beginning to the end, without omitting a word. The brain, in his case, as in that of the patient in the asylum, would appear to take off a proof, as it were, of the type they had read from, and this they could do at any time. They saw it in their minds, as they would see a picture. There is another patient here who has a most remarkable memory for the date of events. We came upon him in the greenhouse, and Dr. Down asked him the time when a certain event occurred. He answered immediately, giving, not only the year, month, and day, but the very minute. A still more extraordinary, and, to us, far higher special quality of mind, is evinced by a poor imbecile that cannot even speak intelligently. He seems to have the quality of constructiveness in great perfection. Shipbuilding, however, seems to be his forte. The superintendent's attention was directed to him by finding that he was for ever occupying himself with cutting out the hulls of ships. Perceiving this tendency, Dr. Down gave him a treat to Woolwich Dockyard. The visit seemed to have lit up the faculty in a remarkable manner: he at once threw aside the solid wooden models he had before been working upon, and determined to build a frigate as he perceived they were built by the shipwrights. This he did most carefully, making working drawings of the lines of the vessel beforehand, including midship sections, longitudinal sections, &c., all of them being done, apparently, with mathematical accuracy. Upon these lines the vessel was built, timber by timber, and plank by plank (the latter being bent to the proper curve by steam), coppered and fastened, rigged, and furnished in every respect in a very elaborate and workmanlike manner. In only one respect could it be told from any ordinary model, such as practised hands would have turned out—the blocks of the rigging were at least ten times as large as they should have been. He was told of this error in the beginning, but he would never admit it, until, on trying to float his vessel, he found she was top-heavy, and turned over; then, slowly, he admitted his mistake. The progressive element in this lad's brain is, however, very strong.

He now designs to build a model of the Great Eastern, thirteen feet in length, and we saw in his workshop the lines of the new vessel already drawn upon the board. We could scarcely believe that an individual possessing such qualities, and especially possessing such a desire to improve, could be feeble brained; but, on meeting with him, we found that, although not dumb, he could not put two intelligible words together; indeed, he gave us to understand that it was best to draw what he had to say, and, in fact, he explained himself by a series of hieroglyphics and motions of the hand. In every respect but in his ability to construct he was a very poor creature indeed.

These cases remind us of the idiot at Berne, whose sole employment, and that in which he greatly excelled, was in drawing cats in every conceivable attitude and expression of countenance. In sane life, how often we find that a man who possesses a genius in one direction is little better than a fool in all others.

These special cases, possessing special qualities of mind, would appear to indicate that special portions of the brain are set apart for the performance of special acts, and that they may remain in a healthy condition whilst all the other parts are deficient or diseased. The founders of phrenology would have liked to have seen the imbeciles we have referred to possessing such special powers.

Although the majority of the inmates belong to the working-class, and are supported by the charity, there are other paying cases of a superior character. These are divided into patients making normal payments of fifty guineas per annum, reduced in special cases to thirty-five guineas; these associate with those on the foundation. A still higher class, paying one hundred guineas per annum, have private rooms in association; and the highest of all, paying one hundred and fifty guineas, have separate rooms and nurses. The two latter classes of paying patients are lodged and boarded in one of the wings, quite separate from the rest of the patients; but they are all instructed in common, an intellectual classification being the only one adopted. By this method all classes receive the same educational advantages, without interfering with their social standing; the latter being a matter which concerns the parents rather than the children, who appear happily oblivious to all questions of rank or position—the poor man's son and the gentleman's taking part in their games and studies as brothers would together.

When we see the admirable results of the teaching of idiots at Earlswood, we cannot help asking how it is we have so few of these estab-

lishments in this country. In addition to the asylum over which Dr. Down so admirably presides, there is but one other—Essex Hall—in which any attempt is made to elevate the human waster one step in the scale of intelligence. Yet the grain is ripe for the sickle. On January 1st, 1863, there were, according to the returns of the Poor-Law Board, no less than 13,126 imbeciles to be found in our workhouses and pauper lunatic asylums, living the life of beasts, and dying in the same abject condition. If it be really true that thirty-five per cent. of these are so far capable of improvement as to be able to support themselves, the state is doing a cruel thing in withholding instruction from them. Instead of one, we ought to have a dozen Earlswoods; and we trust this great want will speedily be brought under the notice of the Legislature. A. W.

EGYPT IN 1864.

THE land of Egypt, upon which the following remarks are written, consists of the cities of Alexandria and Cairo, and just so much land on either bank of the Nile as the waters of that all-fertilising stream can be induced to cover. Turn Nile water over a patch of sand, and in a few seasons it will become soil, in comparison with which, the richest uplands of Norfolk or Yorkshire are sterile and unprofitable. Neglect the tracts thus reclaimed, and in a very short time they will go back into desert; therefore, for all practical purposes, Egypt is the Nile, and the Nile is Egypt.

The land of Egypt is ruled over by twenty princes, one of whom is the Viceroy. Eighteen of the others are known as Consuls-General of European nations, but the twentieth is the most powerful of all, and his name is BAKSHESH. Very little, indeed, can be done in the land without the aid or countenance of Bakshesh: he is the great ruling power. Not a bale of goods can enter the country without his leave, not a handful of cotton can leave it without paying him tribute. Do you want to set up a steam-engine, to build a house, to hire a lighter, to send goods by railway, to do something that you have no right to do, to get something which you have no right to get?—why, then invoke Bakshesh, offer up a proper quantity of piastres on his shrine, and the thing is done. Imagine that you can get on without his aid, and you will soon find out your mistake. Put your faith in his brother princes, and see how you will fare. Bakshesh will stop you in the corridor as you approach the august presence, and if he frown, small profit will spring from your interview. Dodge past him, get your order, your permit, your

judgment, concession, or what not, and the day of submission is but postponed. You can call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? Can you put what you have gained into execution without the aid of Bakshesh? Not a bit of it. Let your own special "prince" back up your petition, let the Viceroy grant it, let the minister of state draw up the order, let the highest in the state be charged to carry it out in your behalf, and what have you got? Nothing! Get a firman from the sultan himself, and you are no better off. Bakshesh has creatures, nominally filling some fifth-rate government posts, any one of whom can put a spoke in your wheel. Bakshesh is bribery and corruption, and without these nothing can be done. As the Nile water is to the land, so is bribery and corruption to the rulers and people of Egypt. Nothing is produced without it.

The people of the land of Egypt are probably the simplest, the most docile, and withal the most hard-working race in the world. They are naturally honest, for Orientals, to boot; but Turkish rule has ground all the best parts out of them, and contact with the riff-raff of the Levant has made them cheats and liars of the first water. Obedient and easily led, they have improved upon the teaching of their masters, and the higher you go in the social scale the greater rascal you find. The simple *fellah*, or agricultural labourer, is not a bad sort of fellow; the *sceikh*, or chief of his village, is a trickster; the *moudir*, or magistrate of his district, is a bully and a rogue; the *bey* of his province is a ruffian; and his chief, the pasha, a scoundrel. It is the same, with a few exceptions, throughout the Ottoman Empire; the greater the power of doing good, the greater the extent of evil done.

Discussions upon the Suez Canal scheme have given rise to much moralising upon forced labour in Egypt. All labour in Egypt is forced, more or less, and always must be. A handful of beans and a cucumber, costing perhaps a penny in all, will feed an adult Arab for a day; a short spell of work will provide this, and why should he work for more? Suppose he save money, his *sceikh*, or *moudir*, or *bey*, or pasha hears of it, and straight he is asked for a loan, or the money is borrowed (!) by force. Would you or I care to work for more than our daily bread, if the policeman on our beat could come in and say that unless we lent him a sovereign he would walk us off to jail,—if the nearest county court judge might send word that unless we returned ten pounds by the messenger he would decide against us any action that any rascal thought proper to bring,—if a clerk in the war office might write and say that he thought we were going to be

drawn as private soldiers and sent to the Gold Coast, but that a cheque for 50l. by next post might avert the doom? I fancy not.

Still, and in spite of all, many fellahs do work hard, speculate, and save money. What happens? They have no strong boxes, or trust in those who have: the coins are buried. Millions of pounds in gold are imported into Egypt every year, and yet money is always scarce, exchange on Europe being seldom less than two and a half per cent. The gold is in the country *somewhere*, but few of its holders dare to circulate it. It is paid for the produce of the earth, and back into the earth it goes; the hider dies, and the hoard is lost.

When the present Viceroy came into power, he declared that he would not countenance forced labour; but a week never passes in which it is not used on his own estates, and by his government for public works. The native weighers, lightermen, camel drivers, carters, and others in the employment of European merchants, are frequently carried off to forced labour by order of the government, and even Bakshesh cannot always release them.

Twenty-four regular mail steamers enter and quit the port of Alexandria every month, and there are frequently ten or a dozen British merchant steamers waiting at one time to be discharged or loaded. I can find no reliable return of the number of other vessels which visit this port, but can vouch for its being always full of shipping. Yet there is no landing-stage, no pier, no jetty, no dock of any description; the Transit Company have a wharf which would be a disgrace to a river-side knacker's yard, and that is all. At the Arsenal, where goods may now be landed, there is one crane. At the Custom House there are two, the second being a temporary affair, rigged up by the crew of a Liverpool steam-ship. The cargoes are discharged into lighters, and from these huddled on shore anyhow. Take a ploughed field in Surrey, and employ a company of giants to cast pell-mell therein the contents of five hundred holds, and you may form a faint idea of the condition in which the so-called Custom House of Alexandria was kept for the four months preceding last March. Without an attempt at assortment, without the slightest protection from the weather or thieves, in a place open to all the world by land or sea, lay, piled together in inextricable confusion, bales of Manchester goods, cases of machinery and furniture, casks of oil and wine, packages of cutlery, tin-ware, iron rods, and plates, "copper bottoms," crates of glass and crockery, boxes of wearing apparel, and all the other requisites of a country which manufactures nothing but the simplest and rudest

commodity. It was quite possible to form a list of these various wares, for twenty per cent. of the packages had been smashed in the rough treatment they had received since they left the ship's side, and their contents were scattered abroad. *Here*, crushed under a main shaft, for want of which some engine in the interior had stopped work, that nothing but the rain could reach it, you might catch a glimpse of what was once a box of knives. *There*, you might find bales of "shirtings" and "sewed muslins" standing two feet deep in mud; and a cotton gin or a fire pump rusting in the damp. *Everywhere* confusion, neglect, and a sacrifice of property which increased day by day.

This mountain range of costly ruin covered some two acres of ground. The merchandise upon its verge could not be removed, because the streets and roads leading therefrom were all but impassable, and the government had seized for their own use all means of transport. The goods more in the centre could only be reached by a climber worthy of enrolment in the Alpine Club; could be moved by no power, because no power could be brought to bear for its removal. The rain poured down upon it, the mud soaked up into it, the thieves, official and non-official, picked and stole it; and there it lay, not for days and weeks, but for months. The merchants expostulated, and at last combined for the most part, and protested in terms more energetic and truthful than polite. The Viceroy appointed a commission, which fully carried out all that was required of it;—it was intended to do nothing, and it did it. An energetic Englishman, the same who had erected the second crane in the Custom House, offered to clear out that Augean stable in a week, if he were given labour and his own way. He was just the man to do the work, therefore he was not allowed to undertake it. In the meantime, goods consigned to the Viceroy, including agricultural implements and cotton-cleaning machinery, to enable him to compete with his brother farmers up the country, were landed and passed, with other folk's labour and at other folk's expense, and King Bakshesh aided his special friends. The British Consul was requested to order that machinery intended for the Viceroy should be loaded on the *top* of cargoes from Liverpool, in order that it might be more speedily discharged. And the officer who made this request had served in the navy. Fancy steam-engines and hydraulic presses on the top of butter casks and fine goods! Imagine the trim of a ship thus loaded.

The exports are cotton, cotton seed, and, till lately, grain. Pick and clean your cotton, pack it, carry it to the platform of the railway

station or the bank of the canal, and in ordinary countries you have done all that is necessary to ensure its despatch. Not so in Egypt. There, the sovereign of the country is its sovereign, and something more. He is a farmer and a manufacturer and a merchant upon his own account, and not for amusement or experiment, but for profit. The railway is his own, so is the canal, he can monopolise every truck upon the one and every boat upon the other; the water-carriage on the Nile is also at his command, and he uses all three unsparingly. All his own produce was whisked up to port before a single bale of that belonging to his competitors could be touched; it is even said that he used his men-of-war to transport cotton to Marseilles. Whilst the vice-regal bales were being thus disposed of, vulgar consignments remained stationary, and merchants who had contracted to deliver cotton in Liverpool by a stated day, and had the stuff ready at stations a few hours from Alexandria, were obliged to buy afresh to fulfil their obligations, because their own property was not forthcoming.

The Viceroy's requirements having been satisfied, a general scramble ensued. The means of transport provided by the monopolists of traffic in Egypt was utterly and hopelessly inadequate; all the stations on the railway, a single line, were choked up with cotton, and then King Bakshesh came out with a smile and said, "My friends, you have packed your goods very nicely, you have brought them to the railway and paid the fare—what will you give me if I send them off?"

Now, be it remembered that the great increase in the trade and production of Egypt did not occur suddenly, or without due cause and warning; the first gun fired at Fort Sumter was the signal to its ruler to be up and stirring. Its principal port is to a country what its front door is to a house. What is the use of having a magnificent mansion, if you cannot get in to furnish it? What is the value of a fertile country, if its produce be choked up on the banks of its harbour, unable to pass out of it? The harbour and port accommodation of Alexandria remains as it was twenty-eight years ago. A few new warehouses are being built for the Custom House, but how are the goods to be got into them?

Several descendants of the famous Pangloss are now settled in Egypt. There is Herr Pangloss, the great capitalist, who does little bills for its government; M. de Pangloss, Member (of course) of the Legion of Honour, who is part of the furniture of the Vice-regal antechamber; and the eminent British firm of Pangloss and Company, a member of which is

"own correspondent" to a great London newspaper. According to these gentlemen the Viceroy is the best of all possible Viceroy, as indeed he is to them; and the administration of his one port, custom house, and railway, the best of all possible administrations. They have great faith in good intentions, have the MM. Pangloss, and draw notes of admiration upon the future of Egypt, which we may be sure its government discount upon liberal terms, and which pass current in England and elsewhere. Our Panglosses all wear rose-coloured spectacles: but, as I am not provided with a pair, I see things in a different light, and set down—without malice—that which I see, and ask only that it may be taken for what it is worth. But the plain truth is not worth much in Egypt.

EARL PEMBROKE'S MONUMENT.

WILLIAM HERBERT, Earl Pembroke, of Raglan Castle, Monmouthshire, the favourite of Edward IV., and one of the principal leaders of the Yorkists, was one of the many illustrious victims of the desolating Wars of the Roses. He fell into the hands of the Lancastrians, after the disastrous Battle of Tewkesbury, and, with his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, was put to death on the day following. In his will, executed on the day of his death, he directed that his body should be buried in the family chapel attached to the Church of Aber-gavenny; notwithstanding this, however, his remains, probably at the king's suggestion, were interred in the magnificent Abbey of Tintern, on the banks of the Wye.

"Herbert is dead! Heaven rest his soul! I've lost
More than I yet can count, a friend most true
To my rocked throne; in war his name a host,
In peace no court e'er nobler courtier knew;
I trusted, and 'twas good seed wisely sown,
For well it grew.

"His honour was a diamond without flaw
(Save from base lips, as whose will such lips spare),
And they who held true honour soon would draw,
Face set to face, pure brilliance everywhere;
None looked on him but felt with conscious awe
Greatness was there.

"Hero of heroes' mould, he scoffed at tears,
Though none less cruel. I have seen his ire
Of hottest anger, wherein guilty fears
Were trembling for their doom, pale and expire
Soon as a young leaf of remorse appears,
But pointing higher.

"Yet they had need stand firm whose acts aver
'Gainst him contention; only with his right
Would he move onward, but, with that to spur,
Alike through calm noontide or stormy night
He pressed undimching, seeming least to stir
In strongest flight.

"Earl Pembroke's dead. No frippery shall defile
His funeral rites. Deep in the sacred floor
Dig for his rest in Tintern; line the aisle
With bearded men, black-armoured, from the door
And round the grave; ten torches light the pile—
Ten, and no more."

"Six loyal knights be there to bear him down
That black lane to his grave : did he not bear
Men's lives and honours in a smile or frown,
Yet with the meanest soldier take his share ?
'Tis the last service ere th' immortal crown
He wakes to wear.

"One priest, but one, the funeral words to say,
Nor leave one word unspoke, but let them be
Clear as a warrior's ringing in the day
Of battle ; or a king's who says, ' Be free !'
To a slaved people. We can think and pray,
Speak and pray he.



"There's much to speak of in this spirit gone
Out on the spirit world Eternity ;
Here the broad shield, gold crown, and jewelled
zone,
And there—God grant no sin these pomp may be ;
There's much to think of in one gathered bone
From our life-tree.

"Put back the stones, then, and each mark efface,
And when, in ages hence, men come and go,
In the grand ruin, and behold no trace
Throughout the pile of this our long-ago,
His memory shall light on it, and the place
To him (his fame around, his bones below,)
One monument shall grow." C. H. W.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLI. MR. CARLTON'S DREAMS.

THERE was a sound of revelry in the Red Lion inn. A dinner of the townspeople was taking place there to celebrate some cause of national rejoicing. Filling the chair—as the newspapers had it the next day—was Lewis Carlton, Esquire; a great man now amidst his fellow townsmen. People are taken with show; people are taken with grandeur; and Mr. Carlton displayed both. He was successful as a medical man, he was rather liked as a social one; and his wife's rank brought him always a certain consideration. The money he had inherited from his father, together with the proceeds of his own practice, enabled him to live in a style attempted by few in South Wenlock. The town talked indeed of undue extravagance; whispers went round of consequent debt; but that was the affair of Mr. Carlton and Lady Laura alone, and was nothing to anybody. Certainly there was a wide contrast between the quiet style of living of John Grey and his partner Mr. Lycett, and the costly one of Mr. Carlton. The partners were prudent men, putting by for their children: Mr. Carlton was not a prudent man as regarded pecuniary matters, and he had no children to put by for. Carriages and horses and servants and entertainments made his house somewhat unlike a medical man's. But the public, I say, are led away by all this, and Mr. Carlton was just now the most popular resident in all South Wenlock.

He had been selected by unanimous accord to take the chair at this very meeting, and had consented. Consented somewhat contrary to his usual line of conduct; for Mr. Carlton personally was of a retiring disposition, and wholly declined to be made much of, or to be brought prominently out. It was the first time he had consented to fill any public office whatever. He never would serve as poor-law guardian, or churchwarden, or parish overseer; coroner's mandates could not draw him on a jury; the stewardship at races, at public balls, had alike been thrust upon him, or was sought to be, all in vain. Mr. Carlton, in spite of the show and pomp of his home (and that perhaps was owing to his wife, more than to him), was a retiring man, and would not be drawn out.

He could hardly have told why he had yielded now, and consented in this instance to take the chair at the dinner. Having done so, however, he did not shrink from its duties,

and he was proving that incapacity was certainly not the cause of his repeated refusals, for never a better chairman graced a table.

He sat at the head of the board, making his after-dinner speeches, giving out his toasts. His manner was genial, his whole heart seemed to be in his task, his usually impassive face was lighted up to gaiety. A good-looking man thus, with his well-formed features, his gentlemanly form. Some of the county people were at the table, nearly all the townsmen of note; one and all applauded him to the skies; and when the chairman's health was proposed, shouts rent the air, and were taken up by the mob flattening its noses against the curtained windows outside: "The health of Mr. Carlton! Health and happiness to Mr. Carlton!"

The clock was striking eleven when the chairman, flushed and heated, came forth. Perhaps none of those gentlemen had ever seen him flushed in their lives before; he was always to them a coldly impassive man, whom nothing could excite. It was not the wine that had done it now: Mr. Carlton, invariably abstemious in that respect, had taken as little as it was possible to take; but the unusual ovation paid to him had warmed his heart and flushed his brow. Several of the guests came out with him, but the greater portion were remaining longer; some of these had to ride home miles, the rest were hastening to their proximate homes. For the most part, they were slightly elated, for it had been a very convivial meeting; and they took a demonstrative leave of Mr. Carlton, nearly shaking his hands off, and vowing he was a rare good fellow and must be their chairman always. The crowd of eaves-droppers—ever swayed by the popular feeling of the hour, ever excitable—wound up with a cheer for Mr. Carlton by way of chorus.

He walked along the street towards his home, the cheer echoing in his ears. Such moments had not been frequent in Mr. Carlton's life, and he was a little lifted out of his ordinary self. It was a warm night in that genial season hovering between summer and autumn, and Mr. Carlton raised his hat and bared his brow to the cool night air, as he glanced at the starry canopy of heaven. Whatever cares he might have had, whatever sources of trouble or anxiety—and whether he had any or not was best known to himself; but few of us are without some secret skeleton that

we have to keep sacred from the world, however innocent in itself it may be—were all cast to the winds. Mr. Carlton forgot the past and the present in the future; and certain vague aspirings lying at the bottom of his heart were allowed to take a more tangible form than they had ever taken before. When the spirit is excited it imbues things with its own hues: they are apt to be very brilliant ones.

"I seem like a god to them," he laughed, alluding to the extravagant homage recently paid him by the townsfolk. "Jove on Olympus never had a warmer ovation. I have become what I never intended—a man of note in the place. Any foolish charge against me—pssha! they'd buffet the fellow bringing it. Nevertheless, I shall leave you to your sorrow, my good natives of South Wennock; and I know not why I have stopped with you so long. For how many years have I said to myself at waking, morning after morning, that another month should see me take my farewell of the place! and here I am still. Is it, that some invisible chain binds me to it—a chain that I cannot break? Why else *do* I stop? Or is it that some latent voice of caution—tush! I don't care for those thoughts to-night."

He broke off, rubbed his brow with his cambric handkerchief, nodded a salutation in response to one given him by a passer-by, and resumed his musings.

"My talents were not made to be hid under a bushel—and what else is it; a general practitioner in a paltry country town! I came here but as a stepping-stone, never intending to remain; and but for circumstances, to which we are all obliged to be slaves, I should not have remained. I think I have been a fool to stop so long, but I'll leave it now. London is the field for me, and I shall go to it and take my degree. My reputation will follow me; I shall make use of these county aristocrats to recommend me; I shall try for her Majesty's knightly sword upon my shoulder—'Rise up, Sir Lewis.' I may be enrolled, in time, amidst the baronetage of the United Kingdom, and then my lady cannot carp at inequality of rank. A proud set, the Chesneys, and my wife the proudest. Yes, I will remove to London, and I may get on to the very highest rank permitted to men of physic. *May* get on! *I will* get on; for Lewis Carlton to will a thing is to do it. Look at Stephen Grey! was there ever such luck in this world? And if he could go triumphantly on, as he has done, without influential friends to back him, what may I not look to do? I am not sorry that luck has attended Stephen; nay, I am glad that it should be so. I have no enmity to him; I'd

speed him on, myself, if I could. I wish him right well anywhere but in South Wennock—and that he'll never come back to. But I hate his son. I should like to wring his neck. So long, however, as the insolent jackanapes behaves himself and does not cross my path—why, who are you?"

The last question was addressed to a female, and an exceedingly broad female, who stood in the shade of Mr. Carlton's gate, dropping curtsies, just as he was about to turn into it.

"If it wasn't for the night, sir, you'd know me well enough," was the response. "Pepperfly, at your service, sir."

"Oh, Nurse Pepperfly," returned the surgeon, blandly; for somehow he always was bland to Mrs. Pepperfly. "You should stand further forward, and let your good-looking face be seen."

"Well, now, you will have your joke, sir, remarked the nurse. "Says I to the folks wherever I goes, 'If you want a pleasant, safe, good-hearted gentleman, as can bring you through this vale of sicknesses, just you send for Doctor Carlton.' And I am only proud, sir, when I happens to be in conjunction with you, that's all; which is not the happy case to-night, though I'm here, sir, to ask you to pay a visit professionally."

"Where to?" asked Mr. Carlton. "What case is it?"

"It's not a case of life and death, where you need run your legs off in a race again time," luminously proceeded Mrs. Pepperfly. "Whether you goes to-morrow morning, or whether you goes to-morrow a'ternoon, it'll come to the same, sir, as may be agreeable."

"But where's it to?" repeated Mr. Carlton, for the lady had stopped.

"It's where I've been a-staying, sir, for the last few days; a private visit I've been on, and not professional, and she's Mrs. Smith. I'm fetched out to-night, sir, to Mrs. Knagg, Knagg's wife the broker's, and Mrs. Smith says to me, 'Call in at Dr. Carlton's as you passes, and make my dooty to him, and say I've heered of his skill, and ask him to step in at his leisure to-morrow to prescribe for my child'—which a white swelling it is in its knee, sir, and t'other in the grave, as may be said, for 'twont be long out of it; and me the last few days as I've been there, a worrying of her to let me come for Dr. Carlton."

There were sundry embellishments in the above speech, which, in strict regard to truth, might have been omitted. Mr. Carlton, a shrewd man, took them for as much as they were worth. The name Smith had suggested to him but one woman of that name as likely to have had the lady before him on a visit.

"Mrs. Smith's child got a white swelling!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "It must have come on pretty quick. Which of the children is it?"

"Which of the children, sir?" echoed Nurse Pepperfly; "she's got but one. Oh, I see; you be thinking of t'other Mrs. Smith, the cow-keeper's wife. It's not her, sir; it's Mrs. Smith up at Tupper's cottage in Blister Lane."

"I did not know there was a Mrs. Smith at Tupper's cottage," he replied.

"She have not been long in it, sir; she's come fresh to the place, and she have took a fancy to me, which is very sensible of her. She'd be glad if you'd go up some time to-morrow, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Carlton. "I won't forget."

"It's good night to you, sir, then, and wishing you was a-coming to Mrs. Knaggs's along with me; but it's Mr. Lycett. Which is a safe gentleman too, and nothing to be said against."

She sailed off towards the town, and Mr. Carlton closed his gate, and glanced up at his windows; in some of which lights were burning.

"I wonder whether I shall find Laura in tantrums to-night?" he said, half audibly.

By which expression the reader must not think that Mr. Carlton was in the habit of visiting those "tantrums" unpleasantly on his wife. If not a strictly faithful husband, he was always—when Laura allowed him to be so—an affectionate one. He loved her still as much as it was in the nature of such a man as Mr. Carlton, disenchanted by time and change of the first fond passion, to love. Had Laura but permitted him, he would have been ever tender to her; and that singular charm which distinguished his manner to all women, where he chose to put it forth, exercised its spell upon her still.

He opened the door with his latchkey, and a footman came forward into the hall and took his master's hat. A civil, simple-mannered rustic, in spite of his fine livery.

"Is Lady Laura in, Jonathan?"

"My lady has been in this half hour, sir."

Laura was lounging on the sofa in the drawing-room, half asleep. She had very few resources within herself: reading, working, albums, engravings, she was sure to yawn over all; music she had not much cared for of late. To spend a half hour alone at night, as she was doing now, was a very penance to Laura Carlton.

She rose up when her husband entered, and the mantle of lace, which she had worn in the carriage to return home, was still on her shoul-

ders. It fell from them now; or rather she shook it off; and the rich silk dress she wore was displayed to view, and the gleaming jewels on her neck and arms shone in the gas-light. She had been to a dinner party; made up by a lady, whose husband had some motive for not wishing to attend the public dinner at the Lion.

"Well, Laura!" he said, pleasantly. "Home, I see."

"Oh, Lewis, it was so stupid!" she exclaimed. "Only fancy it!—two gentlemen and ten ladies. I went to sleep in the carriage coming home, and I have been asleep here, I think. I am glad you are come."

He sat down on the sofa by her side. She held out her wrist, asking him to unclasp a certain bracelet, which was tight. Mr. Carlton put the bracelet on the table and kept the hand.

"I scarcely hoped," he said, "to find you back so soon."

"There was nothing to stay for. What could ten women do for themselves? I was so thankful when the carriage came. They made a fuss at my leaving, but I said my head ached. And so it did, with the stupidity. It's dreadfully dull in the country at this season of the year. Everybody's at the watering-places."

"A town like this is dull at most seasons," remarked Mr. Carlton. "At times I regret that I am tied to it."

Laura passed over the remark without notice, almost without hearing it. The fact of his being "tied" to it was so indisputable a one, that comment was unnecessary. "The Goughs are going to Scarborough next week," she said. "Heigho!"

The sigh was a weary one. Mr. Carlton turned to her.

"Laura, you know, if you would like to go to any of those places, you have but to say so. If it would do you good, or give you pleasure——"

"I don't think I care about it," she interrupted. "You would not go with me."

"How could I? I am tied here, I say. I wish my practice was a different one!"

"In what way?"

"A physician's—where patients, for the most part, had to come to me. The most wearing life of all is a general practitioner's; and it is the least profitable. Compare my gains here with those of a London physician."

"Leave it, and set up in London," said she.

"I am seriously thinking of doing so."

Laura had spoken carelessly, without meaning, and the words astonished her excessively.

Mr. Carlton explained. His talents were buried in South Wennock, he said, and he was really purposing a change. "You would like London, I think, Laura?"

"Yes, very much," she answered; her vain head filling itself forthwith with sundry gay visions, popularly supposed to be capable of realisation in the metropolis only. "But you would never quit South Wennock," she resumed, after a pause.

"Why would I not quit it?"

"You have found attractions in the place, if I have not."

A momentary contraction of the brow, smoothed away as instantly, and Mr. Carlton was himself again. Not perfectly conscience clear, he hated above all things these allusions of his wife's: he had thought the old trouble was dying away.

"Laura," he gravely said, "South Wennock has no attractions for me; but the contrary. Should I leave it, I take its only attraction with me—yourself."

She laughed. "It's all very well for you to tell me so."

"I swear it," he said, in an earnest, almost a solemn, tone, as he bent to her and laid his hand impressively on her shoulder. "I have no attraction save yourself; whether in South Wennock or in the wide world."

She believed him; she liked him still well enough to wish it. "But, Lewis, it has not always been so, you know."

"I thought my wife promised me, when we were last upon this topic, to let bygones be bygones?"

"Did I? Well, I believe I did; and I will. Tell me about your dinner, Lewis. Was it very successful? How did you get on with your speeches?"

He gave her a laughing account of it all, and of the homage paid him. For nearly an hour they remained up, in gay, amicable converse; and when Laura went to rest that night, a vision dawned upon her of a future time when full confidence should be restored between them.

On the following day, Mr. Carlton proceeded to keep the appointment at Mrs. Smith's. He called in about eleven o'clock, after visiting his patients on the Rise. He went straight into the cottage without knocking, and there happened to be nobody in the room but the child, who was seated in a little chair, with some toys on his lap, soldiers, whom he was placing in martial array.

"Are you the little fellow——"

So far spoke Mr. Carlton, and there he stopped dead. He had cast his eyes, wondering eyes just then, on the boy's face, and

apparently was confounded, or staggered, or something, by what he saw. Did he trace any likeness, as Judith had done? Certain it was, that he stared at the child in undisguised astonishment, and only seemed to recover self-possession when he saw they were not alone, for Mrs. Smith was peeping in from the staircase door.

"I thought I heard a strange voice," quoth she. "Perhaps you are the doctor, who was to call?"

"I am," replied Mr. Carlton.

He eyed her as he spoke almost as keenly as he had done the child. The woman had remarked his earnest gaze at the boy, and feared it was caused by the little one's sickly look.

"He does look ill, I'm afraid," she said.

"Is that what you were struck with, sir?"

"No—no," returned Mr. Carlton, half abstractedly; "he put me in mind of some one, that was all. What is his name?"

"Smith."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well," returned the woman, who had a blunt, abrupt way of speaking, the result of natural manner, not of intended incivility, "I don't see what that has to do with it, or what it is to anybody in this place, which is strange to me and me to it. But if it's necessary to know it, sir, he comes from Scotland, where he has lived all his life. He is my youngest child: the only one I have reared."

"Was he born in Scotland?" asked Mr. Carlton, his eyes still riveted on the child.

"Whether he was born there, or whether he was born in New Zealand, don't matter to the present question," returned the woman, with a touch of irascibility, for she thought the surgeon had no right to pry into her affairs. "If you don't like to treat my boy, sir, unless you first know the top and bottom of everything, there's no harm done, and I'll send for Mr. Grey."

Mr. Carlton laughed pleasantly at her irritability, and rejoined in a courteous tone.

"It guides us very much sometimes to know what sort of a climate our patients have been living in, and whether they were born in it; and our inquiries are not usually attributed to idle curiosity, Mrs. Smith. But, come, let me see his knee."

She undid the wrappings, and Mr. Carlton stooped down to examine the knee; but still he could not keep his eyes from the boy's face. And yet there was nothing out of common in the face; unless it was in the eyes. Thin, pale, quiet features, with flaxen hair curling over them, were illumined by a pair of large, rich, soft brown eyes, beautiful to look at.

"Do I pain you, my little man?" said Mr. Carlton, as he touched the knee.

"No, sir. This soldier won't stand," he added, holding one out to Mr. Carlton, with the freedom of childhood.

"Won't it? Let me see what's the matter. The foot wants cutting level. There," he continued, after shaving it with his penknife, "it will stand now."

The boy was enraptured; it had been a defaulting soldier, given to tumble over from the commencement; and the extraordinary delight that suddenly beamed forth from his eyes, sent a thrill through the senses of the surgeon. But for the woman over-looking him, he could have bent his searching gaze into those eyes for the next half hour, and never have removed it.

"He seems a quiet little fellow."

"Indeed, then, he was a regular little tar-tar till this illness came on," was Mrs. Smith's reply. "A great deal too fond of showing that he had a will of his own. This has tamed his spirit down. Could you form any idea, sir, what can have brought it on? I'm certain that he never had a fall, or any other hurt."

"It is a disease that arises from weakness of constitution as well as from injury," replied Mr. Carlton. "Do you purpose residing permanently at South Wennock?"

"That's how far I may feel inclined, sir," she answered civilly. "I am not tied to any spot."

Mr. Carlton, after a few professional directions, took his departure. As he turned from the lane into the high road, so absorbed was he in thought, that he did not notice the swift passing of Mr. John Grey in his gig, until the latter called out to him. The groom pulled up, and Mr. Carlton advanced to the gig. There was not much private intimacy between the surgeons, but they often met professionally.

"Lycett is with Knagg's wife," began Mr. Grey, stooping from his gig to say what he had to say. "By what I hear, it appears not unlikely to be a difficult case; if so, he may want your assistance. Shall you be in the way?"

"Yes. Or if I go out, I'll leave word where I may be found."

"That's all right, then," returned Mr. Grey, signing to his groom to go on. "I am called in haste to a shocking accident, five miles away; some men burnt by an explosion of gunpowder. Good morning."

The gig sped on; and Mr. Carlton went towards South Wennock, nearly oblivious to all things, save one; and that was the face of the little boy.

CHAPTER XLII. A PERPLEXING LIKENESS.

THAT must have been a remarkable child, judging by its face, for the hold it seemed to take upon people and the consternation it caused was something amazing.

On the afternoon of the above day, it chanced that Lady Jane Chesney and her sister Laura were taking a quiet walk together, an unusual circumstance. Their course led down Blister Lane, for Jane wished to leave a book at the door of one of her pensioners; and in passing the gate of Tupper's cottage, they saw a little boy seated in the garden in a child's chair, some toys lying in his pinafore. His head had fallen back and his hands had dropped; he had sunk into a doze.

His face was full in their view; Lady Laura's glance fell upon it, and she halted.

"Good Heavens!" she uttered, "what an extraordinary likeness!"

"Likeness," repeated Jane. "Likeness to whom? He looks very pale and sickly. I wonder who they are? Judith said the cottage was let."

"I never saw such a likeness in my life," resumed Lady Laura, quite devouring the face with her eyes. "Don't you see it, Jane?"

"I do not perceive a likeness to anyone. To whom do you allude?"

"Then if you don't see it, I will not tell you," was the answer: "but it is certainly plain enough."

They were about to walk on, when a voice was heard inside the cottage, "Lewis!"

"Listen," whispered Laura, pulling her sister back.

"Lewis! why, you've never gone and dropped off again. Now I won't have you do it, for you know that if you sleep so much in the day, you can't sleep at night. Come! wake up."

The speaker came forth from the door: a hard-featured woman in a widow's cap. She noted the ladies standing there.

"The little boy appears ill," remarked Lady Jane.

"He is very poorly, ma'am," was the answer. "He will go to sleep in the afternoon, and then there's good-bye to sleep for the night; and I want to break him of it."

"Invalids are generally drowsy in an afternoon, especially if their night's rest is broken. You are strangers, here, I think," added Lady Jane.

"Yes. I've brought him, hoping the country air will do him good. Come, Lewis, wake up," she said, tapping the boy on the arm. "Why, there's all your soldiers running away!"

What with the talking, the tapping, and the soldiers, the boy was fully aroused. He sat up, and fixed his magnificent dark eyes upon the ladies.

"Oh, I see it now," murmured Lady Jane to her sister. "It is an extraordinary likeness; the very self-same eyes."

"Nay," returned Laura, in the same low tone, "the eyes are the only feature not like. His eyes were shut when the resemblance struck me."

"Look, look! the very expression she used to wear!" whispered Jane, so intent upon the boy as to have paid no attention to her sister's dissenting words.

"She!" uttered Laura, in an accent of wonder. "Why, what are your ideas running upon, Jane?"

"Upon Clarice. The boy's likeness to her is wonderful. Whose little boy is this?" quickly added Lady Jane, turning to the woman. "He is so very like a—a—a—friend of mine, a lady."

"He's mine," was the short retort.

Lady Jane gave a sigh of regret, as she always did when she spoke or thought of Clarice; but in the present sigh relief was mingled. She did not ask herself why, though innately conscious of it. "There is no accounting for resemblances," she remarked to the mother, as she bade her good afternoon, and bent her steps onward. Laura followed her: and she cast a haughty, condemning glance upon the woman at parting.

"Jane," began Laura, "I think you are demented. What do you mean by saying the child is like Clarice?"

"Why, you spoke first of the likeness yourself!"

"Not to Clarice. He is not in the least like her."

"Of whom, then, did you speak?" was the wondering question.

"I shan't say," unceremoniously answered Lady Laura. "Certainly not of Clarice; he is no more like her than he's like me."

"Laura, save that boy's and Clarice's, and perhaps Lucy's, but Lucy's are softer, I do not believe there are such eyes in the world, so large and brilliant and sweetly tender. Yours are the same in shape and colour, but not in expression. His likeness to what poor Clarice was, is wonderful."

Laura paused, rather staggered at Jane's words.

"I'll go back and look again," said she. She wheeled round, retraced her steps, and stood at the gate a minute talking to the boy, but not deigning to notice the woman. Jane stood by her side in silence, looking at him.

"Well?" said Jane, when they finally turned away.

"I repeat that I cannot trace any resemblance to Clarice. I do trace a great resemblance to some one else, but not in the eyes; and it is not so striking now he is awake, as it was when he was asleep."

"Is is very strange!" cried Lady Jane.

"What is strange?"

"It is all strange. The likeness to Clarice is strange; your not seeing the likeness is strange; and your detecting one to somebody else is strange, as you say you do; and your declining to mention to whom, is strange. Is it to any of our family, Laura?"

"The Chesneys? Oh, no. Jane, you spoke just now of Clarice in the past tense. 'His likeness to what poor Clarice was'; it is as though you think she is no longer living."

"What else am I to think?" returned Jane. "All these years, and no trace of her. My father on his death-bed left the seeking of her out to me, but I have no clue to go upon, and can do nothing, and hear nothing."

"If you feel so sure of her death, you had better take the three thousand pounds to yourself," spoke Laura, with a touch of acerbity. Her having been disinherited was a sore point still.

"No," quietly returned Jane, "I shall never appropriate that money to myself. Until we shall be assured beyond doubt of Clarice's death—if she be dead—the money will remain out at interest, and then—"

"What then?" asked Laura, for her sister had stopped.

"We shall see when that time comes," was the somewhat evasive remark of Jane. "But for myself I shall touch none of it; I have plenty, as it is."

Now you need not be astonished, my good reader, at this discrepancy in the vision of the sisters. It is well known that where one person will detect a likeness, another cannot see it. "How greatly that child resembles her father!" will be heard from one; "Nay," speaks up another, "how much she resembles her mother!" Some people detect the likeness that exists in form, others that which pertains to expression. Some will be struck with the wonderful resemblance to each other between the members of a family, even before knowing that they are related; others cannot see or trace it. You must surely have remarked this in your own experience.

And thus it was with the ladies Chesney; the one could not see with the eyes of the other. But it was rather remarkable that both should have detected a resemblance in this strange child, and not to the same person.

It turned out as Mr. Grey had anticipated. In the afternoon a message came to Mr. Carlton from his brother practitioner, Mr. Lycett, and he hastened to the broker's house. There he found Mrs. Pepperfly in all her glory. To give that lady her due, apart from her graces of person and her proneness to a certain failing, she was a skilful, clever woman, equal to an emergency; and nothing brought out her talent like an emergency, and there was nothing she was so fond of. "A spice of danger puts me on my metal, and shows folks the stuff I'm made of," was a favourite remark of hers; and Mrs. Pepperfly might thank her stars that it was so, or she would have been allowed to sink into private life long ago.

It was not so much that a second doctor's services were then actually required, as that it was expedient one should be at hand, in case they should be; consequently, while Mr. Lycett chiefly remained with the sick woman, Mr. Carlton had an opportunity for a little chat with Mrs. Pepperfly in an adjoining room. Which, however, was enjoyed by snatches, for Mrs. Pepperfly was in and out, from one chamber to another, like a dog in a fair.

"Have you been up there, to Tupper's cottage, sir?" she asked, between whiles.

"I went there this morning. Where do they come from?"

"And ain't it a bad case, sir?" returned Mrs. Pepperfly, unmindful of the question.

"I don't think it has been well treated," remarked Mr. Carlton. "Do you know where they come from, or what brings them to South Wennock?"

"She comes from—where was it?—Scotland or Ireland, or some of them outlandish places, I think she said. What she wants in South Wennock is another matter," added Mrs. Pepperfly with a sniff.

The accent was peculiar, and Mr. Carlton looked at her.

"Have you any idea what does bring her here?" he repeated, his tone slightly authoritative.

"Well, yes, I does have my idea, sir, and I may be wrong and I may be right! Though it don't make no difference to me whether I be or whether I bain't. And I don't suppose, you'd care, sir, to hear it, neither."

"Speak on," said Mr. Carlton, half eagerly, half carelessly. "What do you suppose her business is at South Wennock?"

Mrs. Pepperfly dropped her voice to a whisper. "You remember that young lady who came to her death so awful at the widder Gould's through Mr. Stephen Grey's draught?—though indeed, sir, what with the heaps of

patients you have had since, you might have forgot her long ago!"

"What of her?" asked Mr. Carlton, and there was a sound in his voice as though he had lost his breath.

"Well, sir, my belief is just this—that there widder up at Tupper's is appeared at South Wennock to ferret out what she can about the death, and nothing less."

Mr. Carlton did not reply, but he gazed at Mrs. Pepperfly as eagerly as he had gazed at the suffering boy, and with far more inward perplexity, though it did not show itself on his impassive face.

"How very absurd!" he uttered, after a while.

"Just what I says to myself," responded the woman. "And what good 'll it do—her? If we could come at anything certain as to who the poor young lady was, and how the draught were converted into poison, 'twould be some satisfaction; but there ain't none to be gained, as it is. I telled the widder Smith so, with my own lips."

"You have talked to her, then, about it?"

"Talked to her!" ejaculated Nurse Pepperfly, "she haven't let my tongue have no holiday from talking of it, since we two met in the new omnibus."

"The new omnibus!" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

Mrs. Pepperfly liked few things better than talking, and she forthwith recounted to Mr. Carlton the history of her meeting with the widow, and the progress of the acquaintance since. Ere it was well concluded, her duties took her into the adjoining chamber.

Mr. Carlton had listened in silence, and now he stood, apparently revolving the news. He walked to the window, opened it, thrust his head out into a stifling back yard, where certainly little air could be found, if that was his motive, and after a while drew it back again.

"Have you mentioned this to any one?" he asked, as the woman re-appeared, and something sharp in his tone grated on her ear.

"Never to a blessed soul," protested Mother Pepperfly, conveniently oblivious to all recollection of Judith. "The widder charged me not, sir."

"And I would recommend you not to do so," returned Mr. Carlton. "I have not forgotten the worry and annoyance the affair caused, if you have. I was besieged with curiosity-mongers by night and by day until it had blown over. They left me no leisure to attend to my own business; and I should be exceedingly sorry to be subjected to a similar annoyance again—as I should be, were the affair raked up. So be silent, as Mrs. Smith

tells you. What's *her* motive for wanting silence?" he abruptly added.

"She hasn't give none to me, sir; she hasn't said as she's got a motive, or that she does want to find out anything. But when a person harps everlastingly upon one string, like a bell and a clapper, hammering to find out its top and its tail, one can't be off suspecting, sir, that there's a motive at the bottom."

"I wonder—who she can be!" he said, in a musing tone, making a pause in the sentence, as marked.

"She's uncommon close about herself," was the answering observation of Mrs. Pepperfly.

Mr. Carlton said no more. Indeed there was not time for it, for he was called to by Mr. Lycett. An hour later he quitted Mrs. Knagg's, his business there being over.

He reached home, buried in a reverie. The name, Smith, the information now furnished by Nurse Pepperfly, drew him to the not unnatural conclusion that she might be the Mrs. Smith spoken of as having taken away Mrs. Crane's infant; the woman he had himself seen at Great Wennock railway station. If so, could this be the same child? He had asked the boy's age that morning, and Mrs. Smith replied "six;" and the boy did not in appearance look more than six. That other child, if alive, would be considerably older; but Mr. Carlton knew that the look of children, as regards their age, is deceptive.

He entered his surgery, spoke a word or two to his assistant, Mr. Jefferson, mixed up a small phial of medicine with his own hands, and went out again, glancing at his watch. It was past six then, but their dinner hour was seven.

Near to his own house was a toy-shop, and as Mr. Carlton passed it he saw displayed in the window a certain toy—a soldier beating a drum. By pulling a wire, the arms moved and the drum sounded. He went in and asked the price. It was fifteen-pence. Mr. Carlton bought it, and carried it away with him.

Walking quickly up the Rise, he soon came to Tupper's cottage. Mrs. Smith was seated in the parlour, darning socks; the little boy sat at the table, chattering to her and eating his supper. A bone of cold lamb was in one hand, a piece of bread in the other, and a plate was before him with some salt upon it.

"Well, and how is the little man now?" was the salutation of Mr. Carlton as he went in, with a pleasant tone and pleasant smile.

Mrs. Smith looked surprised. She had not expected the surgeon to call again that day.

"I have been thinking it might be as well if he took a little tonic medicine, which I did not order him this morning," said that gentle-

man, producing the bottle from his pocket. "So I brought it myself, as I was coming up here. You'll see the directions. Have the other things come?"

"Oh yes, sir; they were here by one o'clock."

"Ah, yes. And so you are eating your supper, my little man! It's rather early for that, isn't it?"

"He gets so hungry about this time," said the mother in a tone of apology. "And he is so fond of loin of lamb, he won't rest if he knows it is in the house: he likes to eat it this way, in his fingers. There's his cup of milk on the table."

"As I am here I may as well look at his knee again, Mrs. Smith," said the surgeon.

She rose from her seat to undo the bandage; but Mr. Carlton preferred to undo it himself. The boy put down his bread and meat, and rubbed his fingers on his pinafore.

"It doesn't hurt to-night," cried he.

"That's all right then," said Mr. Carlton. "And now will you tell me your name, my little gentleman, for I have not heard it?"

"It's George, sir," interposed the mother before the child could speak. "It was his father's name."

"George, is it?" repeated Mr. Carlton, as he did up the leg again. "And where are the soldiers, George?"

"Gone home from drill," was the laughing answer. "That one stands now."

"To be sure it does," said Mr. Carlton. "Have you got one to play the drum to the rest while they are at drill?"

He took the toy from his pocket and displayed it. Nothing could exceed the child's delight at the sight. His eyes sparkled; his pale cheeks flushed a vivid crimson; his little thin hands shook with eagerness. Mr. Carlton saw what a sensitive nature it was, and he felt a pleasure as he resigned the toy.

"You are very kind, sir," exclaimed the widow, her own face lighting up with pleasure. "His fondness for soldiers is something marvellous. I'm sure I don't know any other doctor that would have done as much."

"I saw it as I came by a shop a few minutes ago; and I thought it would please him," was the reply of Mr. Carlton. "These poor sick children should have their innocent pleasures gratified when practicable. Good evening to you, Master George."

The widow followed him into the garden. Perhaps the tender tone of some words in the last sentence had aroused her fears. "Have you a bad opinion of him, sir?" she whispered. "Won't he get well?"

"I'll do the best I can to get him well,"

replied Mr. Carlton. "I cannot give you an opinion yet, one way or the other."

He shook hands with her and turned away. Mr. Carlton was affable with all classes of patients, cold and impassive though his usual manners were. But had Mr. Carlton been standing with his face to the road, instead of his back, while he spoke to the woman, he would have seen a lady pass, no doubt to his astonishment, for it was his own wife.

Not more astonished, perhaps, than she was to see him. She was passing the cottage—she best knew for what purpose—and she turned her eyes stealthily towards its path. What she had hoped to see was the little boy; what she really did see was her husband, shaking hands with the boy's mother. Laura Carlton, feeling like one guilty, just as some of us may have felt when unexpectedly detected in a mean action, made one bound forward, and crouched close to the hedge, which there took a bend inwards.

Had Mr. Carlton been on his way to any other patient up the lane—and many cottages were scattered at this end of it—he must have seen her; but he turned towards South Wennock, and marched away at a quick pace.

Lady Laura came out of hiding. Her cheeks were glowing, her pulses were beating. Not altogether with the detection she had escaped; there was another feeling. Conscience makes cowards of us, you know,—sad, weak, foolish cowards. It would have been so very easy for Laura, had her husband seen her, to be doing just what she was doing, and nothing else—taking a walk down Blister Lane. She had a right to do so as well as other people had. It was a cool, shady lane, very pleasant to walk in, except after rain, and then it was apt to be over the ankles in mud. And Laura Carlton, of all people, might be supposed to cling to it from past associations,—for was it not the trysting-place, that long-ago evening, when she had stolen out to meet and run away with him now her husband?

Mr. Carlton went safely beyond sight, and Laura began to retrace her steps. Standing on one leg on the bottom bar of the low wooden gate was the little child, his new toy in his left hand. He had come limping out to look after his benefactor, Mr. Carlton. The mother had gone indoors again. Laura halted. She gazed at him for a good two minutes, saying nothing; and the boy, who had little of that timid shyness which mostly attends sensitive children, looked up at her in return.

"What's your name?" began Laura.

"Lewis."

"What's your other name? What's your mother's name?"

"Smith."

"Is *that* your mother?—the—the—person who was out here a minute ago?"

"Yes," replied the boy.

Laura's face darkened. "How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"None. There's only me. I had a little baby brother; but mother says he died before I was born."

There was a long pause. Laura devoured the child with her eyes. "Where's your father?" she began again.

"He's dead."

"Oh!" retorted Laura, scornfully. "Dead, is he? I suppose that's why your mother wears a widow's cap!"

The boy made no reply. Possibly he did not understand. Laura put her hand down over the gate and touched his light hair, pushing it back from his forehead. He held up the toy to show her.

"Yes, very pretty," said she, carelessly. But all in a moment it struck her that she had seen this toy, or one resembling it, in the toy-shop near their house. "Who gave you that?" she resumed.

"Mr. Carlton. He brought it to me just now."

Lady Laura's eyes flashed. The boy began making the soldier play the drum.

"He's to play to the others at drill," said he, looking up. "Mr. Carlton says so."

"What others?"

"My soldiers. They are shut up in the box now in mother's drawer."

"And so Mr. Carlton gave you this, did he?" repeated Laura, strangely resentful. "He has just brought it you, has he?"

"Wasn't it good of him!" returned the child, paying more attention to the plaything than to the question. "See how he drums! Mother says——"

"Lewis! Are you going to stop there all night? Come in directly and finish your supper!"

It was the interrupting voice of Mrs. Smith, calling from the cottage. Laura Carlton started as if she had been shot, and went away in the direction of South Wennock.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

OF all the homes of England none is so characteristic or so full of peaceful memories as the country parsonage. As soon as you enter the village you know it at once. No one need look twice to pronounce which is the parsonage. There are the elms, and the yew trees, and the lilacs, you always see in vicarage gardens; and

there is the weather-beaten comfortable house, sacred to the sweet household joys of many a generation of vicars, trellised on one side and plastered on another and particoloured on a third, looking so thoroughly tranquil and comfortable in all its eccentricities that you adopt it at once as your ideal of an English home. The carking cares of the cottage find no place there ; the troubles incident on great mansions cannot enter it. If peace and happiness and contentment are found anywhere, you think surely it must be here.

Well, you are not far wrong ; and yet its inmate, the worthy parson, has his own grievances, like most of us. The tax-gatherer calls there, as he does at most other houses ; butchers and bakers do not forget to send in their bills at Christmas ; the doctor occasionally pays daily visits for a while ; and every now and then more silver hairs appear on the Vicar's head ; and one more little mound is heaped in the churchyard. There are lighter vexations, too, which break in upon the good man's quiet. The tithe pigs are not so plentiful as usual this year ; the bay filly came through the gate last night and devoured the early peas ; Johnny won't learn his Latin grammar ; and the twins cannot be persuaded to play his favourite duet evenly. But matronhood has by no means effaced the charm which his spouse's smile had for him when he was reading for honours in North Devon, and the domestic halcyons soon return to their peaceful abode when she enters the study. Take it all in all, the country parsonage is the type of all that is happy and peaceful in English life.

These parsonages are of several kinds. First in the list, though last in order of development, we may place the staring red-brick, four-square house occasionally to be seen as the railway whirls us through the land. It may belong to a new district worth 60*l.* per annum ; or else some enormous pluralist has lately died, and the incumbent for the first time is compelled to reside in the parish, and then its income will range from 400*l.* to 1300*l.* In either case defend us from having to inhabit that house and look out every morning as we shave upon those melancholy young trees, each supported, like Fox's martyrs, by its own stake. It may be laid down as an axiom that no parsonage is habitable until three or four generations have lived and died in it. The parson at such a house as this is dyspeptic, but active ; his wife is careworn, and disinclined to return her neighbours' calls ; as for the children, they are palefaced and wiredrawn. How can it be otherwise ? The walls are damp and unpapered ; the window-frames, put in by con-

tract, leak and let in the wind. The parish stands in no awe of the parson, derived from early habit and life-long associations ; so the good man is always in hot water, always perplexed. Do not expect when you call to get a decent glass of sherry for lunch. Such a parsonage always has a miserably small cellar under the staircase, and the dyspeptic parson fills it with two barrels of equally small beer.

There is another kind of parsonage far more pretentious, and representing a pliocene era of clerical building ranging, we will say, from 1836 to 1852, or thereabouts. It is the mediæval style, and was exploded by the Great Exhibition of 1851. No one builds such a parsonage now-a-days. Its outside is picturesque enough. There are turrets and gables, and dormer windows and lozenge casements that let in draughts everywhere, and a spirelet or two, and ecclesiastical emblems worked into the walls by coloured bricks, and a bell hung high aloft, and a mediæval knocker which no lady can use, and which infallibly splits any gentleman's glove who may try to raise the huge mass of rusty ironwork. Enthusiastic young men, members of two ecclesiological societies, quote it as a model ; but we wish, when they take orders, they may have to live in it ! Smoky chimneys built abnormally to be truly mediæval, and lattices which forbid you to burn candles, are the least of its bad qualities. The drawing-room and dining-room doors are of unpolished oak, with a large iron ring for a handle that falls on something like an anvil of the same metal. Unless you wish to be distracted with their clatter every time the door opens, and that pretty pearl ring you gave your wife to be speedily destroyed, you will have to sew them up in velvet at once. The passages admit only one abreast. There is no study, no linen closet, no conveniences of a modern house ; but in lieu of them you have a paved hall, with a fireplace of Dutch tiles reaching to the ceiling, separated from a passage by a curtain ; and the meat comes up to dinner through a trap-door, as if it were meant for a Trappist community, rather than for a modern English family. The host in such a house is invariably well starched about the throat, consequential, and a scholar. He will produce a flask of commendable sherry from an old carved oak chest, which is consumed in glasses of modern Venetian work. Look into his library, and unless you are a double first, rush out again in despair. Nothing smaller than a folio is admitted. There are worn-eaten fathers, and black-letter councils, and commentators clad in vellum, prints of the German school of design, a huge rust-eaten key, once Cardinal Wolsey's latch-

key, two or three specimens of papal bulls, and a walking-stick in the corner, cut from the Glastonbury thorn. The greatest error in propriety you could make in that household (next to refusing to leap out of bed directly the gong at the head of the stairs is struck at some dim morning hour) would be to leave a short clay pipe and a yellow novel on the library-table. Everything is mediæval about such a correct house as this. Pudding is eaten from grotesque silver spoons, and mustard extracted from a large-eyed owl by seizing the mouse disappearing down its throat, which, fortunately, turns out to be a spoon-handle.

It is a relief to turn from these restorations to the parsonage of our dreams, which has come down with slight alterations from Herbert or good Bishop Ken's times, to our own. Seldom above two stories high, but capacious and rambling and comfortable, how homelike are its long passages and rooms opening one into the other! The drawing-room invariably has a bow window opening to the lawn. It is trellised with a vine, the leaves of which gladden the eye with their delicate green and graceful form the whole summer through, though I cannot say much for the quality of its grapes. But the squire has for centuries been the firm ally of the parsons, and plenty of hot-house fruit comes every season from the great house. Their grounds are contiguous; and the parson has generally been the private tutor of the squire's eldest son, while just as naturally one of the parson's daughters has become in due time a daughter of the great house. The villagers are very well-behaved under the united *régime*. I know no such yew in the country side as that mighty one in the centre of the vicarage drive, and the roses are the envy of the head gardener at the hall. Perhaps the kitchen garden at such a parsonage is somewhat untidy, and no very neat regard is paid to the succession of crops; but the shrubs are umbrageous and luxuriant to an excess, and the squire never has an importation of new conifers without sending two or three of the finest to the vicarage. So that in all seasons this model parsonage of England looks comfortable, and seems to fling the warmth of its own happiness over all the straggling cottages that cluster around it. As it has long ceased to be annually reminded by the representatives of Queen Anne's bounty, that 30*l.* or 40*l.* must be forthwith paid to Her Majesty, its inhabitants are eminently loyal to the present gracious Queen; and it will be a bitter day for old England when such parsonages and their worthy owners are swept away.

Let us pay a visit to one and look in at the

inmates. Open that huge garden-gate, and you read a quaint legend engraved on the stone lintel, tradition says by Archbishop Tenison, who was formerly Vicar,

MEDITATIONE + PEDITATIONE.

And here is the worthy parson practising its admonition by pacing about the larch walk with a volume of Milton or a pocket Homer. Staid and aristocratic-looking, with clear-cut features and benevolent smile, spite of his old hat and shooting-coat, you could never mistake him for aught but a well-educated man. The tastes of other days, when he was fellow of St. Pelagius, have never deserted him. You will find a goodly array of classics in his study, together with all our best literature, and a choice selection of French and Italian authors. He is justice of the peace, too, and there are a shelf or two of legal works. Such a man generally takes up some new pursuit on settling down into the country. Look round and you can detect it at once; for our good friend has not got the bump of order strongly developed, and his wife has found it convenient to let him have his own way in his sanctum. There may be, consequently, a litter of fishing-rods and flies amongst the Divines that lie on the table; or a microscope stands in the window, and all kinds of preparations and mystical bottles flank it. One such parson will be a well-known entomologist; another knows more about our mosses and fungi than any other man in the kingdom; a third is a grubber in old records and county histories, a great man at an archaeological meeting, an authority in the "Gentleman's Magazine." With all these various pursuits, no man more decorously and conscientiously performs his higher duties; and, unlike many other workers, his work is duly appreciated even in his lifetime.

Come into this charming drawing-room, redolent of violets and jasmine. "Mrs. St. John;" make your best bow. What a comfort to meet such a thoroughly ladylike English matron after reading our transatlantic cousin's abuse of them! How curious it is that clergymen invariably marry the prettiest women in the land! See how the soft spring twilight still lingers in her clear blue eyes! Not a single wrinkle has chased away the pink complexion that made Kate Lascelles so irresistible to our worthy friend at Commemoration we will not say how many years ago. He is evidently in love with her now; and with his care and the thoughtfulness of those three daughters who sit working so demurely beside the window, you don't wonder that sorrow rarely clouds her brow, and that the right place to look for true domestic felicity is in the country parsonage.

As for the said daughters, I am positively

afraid to linger here much longer, or I would not answer for my peace of mind! Very vivacious, "pretty wilful rosebuds," as my friend the Laureate would say, you will find them clever and intelligent on any subject, thoroughly well-read in our best classics, as all English girls should be, and inexpressibly tender in "sweet household ways." Their worth is well known through this side of the county; and no archery fête or water party could possibly succeed unless the Miss St. Johns graced it with their presence. They will chat pleasantly enough to you about ferns and anemones, and Ivry, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold; but you will not gain their regard or win their love all at once. They must know a good deal more of you before you can hope for that. Still, I see a pearl hoop on Helen's finger; so I conclude some good fellow at the other end of the kingdom has her heart in safe keeping. It is not "out of sight out of mind" with such girls as these. Well, no one will carry away more hearty blessings from the widow and the orphan than will she when he persuades her to come and cheer his north country rectory. As for Edith, the youngest, you won't forget her long flaxen curls and merry smile in a hurry! If ever Truth slumbered at the bottom of a well, you may see it sleeping in those large trustful eyes. I will wish them all good-by, and go out to the moorland and build my fairy palace, and she, you may be sure, shall be my princess; and whenever she opens her mouth, nothing but the diamonds of love and the rubies of wisdom shall come out of it, and no one shall look upon her face without blessing her.

"Bow wow! tow row row!" That comes of woolgathering! Here is Skye lying outside the door, and I have trod on his tail. The finest Skye terriers are always to be found at a country parsonage. No one ever thinks of going to the Isle of Skye for them now, and, as a matter of fact, I believe the race is extinct there. But send to your nearest clerical Will Wimble when you want one, and he can generally let you have a puppy that would be invaluable in Bond Street.

Here, too, comes the Vicar's son. He is just down from Rugby, his father believing, with me, that there is no school like it for good sober work. His elder brother fell at Inkerman, when the great sorrow of their lives came upon the quiet parsonage. As it is, Master Charles has rather an enviable home. His father and mother doat on him, and (what you would think better still) those three girls pet and spoil him all day long. He is to take orders, and doubtless in the course of time the squire will present him to the old parsonage.

The country parsonage is thus the very type of domestic happiness. But dark days visit it at length, darker days, in proportion to its greater happiness, than fall upon the widow and the fatherless in the other callings of life. The old familiar passing bell rings once more; but this time it is for the parson himself, and another must take the funeral, and those who were dearest to him must turn out and find a new home. Then, too, but too often, the widow and family feel the pangs of poverty all the more keenly from their previous abundance. But meanwhile another Vicar succeeds, and another bride comes to the old house, and a fresh circle surrounds the hearth. "So runs the round of life from day to day." Not even the country parsonage is exempt from change and disappointment and death. M.

WHALING AT THE CAPE DE VERDES.

I LIVE in a group of islands on the coast of Africa, between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. The monotony of our every-day life is sometimes broken by incidents that cause more or less excitement and interest amongst our not very extensive community of Europeans,—such as the arrival of the mail steamers and the receipt of news from home, which is no slight pleasure to Englishmen living abroad. Sometimes we are visited by Uncle Sam's vessels-of-war, with inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Confederate cruisers; once we were favoured by a flying visit from a Confederate cruiser, who made an appearance one fine morning in our offing, but as we had a Northerner at anchor in our harbour at the time, the would-be visitor merely peeped at us from the offing, and then showed us her stern as she stood away again to sea. We are not so far off the coast but that at times we hear some news of our ebony-coloured brethren, of battles round and about the European settlements, between them and the Europeans; and we occasionally see curious things, the handiwork of our black brethren. Now and then we are visited by travellers who have lived much amongst the negroes, and have gone out in quest of the gorilla; we have even seen a skull said to have once been the property of a real living specimen of that tribe. We have heard curious stories about extraordinary slaving expeditions, the capture of slaving vessels with their human freights through the vigilance of Her Majesty's ships; but as my notes relate principally to a certain whaling expedition in which I once took a part, I will proceed to give some account of it.

It was what we should term in England a fine summer's day; the thermometer stood at

about 80° in the shade, a moderate breeze blew over the red-coloured land and blue-coloured waters of our fine bay. I had finished my breakfast, and was looking out from our verandah on the bay with its dazzling sandy beach which extends round its border, when I noticed much bustle and confusion upon the landing-places. Directly afterwards several boats laden with natives put off into the bay, rowing with more energy than is customary amongst them, for at the best they are on most occasions the reverse of energetic. Away they pulled, and in a direct course for the leeward side of our bay, instead of following the usual track pursued by boats going off to ships moored in the harbour. My curiosity was raised to a high pitch to know the cause of so much confusion, but the mystery was explained when away to leeward I perceived, floating very placidly on the surface of the water, an immense long black-coloured object, which I at once knew to be a whale, from having seen them playing with their young, or "calves," as they are called, during the visits which they make to our waters during the breeding season between January and July. Presently I saw the foremost boat had reached the whale, which we conjectured was either dead or disabled from allowing a boat to approach so near without appearing to move. On looking again through my glass, I noticed that the boat was actually made fast to the monster, and that several other boats which had reached the scene of action had fastened on to the first boat, and that the whole *cortège* was now proceeding at a very slow, funeral-like pace through the water, with the poor whale in tow.

I proceeded to the landing-place, and not being able to resist the temptation of joining in what offered to be an exciting excursion, I jumped into a boat that then happened to be leaving for the general rendezvous. On reaching the scene of action, I found that the whale was wounded badly in two or three places, and that in its side was sticking a harpoon. The boats were now being towed along after the whale, being made fast to it by the piece of line joined to the harpoon in its side. The whale was about sixty feet long and was much exhausted, and its tail quite *hors de combat*. The boats continued to arrive from the shore and from the ships in the harbour, until about fifteen to eighteen were assembled round the whale, who continued to behave most unoffendingly; we formed a motley throng, and as I looked over the assemblage, I noticed that we were composed of Englishmen, Americans, Portuguese, Germans, and our natives, making up together quite a Babel of languages. Soon a grand attack was commenced, the whale

began to move along slowly as the boats closed around on all sides. Crowbars, boat-hooks, long knives, and a hatchet formed our arms, and away we hacked and slashed, cutting holes in the body, and then inserting the crowbars and working them to open and deepen the holes thus formed. The whale appeared to take but little notice of our doings, and after taking two or three turns in the shallow water of the anchorage ground of the bay, made off fairly to sea, moving along rather faster, at about three or four miles an hour. Most of the boats now fastened on, one after the other, in order not to have so much rowing to do, whilst two of the natives mounted on the whale's back to work away with the knives. But they were doomed not to ride far, for the whale now gave a plunge and dived down; the natives' hats were first seen floating, and then as soon as the owners rose to the surface, they were rescued by the boats around. Soon afterwards up came the whale itself, and spouted out a column of water, that rose to about the height of ten or twelve feet, and happened to be blown over a boat containing two German captains, who were much disgusted with the unpleasant odour of the water.

We were now fast approaching the mouth of the bay; the sea began to roughen, and we began to think of our return. However, on we went, the natives crying out now and again that the whale would soon give in. Once or twice it dived down, and as whales are known to go down and remain swimming under water, when well, for as long a time as a quarter of an hour, frequently when harpooned by the whalers, considerable apprehension was manifested and knives were ready to cut the short rope attached to the first boat, in case our whale should have an idea of making a prolonged stay below, but it appeared unable to stay a long time; probably from exhaustion, its stay did not exceed half a minute, the longest time that it was under water. An Englishman in one of the boats inserted an oar down its mouth as it swam along, in a vain attempt to reach its throat, and so to despatch it; but the whale proceeded ahead, not appearing to notice this movement. On we advanced, the whale appearing not to be any nearer its dissolution in consequence of our grand combined attack on it: we were now about three miles from the landing-place. Several boats now returned to shore, others remained and continued the chase. The sea, being now much higher, caused some of us to become better acquainted with it, by occasionally sending the crest of a wave into our boat.

Our attempts at cutting and hacking the whale were now principally given up, through

the sea running so high as not to allow of much execution being done, the people still insisting that the whale would not live much longer. We, the lookers on, were now anxiously hoping that it might soon die, as we had no desire of proceeding for an indefinite period to sea. Just at this moment a whaling boat hove in sight, which was a source of satisfaction to us. After a quarter of an hour or so the whale-boat had reached us, and now commenced a parley between the whalers (who were Americans) and the natives. The whalers offering to kill the whale, and after having boiled up the blubber to give five barrels of oil to the natives; the natives held out for more, and the whalers refused to give more, until the whalers, seeing that the whale would not be killed by the natives according to the plan pursued by them, under another twenty-four hours, when it would probably be some eighty miles away, and also there being only two natives' boats left in charge of it, they decided to kill it, which they did most summarily. In went the long lances wielded by powerful men; then the whale spouted a high stream of blood once or twice, and the whalers soon became the victors. The natives returned to shore, and the whale-boat towed away their prize to their vessel, which awaited them off the coast of our island in a small bay. Now commenced our return to shore, which was to windward of us; we had all to take a turn at the oars, for our men were fagged. Those of us not accustomed to rowing fared badly, and were able to show on arrival evident proofs, in the shape of blisters on the hands and drenched garments, that we had formed part of the expedition: we arrived ashore safely without any mishap.

We afterwards heard from the master of the whaling vessel, that the harpoon that was found sticking in the whale, bore on it the inscription of a whaling vessel that was engaged in fishing for whales at an island some sixty miles off, consequently our whale must have traversed that distance (and more, for probably it did not come direct) before its arrival in our bay. We also heard that it yielded only 22 barrels, or 1100 gallons, instead of about 50 barrels, which it would probably have yielded, had it been freshly captured and in good health, instead of being badly wounded and sick.

The whale was one of a species called by the whalers, Humpbacks, and sometimes Blackfish, and yield, on the average, about 40 or 50 barrels, or 2000 to 2500 gallons per every full-grown fish. More cows (or female whales) are caught than bulls (or male whales), from the fact that the cows are more frequently met with near land than the bulls, as they frequent bays and inlets, and the coast generally, to

play with their calves (or young); and the whalers, making an island or other similar place a rendezvous, find it easier to harpoon them in smooth water than in rough water, or where there is a heavy sea running.

The plan generally adopted by the whalers in harpooning the whales in our waters, which is during the breeding season, is thus: when the whales, which principally come in "schools" of from two to six, are playing with their young in the smooth waters of some bay or inlet, to approach them from the leeward side, so that they may not so readily notice them approaching, and upon getting near enough, to harpoon the calf, as the mother will never desert it whilst she is alive; then, when fast unto it, and following, on the first opportunity that the cow or mother shows itself in a favourable position, with the highest part of its back called the hump visible above water, to "let drive" the harpoon, and then, after harpooning her, to let go the calf, in order not to kill it, as, whilst it lives, the cow is less troublesome to catch. On the other hand, supposing the calf has been struck and the harpoon enters some vital part and it dies, the cow becomes very furious, and gives a great deal of trouble to capture, diving deep and rushing in different directions, and frequently even making attempts to destroy the boats, and often parting the harpoon line by her struggles and getting clear off; but whilst her young is alive her whole care is for it, consequently rendering her capture much easier to effect. The whalers even say that the mother frequently carries its young on its back, when the latter are harpooned and being chased by the whale-boat, though how they contrive to accomplish this I cannot imagine, considering that their sides are very slimy and slippery, as I know by experience.

E. J. M.

PICTURES.

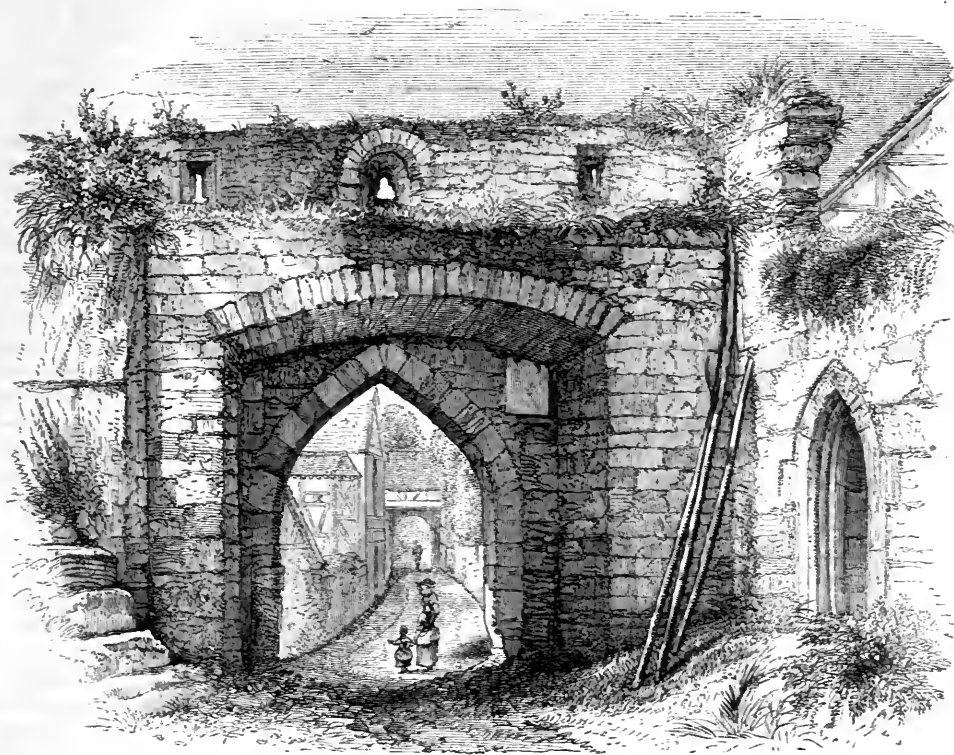
I.

A SILVER thread among the hills,
Gleaming down the hollows:
A babbling brook among the fells,
In sunny pools and shallows:
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
In the land of the fruitful West:
A river rolling to the main,
Bearing navies on its breast:
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores.

II.

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
In its mother's bosom fondled:
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
On his father's proud knees dandled:
A youth in learning's eager chase,
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurl'd:
A man with anxious careworn face,
Bent 'neath the load of the world:
And Death's great sea with its silent shores. J. K. B.

THE ODENWALD AND LINDENFELS.



Gate at Lindenfels.

THE hilly district called the Odenwald has somewhat the shape of a heart on the map,—not a conventional, but a real heart. Its northern slopes begin just south of Darmstadt on the west, and Aschaffenburg on the east. The Main accompanies them to the latter town from Miltenberg; from Miltenberg to Eberbach on the Neckar the boundary line is rather indefinite. The lower point of the heart is at the town of Heidelberg. From Heidelberg to Darmstadt the western edge of the Odenwald is called the Bergstrasse, from the top of whose summits, especially from the Melibocus, fine views are obtained over the valley of the Middle Rhine. Geologically as well as geographically the district stands apart. It is primary in its composition. Its hills are true mountains in miniature, like those of the Palatinate, unlike the equally high sandstone heights of the Spessart, from which it is divided by the Main. It is uncertain whether its people are of Frankish or Alemannian origin, the stock was probably mixed, as the country lies on the border of those races. The greater

part of it is in Grand Ducal Hesse, the southern point only is Baden. The religion of the peasantry is partly Roman Catholic, partly Protestant, the women of the latter persuasion wearing white caps for the back hair, while the Romanists wear black. It is mostly a wild, rough country, covered with trees, in the Bergstrasse deciduous, and farther back, evergreen. But the woods have ceased to be imposing, from the excessively scientific culture of the forests; and from the dryness of the soil, there is a want of that beautiful undergrowth which furnishes artists with foregrounds, and which is only to be had in a well-soaked country like Wales. The streams, it may be added, like the fabulous Styx, are large enough to swear by, but no larger. The principal members of the fauna are deer, red, fallow, and roe; wild cats, foxes, and badgers, great enemies of the vineyards on the Bergstrasse; wolves have been heard of, but they seem to be stray specimens from forests in Franconia. The Odenwald was included in

the Roman "limes transrhenanus," as the Romans found the continuous heights over the Main to possess advantages for defence. Many Roman antiquities have been found in it, and it abounds with mediæval ruins. It appears still to be disputed whether the name was derived from that of the great Teutonic god, or from some early settler called Odo or Otto. The latter derivation is favoured by the fact that, in an old record of the date of 624, it is spelt Otenwald. Of all the towns in the Odenwald, the most beautifully situated, as well as remarkable in other ways, is Lindenfels.

In the long Fahrgasse of Frankfort-on-the-Main there is a tavern famous for Bavarian beer, bearing the name of "At the Lindenfels." Curiosity as to the meaning of the name induced inquiries as to the place, and on wishing to ascertain the best route to reach the Linden Rock, I found that other objects of interest might be seen on the way, viz. : the Felsenmeer, the so-called Giant Column, and the "Altar."*

The railway station most convenient for this excursion is that of Zwingenberg on the Main-Neckar line. Zwingenberg is a quaint old fortified village at the foot of the Melibocus hill, which stands out over the flat Rhine plain like a marine headland. The Neckar is said to have once flowed to its foot and then to have turned round into the Rhine, whereas at present, in consequence of the Romans having cut a canal, it joins the greater river at Mannheim. The name Melibocus is a barbarous Latin version of Malchen, another village near the foot of the hill. The height, which is tolerably steep, is easily climbed by a winding path in the woods, and the top is crowned by a tower of wood, which was put up in 1772, and from which the view ranges from the Taunus mountains to the Vosges near Strasburg.

From the back of Melibocus a path winds through the woods to the top of the Felsberg, which is a hill 1546 feet high, with a forester's house at the top, where entertainment is to be had, as it is, in fact, on most German mountain-tops of reasonable height. Just below the summit of this hill, on the slope in the direction of Lindenfels, are scattered large masses or boulders of syenitic rock; most of these are in their natural state, but two of them have received artificially very remarkable forms. The so-called Giant Column is a block of syenite 31 feet 8 inches long, 4 feet 6 inches in diameter at the lower end, and 3 feet 10 inches above. There is a story that it was once 11 feet longer, and that the

piece torn away is somewhere in a village at the foot of the Felsberg. At the upper end of the pillar there is a depression about six inches long, of the form of a half-moon, which some local antiquaries have attributed to its connection with the goddess of the moon of the ancient Germans. Some suppose it was one of the Irwin pillars, some that it was part of a work begun by Constantine, and intended for a palace at Trèves. Others say that it was probably the commencement of a Roman column, part of a work interrupted by an Alemannian irruption in the reign of Commodus. No certainty appears to attach to any of these theories, but its great similarity to the Roman columns lying in the wood near Klein-Heubach on the Main seems to point to some interrupted Roman work. A little above it lies the so-called Giant Altar, a piece of rock of cubical form, 14 feet across and along, and five feet thick. On its surface are two lines, apparently cut with a saw, one somewhat deeper than the other, its edges are levelled and notched; two other pieces are said to have been sawn off, each 2 feet in cubic measure. Some think that this stone was intended as a base for the great pillar, but it appears far too large in proportion. It has not the least resemblance to Celtic stone altars found elsewhere, but has a thoroughly Roman look in the regularity and distinctness of its cuttings. The most probable hypothesis with regard to both these monuments is, that the Romans had found out the fine crop of stone blocks with which the Felsberg was covered, and were preparing to utilise it, when they were evidently interrupted. Not far below is the great Felsenmeer, or Sea of Rocks. There are four or five other lesser Felsenmeers in the folds of the same mountain. The largest occupies several acres of sloping ground, and consists of vast blocks, piled one on another in strange confusion, of syenite, grey in shade and purple in the sun, the more conspicuous because all the rest of the slope is covered with wood. On passing down the midst of the chaos, which one cannot do without climbing some of the blocks, the gurgling of an underground stream is heard. The phenomenon is difficult to account for geologically. Perhaps the mountain was once considerably higher, its top became disintegrated by the action of the elements, especially by frost, and, the crystalline rock separating by the natural fissures, these huge blocks tumbled over into the folds of the slope. The effects of similar disintegration may be seen on some of the Welsh mountains, and very strikingly on the Glyder Vawr, a neighbour of Snowdon. From the bottom of the Felsberg devious tracks through villages in

* See Vol. VIII., p. 277, "Up the Moselle," Part I.

pretty hollows, watered by small brooks, will lead into the highway, which passes the Height of the Nine Churches, and then skirts another long mountain up to the town of Lindenfels, which is seen a long time before it is arrived at, from the fact that the road, which climbs by a very gradual ascent, has to wind round the heads of an infinity of deep gullies.

The situation of Lindenfels, crowning a bold shoulder of the mountain, and commanding an immense and varied view, strongly resembles that of Cronberg in the Taunus, and both bring to mind those hill-towns which are predominant features in the Italian landscape. The beauty of Lindenfels as seen from a distance is equalled by the picturesqueness of detail when the old town is entered. It is full of bits of ruined towers and walls, and curious old houses dilapidated into artistic studies of colour and form, and the summit is covered by the extensive *débris* of the castle, of which little however is left besides the ruined keep and main gate, though what remains is enough to show that the loss has been great.

The site of the castle is said to be 1700 feet above the sea-level. It is generally believed that it originated in a Roman castrum. The Romans appear to have penetrated into the Odenwald from the Main near Obernburg, and from the Neckar near Eberbach, about the time of Hadrian, A.D. 120. Their great line of fortifications in this country was held by the twenty-second legion, which had previously been engaged in the siege of Jerusalem. It would have been strange had they neglected to take possession of the most favourable spots which would serve as connecting links between this fortified line and their settlements about the Bergstrasse and Rhine Valley.

There are unmistakeable signs of Roman encampments on many other isolated spots in the Odenwald, for example, the Breuberg. This part of the country afterwards fell into the hands of the German tribe of the Alemanni, and then of the Burgundian princes who ruled at Worms. The struggle appears to have continued long and with varying fortune, for Romans are heard of in the Odenwald as late as A.D. 357, but not after 374. The Franks, who came from the north, were the next possessors of this country, having, under their king, Clodwig or Clovis, won a decisive victory at Zülpich in the year 496.

The Franks then formed the nobility, the "freemen," as their name denotes, and the subject Alemannians the class of serfs or soil-bound husbandmen. Until the year 773, Lindenfels was a fief of the Frankish kings, when it fell to the Abbey of Lorsch. The absence of any record of the present castle

being built under the Frankish kings seems to imply that it was of later date. The name of one Bertolf or Berthold as Count of Lindenfels appears in the year 1123; this Berthold appears to have sprung from the Wertheim branch of the Salic Conradin race. Afterwards Lindenfels appears to have passed into the hands of the Count Palatine Conrad of Hohenstanfen, brother of the Emperor Frederick I. of Suabia, and it remained henceforth a possession of the Counts Palatine of the Rhine. The castle became under Ludwig II. one of the finest in Germany, and the town itself was included with the castle by strong and extensive works. The town was inhabited solely by people of noble birth, who were few in number; hence arose the ambiguous saying, that "in the town dwell but few honourable people." The history of the castle seems to have been an unusually peaceful one; it probably escaped sieges from lying so much out of the active world. In the Thirty Years' War, however, when the Palatinate was swept over by tides of invasion, Lindenfels appears to have sustained an unsuccessful siege from the Spaniards, who, according to the story, were induced to abandon the leaguer from being deceived as to the resources of the besieged. As a goose saved the Roman Capitol from the Gauls, so Lindenfels owed its safety to a pig; the only pig that remained was made to squeak every day so violently, that the besieged believed a new one was being constantly killed. Later, however, Lindenfels appears to have fallen into the hands of the Imperialists, and when the Swedes came in the year 1631 it had had its share of the miseries of war, as appears from the fact that the list of the free burgesses was reduced from 50 or 60 to 10. It shared the subsequent distresses of the Palatinate under French occupation, which were increased by the acrimony of religious squabbles, but the walls stood intact until Lindenfels became worthless as a fortress through the growing use of cannon. In the year 1798, the castle was sold by auction for its materials, by orders of one Mack, the Amtsverwalter or steward of the district. To the same man is due the destruction of the venerable linden tree from which the place derives its name: he gave it to be sawn into planks to the saw-miller at Ellenbach; but it is related that all the saws were spoiled in the work, in consequence of the quantity of nails that the wood contained, which soldiers had driven into the tree for the purpose of tethering their horses while they cleaned them. The Lindenfels of the present day is a quaint little town of some 800 inhabitants, and, in fact, does not seem to have room for many more. On leaving it, we

sink into a deep gorge and take the road over Fürth, through the pretty village of Schönberg, to Bensheim; but the better way follows the valley of the Weschnitz, which narrows in places into a rocky gorge, down to Weinheim and the Bergstrasse railroad. It may be remarked that Weinheim does not take its name from wine, as would naturally be supposed, as it was anciently written differently. Some say it is a corruption from Wonneheim, "the home of joy;" and certainly it is decidedly a pretty place, possessing a respectable trout-stream in the Weschnitz, whereas all the other places in the neighbourhood which are resorted to by summer visitants have no running waters worthy of the name; and a landscape without water is like the eyeless statue,—it has form, but no intelligence.

G. C. SWAYNE.

A NORTHERN WEDDING.

THE farm of Carn-sliosach is placed in the centre of the bleakest portion of the bleak island of Islay. Along its shores Islay possesses considerable tracts of cultivated and productive land, but here there is little else than morass, broken by rocky eminences occasionally rising into hills. So comparatively useless are these tracts of low-lying and undrained moor, that in some places the farmer is allowed a free lease for five years of whatever he takes the trouble to reclaim.

Carn-sliosach is bounded on the north, south, east, and west by moors, and was originally part of a moor itself. A more miserable, dirty, yet picturesque, old farm-house it is impossible to conceive; built of roughly-hewn stones, with the least possible quantity of lime between, and thatched so loosely with straw that along the roof are several straw ropes to keep the house-covering from being blown off, these ropes having at their extremity a large stone by way of fastening, which pendulous and dangerous ornaments go all round the building. Inside, the chief apartment is, of course, the kitchen, divided into two portions, one end serving the purpose of a cow-house, the other containing a bed, an old wooden table, several rickety stools, and in centre of the open space, the fire-place. Chimney there is none; a hole in the roof allows the peat-smoke to escape—when the peat-smoke is so inclined.

But there is a room at Carn-sliosach—a museum! Into this small apartment are crammed the luxuries of the farm—the peacock's feather brushes, the East Indian shells, the engravings representing David with the head of Goliath in his hand, and Jonah being pitched into the sea; the old eight-day clock,

which has long ago rusted itself into disuse in this inclement region; with all the various natural and artificial curiosities which please the fancy or gratify the wonder of these simple Highlanders. In this cabinet of treasures slept Duncan Stewart's only daughter until the day of her departure for the cold and distant Carraig-dubh; which ceremony forms the subject of the present paper.

Helen Stewart was lithe and graceful in appearance, with a bright, intelligent face, dark blue eyes, and raven-black hair. She was to be married to the son of a small farmer in the north-western portion of the island, and the first definite intimation of the approaching ceremony which we received was the arrival of two large jars of whisky, sent hither by the bridegroom's father; for, as it turned out, no marriage can be properly solemnised without being preceded by the "bottling-night,"—an evening set apart for the purpose of bringing together all the friends of the bride and bridegroom to test their respective capacities for whisky drinking.

Towards the afternoon Duncan Stewart himself, with his three sons, Donald, John, and Colin, came in from their farm work and proceeded to prepare the kitchen. The cows were accommodated in a neighbouring barn, the place cleaned out, all the stools, chairs, and forms that could be laid hold of were forthwith arranged in tiers, and a large number of glasses had been got on loan from the village of Bowmore. At night-fall the men arrived, one by one on foot, many of them sorely tired with a long journey after their day's labour had been finished. Gradually the seats began to be occupied, and the hum of discordant Gaelic waxed louder and stronger as friend met friend or enemy met enemy. Then began the business of the evening. Duncan Stewart brought out one of his own bottles and sent it round the company, each man filling his glass as far as the bottle went. Then Duncan—a tall, spare man, with keen, weather-beaten face, and dark piercing eyes, rose to his feet, and in a speech of nervous and disjointed Gaelic proposed the health of the bridegroom and all the bridegroom's friends. The toast was responded to by the bridegroom's father, who also made the most complimentary allusions to his son's future wife, after which they all sat down to the serious duty of drinking each other's health, which is done in this wise. Pouring out a glass of whisky, you take it in your left hand and make your way round the tables to every man you know or recognise. You shake him by the hand, wish him "*deoch-slainge*," and toss off the liquor. Then you fill your glass and wait being so called upon in return, for no man

will drink his glass until he has shaken hands with you and seen you do likewise.

Women are not supposed to honour the convivialities of this evening with their presence, but there was a loud and universal call for the beauty of Carn-sliosach, and in a few minutes there came out from the room Helen Stewart, blushing and smiling as unaffectedly as a Highland maiden always blushes and smiles. She passed along the tables and shook hands with all her friends and acquaintances. One man sprang up and attempted to kiss her : in an instant his neighbour on the other side of the narrow table felled him to the ground. A serious altercation was likely to ensue, but the respective friends of each combatant summarily seized their man by the neck, and bound him over to keep the peace in much guttural and vehement Gaelic. Helen returned to her room ; the drinking went on without interruption till dawn began to steal into the apartment about four o'clock. Then the men, appearing to shake off the effects of the night's debauch in an almost miraculous manner, severally walked out and departed for their own farms, there to begin their day's work.

Three days after, and a beautiful August morning breaks over Carn-sliosach. Duncan Stewart's three stalwart sons are early up and out over the farm, setting all things to rights preparatory to the great event of the day. The old man is now at the door of the house, with his two shepherd-collies at his heels. "As mo-shealladh !" he cries, and in an instant the dogs have darted from him, have crossed a small stream, sprung up the bank, and are away over a clover field. Duncan's keen eye follows them as they grow less and less in the distance. "Air falbh thu !" rings his voice again, and though the dogs are nigh out of sight they change their course and sweep round the base of the hill. The sheep have ceased to crop the scanty herbage, and now stand with heads all turned one way watching the approach of the wiry-limbed animals. Now the dogs are on the farther side, you hear the faint sound of the warning bark and see the moving mass of grey wool slowly leaving the hill-side. "Shocair ! air do shocair ! Good, dogs, good !" for there come the whole troop of sheep trotting across the clover field, through the stream and into this field of grass. The dogs watch, with ears erect, for the slightest sign or sound from their master. He raises his hand, and they at once come submissively to his heel.

As the day wears on, the friends of the bride assemble, coming from every direction in all their holiday finery,—the men with pea-green coats and brass buttons ; the women with wonderful bonnets and gorgeous shawls, the

latter for the most part of foreign manufacture and of quite dazzling colour. Those men who are not so prosperous as to be owners of a Sunday suit of broad-cloth have at all events a suit of home-made coarse grey woollen stuff, which is held in equal veneration, and this suit they have donned for the occasion. Finally come a couple of pipers, skirling on their hideous instruments as they approach the farm. The party having been arranged in couples, we set out on our journey across the moors, these pipers leading the way and startling the lonely pewits with their alarming din.

After a few hours' walking we come in sight of the blue waters of Loch Indaal, with the inn of Bridgend nestled among the trees at the foot of the hill, while, as luck will have it, at this moment arrives the magnificent cavalcade of the bridegroom's friends, also preceded by two pipers. Into the inn flow both streams of people, occupying and almost filling the chief room of the place, while the indescribable clamour and discord of two or three bagpipes' simultaneously playing in vain seek to drown the vehement conversation that ensues. In the midst of this uproar the "minister" walks into the room, and presently there is not a whisper to be heard. The good man's time, it seems, is precious ; wherefore a little circle is immediately formed at one end of the apartment ; Helen Stewart, with her rosy-cheeked bridemaids, is led into this open space ; the bridegroom, with one or two Carraig-dubh friends, likewise comes forward, and the ceremony begins. The minister prays in Gaelic ; gives a short address to the pair before him, also in Gaelic ; declares them man and wife, likewise in Gaelic ; and finally kisses the bride, which, too, is possibly a Gaelic custom. Then Duncan Stewart comes forward, bottle in hand, and offers the minister his *deoch-slainge*. The old man tastes the liquor in acknowledgment of the courtesy, gives the people a parting benediction, of course in Gaelic, and departs.

No sooner is he gone than Colin Stewart, with one spring, bounds upon the nearest table, and proceeds to tune his violin as a signal, whereupon those who are not inclined to dance move towards the wall or towards the door, while in the centre of the room are being formed couples for the performance of infuriated Highland reels. The girls toss off their bonnets and shawls and set to work with a will. Upon the celebrity which they may that day gain may rest their chance of a prospective husband, for your Highland peasant, in choosing a wife, does not always seek her who will be his best farm-servant, as has been laid to his charge. Donald can admire grace and suppleness, and so forth ; and if he does not require that his wife should

be able to perform upon the piano, it is possibly for the reason that he has no piano upon which she could perform.

The most imposing part of the day's celebration, however, was to come. Having indulged in reel dancing, pipe playing, and whisky drinking almost to satiety, both parties, joined into one, proceeded in the gathering twilight to wend their way towards the farm of Carn-sliosach. Immediately behind the pipers came Helen Stewart—now Mrs. M'Alister of Carraig-dubh—with her young husband; then came Duncan Stewart and old Mr. and Mrs. M'Alister; while in their wake stretched out a long line of friends, coupled as their taste or friendship suggested. A sore and perplexing journey it was as nightfall came down upon them, for over those wild Highland moors was no footpath or even shadow of a footpath; so each man and woman, young man and maiden, had to stumble on through the darkness, picking for himself or herself what piece of ground seemed in the gloom to be most trustworthy footing.

But at length we heard the barking of the Carn-sliosach dogs, and presently our troubles ceased, for no sooner had we arrived than we were ushered into a large barn, lit up by great chandeliers composed of long pieces of wood radiating from a common centre, at the apex of which pieces was placed a candle. Then along the barn were arranged a series of narrow tables with forms on either side. Without more ado the girls once more threw aside their shawls and bonnets, and sat down to await supper.

First came soup, served out in large trenchers, and so thick that one could almost have cut it with a knife; black, likewise, it was, and excessively unpleasant in odour; while the manner of its preparation was not exciting to the appetite, as the greasy mixture had been obtained by boiling from forty to fifty fowls in those large iron boilers used on other occasions to prepare food for the cattle. However, the soup was taken away, and in its stead we had the fowls themselves. The rapacity with which some of the men seized upon these unlucky birds was something to make one shudder. A piper who adorned the head of one of the tables with his presence, scorning carving, laid hold of one of the fowls, and, deliberately tearing it in halves with his unwashed and snuff-covered fingers, proceeded to eat the one half while placing the other on the present writer's plate. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that objection was taken to a sauce composed of snuff and whisky.

All parties seemed to enjoy this more profuse than select supper immensely; and as the clatter

of knives and forks died down, trays containing oatmeal cakes and cheese, with supplies of clean glasses, were handed round. In a short time, however, the younger members of the company began to manifest signs of impatience, and as one of the pipers struck up the "Earl of Gordon's Strathspey," it was taken as a signal that dancing should be resumed. Presently the long table and forms were denuded of their white coverings and carried out to the side of the stream, while inside, young M'Alister and his blooming bride proceeded to lead off the first dance. The wild, hilarious merriment which followed altogether eclipsed the mild performances of the "bottling-night." Several couples insisted on dancing outside on the green sward in front of the farm, and bore off with them two of the pipers. The older men, with those who were not dancing, retired into corners for the more comfortable enjoyment of their Lagavulin. Then we had speeches and toasts, and songs, native and foreign. One song seemed to be a special favourite, as at least three men persisted in singing it, the one after the other. The following is a translation of the opening lines, certainly not intrinsically brilliant:—

O, will you be married, Maggie?
O, will ye take a man?
O, will ye be married, Maggie?
Will ye take a husband?
He lives in Kilchiron,
His name it is Red William,
His legs are as two crooked sticks,
But he lies in bed sick of love; &c.

These various amusements continued till morning, when the people separated to resume their ordinary avocations. But the following night they returned, and again the same orgies took place; nay, for a week was there constant drinking, dancing, and singing at Carn-sliosach, while, strange to say, the farm work seemed to be not in the least impeded. How any human beings can so tax themselves night and day, and survive it, is more than we Lowlanders can understand; certainly they did so, and seemed to take the greatest pride and pleasure in their laborious merrymakings.

W. BLACK.

THE FETTERS OF A GERMAN.

IN a recent number* I gave some account of the efforts which the German handicraftsman has made to help himself, I propose now to describe in some detail the impediments, briefly alluded to then, which the all-embracing forethought of paternal governments and the jealous vigilance of monopolising guilds inter-

* See Vol. x., p. 437.

pose, not only to prevent this poor handicraftsman from earning his livelihood, but to hinder industrial enterprise in all its forms. I shall depict a system, or rather a chaos, which happily has no counterpart anywhere in the world, of which the Germans themselves have long been ashamed, and are now labouring in good earnest to relieve themselves. Premising that some partial reforms have been made in several states within the last three years, I shall speak in the present tense of the industrial organisation of Germany as it existed in 1860; and the description, I am sorry to say, for all the reforms, will hold but too good for 1864.

The German vows that his Fatherland extends wherever the German tongue sounds; and the assertion, in a sentimental sense, true for all, may be practically so for those few happy persons who have no need to work, enjoy comfortable incomes from government securities, have given no hostages to fortune by encumbering themselves with a family, and have satisfied all the claims upon them for military service; but for the German who has to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, who, yet in the vigour of life, is liable to be called upon for service in the reserve, or has sons growing up to the age when the army claims them,—for the immense majority of the German nation Fatherland is practically limited to the state in which they are born; in all the other states of the Confederation they are as much foreigners as Englishmen or Frenchmen, and very much more foreigners than they find themselves in France or England. They may be among men of their own race, of their own habits and sympathies, men who speak the same language, pursue the same pleasures, and cherish the same political aspirations, but they are strangers for whom no place can be found, save as temporary sojourners. Only by hardly purchased grace and favour are they permitted to exercise, in the larger and more promising field they have sought, their talents or dexterity; and even when that privilege is granted, they remain in most states politically pariahs. But the German handicraftsman, tradesman, or professional man is not only a foreigner obtaining with extreme difficulty the privilege of earning his livelihood in another state, although he may have been born on its very borders, nay, in a little *enclave* which it quite surrounds, he is a foreigner in the villages and towns of his own state, gaining, with no small trouble, the permission to settle in them; and, worse still, he cannot even seek to earn his bread in the parish in which he has been born, without the permission of a guild or of the government, a permission in both instances to be purchased only by the fulfilment of a long

apprenticeship, of years of tramping as a journeyman, of proofs of dexterity in his trade and irreproachable character, by a wearying canvass and many costs, and not secured even when all these formalities have been accomplished, and the bitter round of services and compliances has been gone through. The guild has to be convinced that he will not be a dangerous competitor, or must be won by influences of some kind. The government, when the decision rests with it, must usually be satisfied that the wants of the locality justify his establishment, that there is business enough to give the new comer a livelihood without diminishing that enjoyed by any already established masters in the same trade.

Before I speak of the restrictions upon the freedom of work, let me briefly describe those upon freedom of locomotion. In the parish or commune in which a German is born he is allowed to have the right to dwell; the gates of every other, be it the nearest village, are shut against him more or less rigidly. To reside in another place than that which we may call his settlement, the German must obtain a special authorisation from the communal or police authorities: a permission usually obtained without much difficulty by natives of the same state; but to foreigners—by which word the reader will be good enough always to understand Germans who are natives of other states—only accorded with great difficulty, inasmuch as it must be preceded by an examination into their character and means, is often conditional upon reciprocity, and can only be given by the government. This permission, however, when obtained, gives no right to carry on even those few trades which are free from the fetters of the guilds and the government; and, whilst persons who have not this permission can be expelled the town at any time and without any cause being assigned, even those who have it may be driven away, no matter how long they may have lived there, if they become bankrupt or dependent upon public charity, offend against public decency or morality, and in some states when it may seem to the local authorities “expedient for the public weal.” Before the new settler can enter into any business he must acquire the *Heimathsrecht* or settlement. The *Heimathsrecht*, however, confers no title to carry on a trade which requires the membership of a guild or a government concession, that is to say, nearly every trade. Its value lies in this, that the person possessing it cannot be driven away, and may hope, upon the fulfilment of certain legal conditions, for the speedy acquisition of the citizenship of the commune, *Gemeindebürgerrecht*, and citizenship of the state, *Staatsbürgerrecht*.

The conditions of local citizenship vary : usually the would-be acquirer has to show that his character is unimpeachable ; that he is possessed of a certain property after the payment of all his debts, varying in value from ten pounds to two hundred pounds, according to the size of the town,—the average amount would be nearly one hundred pounds : double the sum is required from foreigners,—and he has to pay a considerable *Einkaufsgeld*, or purchase-money. The satisfaction of all these requirements confers, however, usually no absolute right to the *Bürgerrecht* ; the communal authorities can grant it or not as they please, and in the case of foreigners their decision is final,—natives can usually appeal to some government tribunal. In some towns this local citizenship is divided into political and “real,” only those persons possessing the latter having a share in the property of the commune, and in the advantages of its use.

Next comes the State citizenship ; and the German has then really a country, and rights as a citizen of it. But at what an expenditure of time and money ? I quote from a German lawyer and statesman of repute a description of part of the process :—“When citizen O., of the German Federal state P., wishes to remove to the German Federal state N., in the parish of M., the following manipulation, when the legislation of the latter makes the acquisition of the *Bürgerrecht* necessary to enter into any business—as is invariably the case—has to take place. O. must apply to the parish of M. for this *Bürgerrecht*, supporting the application with certificates of character and other formal documents from the authorities of the town in which he has been residing. After his application has been examined and considered in the prescribed form, and not too quickly, if the result is satisfactory he receives an intimation that there is no obstacle to his admission as a citizen of the town of M., provided the government of N. will accord him the *Staatsbürgerrecht*. He has then to make his application to the government of N., and this application must also be supported by satisfactory evidence as to his character, and especially as to his means, and be accompanied by a certificate of the promise of the municipal authorities of M. This application is duly considered, and of course not *citissime*, and if all is right, the applicant receives the answer that in high quarters there is a disposition to accept O. as a citizen of N., if he can obtain his release from the citizenship of P. O. must then make an application to the authorities of P., supported by the decrees or answers he has received from N., for this release, which he only obtains, however, when his family by sex

or age are entirely free from the conscription, i.e., have satisfied all its requirements, or have no requirements to satisfy. Having obtained the decree releasing him, he must again apply with it to the government of M., and the town of N., for the *Bürgerrecht* they have intimated their readiness to grant him, and at last, after payment of stamps, fees, and entrance money, he obtains it. He has, however, only obtained a domicile ; what further difficulties he will yet have to surmount before he can enter into business, depend upon the industrial legislation of the particular state, which probably prescribes him a passion of even as many stages of suffering. Such is the course when a German will establish or transfer his domicile or business in Germany.” Of course, these laws are often violated. A Bavarian writer declares that, if in Bavaria the laws of settlement and marriage had been strictly enforced, the kingdom would already have been entirely depopulated ; but their operation is still most mischievous : they are the fruitful cause of poverty, immorality, and crime. The startling per-centage of illegitimate births, the vagabondage, and the emigration which robs Germany of its best workmen, are sad evidences of their efficacy ; not to check pauperism and prevent one parish from being overwhelmed with the destitute of another,—the object of their enactment and the reason they are still so earnestly defended,—but to depopulate the country and entail wide-spread misery. I should add that the Prussian legislation is much more liberal in this particular matter, so far as Prussian subjects only are concerned, than that of other German states.

These are the difficulties with which every German, be he day-labourer, handicraftsman, trader, or professional man, has to struggle. We come now to those which, existing from a long date in the monopoly of the guilds, or imposed later by the governments, are put in the way of the three latter. The mere unskilled labourer has nothing more to contend with than these laws of settlement, as I may term them ; and they, poor fellow—unless he chances to be born in a place where work is always plentiful—are more than he can permanently master.

Speaking broadly, it may be said that there is not a single handicraft, trade, or profession which does not require for its exercise the membership of a guild or the possession of a concession from the government, in one state or other of Germany ; that there is hardly a state in which all these handicrafts, trades, and professions are not in some one province or other fettered in the same way ; and, on the other hand, there are few states in which we

may not find small districts in which some trades and handicrafts are legally, although not practically, free. In many states one province is ruled by the guild, another by the concession system, and a third is a prey to a mixture of both. One town will be rigidly monopolised by the guilds, another, a few miles distant, will have no guilds, but be under the concession *régime*, a third, in the immediate vicinity, will have legally neither guilds nor concessions, and industry will be nominally free. This confusion arises partly from the frequent territorial changes, few, or rather none, of the present kingdoms, dukedoms, or principalities of Germany preserving the limits they had a hundred years ago. Slices have been carved off and compensation made in other directions, until almost all the thirty and odd German states are a complex of pieces which have owned different masters, and have been placed for centuries under different legislations. It arises partly from the sharp distinction originally drawn between town and country, a distinction still existing after the towns have become mere villages and many of the villages great towns; and more than anything it has arisen from the steady encroachments of the bureaucracy and the general acceptance of the principle that the government has to assume every power and accept the whole responsibility. It has come also in part from the French conquest of the wars of the revolution. The French abolished all guilds with the mass of privileges for themselves in 1789, and abolished them everywhere else when they took the government into their own hands. Whilst some small districts in the midst of countries where the old guild system has been revived in full force, retain, one can hardly tell how, the freedom given by the French dominion, two important provinces have preserved it in their full extent—the Palatinate belonging to Bavaria, and Rhenish Hesse, one of the provinces, well known to tourists, of Grand Ducal Hesse. The inhabitants of this Rhenish land know well the value of their industrial freedom, and so highly do they prize it that, when the Frankfort National Parliament proposed, in 1849, to enact a general industrial law for Germany, in which, as a matter of course—for socialistic theories were powerful—guilds would under a new organisation have been maintained, the inhabitants of the Palatinate gave it to be plainly understood that they would prefer separating from Germany and throwing in their lot with France, to the sacrifice of the freedom which had made them prosperous and happy. Luxembourg, belonging to Holland, is also free from guilds. In Prussia, where industrial freedom, one of the boons which Stein conferred,

obtained for forty years, it was destroyed in the reaction; since 1851 the guilds have been re-established, and the industrial legislation of this great kingdom is as absurd and injurious as in any of the small German states.

To be entitled then to attempt to earn his living other than as an unskilled labourer or a wholesale merchant, a German, having first acquired the *Bürgerrecht* of the town in which he desires to reside, must, in 999 cases out of 1000, obtain the mastership, *Meisterrecht*, from a guild, or have a concession from the government. Let us take the guilds first. To obtain the master-right, a man must have served the apprenticeship prescribed by the laws of the particular guild, or by an ordinance of the government, with a master of the guild in question. This apprenticeship, which in most states must not commence until the youth has been duly discharged from school, varies in length from three to seven years. At its termination the apprentice has usually to undergo an examination before masters of the guild appointed for the purpose, whose expenses he has to pay. If he passes it and pays the requisite fees, he is admitted a *Gesell*, or journeyman. The journeyman must work as such for a period varying from four to six years, during all which time he is prohibited from working on his own account, and usually from marrying. A certain portion of this time must be spent in "wandering," that is to say, in tramping about from one town to another working at his trade, and generally in "wandering" out of his native state. The would-be master must furnish satisfactory evidence that he has served his apprenticeship, has been admitted a journeyman, and performed all the duties attaching to that station, that he has attained a certain age, usually twenty-five, that he has satisfied the demands of the conscription, that his character is irreproachable, and usually that he possesses a certain property, the amount of which is sometimes determined by law, whilst in other cases it is left to the guild or the government to determine what sum is sufficient. These requisitions satisfied, he has to submit himself to an examination conducted by guildmasters, *i.e.*, rivals who fear his competition, alone where the guilds yet retain their independence, and where the government has taken them under its control by a commission formed of an official and two or more guildmasters as experts, or rather judges. He has further to produce a *Meisterstück*, or master-piece, for the preparation of which particular tools are sometimes prescribed, and these the candidate must procure at his own cost.

Let us assume that he knows his trade

thoroughly, produces an excellent piece of work, and has satisfied every other condition prescribed, he has not necessarily attained his end. In many cases the guildmasters have absolute authority to admit or reject, and so much the better workman he may be, so much the more likely are they to reject him, as a formidable rival. In that case he may have to remain a journeyman all his life, or may have to wander two or three years more, and then subject himself to another examination. But suppose him admitted, he has obtained, at a heavy cost, the right to exercise his handicraft and take apprentices within a certain small district, not for the whole province or state. There is no guild embracing a whole province or country, each small administrative district or parish has its separate guilds, admission to which confers no right to carry on the same trade at a few miles distance. Some legislations give an unlimited power of forming guilds. In Saxony a guild could be founded when three workmen united to form one, and it continued to exist and prevent the exercise of the handicraft or trade in the place of its establishment by new comers, so long as one member was left. Even if a trade was carried on in a place by three men, they could, without forming a guild, exclude any other trader from the place. The guilds are either open or closed, *i.e.*, those which admit any number of members, and those whose number is limited. When a man wishes to belong to a guild of the latter kind he must wait for the death of a member, and compete with many other candidates. In any case admission to the *Meisterrecht* will cost the workman a comparatively large sum. He has to pay his judges, he has to pay fees to the guild, in some instances stamp duties, and he must waste a great deal of time dancing attendance upon his examiners and the local authorities.

Often the admission to the guild is not sufficient to enable a man to exercise his trade, he must have a government concession also. The handicraftsmen in the country villages are not generally obliged to be members of a guild. They must obtain a government authorisation, which will be given upon proof of a duly-served apprenticeship and good character; they cannot take apprentices unless they have been themselves admitted members of a guild.

It would be impossible to give a complete list of the trades and handicrafts, the exercise of which in one state or other requires the membership of a guild; but the following enumeration will give some idea of the all-engrossing character of this monopoly:—Millers, bakers, butchers, brewers, confectioners, gun makers, embossers, brush makers, tinkers,

tinmen, glaziers, painters, carpenters, masons, bell founders, workers in gold and silver, tanners, shoemakers, tailors, sieve makers, soap boilers, parchment makers, gloves, purse makers, farriers, saddlers, trunk makers, upholsterers, joiners, locksmiths, bookbinders, rope makers, wig makers, hatters, clothiers, weavers, button makers, cabinet makers, wheelwrights, fringe makers, coopers, comb makers, pin makers, file cutlers, coppersmiths, gold beaters, watch makers, dyers, slaters and tilers, well diggers, chimney sweeps, builders, candle makers, cutlers, nail smiths, stocking makers, sugar bakers, spur makers, girdlers, potters, waggoners, skinner, and fishmongers. Now as the division between many of these trades is very slight, there are eternal squabbles amongst the guilds as to the right of making particular articles. One trade claims the manufacture as its own, and complains that another is interfering with its rights; and the authorities are sadly pestered with their sometimes intensely ludicrous contentions. In Saxony no less than seven guilds contended for the exclusive right of making skates; and in Frankfort there was a tremendous contest between the fishmongers and the fishermen about the sale of salmon, the correctional police-court at last determining that according to the guild articles only the trade in fresh-water fish belonged to the fishermen, who had nothing to do with sea fish, in which class it ranked salmon. The public, however, are the great sufferers by these absurd divisions. A builder, for instance, must employ for those parts of his work for which he has not a government concession, or does not possess the guild authorisation, men who do. He must send for master carpenters to put up his rough woodwork, master joiners for his doors and window-frames, master glaziers, master locksmiths, master painters, and so on. He may not employ journeymen of these trades. If a person wants a chair, he must order the framework from one, the cushion from another, the cloth to cover it from a third tradesman. The result is, that the privileged tradesmen often lack work, in spite of their monopoly. People buy what they want of foreign manufacture. It is all in vain that the guilds endeavour to put in force the laws which prohibit the introduction into the town of the complete article or its parts. At Hamburg, to prevent the importation of articles, the manufacture of which is the monopoly of a guild, from abroad, or more particularly from the suburbs, old and invalid guildmasters are stationed at the gates of the city. But these precautions are in vain. In Hamburg, as elsewhere, there is no restriction upon wholesale importation; and the laws which prohibit the sale in open shop of

imported articles, subject to a guild monopoly, are disregarded. The guilds are not in possession only of those handicrafts for which a certain manual skill is required ; in some states the shopkeepers form guilds.

The guilds are now almost everywhere, more or less, under government supervision. Their rules, the length of apprenticeship and the premium, the condition upon which the master-right is attained, the fees to be paid, are all finally settled by the government, whose supervision is exercised in some states by a special department, of either the Ministry of Commerce or of the Interior, in others by the police authorities. It would be unfair to these institutions, which in their lingering death inflict so much evil, not to add that some of them apply a portion of the oppressive fees which they exact from apprentices and journeymen to the support of sick and needy members. Small compensation for the mischief they produce !—condemning thousands upon thousands who would work, and for whom freedom would find work, to a life-long beggary, grinding thousands for the best years of their lives beneath a tyranny which those who know what workmen will do to preserve a monopoly can picture to themselves, and often making a young man's only chance of settling in life his marriage with the widow of a guildmaster—an inducement the immoral effects of which it is needless to point out. In the day of their foundation the guilds had a good work to do ; their influence now is absolutely for evil.

The guilds are institutions established by the handicraftsmen in their own interests exclusively—the traders of a town united together for mutual protection against the thousand and one enemies with whom industry had to contend in the middle ages. They insisted upon the long apprenticeship, the careful preparation, the proof of skill before they admitted the new member, that the repute of the town and trade for its wares might not suffer by the production of inferior articles, and because they gave the new comer a full return for the sacrifices they exacted in the protection they afforded. The interference of the governments, on the other hand, is chiefly in the supposed interest of the community. It is the necessary outflow of that police state or paternal government which, depriving the people of all chances of acting for themselves, accepts the task of providing for their welfare. The state proposes, by allowing only certain persons to carry on particular trades upon the fulfilment of certain conditions, to secure the consumer against fraud, to provide the producer with a sufficient market for his goods, to hold the balance between production and

consumption, and generally to protect its people against poverty, sickness, and crime.

This system is carried out most logically in Bavaria. There, for nearly a century, the permission to work other than as an unskilled labourer has been dependent upon a concession given by the authorities on the ground of the want of such a workman in the locality, and upon the condition of proof of capacity. The state conducts every person who devotes himself to industry or commerce from school to the master's estate, and keeps him throughout his life under its guardianship. Let us follow him through his pilgrimage. He must pass through his apprenticeship, the duration of which is prescribed by the law, with a legally qualified master. The number of apprentices a master may take is limited by the extent of his business. At the end of his apprenticeship the youth has to submit to an examination. Passing this examination he enters the *Gesellenstand*, i.e., is a journeyman. This examination costs him money. He has to pay fees, not to the guild, for there are no guilds, but to the Union of the Trade, and diet money to his examiners. He remains a journeyman five years ; but is under no obligation to "wander." He cannot, however, work on his own account. Will he become a master and establish himself, he must first prove his capability before an examining commission. There are two classes of commissions. If he can pass an examination before the first he may ask a concession for a large town ; if he only passes the second, he can only receive a concession to establish himself in a village and sell his goods at fairs and markets. His first step is to apply to the police authorities of the district in which he proposes to settle ; that is to say, the district in which he has obtained, or believes he can obtain, the *Bürgerrecht*, for permission to be examined ; and the application must be accompanied by certificates that he has attended school, served his apprenticeship, worked as a journeyman, and preserved a good character throughout. The ordeal of the examination, which is a searching one, including the preparation of a masterpiece, successfully gone through, he has to apply to the competent authorities for a concession to exercise his trade. He has to give a public notice of this application, that the members of his trade may have the opportunity of raising an opposition, or other journeymen come forward as competitors for the concession. Assuming no opposition, that the candidate satisfies the authorities that he has the means to carry on his trade and support a family, and has a settlement in the parish for which he asks the concession, he is still some way from the goal. It is the duty of the authorities to consider the

circumstances of the locality, to see whether the trade would not be overstocked by granting a new concession and the livelihood of the established masters endangered, or whether there is a prospect that the applicant would find work enough to maintain him. When there is a competition, better character, greater skill, larger means, earlier application, and greater age gain the advantage; but if the competition is for a vacancy created by the death of a trader, he who marries the widow, where the marriage is, in the opinion of the authorities, in the interest or not against the interest of her children, is to be preferred. The process of examination is not, of course, gone through in all trades; but the rule is the same, whatever they be. No person can exercise any handicraft, or carry on any trade or profession without a concession from the government, and that concession is only given upon proofs of personal capacity, sufficient capital, good repute, and business enough to be done. An application for permission to remove from one parish to another, or from one quarter to another of the same town, is treated as a new application for a concession. There is no occasion for the applicant to give proofs of his capacity; but in all other respects the process is the same. This rule applies generally through Germany, that a concession is only for a particular town, as admission to a guild is only for a district; and the professional man, trader, or handicraftsman is thus compelled, in the vast majority of cases, to vegetate all his life in one spot, however irksome it may be to him, and whatever brilliant prospects may offer elsewhere.

The system of concession is not developed to such an extent as in Bavaria in any other state of Germany; but it is rampant everywhere. Certain trades and professions are only to be carried on after an authorisation from the government. I will not speak of the professions of attorneys, advocates, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, which indeed are subject in every state of Europe to some restraints, farther than to observe that the permission to open an apothecary's shop is given for a particular house, and is saleable with it. The result is, that the original owners have made money, and they alone. As every person brought up to the trade must become the owner of an authorised establishment, or starve, the competition for them is immense. The price has risen so high that the poor owner is completely ground down by the interest upon his mortgage; and the public, although the prices charged by the apothecary are fixed by law, suffer severely. They pay very high prices; and the government, afraid to injure the existing establish-

ments, will not allow new shops to be opened, although changes in the circumstances of the locality may make the situation of the old ones most inconvenient.

A concession is needed everywhere for reading-rooms, lending libraries, printing, lithographing, and engraving offices, publishers' and booksellers' shops. The object here is apparent enough—it is political. Again, all wine and beer houses need a concession, a rule to which Englishmen can make no reproach. Water-mills, the object being to prevent any disturbance of water power already in use; mines, which generally belong to the state; the erection of a building for a manufactory, must be concessioned. Sailors, or at least the captains and mates of river and sea craft, must prove their skill. So far the German system is not much more absurd than that of other countries. We now come to its peculiarities. Where the noble profession of chimney-sweeping is not the monopoly of a guild, it requires a concession for its exercise. This concession the law of one state expressly declares is to be given only to tried candidates of good repute and robust structure of body. A private school in many states requires a concession, the condition being the capacity of the teacher and approval of his system of education. Barber surgeons and gelders of cattle need a concession, and cattle not gelded must have an authorisation from the government before they can be allowed to increase the flocks and herds of the village. Dealers in old clothes must have a concession; and so, too, must vermin killers; shopkeepers generally, where the trade is not in the hands of a guild, the articles for which the concession is given are specified; rag collectors, upon whose morality great stress is laid; midwives, knife-grinders, tinkers. I have mentioned a few of the professions which are the especial object of government supervision; but I may add to them, wherever no guilds exist, every one of those ordinary trades which I have mentioned before as the subject of guild monopolies. A concession is everywhere needed for the establishment of a manufacturing business. In some states manufactures are by law only allowed, if they do not interfere with the livelihood of any class of handicraftsmen; and in others they are expressly forbidden to employ journeymen belonging to the guilds. Practically, however, the manufacturer who will satisfy the police regulations in the erection of his premises has not much difficulty in carrying on his business. Joint-stock companies practically, although in some states not nominally, require a concession. Without it they cannot acquire property, or obtain the legal personality, the want of which

would render it almost impossible to carry on their business. Foreign assurance companies, like foreigners generally, need a special concession, and have great difficulty in obtaining it.

The vast majority of concessions must be obtained from the government; but in some states the higher nobility have the right to grant them for the villages and districts which belong to them, and so have convents and charitable foundations. In some of the towns concessions for such trades and professions as chimney-sweeping, gelding, dealing in old clothes, and rag collecting, are granted by the municipality. The grant or refusal of a concession is a perfectly arbitrary act; no proof of capacity, good character, property, or even of the wants of a locality constitutes a title to it. The application often draws its slow length along for years; and many a man at length obtains by unwearied importunity an authorisation which has been refused him several times, and would be refused to any less pertinacious applicant. What wonderful reasons sometimes govern the decision of the authorities, or at least are assigned by those Solons, may be judged from the answer given by the magistrates of a small town in the south to an application for a concession to manufacture cider. The application was refused,

1st. Because hitherto beer had always been drunk in the town.

2nd. Because the cider, from the want of competition, might not be prepared properly.

3rd. Because its manufacture might possibly lead to a large exportation, and then the authorities would lack the means of supervising it.

Concessions are always revocable, at the will of the authorities granting them.

With several trades the interference is even more minute. Thus, in some towns the number of barber-surgeons or chimney-sweepers will be fixed by law. A baker and a butcher's shop will be allowed to a thousand souls, and the police charged with the maintenance of the proportion. The interference goes still further. A Frankfort butcher may only kill a certain number of oxen or swine in a week. With this interference is often combined the regulation by the police of the price of bread, meat, and even beer and cider, according to the prices of grain, cattle, and fruit. There is yet another mode of obtaining liberty to carry on business in Germany. The right to exercise certain trades, especially those of baker, butcher, brewer, vintner, and miller, is often attached to the possession of certain houses, and can be acquired with them. The purchaser of this *realrecht*, "real" right, can carry on the business under the usual conditions, being sometimes bound to give proof of capacity and

character, and sometimes not; but in all cases he must have the *Bürgerrecht* of the town. These real rights are not always attached to particular houses, or even localities; they are sometimes entirely personal. In both cases they can be sold, left by will, and mortgaged, just like any other property. Their number in some states, especially in Bavaria, is very large.

Upon this chaos, the most striking features of which I have roughly drawn, a little light is now breaking. Since 1860 the guild and concession system has been modified in some states; and in others plans of reform are engaging the serious attention of the governments and people. Even, however, where the old system has been dealt with most radically very much remains to be done before real freedom of industry is established. Although the laws restricting freedom of trade have been partially modified, those restraining freedom of locomotion remain everywhere in all their baneful vigour. There is still but one spot in his great German fatherland which the German can, in a material sense, call his country. The care of a paternal government, or the narrow jealousies of his neighbours, still confine him to the stifling limits of a place which may have become a hell to him, or driven him to seek a home beyond the bounds of Germany. If the German nation would achieve the great future to which it aspires, it must first conquer for itself material freedom. Political liberty will follow quickly enough; and it will then come to a people whom the habit of self-reliance, given by industrial liberty, will have prepared for political self-government.

BURTON S. BLYTH.

DAME ELEANOR'S RETURN.

DAME ELEANOR waits by the tallest tree,
In the avenue down from the hall;
Dame Eleanor hears the surge of the sea,
She watches the red leaves fall.

A stealthy step on the moonlit turf,—
A clinging of lips and hands:
"My bark is biding beyond the surf
To bear us to warmer lands:

"Bring gold, bring gems, and flee from the bower
Of the lord thou lovest no more;
My lady is all too fair a flower
To bloom on this barren shore!"

Sir Harold has track'd his traitress wife,
"Draw, thief! draw, coward!" he cries:
The defter Spaniard flashes his knife;
Sir Harold, he falls, and dies.

The morning breeze flings the red leaves down
On a pool of curdling gore:
The morning breeze a bark has blown
Away from the Cornish shore.

A stone knight prays in the church of Penrost,
And his scutcheon is blazing above,
And a Latin legend tells how he lost
At once his life and his love.

The knight had pray'd and the scutcheon had shone
For half a score of years,
When a white-haired woman was found at the stone,
And the feet were wetted with tears.



The woman was worn and wan—the mark
Of a blow defaced her cheek;
Her clenched right hand was icy and stark;
She did not move nor speak.

They lifted her up; by the marble knight
They laid her—dead with grief;
They open'd her hand—it was grasping tight
The dust of an autumn leaf.

B. J.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLIII. MR. AND LADY LAURA
CARLTON AT HOME.

LADY LAURA CARLTON stood in her drawing-room, dressed for dinner. Hastening home from that expedition of hers to Tupper's cottage, of which you read in the last chapter, where she saw Mr. Carlton and spoke afterwards with the little child, she made some slight alteration in her attire and descended. In the few minutes her dressing occupied, her maid thought her petulant: but that was nothing new. As she entered the drawing-room she rang the bell violently.

"Where's Mr. Carlton?"

"Not in, my lady."

"Serve the dinner."

Lady Laura Carlton was boiling over with indignation. In this little child at Tupper's cottage, she had seen what she thought a likeness to her husband, a most extraordinary likeness, and she was suffering herself to draw inferences therefrom, more natural perhaps than agreeable. She recalled with unnecessary bitterness past suspicions of disloyalty on Mr. Carlton's part, which, whether well-founded or not, *she* had believed in; she remembered their, what might be called, renewed interchange of good-feeling only on the previous night; Lady Laura now believed that he was even then deceiving her, and a miserable feeling of humiliation took possession of her spirit, and she stamped her foot in passion.

She lost sight of probabilities in her jealous indignation. An angry resentment against the woman at Tupper's cottage seated itself in her heart, filling its every crevice. What though the woman was getting in years? though she was hard-featured, singularly unattractive? In Lady Laura's jealous mood, she might have been as ugly as a kangaroo and it would have made no difference.

Earlier in the day, when she had first passed the cottage with Lady Jane, the likeness she detected to her husband, or fancied she detected, excited only a half doubt in her mind, a sort of disagreeable perplexity. But the doubt rankled there; and as the day went on, Lady Laura, than whom a worse or more irritable subject for this sort of suspicion could not exist, felt impelled to wind her steps thither again. She could not have gone at a worse moment: for what she saw changed all her doubts into certainties.

She sat down to the dinner-table, scarcely

able to suppress her emotion, to keep in bare subjection the indignation that was rending her heart and her temper. It was no very unusual thing for her to sit down alone, for Mr. Carlton's professional engagements rendered him somewhat irregular. The servants in waiting saw that their lady was put out, but of course it was no business of theirs. Perhaps they thought it was occasioned by the absence of their master.

In point of fact, that gentleman was even then making his way home, speeding to it in haste from a second visit to Mrs. Knagg's. Not that a second visit there was in the least required or expected of him, and Nurse Pepperfly opened her eyes in surprise when she saw him enter. "He had just called in in passing to see that all was going on well," he observed to the nurse; and particularly kind and attentive that functionary thought it of him. Lingered a moment, he beckoned her from the room, put a professional question or two as to the case in hand, and then led the way easily and naturally to the case at Tupper's cottage, the ailing knee of the boy.

"I suppose there is no lack of means?" he casually remarked. "The little fellow ought to have the best of nourishment."

"And so he do," was the response of Mrs. Pepperfly. "I never see a mother so fond of a child, though she's a bit rough in her ways. If he could eat gold she'd give it him. As to money, sir, there ain't no want o' that; she seems to have got plenty of it."

"Have you not any idea who she can be?"

"Well, sir, in course ideas comes to one promiscuous, without fetching of 'em up ourselves," answered Mrs. Pepperfly. "I should think she's the person that took away the baby—though I can't say that my memory serves me to recognise her."

"May be," carelessly remarked Mr. Carlton. "Remember that you keep a quiet tongue about this, Mrs. Pepperfly," he concluded as he went out.

"Trust me for that, sir," readily affirmed Mrs. Pepperfly.

And Mr. Carlton, conscious that his dinner hour had struck, made haste home, and found his wife at table.

"Have you begun, Laura? Oh that's all right. I have been detained."

Lady Laura made no reply, and Mr. Carlton took his seat. She motioned to one of the

servants to move the fish towards his master, who was the usual carver. For some minutes Mr. Carlton played with his dinner—played with it; did not eat it—and then he sent away his plate nearly untouched—and that he appeared to do throughout the meal. Lady Laura observed it, but said nothing; she certainly was, as the servants expressed it amongst themselves, “put out,” and when she did speak it was only in monosyllables or abrupt sentences.

“Are you going out this evening, Laura?” asked Mr. Carlton.

“No.”

“I thought you were engaged to the Newberrys.”

“I am not going.”

He ceased; he saw, as well as the servants, that the lady was out of sorts. She never spoke another word until the cloth was drawn, the dessert on the table, and the servants gone. Mr. Carlton poured out two glasses of wine and handed one to Lady Laura. She did not thank him; she did not take the glass.

“Shall I give you some grapes, my love?”

“Your love!” she burst forth, with scornful, mocking emphasis, “how dare you insult me by calling me ‘your love?’ Go to your other loves, Mr. Carlton, and leave me; it is time you did.”

He looked up, astounded at the outbreak; innocent in himself, so far as he knew, of anything that could have caused it.

“Laura! What is the matter?”

“You know,” she replied; “your conscience tells you. How dare you so insult me, Mr. Carlton?”

“I have not insulted you; I am not conscious of any offence against you. What has put you out?”

“Oh, fool that I was,” she passionately wailed, “to desert, for you, my father’s home! What has been my recompense? disinheritance by my father, desertion by my family, *that* I might have expected; but what has my recompense been from you?”

“Laura, I protest I do not know what can have caused this! If you have anything to say against me, say it out.”

“You do know,” she retorted. “Oh, it is shameful! shameful so to treat me!—to bring this contumely upon me! I, an earl’s daughter!”

“You must be out of your mind,” exclaimed Mr. Carlton, half doubting perhaps whether such was not the fact. “What ‘contumely’ have I brought upon you?”

“Don’t insult me further! don’t attempt to defend yourself!” retorted Laura, well

nigh mad indeed with passion. “Think rather of yourself, of your own conduct. Such transgressions on the part of a married man reflect bitter disgrace and humiliation upon the wife; they expose her to the contemptuous pity of the world. And they have so exposed me.”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed Mr. Carlton, growing cross, for this was but a repetition of scenes enacted before. “I thought these heroics, these bickerings, were done with. Remember what you said last night. What has raked them up?”

“You ask me what has raked them up!—Ask yourself, Mr. Carlton. You know too well.”

“By heaven, I do not! I have no more notion what you mean than *that*!” He raised a wine glass as he spoke, and bringing it down again too fiercely, the fragments were shattered over the mahogany table.

The burst half frightened Laura. Mr. Carlton’s temper was impassive as his face, and she had never witnessed such from him before. Perhaps he was surprised at himself. But he had gone home full of inward trouble, and the attack, so uncalled for, was more than he could patiently bear.

“If you wish me to understand you, Laura, so as to be able to give you any answer, you must be more explanatory,” he said, resuming his equable tone of calmness.

Lady Laura’s lips quivered, and she leaned over the table, speaking in a whisper, low as the unsatisfactory topic deserved.

“In that cottage of Tupper’s on the Rise, a woman and a child are living. *The child is yours!*”

An extraordinary change, possibly caused by surprise at the accusation, possibly by indignation, passed over the aspect of Mr. Carlton. His face grew livid, his white lips parted. Laura noted all.

“It tells home, does it!” she exclaimed in a tone of utter scorn. “I knew your conscience would accuse you. What have I done, I ask, that this shameless woman should be brought hither to insult me? Could you not have kept her where she came from? must you bring her here and parade her in my very presence?”

Mr. Carlton wiped the moisture from his face and recalled his senses, which seemed to have been scattered. He looked at his wife in very amazement.

“Suspect that woman of——You are a fool, Laura, if you are not mad. I beg your pardon, but it must be one of the two. Until this day, when I was called in to attend the child, the woman was an utter stranger to me.

Why, she looks old enough to be my mother ! What are you thinking of ? ”

Lady Laura was thinking of a great many things, and they were not pleasant ones. Nevertheless her husband spoke so earnestly, so truthfully, that she was somewhat staggered in spite of her exasperation.

“ It will come, next, that I must not visit a patient when called out to one,” he proceeded in a severe tone. “ You speak of shame, Laura, but I do not think it is I, who ought to feel it. These absurd delusions bring yourself shame, but not me. I know nothing of the woman and her child. I solemnly declare to you that until last night I did not know Tupper’s cottage was occupied, or that such people existed.”

“ Who summoned you to them ? ” inquired Laura, no relenting whatever in her words and aspect.

“ Pepperfly, the nurse. I met the old woman at the gate here last night, as I was coming home from the dinner. She said a person with a sick child had come to Tupper’s cottage, and would I go up at my leisure, and see it. If you will take the trouble to walk there, and inquire, you will find my statement correct : the boy has a white swelling in the knee.”

“ I have been,” she replied, with sullen composure.

Mr. Carlton gave a start of anger. “ Very well, my lady ; if you think it well to dodge my footsteps amongst my patients, you must do so. I don’t know how I can prevent it. But if you hear nothing worse than that woman can tell you, you won’t hurt.”

“ Mr. Carlton ! keep within the bounds of truth, if you please. When did I ever dodge your footsteps ? ”

“ It seems like it, at any rate.”

“ No ; my passing that cottage was accidental. I was out with Jane to-day, and she had to go down Blister Lane.”

“ What has given rise to this suspicion ? ” demanded Mr. Carlton, feeling completely in the dark. “ The very appearance of the woman might have shown you its absurdity. You must have gone to sleep and dreamt it.”

Laura was in a cruel perplexity of mind. Were her suspicions right, or were they wrong ? She looked ready to break a glass on her own score, and she dropped her voice again and leaned towards Mr. Carlton.

“ If it be as you say, why should there be so extraordinary a likeness between you and the child.”

“ A likeness between me and the child ! ” he echoed, in genuine surprise. “ There’s none in the world, none whatever. How can you

draw so, Laura, upon your flighty imagination ? ”

“ There never was, I believe, so great a one in the world,” was Laura’s answer. “ Every feature is similar, save the eyes. That is not all. Your ears are a peculiar shape, unlike any one’s I ever saw ; so are that child’s. The very feather here,” touching the parting of her own hair in front, “ the wave of the flaxen hair ; it is all you in miniature.”

Now Mr. Carlton had failed to observe any likeness to himself ; the thought of such had not crossed his mind. It was only natural, therefore, that he should disbelieve in the existence of any, and he thought his wife was asserting it, in her jealousy, without foundation.

“ This is very absurd, Laura ! I had hoped these fancies were done with.”

“ Why should he bear your name—Lewis ? ” proceeded Lady Laura.

“ He does not bear it,” replied Mr. Carlton, looking at her in increased surprise.

“ He does ! Where is the use of your denying facts ? ” she angrily demanded.

“ I asked the boy’s name this afternoon, and his mother told me it was George. If he bears any other, all I can say, is, I do not know it. They did not mention another to me.”

“ I heard the woman speak to him as Lewis. The boy told me himself at the gate that his name was Lewis,” reiterated Laura. “ You gave him that toy ! ”

“ I know I did. I have no children of my own ; but I love children, and I often give a plaything to my little patients. Is there any harm in it ? ”

“ Lewis is an uncommon name,” she persistently resumed, fearing she was getting the worst of the argument. “ And the likeness is there ! ”

“ Upon my word, Laura, this is very absurd ! If people call their children Lewis, I cannot help it. As to the likeness—pray did Lady Jane see this astounding likeness ? ” he broke off to ask.

“ She did not say so.”

“ No, no. I believe you have drawn solely on your own imagination for this fancy, and that nothing of the sort exists. I can only assure you, and with truth, that I failed to observe it, as I hardly should have failed had it been there. The boy was a stranger to me until this day.”

Laura replied not. She had nearly arrived at the conclusion that she had made a very ridiculous mistake. Mr. Carlton rose and went over to her.

“ Understand me, Laura,” he said, in a serious and impressive tone, but one of friendly conciliation. “ Whether the resemblance exists

or not, it is equally unimportant to you and to me. I tell you that I was unconscious of the existence of these people until now; I tell you that, so far as I believe and know, the woman is a stranger to me. I have never known her in any way whatever; and I swear that I speak the truth, by the ties that exist between you and me!"

He held out his hand, and after a moment's struggle with herself—not caused so much by the present point at issue, for she was now pretty well convinced that the likeness and the name must be accidental, as by the remembrance of certain former grievances, which Mr. Carlton had not been able so triumphantly to clear up—she gave him hers. Mr. Carlton stooped and kissed her, and she turned her face to him and burst into tears.

"If I am suspicious, you have made me so, Lewis. You should never have tried me."

"The trials have been chiefly of your own making," he whispered, "but we will not revert to the past. But now—am I to go on attending this child, or am I not, Laura? It shall be as you please; it is nothing to me one way or the other. If you wish me not, I'll hand the case over to Grey."

"Nonsense," responded Lady Laura.

Which Mr. Carlton of course took to be an intimation that he was to go on with it. And accordingly on the afternoon of the following day, he again went up to Tupper's cottage. Mrs. Smith had the boy on her lap at the table, the soldiers before him in battle array.

"I have forgotten half my errand," the surgeon exclaimed, as he threw himself in a chair, after speaking with her and the boy. "I intended to bring up a box of ointment and I have left it behind me."

"Is it of consequence, sir?"

"Yes, it is. I wanted to put some on his knee myself. I'm dead tired, for I have been on foot all day, running about. Would it be too much to ask you to step down to my house for it? It is not far. I'll look at his leg the while."

Mrs. Smith paused, hesitated, and then said she would go. Mr. Carlton told her what to ask for: a small box done up in white paper standing near the scales in the surgery. As she departed, he untied the linen round the child's knee, gave a cursory glance at it, and tied it up again.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Lewis," said the child.

"I thought your mother told me yesterday it was George?"

"So it is George. It's Lewis George. Mother used to call me Lewis always, but she calls me George sometimes since we came

here. Will you please let me go to my soldiers?"

"Presently. Is your father dead?"

"He died before we came here; he died in Scotland. My black things are worn for him. Mr. Carlton, will that soldier drum always?"

"I think so," said Mr. Carlton. "George, my little man, you want some fresh air, and I shall put you outside in your chair until your mother returns."

Mr. Carlton did so. He not only put the boy in his chair, but he tied him in with a towel he espied; and carrying boy, chair, and soldiers, he placed them against the wall of the cottage outside.

"Why do you tie me in, sir?"

"That you may not get down to run about."

"I won't do that. Since my leg was bad, I don't like running."

Mr. Carlton made no reply. He went indoors, beyond reach of the view of the boy, and there he began a series of extraordinary manoeuvres. Up-stairs and down, up-stairs first, he went peeping about, now into this box, now into that; now into this drawer, now into that cupboard. One small box baffled him, for it was locked and double locked, and he thrust it back into its receptacle, inside another, for he had nothing to force it with, though he had tried his penknife. What was he hunting for?

Leaving everything in its place, so that no trace of the search might be found, he went down to the kitchen again, drew open a drawer, and turned over its contents. An old envelope he clutched eagerly; it contained a prescription, and nothing else, but that he did not know. He was about to dive into its folds, when he became conscious that he was not alone. Mrs. Smith stood in the doorway, watching him with all her eyes. What on earth had brought her back so quickly? was Mr. Carlton's thought.

He dropped the envelope with a quick motion, recollected himself, and continued to look in the drawer, his manner cool and collected. "I am searching for some rag," said he, turning to her.

"Rag!" repeated Mrs. Smith, who did not appear particularly pleased at his off-handed proceedings. "I don't keep rag in those drawers. You might have waited, sir, I think, till I came home."

"You were so long," replied Mr. Carlton, "I have not the time to stop."

"Then, sir, I don't know what you'd call short," returned Mrs. Smith. "I ran all the way there and back."

Mr. Carlton took the ointment from her,

repeated his request for some rag, brought the boy in, and proceeded to attend to his knee. He scanned the child's features from time to time, but could detect nothing of the resemblance spoken of by his wife. He completely made his peace with Mrs. Smith before he departed, told her laughingly always to have linen at hand ready for him, and then he should not want to look into her hiding-places.

It was not however quite the truth that Mrs. Smith had run all the way back. In point of fact she had not come straight back, but had taken a short *détour* out of her way. She ran there, received the ointment without delay, and set off to run back again. But ladies of middle age (to put it politely) don't run very far up a hill, be it ever so gentle a one, and Mrs. Smith slackened her pace. Just before she got to Blister Lane she overtook Judith, Lady Jane's maid, and joined her, walking with her past the lane, for Judith was in a hurry and could not stop to talk. Mrs. Smith reminded her of her promise to come and partake of tea; but Judith said she could not for a day or two: she was busy, getting her lady's autumn dresses in order.

"It's not autumn weather yet," remarked Mrs. Smith. "It's as hot as summer."

"But nobody knows how soon it may change, and my lady likes to have her things in readiness," was Judith's answer. "I'll be sure to come as soon as I can. I shall like to come. How's the little boy?"

"He's middling. I have had Mr. Carlton to him. He is at the cottage now; I have been to his house for this salve which he left behind him. I say, he's a curious man, isn't he?"

"Curious?" repeated Judith, not understanding how to take the remark.

"Curious in regard to one's business. He asked enough questions of me; wanting to know where we came from, and where we had lived, and where the boy was born; I don't know what he didn't ask. But I think he is clever; he seems thoroughly to understand the case. And he's very kind."

"He is thought to be very clever," said Judith. "His patients like him."

Lady Jane's gate was reached; it was only a little higher than Blister Lane, on the opposite side of the way, and Mrs. Smith said "Good afternoon" and ran back again. Lady Jane had seen the woman at the gate and spoke of her to Judith.

The likeness Jane had detected in the little child to her sister Clarice had been haunting her mind since the previous day, more than she would have cared to tell.

"So you know that person, Judith?"

"I don't know much of her, my lady. I

have spoken to her once or twice in passing the cottage. She was talking of her little boy. She has had Mr. Carlton to him."

"Is that her own child?" abruptly asked Lady Jane, after a pause. "She told me it was, but I almost doubt it. For one thing, she seems too old to have so young a child."

"Well, my lady, and so do I doubt it," cried Judith; "but I don't know anything certain."

"The boy bears so remarkable a likeness to—some one I know—"

"My lady, there never was such a likeness seen," eagerly interposed Judith. "It struck me the first moment I saw him."

"You!" rejoined Lady Jane; "struck you! Why, how did you know her? When did you see her? I spoke of my sister."

Judith stood dumb.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, my lady; I misunderstood."

"I had another sister, of whom you have not heard, Judith. That little boy's eyes are so exactly like hers that they seem to be ever before me. What likeness did you speak of?"

"Oh, my lady, it's not worth troubling you with. It was just a fancy of mine that the boy was like somebody's face I know: not a lady's."

"Not a lady's?"

"It was a man's face; not a lady's."

"Ah, yes. Of course you could not have known my sister. She never was at South Wennock."

Judith lingered as if she had something on her tongue, and looked hard at Lady Jane; but she turned away without speaking. She wondered never to have heard that there was another sister; but the Chesneys, one and all, had kept the name from their households. In fact, considering the semi-publicity that had been given to the affair when it was entrusted to the police, it had been kept wonderfully secret. But the likeness the child bore to Clarice continued to trouble the mind of Lady Jane.

And the likeness—that other likeness—festered in the heart of Mr. Carlton's wife. In spite of her apparent satisfaction at the time of the explanation, the bitter suspicion sprung up again within her with a force that threatened mischief. There is no passion in this wide world so difficult to eradicate as jealousy.

CHAPTER XLIV. AN ITEM OF NEWS.

LITTLE heirs are precious things, especially if they happen to be on the peerage roll of this aristocratic realm. Perhaps there was not an individual in the land more valued by those about him than was the young lord of Oakburn,

and when, after his return to town from Seaford, he seemed to languish rather than revive, his mother's fears were up in arms.

The young gentleman had caught cold the day of his return, just as other boys are liable to catch it. Complete master of Pompey, he had walked deliberately into a pond with his clothes on, in spite of that faithful retainer's efforts to prevent him, and the result was a slight attack of sore throat. It was magnified into a visitation of bronchitis, and Sir Stephen Grey was sent for. He was soon well, but the disorder left him a little languid, and the countess said she must take him out again; she would take him to some of the salubrious spas of Germany, perhaps from thence to the South of France; possibly keep him abroad for the winter or part of it.

"It's not in the least necessary," said Sir Stephen.

Lady Oakburn thought it was, and decided to go. But while she was hesitating what place to fix upon, a letter arrived from her brother, the Reverend Mr. Lethwait, who held a continental chaplaincy, and in the letter he happened to speak of the lovely climate of the place, so renovating to invalids.

It was just the turning point of the balance, the last atom of dust which made the scale go down. If there had been a remnant of indecision in Lady Oakburn's mind, whether she should go or not, whether the expedition was really necessary, this put an end to it; and the requisite orders for her departure were issued to her household forthwith.

Lucy rebelled. Lucy Chesney actually rebelled. Not against the young earl's exile from England, but against her own. She was to be married the following spring: and, as everybody knew, it would take from this time to that to prepare the wedding clothes and general paraphernalia. Frederick Grey stepped in to the rescue; he knew nothing about the clothes and the paraphernalia; that was not in his department; but he did protest that Lady Oakburn could not be so cruel as to take Lucy away from England and from him. The countess laughed, and said then Lucy must go for the time to Lady Jane's.

Compared to the other arrangement, this seemed pleasant and feasible. Jane was communicated with, and she—only too glad to have Lucy—hastened to London to take charge of her down. When she arrived in Portland Place, and the little lord ran up to her, she gazed at him with some anxiety.

"Have you come to take away Lucy, sister Jane?"

"Yes, darling. But, Frank, who says you are ill? I think you are looking famous."

Lady Oakburn interposed with a half apology for her previous anxiety. The young gentleman had picked up his crumbs (to use Sir Stephen's expression) in so astonishing a manner the last day or two, and his face had got so blooming and himself so noisy, that her ladyship felt half ashamed of herself. But she should rejoice in the opportunity of once more meeting her brother, she avowed to Jane, and the trip would do Frank good, even if he did not want it.

Jane purposed to stay in London one clear day. She reached it on the Thursday, and would return with Lucy on the Saturday; on which day Lady Oakburn would also take her departure.

On the Friday, Jane went abroad on foot. She had several little errands to do, purchases to make, and she would not be troubled with the carriage. In fact, Jane Chesney had never cared to use a carriage so much as many do; she was a good walker and liked exercise.

It happened that her way led her through Gloucester Terrace. The reminiscences that the locality called up were bitter ones to Jane; how little she had thought, that long-ago day when she first went into it in search of Clarice, that years and years would pass and bring no trace of her!

She walked along slowly. She was just in the spot where the house of the Lortons was situated; and she was looking to see whether she could remember which it was, when a lady passed her on the pavement,—a little fat lady with a very pleasing expression of face. That expression struck upon Jane's memory. Where had she seen it?

Fearing that she had passed, without speaking, some one whom she ought to know, an acquaintance possibly of her brief London life, Jane turned in the moment's impulse, and found that the lady had also turned and was looking at her. The latter stepped back with a smile.

"Lady Jane Chesney! I beg your pardon for passing you. My thoughts were elsewhere at the moment."

It was Mrs. West! But Mrs. West grown so excessively stout that it was no wonder Jane had not recognised her. She was almost a second Mrs. Pepperly. Jane's heart gave a glad leap and she held out her hand. This lady seemed to be the one only link between Clarice living and Clarice lost.

And now what a singular coincidence it was that Jane should have chanced to meet her there! Chanced? Something more than chance was at work in this commencement—for it was the commencement—of the unravelling of the fate of Clarice Chesney.

A few moments, and Lady Jane was seated in Mrs. West's house close by, listening to that lady's explanation. They had been abroad between six and seven years, she said; had educated their four daughters well—of whom she seemed not a little fond and proud, and regretted their absence from home that day, or she would have shown them to Lady Jane—and had now come back for good to England and Gloucester Terrace. Not to the same house: that was occupied: but to one within five or six doors of it.

Jane spoke of Clarice. And Mrs. West seemed thunderstruck, really thunderstruck, to hear that no tidings had been gained of her.

"It is like a romance," she cried. "But for your telling me yourself, Lady Jane, I should scarcely have believed it. It seems so impossible in these days that any lady should be lost. We read advertisements in the Times of gentlemen missing; now and then of a lady; but I think—at least I have always supposed—that the ladies at least come to light again. I and Mr. West have often talked of this affair; he saw you, Lady Jane, as perhaps you may remember, the day you called at our house when I was at Ramsgate; and we thought—we concluded—but perhaps you would not like me to repeat it to you?" broke off Mrs. West.

"Indeed I should," replied Jane, eagerly, not that she had any idea what it was Mrs. West hesitated to repeat. "The least word, the least surmise or conjecture, bearing upon my sister is of interest for me."

"Well, then, the conclusion we came to was, that Miss Beauchamp's marriage must have been an inferior one. That she had married in accordance with her temporary position, and did not like to avow it to her family, especially after they were ennobled. I am sure you will forgive my speaking thus freely, Lady Jane."

Jane did not altogether understand. The tone of the words surprised her ear.

"But still we never supposed but that she would avow it in time," proceeded Mrs. West. "However inferior or unsuitable her marriage might have been, she would surely not keep it secret so long as this——"

"What marriage?" interrupted Jane. "Clarice was not married."

"Oh yes, she was."

"Do you know that she was?" gasped Jane. "*How* do you know it?"

Mrs. West paused in surprise. She was asking herself how it was that Lady Jane did not know it; it was so long ago that she forgot partially, but at length came to the unwelcome conclusion that she had neglected to make

her acquainted with it. Not with the marriage itself: of that Mrs. West knew positively nothing: but of the grounds they had for assuming it to have taken place.

"Tell me about it now," implored Jane.

"It was through an old servant," said Mrs. West. "A young woman named Mary Grove, who had lived with me as parlour-maid, and left just about the time that Miss Beauchamp did. Mary had fallen into bad health—indeed she was never strong, and I used to think the work too much for her—and she went home to be nursed. They were Suffolk people. She took another place in London when she got better; and upon calling here one day to see us sometime afterwards, she told me that she had met Miss Beauchamp, and saw from her appearance that she was married."

"When did she meet her?—and where?" eagerly inquired Lady Jane.

"She had met her sometime in the course of the winter subsequent to Miss Beauchamp's quitting us, at its turn, I think; I know the girl said it was a frosty day. And it was somewhere in this"—Mrs. West hesitated and spoke very slowly—"in this neighbourhood, I think, though I cannot remember precisely where. Mary accosted Miss Beauchamp, saying something to the effect that she perceived she was married; and Miss Beauchamp replied, yes she was, she had married upon leaving Mrs. West's. The girl said she seemed in great spirits, and looked remarkably well."

"When was it that you heard this?" asked Jane.

"I am not sure of the precise time, Lady Jane. It was subsequent to the interview I had with you, was it not?"

"I wish you had told me of it!"

"Indeed I am very sorry that I did not. I suppose I thought it not worth troubling you with; it was so very little news, you see; and nothing certain, no details. And in truth, Lady Jane, I supposed that perhaps Miss Beauchamp did not care you should know of her marriage just at first, but would take her own time for revealing it. One thing I may mention: that this information of the girl's had the effect of removing from my mind any fear on the subject of Miss Beauchamp—I ought to say of Lady Clarice."

"I wonder whether I could see that girl?"

Mrs. West shook her head. "She is dead, poor thing. She grew ill again and died just before we went on the continent."

Lady Jane was turning matters over in her mind. That Clarice had married, there was now no room for a shadow of doubt. The question remained, to whom?

"If she quitted your house to be married,"

she said aloud to Mrs. West, "we may safely argue that she must already have made the acquaintance of the gentleman. And how could she have done it, and where could she have met him?"

"I thought that over with myself at the time the girl told me this, and it struck me that she might have met him here," was the reply. "My husband's brother was then living with us, Tom West, and a very open-hearted, pleasant young man he was. He had just passed for a surgeon, and he used to fill the house nearly with his companions, more so than I liked, but we knew he would soon be leaving, so I said nothing. Two of my cousins were on a visit to me that spring, merry girls, and they and Miss Beauchamp and Tom were much together."

"Could he have married her?" breathlessly interrupted Lady Jane.

Mrs. West paused. It was the first time the idea had been presented to her.

"I should not think so. Tom was of an open disposition, above concealment, and they must both have been very sly, if it did take place—excuse my plainness of thought, Lady Jane; I am speaking of things as they occur to me. Oh no. If they had wished to marry, why have concealed it? Tom West was his own master, and I am sure we should have made no objection to Miss Beauchamp; we liked her very much. If she married any one of them, it was not Tom."

"Where is Mr. Tom West?"

"Oh, poor fellow, he went abroad directly; about—let me see?—about the next February, I think. He was appointed assistant-surgeon to the staff in India, and there he died."

"What more probable than that she should have accompanied him?" exclaimed Lady Jane.

Mrs. West cast her reflections back to the past.

"I do not fancy it," she said; "it seems to me next to impossible. *With him* I am quite certain she did not go, for we saw him off, and arranged his baggage, and all that. He was at our house till he sailed. No; if he had been married, especially to Miss Beauchamp, rely upon it, Lady Jane, he would not have kept it from us."

"Other gentlemen visited at your house, you say?" continued Jane.

"Plenty of them; Tom was rich in friends. Most of them were in the medical line, students or young practitioners; I daresay you may have observed how fond they are of congregating together. All were not introduced to our society: Tom used to have them in his own room. Three or four were intimate with us,

and had, as may be said, the run of the house, as Tom had."

"Who were they?" asked Jane. "It may have been one of them. What were their names?"

"Let me try and recollect; we have mostly lost sight of them since that period, Lady Jane. There was a Mr. Boys, who is now a doctor in good practice in Belgravia; and there was young Manning, a harumscarum fellow who came to no good; and there was Mr. Carlton. I think that was all."

"Mr. Carlton!" repeated Jane, struck with the name. "What Mr. Carlton was that?"

"His father was a surgeon, in practice at the East end of London," replied Mrs. West. "He used to be very much here with Tom."

"Was his name Lewis?"

"Lewis? Well, I think it was. Did you know him, Lady Jane?"

"A gentleman of that name married my sister, Lady Laura. I know *him*."

"He was a good-looking, clever man, this Mr. Carlton—older than Tom, and by far the most gentlemanly of them all. We have quite lost sight of him. Stay; there was another used to come, a Mr. Crane; and I don't know what became of him. We did not like him."

"If it be the same Mr. Carlton, he is in practice at South Wrenock," observed Jane, very much struck, she could scarcely tell why, with this portion of the intelligence. "Our family highly disapproved of Lady Laura's choice, and declined to countenance him."

"We fancied at the time that Mr. Carlton was paying attention to one of my two cousins; at least, she did. But his visits here ceased before Tom went out. I have an idea that he went to settle somewhere in the country."

"Did it ever occur to you to fancy that any one of these gentlemen paid attention to my sister?" inquired Jane.

"Never," said Mrs. West; "never at all. I remember that Tom and my cousins used to joke Miss Beauchamp about young Crane, but I believe they did so simply to tease her. She appeared to dislike him very much, and she could not bear being joked about him. None of us, except Tom, much liked Mr. Crane."

And the remaining two gentlemen you have mentioned?—Mr. Manning and Mr.——I forget the other name."

"Mr. Boys, Dr. Boys now. Oh no, it was neither of them, I am sure. They were not quite so intimate with us as the rest were. If she married any one of the young men, it must lie between Tom, Mr. Carlton, and Mr. Crane; but to hear that she had would astonish me more than anything ever astonished me yet."

Tom, I am fully persuaded she did not marry ; or Mr. Carlton either—if he had a preference any way, it was, I say, for my cousin, though the preference never came to anything. As to young Crane—if Miss Beauchamp's dislike to him was not genuine, she must have been a good actor."

This was all. It was but a little item of news. Lady Jane sat some time longer, but she had gained the extent of Mrs. West's information, and she went away revolving it.

She went down to South Wennock revolving it ; she did nothing but revolve it after she was settled at home. And the conclusion she arrived at was, that Clarice had married one of those young men—Mr. Tom West.

And what of the Mr. Carlton ? Could it be the one who was now Laura's husband ? Lady Jane felt little if any doubt of it. The description, personal and circumstantial, tallied with him in all points ; and the name, Lewis Carlton, was not a common one. Ever and anon there would come over Jane, with a shiver, a remembrance of that portentous dream, in which it had seemed to be shown her that her sister Clarice was dead, and that Mr. Carlton had had some hand in causing the death. Had one of these young men married Clarice, and worked her ill ? and was Mr. Carlton privy to it ? But Jane, a just woman, shrunk from asking that question, even of her own mind. She had no grounds whatever for suspecting Mr. Carlton of such a thing ; and surely it was wrong to dwell upon a *dream* for them. There was one question, however, that she could ask him in all reason—and that was, whether he was the same Mr. Carlton ; if so, it was possible he could impart some information of her sister. Jane did not think it very likely that he could, but it was certainly possible.

And meantime, while Jane was seeking for an opportunity of doing this, or perhaps deliberating upon the best way of asking it, and how much she should say about Clarice, and how much she should not, a fever broke out at South Wennock.

(To be continued.)

STEVE LIDYARD'S ADVENTURE ; OR, THE MYSTERIOUS CITY.

By EDWIN F. ROBERTS, AUTHOR OF "QUEEN'S MUSKETEERS," "CLARIBEL'S MYSTERY," &c.

I GIVE the following as I heard it from Steve's own lips, as I and half a dozen of us sat in a garden one sunny afternoon,—a fine cedar lifting up its stately and spreading branches between us and the ardent sun above, and forming a very welcome shade. Cigars and sherry were within easy reach, and among our listeners, besides the City "fogies," there

were their matrons and one or two very pretty girls : admirable listeners these last, when they did not, with their own pleasant prattle and musical laughter, break upon the more serious progress of the conversation.

"So it's my turn, is it ?" said Steve, in reply to a challenge. "Very well, here goes."

Steve Lidyard, I may say, *par parenthèse*, was a fine athletic fellow, much on the sunny side of thirty, bearded, bronzed, and bearing about him evident tokens of having seen hard work and done good service, and, as he had been "out with Garibaldi" up to the last catastrophe at Aspromonte,—as he wore a medal or two, and could sport a decoration, though only a "civilian,"—it was evident, and well known, in fact, that Steve Lidyard was one of that gallant band of Englishmen who had volunteered to fight in a cause not their own, save that "Liberty" is a watchword which rings across the world, and has therefore a significance to every Englishman's sense to which his heart responds in an instant, and in no passive manner either. Steve Lidyard, it is seen from my exordium, is therefore a man of some mark ; and I shall now proceed with his narrative, which, according to a phrase now in vogue, is "awful to relate."

"So it is my turn, is it ?" said Steve. "Well, I'll astonish your weak nerves, if you have any, which I assume at once,—'nerves' being quite a fashionable disease ; so I'll give you an episode of one of my adventures when 'out with Garibaldi.'"

"I pass over our entrance into Palermo," continued Steve, after some little introductory matter, "over excursions into the wild country towards the mountains, sometimes in pursuit of the flying enemy, sometimes in small detachments being driven back and pursued in return ; and as you may recollect that 'Bombina,' son 'Bomba,' had put the place under martial law, all the nameless atrocities peculiar to the soldiery of Ferdinand were committed ; but all this is beside the subject of my relation, so we will pull up at once, and try back.

"I had some curiosity to see a little of the country inland, of which not much appeared to be known, and before long the opportunity was offered me. I had under me a party of a dozen men, plucky fellows every one, and crack shots into the bargain. With these I had some very ticklish business to perform.

"Some brigands, miscreant cut-throats imported from Calabria, mixed up with others of Ferdinand's broken and half-disorganised troops, were scattered hither and thither, making now as they best could for any Sicilian port favourable to the Bourbons, where they

might again unite their shattered and scattered forces ; these, in broken bands, were straggling to and fro, and several companies of Garibaldians were deputed to decimate these gentry, if they objected to be taken prisoners, and so put up with the casualties of fair and open war.

"Some considerable distance from the city of Palermo there lies a region of wild and sterile mountains for the most part, the interior of which is traversed by a valley almost parallel to one much better known as the Valley of Ispica, the former being shunned by the dwellers of the region from superstitions of a most formidable character, and which, in fact, are its especial property, thus rendering its precincts unapproachable ; and even those who have by hap strayed into its recesses have brought back such a catalogue of its horrors as was always calculated, from immemorial time, to curdle the very blood ! Ugh !"

Steve Lidyard shuddered as he spoke, and sent a "sensational" thrill through his listeners.

"In fact, the Harz Mountains, the Black Forest, with their charcoal-burners, their Erl kings and grisly hunters, the witch-haunted 'Brocken,' the impish Blocksberg, scarcely rival in *diablerie* the traditions of this eldritch valley, and certainly do not outvie them."

"But, goodness gracious me, Mr. Lidyard," cried Lucy Parker, "what was there in these,—these stories, after all ?"

Steve turned on the fair speaker one of those looks peculiar to him, shaking his head as in mild reproach, and affecting surprise at the interruption ; to which, Lucy Parker being strong-minded, she paid little heed, and, reassured by the encouraging laughter of the rest, came to the charge once more.

"Come, don't be silly, sir ; let us know at once," she exclaimed, with startling well-affected severity.

Steve sighed, shook his head, still reproachfully, as though he would plainly say, "This is really too bad."

"Do you mean to speak, Mr. Lidyard, do you intend to answer my question ?" demands the imperious young beauty, to which, *entre nous*, Steve is a slave.

Steve nods assent.

"Did you ever hear of ghouls ?" asks Steve, in a deep tragedy whisper.

"O !" ejaculated the ladies.

"Of vampires ?" proceeds Steve, improving his opportunity.

"Gracious ! Goodness !"

This time the ejaculations go as in "a horror skilfully moved."

"Of anthropophagi ?" proceeds the bearded narrator.

"Of what, sir ?"

This question imperiously, fiercely put, in fact.

"Of an-thro-po-pha-gi," pronouncing it slowly.

Under any circumstances it is not a nice word, and perhaps the slower the better.

Lucy Parker, resuming the narrative form, nodded her head at each syllable, as though she meant to master it thoroughly.

"An-thro-pop-poff—pooh ! what ?"

"Men who eat one another, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, who——"

"Whatever can he be talking about ?" said Rosy Parker, Lucy's pretty giggling sister.

"Hadn't you better let me proceed ?" put in Steve.

"We'll,—hem,—yes ; proceed, move on."

"With all my heart. Well, one morning with my party,—we had bivouacked for the night under the shelter of some crags,—I found myself and comrades waking up in the chill morning air ; but we were soon astir and warm with motion once more, and I really admired the place of our retreat : some overhanging rocks completely sheltering us from the dews, which are very copious, and in other respects the spot was very eligible—well, we awoke——"

"Famished, no doubt."

"Hungry, if you please, not famished ! No, we had in our haversacks some cold fowl, bread, and so on, and each one had his flask of wine or brandy, as the case might be : in fact, we had provided for a couple of days at least ; leaving it to chance to renew our supplies when necessity should urge us to forage for them.

"I must tell you that we had travelled, with our rifles, revolvers, ammunition, haversacks, and so on, through a country which, the more we ascended, seemed to consist of nothing but huge boulders, all presenting an aspect of grim and sterile desolation inexpressibly dismal to contemplate. Vast masses of fractured rocks, a very Arabia Petrea of a region ; rugged ravines, and as difficult as dangerous to clamber through and over ; while below us, far away now, we could distinctly behold the fair 'greeneries' fringing the lower slopes of the mountain, or, rather, mountains ; for the chain seemed to run on in endless links,—colossal, rugged, with a touch of the horribly sublime about it.

"We beheld then—what, as clearly we had not remarked on the preceding evening,—that this was the way (entrance it could scarcely be called) into the shunned valley I have just mentioned, and, looking downward now, on the opposite side found all 'beautiful exceeding'

to the eye ; for green and purple blended formed a mirage round the vast stems of great old trees ; the rich-green leafage, the yellow oranges and citrons, the ruddy grapes, a wandering intertwining under and over growth ; and oh, didn't we wish we had found that inviting pass before ! ”

There now occurred a slight pause, which gave the narrator the opportunity of moistening his throat with a glass of sherry. He then resumed.

“Turning the eye from the valley, as we sat, pipe in mouth,—we had halted to look about us,—I may say that a lovelier panorama than that which now greeted our eager gaze would be difficult to meet with, save alone in those golden climes which border the Mediterranean on its European side.

“The morning sun,” continued Steve, rising now from a poet into a colourist, “flashing across the *Ægean*, tinting with myriad miraculous hues what soon became a waving sea of molten splendour, fell on a gaunt spur of rock which overlooked the mysterious valley—the *Val di Dimòne*, forming, in the midst of this fervid glare, a wondrous association, as real as unreal, of mountain ridges and darkling gloom, enshrouded valleys,—fathomless gulfs rather, rugged grim rivers, which ran, but irregularly—east and west across the length of this half-enchanted island.

“What, in fact, did we not see within the limits of the horizon of blending gold and purple which faded between sea and air, and was crossed by pearly lines, these again tinted rosily here and there ! What an enchanting prospect—so boundless, so indescribably lovely ! Islands, continents, seas, bays, cities, shifting and changing everlastingly ! I believe now in Turner's painting of ‘*Ulysses and Polyphemus*,’ all vague, wandering, dreamy, as it is ; but here we had it in its actual reality, from the mountain peaks to the cities far below : the latter, marble-white, dotting the distance ; the blue level of the calm sea beyond, over which we could see stately ships glide along, the huge steam-frigate forging ahead, the smoke coming out of her vast funnel and curling into a thin vapour as it does now from the tip of my cigar.

“The sound of a bugle waking up the sleeping echoes in the mountains put every ear on the stretch. I knew by the call,” continued Steve, “that it didn't belong to our side, as, for obvious reasons, there's a difference in notation, so to speak. We were at once on the *qui vive* ; and by Jove, I can tell you, not before it was necessary.

“All eyes were turned in one direction,—that, of course, from whence the sound came ;

and across the peaks of the mountain ridge,—a singular conglomeration of limestone and lava,—there appeared a dozen military caps with beards peeping beneath their fronts,—caps which we knew but too well ; and presently more appeared, making in all about twenty men, including rifles,—a trifle not to be forgotten.

“They crossed the ridge, evidently having a suspicion that we were somewhere about,—crossed the ridge, as I have said,—descended into a ravine, and watching for about an hour, I began to understand that they were seeking to circumvent and trap us, intending, by the *détour* they took, to ascend and surprise us on the *plateau* we occupied.

“‘Keep your fire, lads,’ said I, ‘while I clamber up in this direction.’ I saw a path-way bearing upward, looking very much like a fissure or enormous rent. ‘I will fire as a signal if they are likely to outflank us ;’ and, rifle in hand, I ascended, soon attaining a height where, at a turn, a perpendicular wall of rock barred farther progress.

“Nevertheless, I could look down from my ‘bad eminence.’ Heavens ! what a hideous gorge descended sheer below into fathomless deeps, as if it were the black and cindery crater of some volcano, which, having ‘shut up shop’ there, had transferred its business elsewhere ; but, joking apart, anything more appalling than that measureless depth, its indescribable and lonely aggregate of all that is hideous, its black, cindery, and rifled interior, exceeded in the aggregate of what is stupendously terrible, all I had ever read of.

“Well and fitly was that awful region below called the *Val di Dimòne*.

“Stretching forward to have a fuller view of this Tartarean region, and leaning against some loose conglomerate to look into the Hades where the ancient fires had burnt out, I found the small rampart yield, and—horror of horrors !—I felt myself sliding helplessly towards the verge of this awful gulf ! ”

At this juncture of the narrative, and naturally so,—for during a short pause ever so many minor events may occur, such as a glass of wine, a fresh cigar, &c.,—the lady listeners gave utterance to a suppressed scream, and the gentlemen turned pale, each one shifting uneasily in his seat.

“Where I was descending to,” went on the young man, “or how I was stayed in my way into the depths of an abyss that would have fitted one of the dimmest books of Dante's ‘*Inferno*,’ I know not. I found myself seated on a ledge, where I was safe for the present, though a little scratched and bruised ; and I had clung with instinctive tenacity to my rifle :

this indispensable adjunct to my further safety, and very likely what for a time I might have to depend on for sustenance, was still in my possession.

"I now heard the faint sound of dropping shot coming from the other side of the riven shell I now occupied, and believing that my lads were hotly engaged, I sought for a way back ; but, following the course of the ledge, found that it descended and wound round, in and out, in a most curious manner, until, at last losing sight of the accursed place, I found myself sole occupant of a spot, a glance round which made my heart beat ; for if the other was but a simple and unpicturesque horror, this was calculated to inspire one with a more than nameless awe.

"I stood in the midst of an excavated city,—a city as old, probably, as the mythic ages themselves ; and, since all I saw suggested mythic types, this must have been one that may have assisted Hesiod in his 'Genesis.'

"I stood," continued Steve,—descending a little from the ladder Lemprière had lent him,—*"I stood in the midst of a street, wide, smooth, level, clean, as if newly swept ; subterranean pathways, hewn streets, stretched out on either hand, and, looking upward along the solid walls—or rather, exterior of houses, palaces, I know not what they may have been—all hewn, pillared, carved, some exquisitely, others on a more colossal scale of rudeness—all having a wild fantastic sort of life-in-death in their aspect. A strip of sky clipping sharply over the extreme edge of these singular cuttings, allowed the red sun to pour his rays downward, where they lighted up this enormous 'trench'—I can call it nothing else, street as it may have been, and stupendously beautiful too,—lighted it up and filled it with a stream of meandering, but unreal and shadowy gold.*

"Everything," he continued, "as I looked upward in bewilderment, took an almost Alpine altitude, and row after row, the habitations, cut, carved, hollowed from the bottom to the very top, gave indications of an enormous humanity which must have existed here at one time.

"These streets, these chambers, these weird, solemn, silent receptacles of the mighty dead, now dust,—for I began to gather into my conjecture catacombs as adjuncts of a once mighty city, a city of that far, far off infinite past, which may be in the dreamland of mythology or the earliest cradles of fable, if you like,—made me dumb with astonishment, with awe ; and I was traversing those awful silent spaces where the foot of man had trod—when——"

"The last time, of course," broke in Lucy

saucily, as though by way of relief ; "but, I beg your pardon, Steve ; it is growing interesting, so please to go on."

"A turning to which I came at last,—there always is a turning in the very longest lane, you know,—a turning indeed invited me to pass into a wide, a spacious, a noble street ; pillars, pilasters, pediment, frieze—I know not what adornment it had or had not—were there, and which would have challenged admiration for their rare beauty and finish had not the towering scale been so colossal as to be absolutely crushing in its vastness.

"As I strolled on, my astonishment, my awe, hovering on the confines of terror, increased ; for while I admitted the singular harmony of proportion carried out on either side, I could not but think of Polyphemus of the Titans, of some one-eyed Cyclop, some bruising Lestrigonian, who might be thrusting his huge arm forth and snatching me up as a mere mouthful, after which morsel he would scarcely deign to pick his teeth.

"The unearthly sense of life, of existence suspended, and so remaining petrified, was almost overwhelming. As I still rambled on, I came to porticoes again leading to openings where there were no doors. 'Were there ever any doors to these wondrous edifices ?' I asked myself. Towering pillars outlived windows, where windows there were none. 'Were there ever any ?' As I walked now almost breathlessly along, having totally forgotten my pursuers in the novelty of my position, I could not but expect to see some one or other of the old dwellers come to the doorway and salute me. Taking courage now, I entered into a dwelling that might perhaps be statelier than the rest, its chambers and stone staircases lighted up by means I cared not to account for, though the light was rather a softened gloom than a clear bright daylight such as I had left without.

"Without !—but where ?

"To my surprise, to my dismay rather, I soon found that what I had taken for a dwelling was only the section of a vast catacomb, and the real ancient city, whose (once) living had peopled the grand and gloomy receptacle of the dead, must be contiguous to this spot, but which, as yet, I had not fallen upon ; or, that it might have been subject to the influence of earthquake or volcanic fires, and so blended itself and become lost in the formless chaos of the surrounding mountain region.

"Retracing my steps and again passing on, the light began to stream along the floor, so to call it, ruddier, brighter, until, as I arrived at the extremity of the passage, it became a perfect blaze of sunshine. Before quitting the

said broad commodious passage, I took the opportunity to turn and look back.

"Well, at the extreme end where I had entered a few minutes ago, a diminished orifice giving entrance to a circle of light showed the opening, while on either hand, to the right and to the left, were darker and gloomier passages leading farther and deeper into recesses more mysterious, and which, I promise you, I did not care to explore.

"Nothing had impeded my footsteps hitherto,—no mounds, no fallen rocks, no crumbling bit of ruin lay in my path; no evil odours had assailed the sense. Where, then, had they placed their dead, after all?

"With my own life in peril, which might meet me at any moment for aught I knew, I could not forbear asking myself two or three curious questions, arising naturally from all that was at hand, but principally, Where did the dead of this 'dead' city repose?

"Evidently," he continued thoughtfully, "the dead I was so curious about must have been sepulchred and walled-in in the living rock, for I could now distinctly trace the outlines of slabs, mural tablets, covered with inscriptions and characters of quite an unknown form, and quite beyond my comprehension.

"So, concluding my thinking, and following my way, I crossed the last granite threshold, and stood in the very heart and burst of the sunshine. But what a place, what a scene, what horror mingled with a startling sublimity, met my bewildered gaze now!

"I stood in a great square, the four sides of which, in pillar and cornice, in frieze, pediment, and every imaginable form of architectural splendour, all rose upon a scale of dimensions which quite baffled the powers of calculation; and there clomb up, hundreds of feet above me, a superb square into which the sun poured down its rays as into a well, so that for a moment I was half blinded, and indeed, half stupefied.

"But this was not all. Looking around me on every side, I certainly uttered a cry of irrepressible fear; but the fear chained my feet to the ground, and I could not move a step.

"What I could take in, in my bewildered glance, were countless enormous pillars, sixty or eighty feet high, supported by pediments equally colossal. Each pillar was a Caryatide, which, to simplify the matter, means that it was carved in the shape of a woman; and they were multiplied by scores, by hundreds, by myriads, I verily believe. But the distortion of these monstrous figures, the insufferable horror of their vast distorted countenances, the demoniac expression stamped on their varying faces—faces!—the glaring of their cold,

stony, fiendish eyes, all so living, as it were, in the very force of expression—froze me. The ample tide and flow of descending hair, flying too in every direction, had, under the skill of the workman, become a petrification quite as wonderful; for the highest, if distorted, form of art was evident. It was as fantastic in design as it seemed to be revelling in a phantasy of Gorgonian horrors, and which it may be the province of a particular age and clime to introduce, but which really seems to belong to insanity alone to invent.

"This, and such as this, formed the frontage facing where I stood. The ghostly towering frontage to my right might have represented a 'Macaber' dance—a Dance of Death, but after an antique fashion far more appalling than Holbein's, and utterly destitute of his sinister humour.

"The frontage to the left consisted of one vast human face, its dimensions being only to be guessed at. It was so calm, terrible, appalling, even in its awful quietude, that I scarcely knew whether that or its magnitude overwhelmed me most.

"I could look no more, bear no more, endure nothing further. I turned and fled, regaining the streets of the catacombs, where, at least, I had no sufficiency of fresh terrors to feast upon. Hurrying on, almost deliriously, I emerged at last by a narrow way leading to a ravine, and presently stood panting in the open air, inhaling gratefully the refreshing coolness of the passing breeze. I then sat down to think—to try to think, rather; but I could not. All seemed like a dream, a nightmare; all surely must be a dream, but a dream out of which I found it impossible to awaken; and which therefore must, with all its phantasy, partake of reality.

"By degrees I began to recall certain vague mythic traditions found in wonderful old books, to the effect that in some part of the island there was a 'Palace of Monsters;' that this place, in very ancient times, was haunted and infested by a race of evil creatures, who, under the forms of women, and denominated 'Lamiæ,' 'Striges,' 'Phorkyas,' and other hard names, worked out all sorts of hideous mischiefs among men; and the colossal pile I had quitted, so gorgeous yet so hideous,—this monstrous monument hewn and carved by a might allied to the supernatural, in order to perpetuate a creed of darkness,—was ocular and demonstrative proof that fables are not so remote from fact as men are willing to suppose.

"While musing thus, I again heard gunshots ringing in a valley beyond.

"I had had quite enough of this, and was

not sorry to be in motion again. Grasping my rifle, after seeing that the charges were right, I strode out by an aperture so narrow that I could scarcely discern a faint glimmer of light at the extremity, and went on, slowly feeling my way, for I knew not what awful pitfall might yawn before me till in the blessed sunshine once more. So, having taken a pull at my flask, I toiled on, and, after about an hour, found myself descending a mountain slope, not a vestige of the astounding vision I had seen being within sight : all lay behind me buried in silence and solitude, a vast and cavernous tomb, never again to be wended, perhaps, by the foot of man.

"Suddenly, however, I was brought up with a start, a cry of suppressed terror escaping my lips ; for all of a moment I pulled up on the verge of a chasm some seven or eight feet wide, while it descended down, down below, as into a bottomless pit, lost in a darkness which the sun never lighted up.

"I had blindly, at sudden sight of this horrible chasm, cast my rifle across ; and lo ! a moment after, a mocking laugh greeted me : an olive-tinted scoundrel I had come into collision with before, and had no reason to love, stood on the opposite side, on a space somewhat lower than the one I occupied. By this he had caught up my rifle, and then put it butt down, leaning against the rock, and within reach of his hand.

"His laugh absolutely chilled me ; but, besides his own rifle, he had also mine, and was doubly armed, and had a command of my life any moment he chose. I had no way of escape. Deliberately I saw him lift up his weapon, take aim at me, and I closed my eyes, feeling my knees double under me as I murmured a brief prayer.

"He fired. Why the bullet missed me, as it did, I know not ; and attribute it to his having aimed at my head, which my momentary collapse removed out of his line. A moment, and I nerved myself to the worst.

"I sprang across the chasm like a panther, and found myself in his grasp, but my sword-shaped bayonet, which I had instinctively drawn, was driven through his breast, the force of the leap having given me this advantage, and we fell together on the platform."

"Ugh ! how shocking ! how lucky for you !" And once more every listener's heart experienced a delightfully horrible thrill.

"The impetus of my desperate leap cast us both at the moment from the extreme verge more upon the platform. I was faint with reaction, but this was speedily dissipated by feeling myself being drawn, by the last efforts of a dying determined man, to the edge of the

cursed chasm. He intended no doubt that we should both go down together.

"His body was hanging over the ledge, and by an effort I managed to release myself from his relaxing grasp, and then I heard——"

Here Steve slightly changed colour.

"I heard that horrid crash which succeeds the fall of a human being from some great height,—a sound that, I venture to say, has not its equivalent in nature : it carries a horror beyond words ; and I fainted. * * *

"How I got back to Palermo safe and sound needs further details ; but as I am here in good trim to tell you my story, why, my service to you. Lucy, my love, a glass of wine, and if there's another cigar about, I'll thank you to hand it over."

"BEHIND THE SCENES."

Long, long ago, I had an aunt,
Who took me to the Play,—
An act of kindness that I sha'n't
Forget for many a day.
I was a youngster at the time,
Just verging on my teens,
And fancied that it must be "prime"
To get *behind the scenes* !

I ventured to express the same,
In quite a candid way,
And shock'd my aunt—a proper dame,
Although she loved the Play.
'Twas just the moment when Macbeth
(Whose voice resembled Kean's)
Was perpetrating Duncan's death
O.P.—*behind the scenes* !

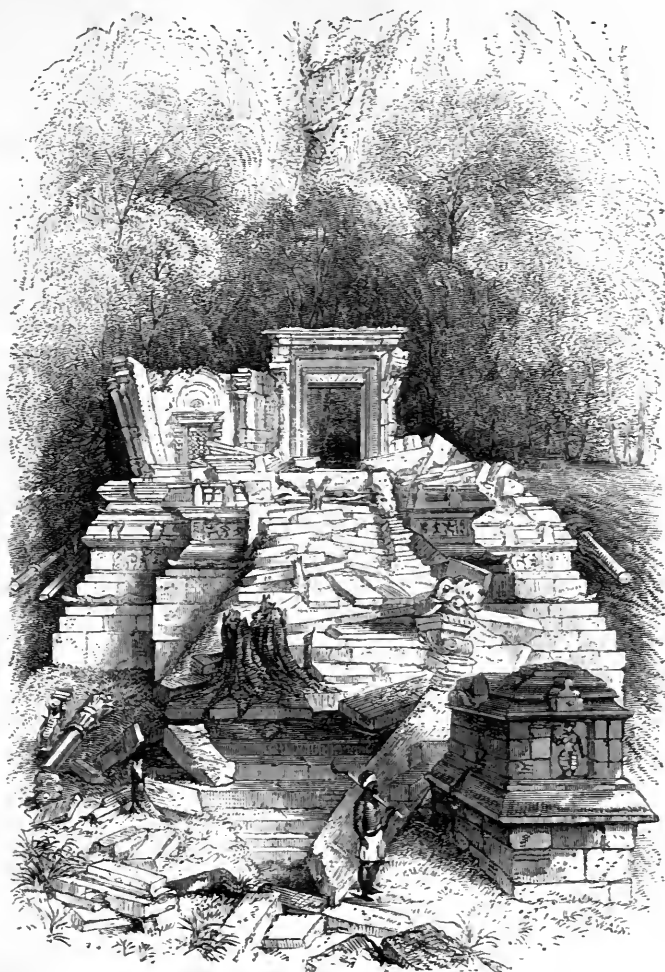
I recollect that evening yet,
And how my aunt was grieved ;
And, oh ! I never can forget
The lecture I received.
It threw a light upon the class
Of knowledge that one gleams,
Through being privileged to pass
His time *behind the scenes* !

The Columbine I worshipped then
Was forty, I should think ;
My Count, the commonest of men ;
My Villain, fond of drink ;
The Fairies I believed so fair,
Were not by any means
The sort of people I should care
To know *behind the scenes* !

I cannot boast that I enjoy
Those stage-illusions still ;
I'm getting far too old a boy
To laugh or cry at will.
And I can look with languid eye
On mimic kings and queens,
And boast that nothing makes me sigh
To go *behind the scenes* !

Ah, shallow boastings ! false regrets !
The world is but a stage,
Where Man, poor player, struts and frets
From infancy to age ;
And then leaps blindly, in a breath,
The space that intervenes
Between this stage-career and Death,
Who lurks *behind the scenes* ! H. S. LEIGH.

YAPAHOO.



General View of the Ruins.—See page 227.

PART I.

It has always been a matter of great surprise to me that, in his very interesting review of the "Ruined Cities of Ceylon," Sir Emerson Tennent omits all description of Yapahoo, which, in point of architectural beauty and richness of design, far excels all the ancient capitals of the island. It is not less remarkable, too, that while the "stock" ruins of Ceylon, such as Anaradhapoora, Pollanarua, &c., are sufficiently remote to make a visit to them something of an undertaking, these, which are little over fifty miles from Kandy and eighty from Colombo, are still comparatively unknown.

The existence of the city of Yapahoo, in the district of Seven Korles, has of course been known for many years; but when I first visited its ruins, in 1850, I found myself, according to the testimony of the priests of the adjoining temple, only the third Englishman who had ever explored them. The first being the late General Fraser, so well known in Ceylon, who halted near them when marching some troops through the country during the Kandyan Rebellion, in 1819; the second, my companion in my visit to them, Mr. J. Woodford Birch, of the Civil Service, to whom the merit is due of having first drawn attention to these very beautiful remains.

The situation of the ruins is lovely. A gigantic boulder, rather than a rocky hill, starts abruptly from the plain, and, wherever a root can cling, it is laden with forest trees and brushwood. The greater part of one side of it, however, is perfectly perpendicular; and at the base of this wall of rock, at a point some 200 feet above the plain, to which the ground slopes with a steep descent, was built the palace, commanding a glorious view over the level country, whose jungle-covered surface is picturesquely broken by the numerous isolated hills and rocks with which it is studded.

On one side of the palace stands the Dalada Maligawa, the shrine of the sacred tooth of Buddha, which accompanied the seat of government in all its many changes of site during the later dynasties.

Below it lay the city, of which the only vestige remaining is an occasional embankment, which tells of some pleasant tank, that has been dry for ages. The absence of all remnant of the dwellings of the people, which is the case with regard to all the ruined cities in Ceylon, is easily accounted for by the fact that, under the native government, only royal and religious buildings and those of the higher nobility were built of stone; the lower orders being only permitted to erect houses of the most temporary description. Knox, in his history of his captivity in Ceylon, in 1659, describes with great minuteness their "small, low, thatched cottages, built with sticks and daubed with clay," which they were not allowed to build "above one story high," or "to cover with tiles." "The poorer sort," says he, "have not above one room in their houses; few above two, unless they be the great men. Neither doth the king allow them to build better." So tenacious is the influence of custom, that, even some years after our possession of the Kandyan Provinces, it was found necessary to issue a proclamation, giving to natives of certain rank permission to tile their houses. "The said privilege," however, was only extended to "persons who have or may receive commissions for office under the signature of the governor of the island."

It is no wonder, therefore, that no trace of the town itself remains. Of far different material were the palaces and temples. These, as old Knox truly says, were "of rare and exquisite work, built with hewn stones, and engraved with images and figures," so much superior to anything of which the people themselves were capable, that they were ignorant of their history, which, Knox remarks, he, too, "could not attain to know."

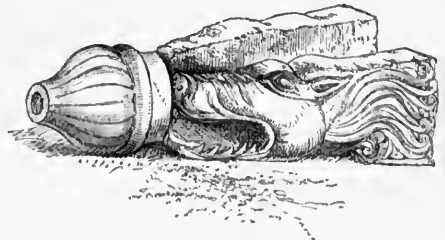
Yapahoo is certainly the finest specimen of this "exquisite work;" and had Sir Emerson

Tennent visited it, he would not, in his chapter, on the fine arts among the ancient inhabitants, have described stone carving as "so deteriorated in later times that there is little difficulty, at the present day, in pronouncing on the superiority of the specimens remaining at Anaradhapoorra over these, which are to be found among the ruins of the later capitals, Polanarua, Yapahoo, and Kornegalle;* for Yapahoo, though one of the "later capitals," presents by far the finest examples of stone carving in Ceylon.

The ruins are not extensive, for Yapahoo was the capital for very few years. They consist only of the palace and the Dalada Maligawa. The latter is a plain stone building, without ornamentation, and hardly worth describing. It is substantial, and in wonderful preservation. But the ruins of the former prove that, in design and execution, the architects of Ceylon, in the thirteenth century, had certainly not deteriorated since the days of their predecessors, when Anaradhapoorra flourished.

The palace itself was evidently never large; but it is a gem; and it was not until we had felled the huge forest trees—which, thrusting their roots into every crevice, had displaced the noble flight of steps leading from the town to the great entrance of the palace, and completely hid the front of the building—that I could realise its great beauty.

The palace was approached from a court yard, now a paddy-field, at the foot of the hill, by a succession of apparently three flights of steps. A few of the first flight were, in 1850, in tolerable order. The second has almost entirely disappeared. The nature of the ground, a steep sloping bank, with frequent rocks, required the erection of a mass of masonry to support it. This has fallen away, and the steps are doubtless covered by the debris of the building and the vegetable deposits of ages. Here and there a huge stone shows its edge;



Stone Spout at Yapahoo.

and the course of the flight is traceable by the stanchion-holes, which appear on the faces of the rocks up which it led.

* Mr. O'Grady, the government agent for the north-west province, has recently dug up some exquisitely carved stone pillars at Kornegalle.

My sketch, which gives a very imperfect idea of the general appearance of the ruined palace, shows what remains of the last flight, which, rising from a comparatively level, or probably levelled, piece of ground, approached the entrance hall. Here commences the decorated part of the building, and the ground is absolutely encumbered with sculptured stones.

This flight of steps, then, some thirty in number, flanked with balustrades of grotesque design and very elaborate execution, led up to a terrace formed of massive stonework, perfectly chiselled, and in excellent preservation.

Here, we may imagine, emerging from the stately building, the king, on great occasions, showed himself to admiring crowds assembled in the court below.

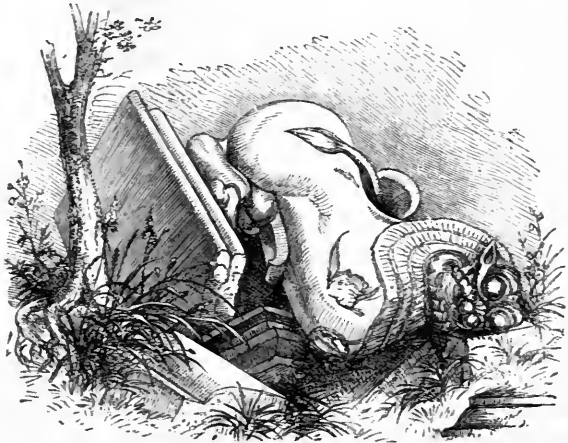
We have now reached the grand entrance of the palace. A doorway of graceful proportions, supported on each side by ornamental columns, opens into a moderately-sized hall, which was lighted by two windows, one on either side of the door, of rare and exquisite carving. One is perfect still; the other has fallen, and its fragments are scattered round. Indeed, the whole of the superstructure on one side of the doorway has disappeared, and a massive and very beautiful pillar has fallen across the site of the front wall, which contained the missing window.

It is probable that the building was never completed; and this its brief occupation as the seat of government renders more than likely. For it is impossible to conceive that masonry so substantial, and sculpture so elaborate, would have been lavished on a building which was intended to be of such modest extent. The existing ruins appear to have been those only of the entrance hall of some magnificent palace which it was designed to complete. For there are no remains but those which my sketches show, which are indeed those of a building too small even for convenient residence, though sufficiently large to have served for the state entrance to a noble palace, which, if completed in the same style, would have far eclipsed in magnificence anything which is to be found at Pollanarua or Anaradhapoor.

But forest trees, the growth of ages, and ruthless creepers, have played sad havoc here. One side of the upper flight of steps has been entirely overturned; and the grotesque and emblematic figures which formed that side of the balustrade, lie half, or entirely, buried in

the ground. Indeed, it is wonderful that what remains should be so perfect.

The lower steps were flanked by pedestals, surmounted by huge stone singhas, or lions—the national emblem of the Singhalese. One of these is standing yet; but its lion has fallen from his place; and I had some trouble in



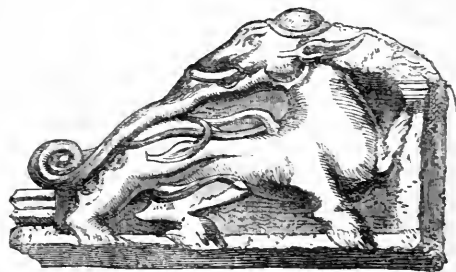
The Singha.

finding him, as I here represent him, lying but little broken at the foot of his pedestal.

I have little doubt that his companion is not far distant, though I had not time to dig for him.

The lion which I did find, hewn in one block, and measuring four feet four inches by three feet ten inches, and two feet thick, is the best specimen of the singha I have seen, and exhibits very strikingly those Egyptian characteristics which have been noticed with respect to the Singhalese lion.

Above the lions were two hideous heads of Rakshas, or demons, one on either side; and these again were succeeded by a pair of gajasinghas, fabulous creatures, having the head of



The Gajasingha.

an elephant and the body of a lion—figures which are to be met with in almost all the

ruined cities of Ceylon. As, however, I do not think they are so well known in England, I give a detailed drawing of this curious myth. It is also of one block of stone, and measures five feet by four.

This creature is called in Tamil, Yánei-Yáli, which has the same signification, viz., "Elephant-Lion," and is one of the vehicles of Durga, a form of the goddess Parvati, who, in consequence, is called "Yáli Yúrthi," she who rides on a Yáli.

These completed the balustrade, and we now come to the terrace I have mentioned. Its height above the lion pedestal may be some fifty or sixty feet.

LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE'S CITY.*

NO. V.—HOW THE DEVIL WAS BAULKED
BY A DAME.

NIGHT or day the foul fiend never rested after the trick the men of Aix had played upon him by giving him a wolf's soul instead of a man's, in return for his help with their Minster. And, cruellest cut of all, it had passed into a proverb that the men of Aix were sharper than the Devil. Nursing his wrath to keep it warm, he hit on the dark design of burying minster, palace, city, men, women, and children in one common ruin. So, one day he went to the sea-shore, saw a great hill of sand, which just suited his purpose, put it on his back, and laughing in his sleeve, set out to crush the city and all it contained. Panting and sweating under his burthen, he came near the town gate called the "Pont-thor," when a breeze sprang up from the east, blew some of his sand into his eyes and nearly blinded him, so that, enveloped in a perfect simoom, he could not find his way to the city.

Now, it so happened that a decent old woman came up on her way to market, while he was trying to get to the town. He accosted her most courteously, saying :

"Can you show me the way to Aix, good dame?"

At that very instant, by rare good luck, she caught a glimpse of the cloven foot. Most luckily, the dame had all her wits about her, for she straightway pulled out her rosary beads, and, catching their cross, made the holy sign upon the sand-hill in the twinkling of an eye. Forthwith the devil's power all passed away. He vanished then and there, and dropped his load so suddenly that it split in two. In memory of the good woman's cleverness, the larger mound was and is called the Lous Berg, the Hill of Craft. The smaller one goes by

the name of San Salvador's Berg, St. Saviour's Hill, and a cross is erected on its summit.

That the hills had come into their present position from the sea-shore was firmly believed by the burghers of old, who would cite, as proof positive of the truth of their story, that scallops and other sea-shells, turned to stone from their long rest inland, are found bedded in the soil, while there is not a trace of them in any part of the country round.

Ever since the hills were landed in their present station the devil has let the Aix folk alone; and the clever way in which they took him in gave rise to the proverb, "De Aechen sind der Duevel ze lous," which means in their dialect, "The Aix folk are craftier than the devil himself."

Tale and legend fail in fitly portraying his wrath, now that the destined instruments of his vengeance have become two smiling hills, from which the traveller views the lordly sight of City and Minster rising proudly and unharmed from the plain below. Still greater must have been his fury when one of Charlemagne's successors, Louis the Pious, built a church and monastery on St. Salvador's Berg.

THE LOUP-GAROU.

A LEGEND OF AUVERGNE.

[THE following verses are founded on a superstition once prevalent in various parts of France, and not unknown to other countries. The Loup-garou is the *λύκοάνθρωπος* of the Greeks, and the were-wolf of our own ancestors—a human being with the power of self-transformation into a wolf. Marie de France, the Anglo-Norman poetess of the thirteenth century, in her "Lai du Bisclaveret," states that this human-wolf was, in her time, called "garwall" in Normandy, "bisclaveret" being the Breton name. Her editor, M. de Roquefort, says that "garwall" is a corruption of the "wer-wolf" of the Teutons, or the English "were-wolf." In Mediæval Latin, its equivalent was "gerulphus." Madlle. Bosquet ("La Normandie, Traditions et Legendes"), quoting Collin de Plancy, "Dictionnaire Infernal," states that the Emperor Sigismund summoned the most learned theologians to discuss before him the question of the reality of the transformation of men into wolves, and the result of it was the unanimous recognition of it as a well-authenticated fact, to dispute which was a heresy, "*et se déclarer partisan d'une incrédulité damnable.*" Marie de France thus describes the loup-garou or garwall:—

"Garwall si est beste salvage;
Tant cum il est en cele rage,
Humes dévure, grant mal fait,
Es granz forest converse è vaiit."

Garwall is a savage beast,
And he loves on man to feast;
Great the ravages he makes
Roaming through the forest brakes.

According to Madlle. Bosquet, there are many instances of loup-garous having a paw severed in contests with the hunters, which afterwards became a human hand.]

*[See vol. ix., p. 573.

I.

"Good friend, if thou art going
To the pleasant chase to-day,
Something, I pray thee, bring me,
As thou comest back this way."

II.

The hunter, as he galloped by,
Shouted, in glad return,—
"I'll bring the choicest quarry
In these mountains of Auvergne."

III.

It was a gallant hunting,
And lack of game was none;
And back the laden hunter
Comes with the setting sun;

IV.

When, lo! across his pathway
A huge she-wolf appears,
Nor waits assault, but 'gainst him
Her savage form uprears.

V.

Out flew the shining cutlass,
Swift swept the shearing blade,
And the grim brute's huge fore-paw,
Severed, on earth was laid.

VI.

Away into the forest
The howling creature fled;
The laughing hunter raised his prize—
"This for my love," he said.

VII.

Into the merry city
At even-song rode he;
But at the diamond casement
There sat no fair ladie.

VIII.

He rushed into her chamber,
There wan and scared she lay,
Nor with her wonted smiling
A welcome rose to say.

IX.

He kneels, and from his mantle
Triumphant draws his prize,
But to his feet, with horror,
He starts, and wond'ring eyes.

X.

No longer paw of wild-wolf,
Horrid with claw and hair,
But the bright hand of woman—
Her hand—is bleeding there.

XI.

Shrieking, the lovely lady
Aside her mantle threw:
There was the bloody handless wrist—
She was the Loup-garou.

G. J. DE WILDE.

THE MECHANICAL SEMPSTRESS.

OUR mechanicians should have perfected the sewing-machine. The laud that invented the steam-engine and the power-loom, ought, in the ordinary nature of things, to have crowned its work by the final device which was to sew together the textile fabrics its cunning mechanics had so deftly woven. Indeed, an Englishman did perfect a clever mechanical arrangement for embroidery purposes, which absolutely included some of the most important parts of the first practical sewing-machine; but he actually did not recognise the fact that he was just touching a contrivance that would have made his fortune. This inventor, Mr. John Foster, of Nottingham, was a very young man, only nineteen, when he first contrived his embroidery machine, and, in conjunction with his moneyed partner, Mr. Gibbons, in December, 1844, brought it into practical use. Yet neither of them could see that the road they had fairly entered upon, if followed up, would inevitably lead to fame and wealth. Their machine to them was an embroiderer, and nothing more, although Mr. Fothergill, in a paper read at the Society of Arts last year, states that he saw this very machine sew most effectually: indeed, by the use of needle and shuttle, it produced a lock-stitch of precisely the same character as those now in use. No progress was made with this machine further than to employ it in embroidery, and the patents were not extended. It is supposed that the seeds of this invention, however, were not altogether lost: some workmen of the original patentee, it is said, proceeded to America, and there they disseminated the original idea. There is no evidence of this further than the emigration of the trained workmen who were in possession of the secret to New York; but it is very possible they did make some valuable use of their knowledge. It certainly does not appear, however, that either of these workmen was ever in communication with the man who eventually constructed the sewing-machine which is the parent, and contains the fruitful germs of all the sewing-machines in existence. We allude to Elias Howe, a native of Massachusetts, in America, who, nearly a quarter of a century ago, first conceived the idea of making a mechanical sempstress. The history of this working-man is remarkable, and in some respects it presents a happy contrast to that of other great inventors whose genius only brought them trouble and penury throughout life. When only twenty-two years of age, whilst working as a mechanic, he conceived the project of making a sewing-machine. This

was about the year 1841, at which time he was married, and had a little family around him, for whom he had to labour hard throughout the day. In after hours he might have been seen labouring in his humble garret, at Cambridgeport, contriving the various movements of his machine. The patient endurance, the intelligence, and the perseverance of this mechanic were destined in the end to overcome all the difficulties in his way ; and on the 10th of September, 1846, he obtained his first patent. Singularly enough, his fellow-countrymen did not at once see the merit of his invention, and its introduction to the public was first made in England. Shortly after his patent was obtained he sent over a machine to this country, and disposed of the English patent to Mr. Thomas, for, we believe, 200*l.*! Mr. Howe himself visited this country soon after the arrival of his machine, and superintended its adaptation to the work required to be done by Mr. Thomas—staymaking. Beyond the 200*l.*, we do not see that poor Howe did any good for himself over here ; for in 1849 he returned again to America, so poorly off that he was obliged to work his way home before the mast. Once again in America, however, fortune began to favour him. In 1853 he granted his first licence, and by degrees was enabled to repurchase the patents he had sold during the season of his adversity. In 1855 he was in possession of the whole of them ; and he now receives a royalty upon every sewing-machine manufactured in the United States, which produces an income of 50,000*l.* a year : not so bad a prize for a humble mechanic to earn in his old age ; yet incomparably trifling to the benefit he has conferred upon the world at large, by the gift of his labour-saving machinery, and especially his own country, where all labour is so dear. The establishment of the sewing-machine as a working fact set the minds of ingenious mechanics at work to make improvements upon it ; and since the first patent was registered, more than 300 patents have been taken out in this country for improvements in its different parts ; whilst in America, within the same time, upwards of 600 patents have been obtained, and no less than 1200 have failed. The large majority of these patents, however, are for trifling additions, added more for the purpose of enabling the makers to call them their own machines, than for any other object. There are, however, several valuable sewing-machines patented by Americans, which differ in many points from Howe's, although the whole of them are yet obliged to pay him a royalty for some part or other of their machines which is identical with parts comprised in his first patent. The principle of action of

all sewing-machines, however, is the same, although accomplished by different means. There is a needle with its eye at the *point* which thrusts a loop of thread through the material to be sewn, whilst on the under side there is an arrangement by which this loop is caught and traversed by another thread, the fastening being accomplished in many diverse manners. It may be said that, for endurance, there is but one kind of stitch that is truly valuable, and that is the lock-stitch—an arrangement by which the under and upper thread interlock in the centre of the material, and therefore is not likely to wear out in the washing, or the friction to which all the surfaces of materials are liable. Howe's is the premier lock-stitch machine, the under thread being passed through the loop made by the needle by means of a shuttle, which traverses backwards and forwards just as it does in a weaving-machine. Singer's sewing-machine also employs a shuttle. These are large and powerful machines, especially adapted for manufacturing purposes ; but the clatter they make certainly renders them objectionable for the drawing-room or work-room.

In the machines of Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson, this implement, the shuttle, is done away with, and a rotating hook takes its place. It is difficult beyond measure to describe popularly the action of intricate machinery ; but this rotating hook may be described as a stationary shuttle, catching the upper thread, interlooping the under one with it, and doing its work with a noiseless rapidity which makes the machine an almost perfect invention. There is also one grand improvement in the Wheeler and Wilson machine which places it in the very first rank. We allude to the four-feed apparatus,—an arrangement which enables the manipulator to turn the work upon the plate in any direction with the utmost rapidity. This improvement, together with the rotating hook, which saves all the time uselessly spent by the shuttle traversing backwards and forwards, renders it the most rapid and the most noiseless machine in use for light household work, and for the sewing of all the ordinary household fabrics, especially those requiring ornamental stitching : in collar-stitching and in shirt-making it is especially useful ; indeed, it is mainly used in the manufactories employed in the making of these articles of dress. We visited, the other day, the workshops of Messrs. Blenkiron, at Hoxton, where 150 of these machines and 500 young women are employed in doing nothing but making collars. A greater contrast to the scene in the garret, as drawn by Hood, where the wretched sempstress slowly dies rather than lives, could

not be presented than by the workwomen tending these machines. The motion of the sewing-machine itself is a vast improvement upon the monotonous movements used in common sewing. There is a certain diversion for the mind in the very action of guiding the work, which takes off much of the weariness caused by mere hand-sewing; and then the exercise caused by using the treddle to drive the wheel produces an active circulation throughout the system, which tends to abolish the sempstress headache, to which all poor hand-sewers are but too subject. We saw these machines working at the rate of 1200 stitches a minute, stitching on the average twelve gross of collars a day, or twelve dozen dozen,—a number which must seem nothing less than marvellous to the poor needlewoman. It will be asked what can become of all the collars produced at this extraordinary rate in all the manufactories of these articles in the metropolis? The answer is plain; the sewing-machines have so cheapened the rate of production of all wearing apparel, in which the cost of sewing forms a heavy item, that the increase in the rate of their sale is absolutely prodigious; indeed, so great, we are told, is the increase in the sale of shirts and collars, that one is lost in wonder at the number of persons who must either have gone without them, or at least must have used them in the most sparing manner, before these machines came into use.

There are some single-thread machines which are sold at a low price; but these make what is termed a chain-stitch, the disadvantage of which is, that it makes an unsightly ridge on the under side of the cloth, and is apt to unravel; indeed, you may take the end of the thread and pull the whole sewing out. These chain-stitch-making machines are therefore to be avoided. All sewing-machines, it must be remembered, require special appliances for hemming, binding, braiding, tucking, &c. These are procurable with the machine at a very small extra cost; and with their aid every operation can be performed with two exceptions, namely, sewing on buttons and stitching button-holes; and we believe a special contrivance to perform the latter operation is about to be brought out.

The sewing-machine is very much more largely employed in America than in England, and is far more universally known. This seems strange, considering that it was introduced to the British public two or three years before it was in use in the States. We are told that whilst in America the number at work is estimated at 300,000, in Great Britain and Ireland, with a larger population, only from 50,000 to 60,000 are at work. This singular fact is accounted for in two ways. Firstly, the

high price of hand labour across the Atlantic is so great that it is reasonable to suppose the Americans are more ready than ourselves to accept any contrivance to lessen it; the second, and perhaps the more forcible reason for the backwardness of the British manufacturers and private persons in bringing these machines into use, is to be found in the fact that up to the year 1860 the patents of Howe's machine, the only one we had, were in the hands of Mr. Thomas, who refused to allow any competing machines using his patents to enter the country, which, of course, he had a perfect right to do; but he also refused to admit them on a payment of a royalty for the parts of their machines covered by the patents he held. The consequence was that there was no competition, and, comparatively speaking, no sale; indeed, the great public knew but little about sewing-machines until Thomas's patents for Howe's invention expired in 1860. Then, it will be remembered, Americans seemed to have suddenly seized upon the corner shops, and all those well placed in great thoroughfares, in which they exposed their various machines, worked by handsome young girls, in full view of the gaping crowd outside. The sudden publicity given to the mechanical sempstress in this manner sold more of them in six months than the English patentee had sold in the fourteen years it had been in his possession. In America the system of giving other makers the right to construct machines, after paying a royalty to the holder of the patent, works admirably, and is just to the public as well as profitable to the inventor. We question if Howe, by becoming their sole manufacturer, would ever have realised the splendid income he is now doing by the royalty other companies pay him. Every year the manufacture and sale of these machines are increasing in America and England in an extraordinary degree. In America especially; for we find that between the years 1853 and 1858 the number of sales had been from 2509 to 17,587, and in the succeeding year they had risen to the extraordinary number of 46,243. What the numbers would have risen to, during the reign of the great army-clothing contractors, we should scarcely like to guess. The Americans estimate that the annual value of the saving effected by the sewing-machines in their country is not less than 29,000,000*l*.

In England their use is rapidly spreading. All our great army contractors now use them; and in the manufacture of shirts, collars, stays, mantles, dresses, coats, trousers, caps, trimmings, and boots and shoes, they are being adopted. Upwards of 3000 sewing-machines are employed by the boot and shoe makers alone;

and the rapid fall in the price of these articles is to be attributed to their use. It certainly is somewhat extraordinary that in England, where so much mechanical genius exists, so little yet has been profitably employed in the invention of sewing-machines. There is, we believe, but one effective machine of this kind of home production. Possibly we have allowed the Americans so far to get the start of us in this particular manufacture, that there is no inclination to contest the point with them.

The sewing-machine across the Atlantic has acquired such renown, and is so much in demand, that joint-stock companies with ample capital are engaged in their production. For instance, the Wheeler and Wilson Company, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, manufactured no less than 38,285 of these machines in the year 1861. Labour is so dear in America that labour-saving machines are exclusively employed in producing every portion of these machines, even down to the minutest screw. By this means absolute accuracy and identity of parts is obtained; and the various portions of these sewing-machines may be gathered promiscuously from every part of the world, and then put together immediately without the necessity of being touched by a tool for the sake of proper adjustment. Those who have seen how the rifles are made at the Government factory at Enfield, will be able to realise the exact method employed by the Wheeler and Wilson Company in the construction of their useful sewing implement. The advantage of this identity of parts is of the greatest value to the public, as any portion of a machine may be renewed by simply obtaining a duplicate of the damaged part at the dépôt of the company. The Wheeler and Wilson machine can be driven by steam-power at the rate of 2000 stitches a minute; and the following estimate has been made of the time the hand is capable of producing certain garments in, as compared with those made by the machine driven by the manipulator's foot:—

	By Machine.		By Hand.	
	Hours.	Minutes.	Hours.	Minutes.
Gentlemen's shirts	. 1	16	14	26
Frock coats .	. 2	38	16	35
Satin vests .	. 1	14	7	19
Linen vests .	. 0	48	5	14
Cloth pants .	. 0	51	5	10
Summer pants .	. 0	38	2	50
Silk dress .	. 1	13	8	27
Merino dress .	. 1	4	8	27
Calico dress .	. 0	57	6	37
Chemise .	. 1	1	10	31
Morcen skirt .	. 0	35	7	28
Muslin skirt .	. 0	30	7	1
Drawers .	. 0	28	4	6
Night dress .	. 1	7	10	2
Silk apron .	. 0	15	4	16
Plain apron .	. 0	9	1	26

The ordinary Wheeler and Wilson machine is *par excellence* the domestic machine,—the cheery sprite in the house, saving the eyes and the time of the housewife. It will work all kinds of linen, do mantle work, and sew ordinary cloth; but it is not adapted for manufacturing purposes. The heavy works of harness-making, the tough sewing of boots and shoes, the great pilot-coats of seamen, and the sacks of commerce, are more fitted for the powerful machines of Howe, Singer, Grove, Baker, and others; indeed there is the same difference between the nature of the work the former instrument is capable of doing and that accomplished by the latter, as there is between the rough strong hands of the sail-maker and the delicate fingers of the fine-work sewer. The home of the one is the domestic hearth and the female workroom; that of the other the crowded man's workshop; and this distinction should not be lost sight of by the public when about to make their selection of instruments. Messrs. Wheeler and Wilson make a special machine indeed for heavy work; but the two machines are adapted for different purposes, and both kinds of sewing cannot be expected out of either of them.

But it has been argued, of what use is there in introducing machinery which does the work eight or ten times as quickly as the human fingers, whilst so many poor sempstresses are starving for want of work? It is the old cry of iron arms against human muscles, and it is an equally ludicrous one. When the locomotive was first started it was asked, with as much sense, what will become of the old coachmen? and yet we now see that for one of these worthies displaced a thousand artisans are now employed. The introduction of sewing-machines will have just the same effect upon the employment of female labour. Where one miserable wretch earns her pitiful sixpence a day, a thousand, by means of the introduction of the sewing-machine, will be earning good wages; and not only doing so, but in a manner a hundred times more healthful and happy. We were delighted to witness the cheerful, merry labour in the crowded workroom of the Messrs. Bleunkiron. In place of squalor and hunger and dirt, haggard eyes and tired frames, worked for sixteen hours a day, we saw healthful faces, heard merry voices—for the talking was perpetual, and that alone, we are convinced, is a great source of health and comfort to the female mind; and, moreover, we heard that the wages were very liberal, so liberal that to the ordinary sempstress they would appear marvellous, ordinary hands earning twelve shillings a week, and superior ones twenty shillings! The sewing-machine, then, is one of the greatest boons that has ever been presented

to the sempstress. The manufacturer knows this; all those who have inquired into the subject know it; every one but those, apparently, who should have taken the trouble at least to inquire into the matter. We allude to those societies supported by charitable ladies, whose mission is stated to be the amelioration of the condition of the London needlewomen. Without wishing to use any harsh expression towards societies established with such a charitable intent, we cannot help saying that their almsgiving and their attempts to support the poor needlewoman in her present avocation are the greatest curse that can be inflicted upon her. The attempt to back up human fingers against the machine is not only a waste of the money of the charitable, but also of that of the workwoman. Nothing struck us with greater surprise than a passage in the "Victoria Magazine," the organ of poor oppressed women. The remark in question occurs in an article in the May number, and is to this effect:—

The future prospects of the London needlewomen seem dreary indeed. The sewing-machine is making inroads on their humble avocation, and in another generation they will probably be extinct. Those at present in existence will fall into still deeper poverty than they are at present, and, despite of their horror of the poor-law authorities, the workhouse (terminating in the still more dread parish funeral) is in store for a large proportion of their numbers.

The writer is indeed but a Job's comforter; and if the working of the societies for the support of needlewomen is calculated only to conduct them down to death in this deplorable fashion, God help them! We can, however, give them far better comfort. Instead of looking upon the sewing-machine as an enemy that is taking the mouldy crusts out of their mouths, let them regard it as a friend that is willing to feed them as they have never been fed before. It is a fact, that the demand for women who can work these machines is unprecedentedly great. In the shops where they are used, applications are continually being made by other shops to have any superfluous labour sent on to them. What, we may ask, are the Needlewomen Societies about that they do not recognise this fact?

At the Hinde Street Institution, we are told, on the authority of the article quoted, a kind of community of sempstresses is lodged and regulated by charity. The good offices of the War Office are entreated, in order that the inmates may be enabled to compete with the army contractors (who work with machinery) for a portion of the military clothing work. Such patronage would be very damaging, and such exotic means of attempting to keep up the fight in the open market would be entirely delusive. Sooner or later

the army contractors will sweep the Hinde Street Institution from the face of the earth, if it continues the battle on the present unequal terms. There is one office, however, in which needlewomen's institutions such as this may be legitimately employed—the education of the needlewomen in the use of the machine. There is a large demand for women so instructed; there is a fast-failing demand only for those who stick to the needle. Why should not these societies employ themselves in accomplishing this transition of labour? It would require but a small expenditure of money. Two or three machines, presided over by one or two skilled workwomen practised in their use, would be sufficient to instruct a large portion of the needlewomen still left among us. This would be indeed a legitimate way of putting women in the way of earning good wages, without degrading them by too much patronage. It seems to us that these machines will be the means, moreover, of furnishing a livelihood to many who have seen better days. Of old, the mangle was an ignoble instrument to which many persons of refinement, who had been reduced in life, were forced to submit; but the sewing-machine, whilst it would entail no such sense of degradation, would prove a little fortune to many a poor woman. The gift of such an article would be a real charity; and we shall be pardoned, perhaps, for making the suggestion to the benevolent.

A BLOW TO "THE PROFESSION."

THE blow alluded to was dealt by our friend John Blankman, of Blank Hall, in the county of Blank, esquire, son and heir of John Blankman, late of the same place, esquire, deceased; and "the profession" was represented by Horatio Twaddle, of the firm of Twaddle and Twist, a solicitor of the High Court of Chancery, &c., &c. (for which see "Law List"), carrying on a snug practice in the town of Blank, and for many years the legal adviser of the Blankman family.

The departed Blankman was in that high description of repute which is most readily represented by saying that he was known in the neighbourhood as "the Squire," and it is not surprising that when the news got about the village, that the Squire lay sick to death at the Hall, it furnished topic for much grave comment. The doctor's gig was seen to drive through the avenue more frequently, day by day, and day by day his visits grew longer, until one night the horse and gig were sent round to the stables, and the man of physio was to remain till morning. Mr. John had been telegraphed for from London, where he

was making arrangements to engage his somewhat restless and active mind in mercantile pursuits, and when he arrived he was owner of "all that message or tenement known as Blank Hall."

The mourning at the Hall was not prolonged. John Blankman had not been necessary to the existence of his father any more than his father was indispensable to his. He had hunted with him, and watched him get drunk afterwards; he had talked country politics with him, and they had generally differed. Beyond this there had been little community and less sympathy. It is for the companions of our minds, for the intimates of our heart, the sharers of our sympathies, that we mourn, not for our mere physical associates. And so it fell out that, as soon as a decent time had elapsed, the "new Squire" sought that interview with "the profession" (as represented by Mr. Twaddle) which ultimately induced him to inflict the "blow" to which attention was in the first place directed.

"Good morning, Mr. Twaddle. How's Twist? Oh! there you are, Twist. How d'ye do? I want just to have a little talk with Mr. Twaddle—family matters—so—perhaps—Ah! thank you;" and Mr. Twist was bowed out into the clerks' office just to air his curiosity.

"Now, Mr. Twaddle, I am aware that you enjoyed my late father's confidence to a considerable extent, and I am of course desirous that you should continue on my behalf those good offices which——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Mr. Twaddle, taking Mr. John's hand with great display of feeling, "I have so long been connected with the Blankman estates, that I shall feel, apart from mere business considerations, a deep interest in assisting you in your views. I am sure your late lamented father would have been pleased to know that you were thus indorsing the good opinion which I believe, in fact, I know, he entertained of myself and"—added the lawyer at a judicious conversational distance—"and partner."

"I am quite aware of the estimation in which you were held," rejoined Mr. John Blankman.

"A friendship, sir, having for its basis, mutual and unshaken respect." "And," he might have added, "a few pretty heavy bills of costs." But he didn't.

"Well," said Blankman, "my time is rather short, for I am going to London by the express, so I will at once say what I have to say. In the first place, my mother and sister would like to remain at the Hall; and, therefore, I don't intend to sell the property."

Mr. Twaddle elevated his eyebrows, and trusted not.

"But I am going into business in London, and therefore want to raise as much money as I can get, after paying off the mortgages which already exist."

Mr. Twaddle's eyebrows plainly said that the last-named course was by far the most preferable.

"And therefore I wish to know exactly in what condition the title is at present. I think you have all the deeds."

Mr. Twaddle had. In the last mortgage transaction he had acted for both parties. The money, in fact, was found by his London agents—Messrs. Fiddle and Faddle, of Lincoln's Inn. And, by-the-way, the late lamented had not paid the last bill of costs. Amount? Oh! trifling; under two hundred pounds. Oh! not pressing. By no means. We will carry it on to the next transaction. No doubt Fiddle and Faddle would oblige the present owner; but, you see, the title would have to be gone into again. Yes. You see, between ourselves, F. and F. advanced more on the strength of T. and T.'s acting in the matter than anything. The sum was small, and—Oh! yes, there was a deed, of course; but in raising full value, you see, it would be different. The title is intricate—been dealt with by mortgage before late lamented purchased, and of course a good many deeds. Oh! title good enough, no doubt.

"By George!" said Blankman, at last, "what a devil of a nuisance these titles are. A fellow can never feel that his property's his own. Whenever he wants to do anything with it everybody seems to look suspiciously at him, and begins to think that he stole it. Confound it."

Twaddle smiled, and suggested that "Nothing could be more complete or more equitable than the law relating to real property. Ahem!"

"By-the-way," resumed Blankman, without appearing to notice the lawyer's remark, "what is this new method of registering titles we have heard so much about? Would it suit our case at all?"

"We have heard so little about, I suppose you mean. Land Transfer Act—dead letter. One of the most fallacious ideas, my dear young friend, that was ever propagated. No, no; we are not quite so far gone as that, I hope—not quite, I hope."

"But I thought that when a title was once registered at the Land Registry Office it was good against the world. That surely must be a benefit."

"In the first place, my good sir, I am not

sure that the office is not closed, as a failure ; and, in the next place, you've got to *get* your title registered ; and I should say there are precious few titles that would ever stand the strict ordeal of the registration system ; indeed I should."

"What ! do you mean to say you don't think my title could stand any and every investigation ?"

"I, personally, should say that your title is a good one, but it is quite impossible to tell what hole might be picked in it by two or three sharp conveyancers ; and suppose, just for the sake of argument, that your title was rejected by the office, where would you find a purchaser afterwards ? It would be blazed about in less than no time that Blankman's title had a flaw in it, and where would you be then ?"

"Dear me," said the amazed client, "I had no idea whatever that publicity is given to proceedings."

"Bless you, my dear sir," continued the lawyer, raising himself slightly on his toes and coming down sharply on his heels, in an authoritative way, "you can't imagine the absurdities of the system. We will even suppose your title registered. How pleasant it would be for Tom, Dick, and Harry to go searching the register to see what mortgages Blankman has got on his estate ; and to have it advertised in all the papers. And then the expense—take the survey alone—which is peremptory. Two or three surveyors (you know what surveyors are), at "five guineas a day and expenses," and half-a-dozen assistants, spending a fortnight at the Hall ; in fact, supposing, as I said before, that the office were in existence, that your title were unimpeachable, and that you had the patience of Job, I really think there would yet be insuperable obstacles to your availing yourself of the—shall we say *benefit* of the Land Transfer Act."

"Yes, indeed ; if things are as you say, I don't see much light in that quarter. But I must be off."

"Well, one word before you go," insinuated Mr. Twaddle. "Shall we write Fiddle and Faddle about the further advance ? What do you say ?"

"I really don't know what to say. Well—ye—e—well, suppose you wait till I come back. Good morning. Good morning, Twist." And off he went. And on his way to the station he—well, he did not *bless* the lawyers as a set of—well never mind what.

"Twist," said Twaddle, putting his head out of the door as soon as Blankman was off,

"just one word. Shut the door. What do you think he was talking of doing ?"

Twist was at fault.

"Registering !"

Twist turned pale.

All the way up to town John Blankman was ruminating gloomily enough about the grip which it seemed to him the firm of Twaddle and Twist had of him and his property. He was a fellow of a driving and independent temper, and he chafed under it.

"At all events," thought he, "I will go and consult my old chum Brickman, and hear what he says."

What passed between the two chums is not to be related here ; but it is quite certain that when the landowner passed through the town of Blank, that day week, on his way to the Hall, he looked in at his lawyer's, and had the "coolness" as Mr. Twist afterwards said, to ask if they would be good enough to let him take away his deeds, as he wanted to look through them.

"What ! thunder and earthquakes ! take away the family deeds from the office of Twaddle and Twist ? Get your property into your own hands ? Not if I know it ; at least, not without a struggle !" This was what Mr. Twaddle looked. What he said was more politic.

"Well, really, Mr. Blankman, for my own part, I should be delighted to meet your views in any way I could ; but you see, unfortunately, while those small sums are due to my London agents, I should hardly be justified, acting, as I do, for both parties, you see, in letting the deeds go out of my custody. You can inspect them here, if you please."

"Well, no ; I never thought of those unfounded charges. Pray don't think I have any intention of employing any other legal adviser, Mr. Twaddle. I assure you I shall not think of doing such a thing. I simply have a fancy to have my deeds in my own custody for a short time."

Mr. Twaddle felt relieved, but still he said his double duty placed him in an awkward position ; so it ended in Blankman's going away without the two hundred skins of parchment which proved that he had a right to what was his own. Once more he went up to town, ruminating but determined. This time he thought of consulting his uncle James, a director of the Out-and-Out Insurance Company, and with him he was in grave conversation every day for nearly a week ; at the end of which time Messrs. Fiddle and Faddle wrote down to their clients, Messrs. Twaddle and Twist, that the Out-and-Out Insurance Company were going to pay off the mortgages, and

requesting that the deeds might be sent up without any delay.

Twaddle tried very hard to smile when he handed the letter to Twist, and Twist's joke about Blankman going to his "uncle" after all, was ghastly to a degree; but Twaddle was soon himself again, and sat down and stabbed off a letter in a most vicious manner to Blankman, to the effect that there was a little account, some two hundred pounds odd, which had much better be arranged before the deeds were sent up, "to save any further bother." So, once more, uncle James was consulted, and once more the London agents wrote their clients that the deeds were to be sent up, and, on their delivery, a check for all costs would be given. So, by the mail-train, up came the skins of parchment, and, by the return post, down went a cheque to Messrs. Twaddle and Twist.

"I'd rather have given twice the sum and kept the deeds," thought Twaddle, as he locked it in the safe. "But, however, he gave us his word we should always act for him, and he can't very well get on without some legal assistance.

We might have a fancy, perhaps, to know what Blankman was up to during the four months which followed and brought Michaelmas close upon his heels, and perhaps we may learn by-and-by from that worthy himself, for it came to pass that on Michaelmas eve he drove up to the door of Messrs. Twaddle and Twist with a large bundle in the gig, which he deposited straightway in the sanctum of the senior partner.

"How d'ye do, Twaddle? Twist, how are you?—no, come in, nothing private."

"Dear me," said both the partners at once, "this is an unexpected pleasure; why, we haven't seen you for so long we thought you were never coming down to Blank again,—looking so well too."

"Yes, thank you, I am very well, and have come down to spend Michaelmas-day at the old place, and have a pop at the birds. By the way, I've brought back those deeds of mine."

"Ah, indeed," said Mr. Twaddle, with a flash of satisfaction in his eye; "here, William, put these deeds of Mr. Blankman's away carefully in the safe. Are they scheduled?"

"Oh, yes, they're all there, I believe," said Blankman, carelessly; "just stick them anywhere."

"Anywhere! nay, nay, Mr. John, deeds are deeds. Fire, my dear sir,—thieves, my dear sir,—remember, remember. Put them in the safe, William."

"By-the-way, Mr. Twaddle, if you're not

better engaged, suppose you take a bit of dinner up at the Hall to-morrow; I want to talk to you, and perhaps Twist wouldn't mind joining us. Only my mother and sister and self, quite a family affair."

Mr. Twaddle was delighted, he was sure; and as for Twist—well, at all events they were to come, and precious satisfied and jocular they both were about it.

"And now," said Blankman, "I must be off. I've got a good five miles to drive, and they are waiting dinner for me at the Hall." So off he went.

"What did I tell you," said the deep Twaddle—the sagacious Twaddle—to the knowing Twist, "what did I tell you? Didn't I always say he couldn't get on without us. Pshaw, my dear sir, I knew as well when those deeds left this office that we should see them back here again, as I know that what he wants to talk about to-morrow is a proposal for a mortgage. I wish we could lend him the money ourselves; shut the door, and let's talk about it."

What the result of the talk was we don't care one rap. We have now to do with the morrow of St. Michael, the day of geese, and we find the lawyers setting out for their drive over to Blank Hall in a right merry mood. We find them arrived. We find Mr. Twaddle with courtly manner leading old Mrs. Blankman in to dinner. We find Mr. Twist (as advised by Twaddle the Deep) pitching it uncommonly strong to Miss Blankman. We find our friend John merry, hospitable, and talkative,—more so than his wont. But all good things have an end, and dinners unfortunately are no exception to the rule. The ladies were never more gallantly and more regretfully bowed out of a dining-room than were Mrs. and Miss Blankman by Messrs. Twaddle and Twist, and never did guests more willingly, at their host's request, draw their chairs up to his end of the table than did those gentlemen obey the summons of friend Blankman. For they felt that something was coming. They anticipated a burst of confidence. They expected a revelation—and they were not disappointed.

"I want to tell you," said John Blankman, when they had replenished their glasses; "I want to tell you two gentlemen what I have been about since I last had the pleasure of seeing you. I think it due to Mr. Twaddle especially, as I gave him a promise which I wish to show him convincingly that I have not broken."

Mr. Twaddle bowed and smiled, and was just about to speak, but his host quietly resumed:

"Any remarks you may have to make I will ask you to postpone until I have completed what I have to say, because I want to get it over. You may remember that I had some talk with you about the Land Registry Act, when you were good enough to give me what information you possessed with regard to it. When I went to London, I went in the first instance to see an old chum of mine, who, like myself, is of an inquiring turn of mind, and I mentioned incidentally that I had begun to experience some of the inconveniences of being a landed proprietor. My friend immediately asked me why I didn't "Register," and professed to be thoroughly up in the matter of Registration. You will also remember, Mr. Twaddle, that you had your doubts whether an office for this purpose existed. I am happy to be able to relieve those doubts, and to tell you that such an office does exist, and a very fine office it is. It may still be in your memory that you stated that those ubiquitous personages Tom, Dick, and Harry might inspect the Registers. You were mistaken. No one but a person having a proper authority is permitted to do so. Having satisfied my mind on these points, I proceeded to make inquiries as to the mode of registering, and I was favoured by the frankest and fullest information on this subject; in fact, instead of having obstacles thrown in my way, the way seemed to be gradually opened to me, and I began to feel that I was competent to understand my own affairs. By-the-way, you also hinted that if my title was rejected, every one would say "Blankman's title is a bad one." You had been grossly misinformed, and I take pleasure in telling you, that until a title is approved the application has no publicity whatever. But to proceed. I found it was necessary to have an abstract of my deeds, and the deeds themselves; but judge of my surprise and satisfaction when I was told that I need not employ a solicitor, but could, if I pleased, carry the thing through myself. Here was a delightful occupation. I borrowed an abstract from your friends Fiddle and Faddle, and asked you for the deeds. You had a lien on them, and very properly declined to part with them. I went to my uncle James of the Out-and-Out Insurance Company, and told him what I proposed doing, and of the difficulties in the way. I entered into an agreement with the company, and they advanced the money to pay off the mortgages. Then there was the little matter of your account, which was also got rid of. I carried my title in, it was approved, the survey was made (by-the-way you were wickedly deceived on this head, it was done by the Tithe Office at a ridiculously small charge), the few notices were all served

by myself, with an additional notice of my own to my tenants and others not to mention the matter to you, as I intended it as a little surprise.

"The usual advertisements were inserted once in the Times, and once in the county paper, both of which I would recommend you to read in future; and within about four months from the date of my application I became the happy possessor of my 'Land Certificate.'"

At this point, without appearing to notice the rubicund condition and stertorous breathing of Twaddle, and the sickly smile of Twist, Blankman drew from his breast pocket a sheet of parchment of foolscap size, on half a side of which were inscribed the mystic words which declared him to be the owner of his own.

"This," said he, triumphantly, "is the document which stands me in stead of the two hundred skins of parchment I left in your office, and which you may, if you fancy it, keep on the top of your stove. This is what I call 'Concentrated Essence of Title,' and next week I shall deposit it with the 'Out-and-Out,' and get whatever I may require in the way of money so far as the value goes. And as for the expense, the whole thing, from beginning to end, has not cost one half what I paid you for the cost of the last mortgage. One word more: I am so pleased with the whole affair that I feel inclined to have a bowl of punch, —what do you say?"

Mr. Twaddle really begged to be excused. Not to-night. He congratulated Mr. Blankman, and regretted he had been so very much misinformed on the subject. It was late: they would go home.

And home they went.

"Well," squeaked little Twist, on the way, "I'm glad there are not many such fools in the world."

"Tush, man," returned his partner, "he's no fool; and we must be thankful that there are still plenty of fools left."

When they looked at the deeds the next morning they all bore the legend "Title Registered."
R. J. A.

HARVEST MEMORIES.

I.

WHEN the noontide sun of autumn floods the cornfields'
hazy gold,
Fond memory paints a picture from the harvest days of
old:
A maiden crowned with poppies—a whisper in her
ear—
An answering glance half-startled—the reapers' voices
near.



II.

When athwart the tawny stubbles the violet shadows
 fall
 Of the witch-elms in the hedge-rows, a vision I
 recall:
 Her auburn hair sun-gloried—sweet eyes brimful of
 tears—
 Two hands fast locked together, a pledge for coming
 years.

III.

When the yellow moon is rising over yon dark copse of
 fir,
 And the harvest songs are silent, and there's not a
 sound astir,
 Half in moonlight, half in shadow, through the hazels
 as of yore,
 She seems to come and meet me, who will tryste me
 nevermore!
 EVELYN FOREST.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLV. TAKING THE AIR IN BLISTER LANE.

It was a gloomy time at South Wennock. Usually a remarkably healthy place—indeed, had it not been, the few medical men established there could not have sufficed—it was something new to have an epidemic raging, and people took alarm. The fever was a severe one, and two or three patients had died; but still it was not so bad as it might have been, as it is occasionally in other places. The town was hurriedly adopting all sorts of sanitary precautions, and the doctors were worked off their legs.

Lady Jane Chesney regretted on Lucy's account that it should have happened just now. Not that she was uneasy on the score of fear for her; Jane was one of those happy few who can put their full and entire trust in God's good care, and so be calm in the midst of danger: "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." But she was sorry this sickness should prevail now, because it made the visit a dull one.

Jane lived in the same quiet style. Since the addition to her income through the money left her by old Lady Oakburn, she had added but one man servant to her modest household. The two maids, of whom Judith was one, and this man, comprised it. Not that Jane saved much. She dressed well, and her housekeeping was liberal; and she gave away a great deal in a quiet way. But the young, full of life, loving gaiety, might have called her house a dull one; she feared Lucy was finding it so; and it certainly did not want the sickness and alarm prevailing abroad to augment it.

Jane was saying this as she sat one night alone with Lucy. They had promised to spend the evening with some friends, but just as they were about to quit home, a note was delivered from the lady to whom they were engaged. One of her servants was taken ill, and she feared it might be the fever: perhaps therefore Lady Jane would prefer to put off her visit.

"I should not have minded for myself," remarked Jane, as they sat down to a quiet evening at home, "but I will not risk it for you, Lucy. I am so sorry, my dear, that South Wennock should be in this uncertain state just now. You will have cause to remember your dull visit to me."

Lucy laughed. She did not look very dull

as she sat there. Her evening dress was of gay silk, and some sort of enamelled ornaments, a necklace and bracelets glistening with their steel mountings, were on her fair neck and arms. She had taken up some embroidery work, was already busy with its intricacies, and she looked up with a laughing eye at Jane.

"Indeed I am not sorry to be kept at home, Jane. Dull as you call my visit, all my work seems to get on badly: and you know I promised myself to do so much. But, Jane—if I may say one thing," Lucy added, her gay tone changing to seriousness, "you seem dull. You have been so ever since we came from London."

Jane paused a moment. "Not dull, Lucy, dear. I have been preoccupied: I acknowledge that."

"What about?" asked Lucy.

"I would rather not tell you, Lucy. It is only a little matter on my mind: a little doubt: something I am trying to find out. I cannot help thinking of it constantly, and I suppose it has made me silent."

You need not ask the source of Jane's preoccupation. That it was connected with her sister Clarice you will have already divined. Since the information gained from Mrs. West, that Clarice had married, Lady Jane had been unable to divest herself of an impression that that little child at Tupper's cottage was the child of Clarice. The only possible ground for her fancy was the extraordinary likeness (at least, as Jane saw it) in that child's eyes and general expression of face to Clarice. The features were not like; quite unlike; but the eyes and their look were Clarice's over again. Added to this—and perhaps the fact somewhat strengthened Jane's doubts—was the manner of his ostensible mother, Mrs. Smith. From the very first, Jane had thought she looked old to be the mother of so young a child; but she had hard features, and such women, as Jane knew, are apt to look much older than they really are. Several times since her return from London Jane had passed the cottage and talked to the little boy over the gate. Once she had gone in—having been civilly invited by Mrs. Smith to rest herself—and she had indirectly tried to ascertain some particulars of the child's past life: where he was born, and where he had lived. But Mrs. Smith grew uncommunicative and would not answer much. The boy was her own, she said; she

had had another son, older than this, but he had died; she had married very late in life. Her husband had occupied a good post in a manufactory at Paisley, in Scotland, and there her little boy had been reared. Upon her husband's death that summer, she had left the place and come back to her native country, England. So far as that, Mrs. Smith was communicative enough; but beyond these points she would not go; and upon Lady Jane's rather pressing one or two questions, the widow was quite rude. Her business was her own, she said, and she did not recognise the right of strangers to pry into it. Lady Jane was baffled. Of course it might all be as the woman said; but there was a certain secrecy in her manner that Jane suspected. She had, however, no plea for pressing the matter further; and she preferred to wait and, as it were, feel her way. But she thought of it incessantly, and it had rendered her usually equable manner occupied and absent, so much so as to have been observed by Lucy.

"Is it anything about Laura?" asked Lucy, in answer to Jane's last observation.

"Oh no. Nothing at all."

"Do you think, Jane, that Laura is happy? She seems at times so strangely restless, so petulant."

"Lucy, I hope she is happy: I cannot tell. I have observed what you say, but I know nothing."

"Mr. Carlton seems very indulgent to her," returned Lucy.

And in point of fact, Lucy had been quite struck with this indulgence. Jane's own decision, not to visit at the house of Mr. Carlton, whether springing from repugnance or pride, or what not, she had strictly adhered to, but she had not seen fit to extend the prohibition to Lucy; and Lucy was often at Laura's, and thus had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Carlton's behaviour to his wife. She told Jane that she liked Mr. Carlton better than she had liked him as a little girl; she remembered, she said with a laugh, that she then entertained a great prejudice against him; but she liked him now very well, and he was certainly fond of Laura. Jane agreed that Mr. Carlton's manners were gentlemanlike and agreeable; she had now and then met him in society, and nothing could be more courteous than was Mr. Carlton's manner to herself; but, into his house Jane still declined to enter.

"I think he has always been most indulgent to her," observed Jane. "Laura, I fear, is of a difficult temper, but—Are we going to have visitors to-night?"

The break in her sentence was caused by a visitor's knock. Inpromptu evening visitors

to Lady Jane Chesney were not common. The servant opened the drawing-room door.

"Mr. Frederick Grey, my lady."

Lucy threw down her embroidery. Jane smiled; the dull evening had changed for Lucy.

He came in with a radiant face. They questioned him upon his appearance in South Wennock, when they had believed him in London, reading hard for his degree. Frederick protested his uncle John had invited him down.

"I suppose the truth is, you proffered him a visit," said Jane. "Or perhaps came without any notice to him at all."

Frederick Grey laughed. The latter was in truth the fact. But Frederick never stood on ceremony at his uncle John's: he was as much at home there as at his father's.

And as the days went on and the sickness in South Wennock increased, Mr. John Grey declared that his nephew's visit was the most fortunate circumstance that could have happened. For the medical men were scarcely equal to the additional calls upon them, and Frederick took his full share of the duty. So, after all, the visit, which had been intended by him to be nothing but a short and delightful holiday with Lucy Chesney, was changed into one of labour, and—in one sense—disappointment. For he could only venture to see her once in a way, every other day or so; neither had he time for more; and then, with all the precaution of changing his clothes.

Lady Laura Carlton's feet seemed instinctively to take her to Blister Lane, past the front of Tupper's cottage. Jealousy has carried women to more inconvenient places. The unhappy suspicion—how miserably unhappy it was to be in its ultimate effects, neither Laura nor any one else could dream of!—connecting her husband with that little child had grown to a height that was scarcely repressible; and Laura was in the dangerous frame of mind that has been metaphorically designated as touchwood—wanting but a spark to kindle it into a flame.

Not a day passed but she was walking down Blister Lane. She would take her way up the Rise, turn down the lane, pass the cottage, which was situated at this end of it, walk on a little way, and then come back again. All as if she were taking a walk to get a mouthful of fresh air. If she saw the little boy in the garden she would stop and speak to him; her jaundiced eyes devouring the likeness which she thought she detected to Mr. Carlton; it seemed that she could never tire of looking at it.

It was not altogether the jealousy itself that

took Lady Laura there, but a determination that had sprung out of it. A resolve had seated itself firmly in her mind to sift the matter to its very foundation, to bring to light the past. She cared not what means she used : the truth she would know, come what would. Of a sufficiently honourable nature on the whole, Lady Laura forgot honour now ; Mr. Carlton had reproached her with "dodging" his steps ; she was prepared to do that and worse in her route of discovery.

It might have been described as a disease, this mania that was distracting her. *What* did she promise herself would be gained by these hauntings of Blister Lane ? She did not know ; all that she could have told was, that she was unable to rest away from the place. For one thing, she wanted to ascertain how frequently Mr. Carlton went to the cottage.

But fortune had not favoured her. Not once had she chanced to light upon the time that Mr. Carlton paid his professional visit. Had she met him—of which there was of course a risk—an excuse was ready. As if fate wished to afford her a facility of operation, Lady Laura had become acquainted with the fact that a young woman, expert in fine needlework, lived in Blister Lane ; she immediately supplied her with some, and could have been *going there to see about it* had she been inconveniently met.

One gloomy day in the beginning of November, Laura bent her steps in the usual direction. It did not rain, but the skies were lowering, and anybody might have supposed that Lady Laura was better indoors than out. She, however, did not think so. In her mind's fever, outward discomfort was as nothing.

As she passed the gate of Tupper's cottage, Mrs. Smith, in her widow's cap, was leaning over it, gazing in the direction of South Wenkoek, as if expecting some one. She looked at Laura as she came up ; but she did not know her for the wife of Mr. Carlton. And Lady Laura, with averted eyes and a crimson blush on her haughty cheeks, went right into the road amidst the mud, rather than pass close to the gate. It was the first time she had seen Mrs. Carlton since that first day, for the widow kept much to the house.

On went Laura in her fury, and never turned until she came to the cottage of the seamstress. It seemed that she required an excuse to her own mind for being in the lane that day. The conclusion she had arrived at in her insensate folly was, that the woman was looking impatiently for the advent of Mr. Carlton. What passion that this earth contains can ever befool us like that of jealousy !

She went in, gave some directions about the

work, so confused and contradictory as nearly to drive the young woman wild, and then retraced her fierce steps back again. Very excessively astonished was she, to see, just on this side of Tupper's cottage, a sort of hand-carriage standing in the middle of the road path, and the little boy seated in it. He looked weak and wan and pale, but his beautiful eyes smiled a recognition of Lady Laura.

"Why are you here ?" she asked.

"She took off her pattens and forgot them, and she has got a hole in her boot," lucidly replied the child.

"Who's she ?" resumed Laura.

"The girl that Mr. Carlton sent. He says I must go out as long as I can, and she comes to draw me. The drum's broke," continued the boy, his countenance changing to intense trouble ; "Mr. Carlton broke it. He kissed me because I didn't cry, and he says he'll bring me another."

"Is Mr. Carlton there now ?" hastily asked Laura, indicating the cottage.

"Yes. It was the drum broke, not the soldier. He hit it too hard."

The clanking of pattens was heard in the garden path, and a stout-looking country girl came forth. She knew Lady Laura by sight, and curtsied to her. Laura recognised her as a respectable peasant's daughter who was glad to go out by day, but who could not take a permanent situation on account of a bed-ridden mother.

"The little boy looks ill," remarked Lady Laura, rather taken to, and saying any words that came uppermost.

"Yes, my lady ; and they say he is weaker to-day than he has been at all."

"Mr. Carlton says so ?"

"His mother says so. Mr. Carlton hasn't seen him. He has not been to-day."

Laura strode away, vouchsafing no further notice of the speaker, not so much as a word of adieu to the little child. In her heart of hearts she believed the girl was telling her a lie ; was purposely deceiving her ; and that Mr. Carlton was even then inside the cottage. The child's words, "the girl that Mr. Carlton sent," were beating their refrain on her brain. Why should Mr. Carlton send a girl to draw out any child, unless he held some peculiar interest in him ; she was asking herself. Ah, if she could but have seen the thing as it actually had been !—how innocent it was ! When the boy got past running about, Mr. Carlton said he must still go into the open air. The mother hired this little carriage, and was regretting to Mr. Carlton that she could not hear of a fit person to draw it ; he thought at once of this young woman ; he was attending the mother

at the time ; and said he would send her. That was the whole history. Laura Carlton, in her blind jealousy, knew not the bed that she was preparing for herself.

She went straight home, walking fast, and entered the house by the surgery entrance, as she would do now and then in impatient moods, when she could not bear to wait while the street door was opened. Mr. Carlton's assistant, Mr. Jefferson, was standing there, and raised his hat to her.

"When do you expect Mr. Carlton in?" she asked, as she swept past.

"Mr. Carlton is not out, Lady Laura."

"Mr. Carlton is out," she rejoined, turning her angry face upon the surgeon.

He looked surprised. "Indeed no, Lady Laura. Mr. Carlton came in about half an hour ago. He is down in the drug-room."

Lady Laura did not believe a word of it. Were they *all* in league to deceive her? She turned to the lower stairs, determined to see with her own eyes and confute the falsehood. This drug-room, sometimes styled shortly the cellar, was a small boarded apartment, to which access could be had only through the cellar. Mr. Carlton kept drugs and other articles there pertaining to his profession; the servants had strict orders never to enter it, lest, as Mr. Carlton once told them, they might set their feet on chemical materials of a combustible nature, and get blown up. They took care to keep clear of it after that warning.

Lady Laura passed through the cellar and peered in. Standing before an iron safe, its door thrown wide open, was Mr. Carlton. Laura saw what looked like bundles of papers and letters within it; but so entirely astonished was she to see her husband, that a sudden exclamation escaped her.

You have heard of this room and this safe before. Mr. Carlton once locked up a letter in it which he had received from his father, the long-ago evening when he first heard of the illness of Mrs. Crane. Laura knew of the safe's existence, but had not felt any curiosity in regard to it. She had penetrated to this room once in her early married days, when Mr. Carlton was showing her over the house, but never since.

A sudden exclamation escaped her. It appeared to startle Mr. Carlton. He shut the safe door in evident haste, and turned round.

"Laura! Is it you? What ever do you want down here?"

Laura was unable to say at the moment what she wanted, and in her perplexity spoke something very near the truth. Mr. Jefferson had said he was there, but she thought he was out, and came to see.

She turned away while she spoke, and Mr. Carlton looked after her in surprise, as she made her way quickly up the stairs.

So in this instance, at least, there had been no treachery, and Lady Laura, so far, might have sat down with a mind at rest. The little child had evidently not comprehended her question, when she asked whether Mr. Carlton was indoors then.

CHAPTER XLVI. LADY JANE BROUGHT TO HER SENSES AT LAST.

ON the morning subsequent to this, Lady Jane and Lucy were sitting together after breakfast. Lucy had complained of a headache; she was leaning her head upon her hand, when Judith came in with a note. It proved to be from Lady Laura. She had twisted her ankle, she said; was consequently a prisoner, and wished Lucy to go and help her to pass a dull day.

"I should like to go, Jane. A walk in the air may take my headache off."

"You are sure you have no sore throat?" asked Jane, somewhat anxiously. She had put the question once before.

Lucy smiled. Of course people were suspicious of headaches at this time! "I don't think I have any sore throat, Jane; I ate my breakfast very well. I did not sleep well last night, and that has made my head feel heavy."

Lucy found Laura on a sofa in her dressing-room, a pretty apartment on the first floor.

"Are you quite an invalid?" asked Lucy.

"Not quite; I can manage to limp across the room. But the ankle is swollen and rather painful. Did Jane object to your coming?"

"Not at all. How did you contrive to hurt it, Laura?"

"I was in mischief," returned Lady Laura, with a half laugh. "And you know, when people do get up to mischief on the sly, punishment is sure to follow. Don't our first lessons in the spelling-book tell us so?"

"What was the mischief," returned Lucy.

"I and Mr. Carlton are not upon the best of terms; there is a grievance between us," was Laura's answer. "You need not look so serious, Lucy; I do not mean to imply that we are quite cat-and-dog, but we are not precisely turtle-doves. He has secrets which he keeps from me; I know he has; and get at them I will. There's deceit abroad just now, and I vow and declare I'll come to the bottom of it."

Lucy listened in wondering surprise. Laura would say no more. "No," she observed, "it is nothing particularly suitable to your ears: let it pass, so far. He has got a strong iron safe in the cellar, and in this safe he keeps

papers and letters and things; I know, because I went down yesterday, when he had the lid open, and he started like a coward when he saw me, and shut it to. Well, I thought I would see what there is in that safe, and I stole down to the cellar last night with my bunch of keys, to try whether any one of them would unlock it."

"Oh, Laura!" broke forth Lucy, shocked and pained beyond expression. "How could you think of such a thing?"

"Wait until you have a husband like Mr. Carlton, who puts your temper up with his underhand ways, and then see what you would 'think' and do," retorted Lady Laura.

And Lucy ventured no further remonstrance, for she had once been a child under Laura's control, and was somewhat in awe of her still.

"I went in the dark, lest the servants should see me," proceeded Lady Laura, "taking some wax matches with me, to light when I got down. All went well; I tried the keys (none of which fitted, so I was baffled there), and blew out my lights to come back again. We have to go down three steps in coming out of the drug-room, where the safe is, and mount two to get into the cellar—wretched incapables the builders must have been, to make you go down steps only to come up again! Well, Lucy, I slipped on something at the top of these three steps, something sticky, it seemed, and down I went to the bottom. I could hardly get up at first, for pain in my foot, and a regular fright I was in, fearing I must call the servants; however, I did succeed in crawling back. There's the history."

And a very creditable one! Lucy sat in wonder.

"I have told it you out of bravado," continued Laura, who seemed to be in a reckless mood, "and you may repeat it to Jane, if you like. When he came home he wanted to know how I had done it. 'Slipped,' I answered; and he got no more out of me."

A silence ensued, which Lucy broke. "We heard a rumour, Laura, that Mr. Carlton was likely to give up his practice here. Frederick Grey mentioned it."

"He says he shall. I don't know. Of course London's the best field for a medical man. Talking of Frederick Grey, what's the reason that Mr. Carlton dislikes him so much?"

"I know nothing about it," replied Lucy.

"I heard him going on to Mr. Jefferson about Frederick Grey's being down here interfering with the practice. There never was any love between them. Young Grey used to say Mr. Carlton drove his father from the town."

"As he did," returned Lucy, quietly. "At

least it was so reported in the old days, I remember. But that is all past and done with. Frederick Grey is not interfering with Mr. Carlton's practice."

"No; Mr. Carlton would see him far enough away, rather than allow that. Lucy! are you ill? Your eyes look heavy, and your cheeks are flushed."

Lucy had been bending her head upon her hand for the last few moments, as she had done earlier in the morning at her sister Jane's. "I got up with a headache," she replied, lifting her eyes wearily. "I thought the air, as I came along, might have done it good, but it has not, and my throat is getting sore."

"Throat getting sore!" echoed Laura. An instant's pause, and she started from the sofa in consternation, forgetting her lameness, seized her sister, and drew her to the light of the window.

"Lucy! it cannot be! You are never going to have the fever!"

But Lucy *was* going to have the fever. In fact, Lucy had got the fever. And Lady Jane did not know of it until night, when she was expecting Lucy home; for Laura, from carelessness or from some other motive, never sent to tell her. At nine o'clock the footman was dispatched with the news, but it was Mr. Carlton who sent him.

Lady Jane could not believe it. It was simple Jonathan, and she did think the man must have made some mistake. Lady Lucy was in bed, he said. She had been taken ill soon after reaching their house. Mr. Carlton was out then, but on his return he pronounced it to be the fever, and ordered her instantly to bed. He had charged Jonathan to give his respects to Lady Jane, and to assure her that every care and attention should be paid to the invalid.

Now nothing in the world could have been much less welcome than this news to Lady Jane Chesney. To her mind there was something underhanded in their thus taking possession of Lucy, and she complained privately to Judith. Apart from Lady Jane's anxiety for Lucy, she had an unconquerable aversion to her lying ill at Mr. Carlton's, to her being attended by that gentleman, or to herself becoming an inmate, however temporarily, in his house, which she must do, were Lucy to remain. She took a moment's counsel with herself, for Lady Jane was one who rarely did things upon impulse, then attired herself for walking, and proceeded to Mr. Carlton's, taking Judith with her, and ordering her own footman to go as quickly as he could to Mr. Grey's and bring back that gentleman to Mr. Carlton's.

The best room, a large and handsome spare chamber adjoining Lady Laura's dressing-room, had been hastily prepared for Lucy. She was lying in it, looking flushed and anxious, and complaining of her head and throat.

"Jane," she whispered, as her sister bent over her, "Mr. Carlton says it is the fever. I wish I could have been at home with you!"

"You should have returned the instant you found yourself getting worse, Lucy," was Jane's answer. "I thought you were possessed of common sense, child. Laura, you ought to have sent her; where was your carriage, that she could not have the use of it?"

"It was not her fault—or mine," replied Laura. "Mr. Carlton administered some remedies this morning, and wished to see the effect; to-night he says she is too ill to go. But, if you will allow me to express my private opinion, Jane, I should say that it has all happened for the best, for where can she be so well attended to as in the house of a medical man? And you may be sure she shall have good nursing."

"Laura, I would rather have her with me; she is under my charge, you know. I wonder if she can be moved now?"

"You must be stupid to think it," returned Laura.

"I told Mr. Carlton I felt well enough to be taken home," spoke Lucy, "but he said I did not understand the risk. I think I might be taken, Jane."

Jane inquired after Mr. Carlton. He was in the dining-room, taking some refreshment after a hard day's work, and she went to him. He rose in astonishment. Lady Jane Chesney in *his* house!

"Mr. Carlton," she said, speaking quietly in spite of her anger, and she did feel very angry, "I have come to convey Lady Lucy home. I fancy it may be done without risk."

"Impossible, Lady Jane. It might cost her her life."

"I cannot but think, sir, before you had assumed to yourself the responsibility of keeping her, that you might have sent to inquire my pleasure upon the subject," returned Lady Jane, with dignity. "The fever must be quite at its earliest stage, and there was no reason why she could not have been sent home. She was well enough to walk here this morning, and she was, I make no doubt, not sufficiently ill to debar her returning this evening."

"It has come on very rapidly indeed," replied Mr. Carlton; "and I think she will have it badly."

"I still wish to take her, if possible," persisted Jane, somewhat agitated at the last words, "and I have dispatched a messenger

for Mr. Grey, that he may come here and give me his opinion upon the point. In doing this, I wish to cast no slight upon your judgment and skill, Mr. Carlton, but Mr. Grey is my own attendant, and I have unusual confidence in him; moreover, he will not be prejudiced, for her removal or against it. You and I, sir, perhaps are so; though on opposite sides."

"I do not understand you," spoke the surgeon.

"I am prejudiced in favour of taking her; you, in favour of keeping her; Mr. Grey, on the contrary, will give his honest opinion, for he can have no motive to be biassed either way."

"Yes, he can," rejoined Mr. Carlton. "A profitable patient will fall into his hands, if he gets her away."

True, so far; but the words vexed Jane. "She will be his patient in either case, Mr. Carlton. I mean, I say, no reflection on your skill; but my own doctor must attend on Lady Lucy, wherever she may be."

The cold, haughty tone of the words and manner, the "*Lady Lucy*," stung Mr. Carlton. Jane's treatment of him, her utter rejection of any intimacy, had been boiling up within him for years. He so far forgot his usual equanimity, he so far forgot himself, as to demand with a flash of passion and a word that had been better left unsaid, whether he was not as efficient as John Grey. Jane put him down with calm self-possession.

"Sir, it is true that my sister is your wife; but I beg you not to forget that I am Lady Jane Chesney, and that a certain amount of respect is due to me, even in your house. I do believe you to be as efficient as Mr. Grey; that your skill is equal to his; but that is not the question. *He* is my medical attendant, and I would prefer that he took the case."

"It's well known, sir, that when people are ill, there's no place seems to them like home," interposed Judith, who had quite adopted her lady's prejudices in the affair. "We'd a great deal better have her at home."

Before any rejoinder could be made, a noise was heard in the hall, and Mr. Carlton turned to it, Jane following him. Frederick Grey had entered: and Mr. Frederick was in a state of agitation scarcely suppressible. He caught hold of Lady Jane.

"My uncle was out, and I came in his stead," he cried, his words rendered half unintelligible by emotion. "Where is she? Is she very ill?"

An altercation ensued. Mr. Carlton, whose temper was up (a most unusual thing with him) stepped before his visitor to impede his way to the stairs.

"Mr. Frederick Grey, I cannot permit you to be in my house. Had your uncle come, I would have received him with all courtesy; but I wish to know by what right you intrude."

"I don't intrude willingly," was the answer. "I have come to see Lady Lucy Chesney."

"You cannot see her. You shall not pass up my stairs."

"Not see her!" echoed Frederick, staring at Mr. Carlton as though he thought he must be out of his mind. "Not see her! You don't know what you are saying, Mr. Carlton. She is my promised wife."

He would have borne on to the stairs; Mr. Carlton strove to impede him, and by some means the gas became extinguished; possibly the screw was touched. The servants were in the hall; hearing the altercation, they had stolen into it; Lady Laura, with her damaged foot, was limping down the stairs. The women servants shrieked at finding themselves in sudden darkness; they were perhaps predisposed to agitation from the dispute; and Lady Laura shrieked in concert, not having the faintest notion what there could possibly be to shriek at.

Altogether it was a scene of confusion. The women ran close to their master for protection, they knew not from what, and Frederick Grey, pushing everybody aside with scant courtesy, made his way to the staircase. Mr. Carlton would have prevented him, but was impeded by the servants, and at the same moment some words were whispered in a strange voice in his ear.

"Would you keep her here to poison her on her sick bed, as you did another?"

Simultaneously with this, there was some movement at the hall door: a slight bustle or sound as if somebody had either come in or gone out. It had been ajar the whole of the time, not having been closed after Frederick Grey's entrance, for Lady Jane's footman stood outside, waiting for orders.

Mr. Carlton—all his energy, all his opposition gone out of him—stood against the wall, wiping his ashy face. But that he had heard Frederick Grey's footsteps echoing up the stairs beforehand, he would have concluded that the words came from him. Somebody struck a match, and Mr. Carlton became conscious, in the dim light, that there was a stranger present,—a shabby-looking man who stood just within the hall. What impulse impelled the surgeon, he best knew, but he darted forward, seized, and shook him.

"Who are you, you villain?"

But Mr. Carlton's voice was changed, and he would not have recognised it for his own.

The interloper contrived to release himself, remonstrating dolefully.

"I'm blest if this is not an odd sort of reception when a man comes for his doctor! What offence have I been guilty on, sir, to be shook like this?"

It was inoffensive little Wilkes, the barber, from the neighbouring shop. Mr. Carlton gazed at him with very astonishment in the full blaze of the relighted gas.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Wilkes! I thought it was—Who came in or went out?" demanded Mr. Carlton, looking about him in all directions.

The servants had seen no one. It was dark.

"I came along to fetch you, sir," explained the barber, who sometimes had the honour of operating on Mr. Carlton's chin. "My second boy's a bit ill, and we think it may be the fever. I wasn't for coming for you till morning, sir, but the wife made a fuss and said there were nothing like taking disorders in time; so when I shut up my shop, I come. I suppose you took me for a wild bear, a marching in without leave."

"Did you meet anybody, or see anybody go out?" asked Mr. Carlton, leaving the suggestion of the wild bear unanswered.

"I didn't, sir. I was going round to the surgery, when I see the hall light disappear, and heard some women scream. Naterally I come straight in at the big door; I wondered whether anybody was being murdered."

At the foot of the stairs, standing side by side, contemplating all these proceedings with astonishment, and not understanding them, were the ladies, Jane and Laura. They asked an explanation of Mr. Carlton.

"I—I—thought I heard a stranger; I thought some one had come in. I feel sure some one did come in," he continued, peering about him still in a curious kind of way.

"Will you step down, please sir, to the boy?"

"Yes, yes, Wilkes, I'll be with him before bedtime," replied Mr. Carlton. And the forgiving little barber turned away meekly, and met Mr. John Grey coming in.

Frederick Grey, unimpeded, had made his way up-stairs. An open door, and a light inside, guided him to Lucy's chamber. Ill as she was, she uttered an exclamation of remonstrance when she saw him, and covered her face with her hot hands.

"Oh, Lucy, my darling! To think that it should have attacked you!"

"Frederick! what do you do here? Where is Jane? It is not right."

He drew away her hands to regard her face,

he passed his own cool hand across her brow ; he took out his watch to count the beatings of the pulse.

"I am here in my professional capacity, Lucy ; don't you understand ? Could I entrust my future wife to any other ?" he asked, in a voice that literally trembled with tenderness. "I have been at the bedside of patients to-day, love, young and delicate as you."

"I do feel very ill," she murmured.

The fear that was over him increased as he gazed upon her, stopping the life-blood at his heart. What if he should lose her ?—if this scourge should take her away from him and from life ? And of course there was only too much reason to fear that it might have been communicated to her through his visits. A scalding tear dropped on to her face, and Lucy, looking up, saw that his eyes were wet.

"Am I then so very ill ?" she murmured.

"No, no, Lucy ; it is not that. But this has come of my imprudence : I ought to have kept away from you ; and I cannot bear that you should suffer pain ! Oh my darling——"

They were coming in, Mr. Grey and Lady Jane. The experienced surgeon moved his nephew from the bed, as if the latter were but a tyro. And indeed he was such, in comparison with the man of long practice.

Mr. Grey could not recommend Lucy's removal ; quite the contrary. He saw no reason why she should not have been taken home at first, he said, but it had better not be attempted now. Jane was deeply annoyed, but she could only acquiesce.

"It cannot be helped," she said, with a sigh. "But I am grievously vexed that she should be ill, away from my house. Remember, she is in your charge, Mr. Grey."

"In mine ? What will Mr. Carlton say to that ?"

"It is of no consequence to me what he says," was the reply. "I cast no slight upon Mr. Carlton's skill ; I have told him so ; and if he chooses to attend her, conjointly with you, I have no objection whatever. But Lucy's life is precious, and I have confidence in you, Mr. Grey, from old associations."

Frederick Grey found that he was to be excluded from the sick-room. His attendance as a medical man was not necessary. And both Mr. Grey and Lady Jane thought his visits might tend to excite Lucy. In vain he remonstrated : it was of no use.

"She is to be my wife," he urged.

"But she is not your wife yet," said Mr. Grey, "and you may trust her safely to me. Be assured that, if dangerous symptoms appear, you shall be the first to hear of them."

"And to see her," added Lady Jane.

With this he was obliged to be content. But he was terribly vexed over it. He stooped to kiss her hot lips in the impulse of the moment's tenderness.

"Don't—don't," she murmured. "You may take the fever."

"Not I, child. We medical men are fever-proof. Oh Lucy, my best and dearest, may God bring you through this !"

Mr. Carlton was pleased to accept the alternative, and agreed, with some appearance of suavity, to attend Lucy in conjunction with Mr. Grey. Putting aside the implied reflection on his skill—and this, Jane reiterated to him again, was not intended—he had no objection to the visits of Mr. Grey. The fact was, Mr. Carlton would have liked to bring Lucy triumphantly through the illness himself, as he felt confident he could do ; she would have had his best care, looking for no reward, as his wife's sister ; and he felt mortified that the case should have been partially taken out of his hands. It was a slight, let Lady Jane say what she would ; he felt it, and no doubt the town would be free enough in its comments.

"And now, Laura," said Jane, seeking her sister, "as you and Mr. Carlton have saddled yourselves with Lucy, you must also be troubled with me and Judith, who is invaluable in a sick-room. I shall not move out of this house until I can take Lucy with me."

Lady Laura clapped her hands in triumph. "Well done, Jane ! You, who would not condescend to put your foot over our doorstep, to be brought to your senses at last ! It serves you right, Jane, for your abominable pride."

"It has not been pride," returned Jane.

"Pride has not kept me away."

"What then ? Prejudice ?"

"No matter now, Laura ; we have an anxious time before us. Mr. Grey thinks that Lucy will be very ill."

"Just what Mr. Carlton said ; and he kept her here to take care of her. I am sure he will be glad to extend a welcome to you, Jane, for as long as you choose to stay with us. He has always been willing to be friendly with you, but you would not respond. He takes prejudices ; I acknowledge that ; but he never took one against you. He has taken one against Judith."

"Against Judith ! What has she done to Mr. Carlton ?" asked Jane, in surprise.

"Nothing. But he does not like her face.

He says it always strikes him as being disagreeable. I like Judith, and I'm sure she's a faithful servant."

Mr. Carlton, inquire as he would, was unable to discover how that whisper could have

come to him. That some one had entered the hall and gone out again, he did not entertain a doubt. He made inquiries of Lady Jane's footman, whether he had seen any one enter; but the man acknowledged that he had not been looking. After the entrance of Mr. Frederick Grey, he had waited a minute or two, and then had gone round to the servants' entrance by the surgery.

So Mr. Carlton was as wise as before. And meanwhile no one could think why he should fancy that any stranger had been in the hall, in addition to little Wilkes the barber.

(To be continued.)

THE PEAR.

SOFT sister of the firmer apple, the pear displays so marked a resemblance to its relative that the most unobservant could scarcely fail to detect their kinship, yet is the difference between them sufficiently apparent on very slight inspection, and sufficiently great to justify Loudon in his wish that they may not always continue to be classed together in the same genus, as they are now by botanists too eminent for their decision to be disputed, even when it does not give perfect satisfaction. To this genus the pear has the honour of giving the name, being termed the *Pyrus communis*, while the apple bears the title of *Pyrus malus*. Albeit alike in some respects, the trees may be distinguished in a moment by their leaves, those of the apple being broader, very slightly serrated, of a yellow green colour, and hairy underneath, while the dark green foliage of the pear is elliptical, more serrated, and smooth on both sides, the upper surface being absolutely shining; and when both are full grown the low and spreading apple, often uncouthly irregular in form, seldom attains more than half the height of the tall, upright, shapely pear, always inclining to the pyramidal form. In spring-time the large, rosy, fragrant blossoms of the former far outshine the scentless and colourless bloom of its modest rival, though differing scarcely at all botanically, the only distinction being that the five central styles are in the one case united at the base, in the other distinct; while as regards the fruit, though the tender melting consistency of the best dessert pears is different indeed from the crisp solidity of the apple, yet in some varieties the one species could quite compete with the other in hardness, and the characteristic distinction is therefore to be sought rather in the fact that the former is generally convex at the base, while the latter is always concave. Both fruits have woody threads passing from the stalk through the midst of the flesh, but in the pear these are

less distinct, on account of the gritty concretions commonly found at the core, and which is caused by the woody matter becoming disseminated near the centre in small masses. The cells of the core, too, are pointed at both ends in the apple and only at one end in the pear, and the latter fruit is more astringent, less acid, and lighter than the former.

The pear does not come into bearing so soon as the apple, seedlings seldom producing any fruit before the seventh or eighth year after planting; but though attacked by the same insects and liable to the same diseases it is usually found to retain its health and vigour far better, at least in Britain (for in France and America this is said not to be the case), and reaches a much greater age, the longevity of pear trees being often reckoned by centuries. Usually the largest of our orchard trees, it sometimes attains extraordinary dimensions, one being recorded to have been fifty feet high, to have had a trunk eighteen feet in circumference, and to have borne in good years one ton and a half of fruit. Another noted pear tree, seeming to "take a leaf" from the Banyan of the East, increased to an enormous size by sending down its branches to the ground, where they took root, and each became a new tree, in turn similarly producing others.

In Europe, Western Asia, and China the pear is found growing wild throughout as wide a range as the apple; but as the crab will never grow except on tolerably good soil, and its humbler sister is content with far poorer accommodation, they are not often found in association. The latter, too, displays a far greater power of adapting itself to peculiarities of situation, a remarkable example of which is afforded by the notched-leaved pear, which grows on the mountains of Upper Nepaul. "Nature seems," says Dr. Lindley, in describing this plant, "to have intended it to brave the utmost inclemency of climate, for in its own country in the earliest spring the leaves, while still delicate and tender, are clothed with a thick white coating of wool, and the flowers themselves are so immersed in an ample covering of the same material as to bid defiance to even Tartarean cold. But in proportion as the extent of the distribution of the plant descends towards the plains, or as the season of warm weather advances, it throws off its fleecy coat, and at length becomes as naked and as glittering with green as the trees which have never had such rigour to endure." In England, where it is grown for ornament, this tree displays scarcely any woolliness, while on the other hand in the woods of Poland and on the steppes

of Russia the leaves of the ordinary pear are mostly white and downy.

The great orchardist, Rivers, remarks that the pear seems to require a warm, moist climate, and that many parts of France being too hot, and most parts of England not hot enough, the island of Jersey, where a happy medium is found, is probably the most favourable situation for pears in all Europe; while it may perhaps be some surprise to the many who look on vicinity to the metropolis as incompatible with flourishing vegetation to hear that next in suitability to this sea-girt pyral paradise are the low, moist situations immediately around London, particularly near Rotherhithe, where, he says, the Jargonelle and other fine pears may be said to attain the highest possible perfection.

In what points soever the two principal members of the *Pyrus* family may resemble each other, most unlike are they as regards the place they have held in the estimation of man, for while poetic fancy in different ages and far-severed climes has everywhere invested the apple with so many mystic charms, no extraneous associations diffuse a halo of borrowed glory around the neglected pear, no graceful legend plants it in celestial gardens, gives it to the guardianship of god or goddess, or links its name with the adventures of the daring heroes or loving nymphs of antiquity. There are few fruits, indeed, of whose history so little is known, though it appears to have been common from time immemorial in Syria, Egypt, and Greece, passing probably from the latter country into Italy. Homer names it as forming part of the orchard of Laertes, and Virgil alludes to having received some pears from Cato, indeed 36 varieties were known to the Romans, including the singularly-named "proud pears," so called because they ripened early and would not keep long; "*libralia*," or pound weight pears, &c., &c.; but we may imagine that none could have been fruit of very fine quality, or they could hardly have merited Pliny's conclusive assertion that "all pears whatsoever are but heavy meat unless they be well boiled or baked." But little mention is made of the fruit in our own history, and as pear trees are often found growing wild throughout the country it is by some thought to be indigenous, while others believe it to be only native to more genial climes, and to have been first brought here by the Romans. There is no doubt that pears of some sort were eaten by our remote ancestors, though probably they were of no very excellent quality, for a very old English writer pronounces upon them a similar verdict to that of Pliny; but in the days of Henry VIII. some at least were admitted to even the royal

table, since an item is found in his accounts of "2d. to an old woman who gaff the kyng peres," and another of 3s. 4d. for "wardens and medlars," the "warden," a baking pear, so named, it is said, from its *keeping* property, being one of our oldest known varieties, once extensively cultivated by "the monks of old." An ancient medical authority affirms that "the red warden is of great virtue conserved, roasted, or baked to quench choler;" but as it would be libellous to suppose that cloistered serenity could itself require the fruit on this account, imagination is free to picture the benevolent recluses sending round a basket of pears to any notably fiery spirits in the neighbourhood, as modern good people might distribute a bundle of tracts.

In the time of Gerard that which stood at the head of his list as the best of all the "tame pears" then known, and which he calls the *Pyrus superba sive Katherina*, was no other than the little brilliant-coloured but ill-flavoured fruit which furnished one of our old poets with so charming an illustration of his mistress's beauty when he says that,—

Her cheek was like the Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun;

but which, though it still holds a place on London street-stalls on account of being so early ripe, has long since sunk below the appetite of any but children. It might almost be said that it is only during the last 60 or 70 years that the pear has actually been known in Europe, so great is the change that has taken place in it from what it was before that time, when it had hardly begun to manifest the perfection of which it is capable. It was in Belgium, which has therefore been prettily termed the "Eden of the pear tree," that attention was first attracted to it, and to a native of that country, M. Van Mons, who actually devoted his life to pears and their improvement, we chiefly owe it that the poor varieties which gave a modicum of enjoyment to our forefathers have disappeared from all good gardens, and resigned their place to aristocratic races of rich and varied flavour, intensified to a degree hitherto unimagined. This gentleman was no mere empiric lighting accidentally on lucky expedients in fruit-growing, but a scientific philosopher, who, having conceived a theory, set resolutely to work to test it by years of patient experimentalising, for believing that originally there were but few, perhaps but one, species of any genus of plants, and that while in a wild state Nature only aimed at preserving these in a healthy condition, and perfecting seed which should exactly reproduce the parent from which it sprung, he considered that it

must be the object of cultivation to refine even by enervating the fruit tree, to subdue its coarse exuberance of vegetation, and while probably lessening the quantity of the foliage as well as the size and vigour of the seeds to improve the quality of the pulp or flesh surrounding the latter. Finding that wild trees transplanted into gardens altered but little, or, though their leaves and fruit might grow larger, that the latter did not become better in quality, and that suckers, buds, or grafts taken from them did but reproduce similar plants, he sought in the seed for means of improvement, and found that the pips of wild fruit sown in good soil produced plants which differed somewhat from the parent (mostly for the better) and from each other; their seeds replanted advanced another step, and so on, until a certain ultimate point of perfection was reached, when a retrograde movement began, and if the sowing process were still persevered in the descendants of the good plants became worse and worse, until they ended finally, as worthless wildlings, much where the original ancestor began. The coincidence of Dr. Lindley, in at least the latter part of this theory, seems apparent from a remark in his works that—"There can be no doubt that if the arts of cultivation were abandoned for only a few years, all the annual varieties of plants in our gardens would disappear and be replaced by original wild forms." The retrograde tendency seems to be most strong in old trees, and Van Mons therefore gathered his first seeds from young trees of common kinds yet not absolutely crabs, and as soon as the trees produced from them bore fruit, which usually proved to be of very middling quality, but at least differing from the parent, and mostly a little in advance of it, he chose out the best and again planted their seeds. The next generation was found to come more quickly into bearing, while their quality was still more promising; their offspring showed yet greater amelioration, and each succeeding family bringing forth fruit sooner, and producing a greater number of valuable varieties, when the fifth generation was reached the trees began to bear in the third year after planting, and nearly all had attained great excellence. To use Van Mons' own words, "I have found," says he, "this art to consist in regenerating in a direct line of descent and as rapidly as possible an improving variety, taking care that there be no interval between the generations. To sow, to resow, to sow again, to sow perpetually, in short to do nothing but sow is the practice to be pursued, and which cannot be departed from; and this is the whole secret of the art I have employed."

The constant springing up of fine new varieties

of fruits in the American States is, as the author of "The Fruits of America" admits, a confirmation of the Van Mons theory, for while the colonists who had taken pains to bring with them seeds of the very best English fruits were doomed to see a grievous falling off in the degenerate produce resulting from their planting, the seedlings proving little better than wild trees, in the course of years this ebbing tide hastened again and borne transatlantic growths with onward flow to heights of excellence beyond what had ever been attained by the British trees from which they are descended; and had the process of continually rearing new generations of seedlings been uninterruptedly followed the good result might perhaps have been much sooner arrived at. Assuredly the Belgian's theory was founded on an observance of natural laws, and in practice his system proved a great success, for having himself raised no less than eighty thousand seedlings, from these and many thousands of others reared by his disciples in Belgium and elsewhere, an immense number of new varieties of great excellence have been obtained, among which the palm is usually given to the Buerré Diel. The method, however, is attended with several disadvantages, for being avowedly an enfeebling process, the trees so grown are usually of weak habit, and apt very soon to decay or become unhealthy; and being, too, almost absolutely artificial products, they often require an unintermittent care and culture never needed by the hardy children of Nature, so that some of the Flemish pears latest introduced into America have already begun to show symptoms of decay or disease. Whether it be that our climate suits them better, or that our cultivators pay them more attention, the pears of Belgium succeed better in England and are found much hardier than those of either France or Jersey, which seldom thrive here, or at least are very precarious. Yet though both England and America have gladly availed themselves of the result of Van Mons' labours, the process which he pursued has never found much favour with us, and still less with our more impatient and "go-a-head" cousins, so long a time being required before any result can be expected. Some have tried raising seedlings without observing any method, but as a proof of the capriciousness of fortune in such matters, a celebrated French horticulturist has recorded that for fifty years he had been in the habit of planting pear pips without ever having thus produced a good variety; while on the other hand Major Esperen, of Belgium, who simply sowed seeds indiscriminately and trusted to chance, originated five or six sorts so fine as to be unsurpassed by any in the Van Mons col-

lection. In our country, however, the method introduced by Mr. Knight of obtaining new kinds by means of hybridisation or cross-breeding, which is far less tedious, and in which, too, the result can be prognosticated with some degree of accuracy, has been attended with so much success that there has been little temptation to resort to any other. Of course when fine kinds are once obtained, by whatever means they may have been produced, nothing more is needed to perpetuate them than to continue their propagation to any extent by grafting; and as with regard to the hardier kinds at least Loudon assures us that the best pears can be grown with no more trouble and expense than inferior ones, it is to be hoped that eventually the former will quite supersede the latter, and what is still too exclusively a luxury for the wealthy at length be freely open to all classes.

So much attention having been directed to the multiplication of varieties, it is not surprising that they should now be very numerous, and though there are still not above twenty or thirty pears which are reckoned really first-class, Dochnahl's recent work describes above 1050, and the *Bon Jardinier*, the chief French horticultural periodical, says that the catalogue in that country now comprises 3000 varieties, each of which, too, has about six synonyms. Attempts have been made to classify these multitudinous races into families, but no very satisfactory arrangement has yet been achieved, and the only classification in use in England is that which divides them into summer, autumn, and winter pears, with the further distinction into the very soft or melting pears (in French *beurrées*), the crisper or breaking pairs (*crevers*), and the perry (*poirée*) and baking fruits. According to their forms they are described as pyriform, like the old Windsor; oblate, like the Bergamot; obovate, like the Swan's Egg; or pyramidal when the lines extend upwards nearly uncurved from the broad base.

Many of our old sorts are extinct, and others are doomed to the same fate, for even the popular Swan's Egg is pronounced by eminent horticulturists to be not worth cultivating in comparison with the more modern sorts; but a few are still welcome to our palates as ever they were to preceding generations, for far from superseded is our common Bergamot, long as great a favourite among English pears as the Ribstone Pippin among apples. Nothing authentic is known of its origin but its antiquity is undoubted, and according to Manger the name is not derived from Bergamo in Italy, as many have supposed, but from the Turkish word *beg* or *bey*, a prince, and *armoud*, a pear,

and was formerly written Begarmoud, the natural inference being that it originated in a warmer climate than that of Europe, and was introduced here from Turkey. It is to the French that we have owed most of our good older kinds, for they seem to have had the start of us in pear culture, since good sorts were known in France as early as in the thirteenth century. Foremost among our old fruits thence derived stands the Jargonelle, long since pronounced to be the queen of autumn pears, and which, still scarcely surpassed in flavour and quite unequalled in productiveness by any of her contemporaries of that season, seems hardly likely to be called on to abdicate her throne in favour of upstart modern rivals. This fruit consists literally of little more than *eau sucrée* enclosed in a rind, the analysis of De Candolle showing that when ripe it contains 83·88 per cent. of water and 11·52 per cent. of sugar. Though we owe both the fruit and its title to France, by some strange contretemps the name is there given to a quite different kind, while our Jargonelle is called by the extraordinary appellation of *Grosse Cuisse Madame*, or Great Ladies' Thighs. The German name, *Frauen Schenkel*, has the same meaning.

The Bon Chrétien is another ancient variety still as highly in repute as ever, both here and in its native France. It has many sub-varieties, one of the commonest in England being the William's Bon Chrétien, often called merely the William Pear. Of the Flemish pears more lately introduced into this country, one of the chief in beauty and flavour, scarcely owning a superior, is the Marie Louise, the tree of which is, too, so hardy that it affords an almost certain crop under the most unfavourable circumstances. Other noted Flemish pears are the *Beurré Rance*, a misnomer for *Ranz*, its name being borrowed from the district in Flanders where it first grew; and the *Gloû morceau*, so called from a Walloon word equivalent to the French *friend*, the title meaning therefore *delicious morsel* or *bit*.

Among the Germans the pear is more prized at the dessert than almost any other fruit, but the one which ranks highest there, and which may indeed be called their national fruit, as it originated in Germany, is the pretty Forelle, Truite, or Trout Pear, so named from a fancied resemblance between its speckled skin and that of the fish.

In America many of the pears of Europe are grown, but are rated at a much lower standard than on this continent, the Jargonelle, though very common, being looked on as a poor fruit, and even the Marie Louise and Bon Chrétien as but second rate; for, as in the case

of the apple, the seeds of most European fruits sown in America have in the course of time originated new varieties peculiarly adapted to that country, and far more highly esteemed there than the sorts from which they were produced. The prince of American pears, a variety exhibiting a rare combination of virtues, the richest and most exquisitely flavoured of fruits being borne on the healthiest and hardiest of trees, is the Seckel Pear, so general a favourite that no garden is considered complete without it. Small sized, dumpy in shape, and dull in colour, it has been called the ugliest of fruits, but if we may so far adapt the old saying as to admit that "Handsome is that handsome tastes," no deficiencies in beauty will be perceived when once the palate revels in the honied spicy richness of the Seckel Pear, its flavour, quite peculiar to itself, being generally pronounced to be unequalled by any of its European kindred.

The pear is peculiar in one respect, for, unlike nearly all other fruits, its being fresh-gathered is by no means a recommendation, most varieties being much finer in flavour if plucked early in the season and ripened in the house than if suffered to mature on the tree; and many which appear very dry and second-rate when ripened in the open air not only keep good much longer but attain first-rate quality when gathered while unripe and shut up for weeks indoors. They however require warmth, for a pear which is of melting consistency after having been exposed for some time to a temperature of 60 or 70 degrees would prove quite tough if left until wanted in a cold apartment. A German writer recommends packing pears between feather beds as a good mode of ripening them, but this would hardly suit English notions, and the Guernsey method of exposing them to the sunshine on the shelves of a greenhouse commends itself as seeming the most natural and pleasant way of bringing the fruit to healthy maturity. The chief use of pears is as a dessert fruit, but they are also stewed or baked, many of the hard kinds being appropriated exclusively to this use, but most keeping pears, such as the Swan's Egg, &c., are also excellent for baking, for when simply heaped into a dish and put in the oven their own juice forms a rich syrup as sweet as though much sugar had been used, and even windfalls and damaged fruit may thus be turned to good account with little trouble and no expense. In Germany, Russia, and yet more in France pears are also dried; the common sort, sold about the streets in Paris, being merely slowly baked on boards in ovens after the bread has been withdrawn, but their juice being thus lost, they are far inferior to the more carefully prepared best sort, which

are first boiled until a little soft, then peeled and put on a dish till the syrup drains from them; afterwards placed on wicker mats in an oven for twelve hours, then soaked in this syrup, to which a little sugar and brandy has been added, till their own juice is thus reabsorbed, after which they are replaced in the oven twice or thrice until they become quite firm and of a rich transparent chestnut colour, when they are packed in paper-lined boxes for home use or exportation. In hotter countries fires and ovens are not needed for this purpose, for the traveller Burchell mentions having, when in the interior of South Africa, stocked himself before crossing the desert with dried pears, "the manner of preserving which consisted in merely drying them whole and unpeeled in the sun, and afterwards pressing them flat, by which simple process they keep in perfection for more than a twelvemonth, as I afterwards learnt by experience, and therefore can recommend them as a valuable addition to the stores of a traveller."

As the apple yields its cider so too does the pear afford a special beverage, less wholesome than the former, but even more agreeable, and therefore scarcely less esteemed, especially as it is made in far less quantities and has therefore more claim to the merit of rarity, its manufacture being now chiefly limited to the cider districts of England and France. Pears for the press may be either large or small, but the more austere the taste the better the liquor; wild pears are found not unsuitable, and the fruit which is esteemed best for this use is so unfit for any other that not only are they quite uneatable by man, but it is said that even hungry swine will hardly so much as smell to them; and it is a curious fact, though not without its parallel in the annals of vegetable peculiarities, that the unexpressed juice of the perry pear is so harsh and acid as to cause great heat and long-continued irritation of the throat if an attempt be made to eat it, yet no sooner is it separated from the pulp by simple pressure than it at once becomes rich and sweet with no more roughness than is agreeable to most palates. As pears were deemed by the Romans an antidote against poisonous fungi, so perry is still reckoned the best thing to be taken after a surfeit of mushrooms. Though it will not keep nearly so long as cider, it yet contains more alcohol, and also makes better vinegar, while the residue left after pressure serves very well for fuel, for which purpose that of cider is useless. The bark of the pear tree yields a yellow dye, and its wood is eminently serviceable to Art, being much employed not only for making parts of musical instruments but also to furnish blocks

for wood engraving. The wood of the wild pear is extremely hard, that of the cultivated kind much lighter and soft. **ASTERISK.**

A PROCESSION.

It was a Queen went forth
In pomp and state and bravery.
She was beloved, and so, in state,
She ever went, till she ceased to be
With circumstance and pomp elate.
But as she loved her people well
She bore the clamour of the bell
And saw the coloured banners wave,
And heard her lieges shout and rave,
As things unto her lot that clave.
And so she bowed with gentle mien,
Bending with sweet, untiring smile,
As rose on her slow course the while
Each shout, "God save the Queen!"

"To be a queen is a gallant thing,"
Sighed a poor, weary artisan
Who close by the royal carriage ran:
"Tis a blessed lot to be a king,
To know you've a good roof over your head,
And never to feel the want of bread,
Or fear that the work will come to an end,
Or have to wait for bad times to mend.
It must be a blessed thing and good,
If sick, to be able to stay within,
And not to think you're committing sin
By neglecting the young ones' food.
And instead of trudging with blistered feet,
To ride in a coach with a nosegay sweet,
And soldiers fine
To keep the line,
And people hallooing all down the street."

But the artisan only spoke in his heart,
As beside the carriage he ran;
And the monarch had not the diviner's art
To read all the thoughts of man.
Nor did that weary workman know
What weariness in a soul may dwell,
A weight that a sceptre cannot dispel,
A hidden grief lips may not tell,
Like rivers dark 'neath the ice that flow.
And often that the temples crowned
Are prisoners in that golden round,
And a captive lone a king may be,
While all about his throne are free.

A city's streets the progress threads:
The mayor comes forth in a golden chain,
With red-cloaked burgesses in his train,
And on his knees
Presents the keys
Of the gates whose arch is over their heads;
And foliage and flowers hide the stones,
Like an infant's flesh on an old man's bones.
And the trumpet's bray
And the drum's deep bay
Are hushed for the mayor his address to say.

The Queen sits forward, all attent;
Though she cannot hear, she knows what's
meant.

And as she waits in patient guise,
What object meets her wistful eyes?
Her eyes upon a casement fall,
A little oriel in the wall.
And there, behind the beau-pots gay,
Stands a blooming maiden tall;—

A blooming girl, with nut-brown hair
Knotted above her snowy neck,
With rounded cheek so rich, so fair,
That a young countess it might deck;

And eyes that shed a tender light,
Which read the heart where they are thrown,
And do not seek to hide her own.
With hands enclasped, the maiden stood
In the first morn of womanhood.
Th' excitement of the time and scene
Had sent more colour to her face;
But little wot she that her Queen,
Whose gaze seemed fixed on empty space,
Was watching with absorbing power,
Half hid by flowers, that fairest flower.

The mayor had ended his address—
On the last words he laid such stress
It startled royalty's dreaming fight;
And brought back the mayor and his keys,
And the burgesses all on their knees.
And the queen, with a sigh, said the thing that
was right,
And gently expressed delight;
And how glad she was
To be there,—because
Of that loyal and beautiful sight.

Then the air with the drums and trumpets shook
And onward again
Moved the royal train
Through the gates in right royal guise,
And the weary Queen cast a lingering look
At the girl with the peaceful eyes.
"Ah, blessed lot!" said the pensive Queen,
As the laboured hours crept by,
"Mid the foliage to dwell
Of a home one loves well,
And the heaven of privacy:
Shedding sweet light
Like a star on the night,
Or a glow-worm in grass-blades green!
Thrice happy girl of the nut-brown curl,
Of eyes and brow so sweet;
'Tis not in thy fate
For heaven to wait,
For heaven is about thy feet.
Whilst a weary world fights on its path,
Thou hast the peace that an angel hath!"

The years rolled on and the Queen still ruled,
Still reigned in her people's heart;
To the duties a crown entails well schooled,
She bore a monarch's part.
But weary Time could not efface
That form of happy, youthful grace,
Which, like a tinkling stream
Heard from a dry and hot high road,
Or a blest memorable dream
That mocks our present tearful load,
Came back and back and back and back,
Amidst and between life's cloudy wrack,
And sometimes brought a sudden tear
To her eyes, which none might see;
And a long-drawn sigh when none was near—
A queen's humility,
Who knew that Heaven hath better things
To give than the gilded state of kings:—
A lightsome bosom and golden rest,
The sweetness of home, in some hidden nest,
And the presence of those the heart loves
best. **BERNI.**

A SUMMER DAY AT SHOREHAM AND BRAMBER.



Bridge at Old Shoreham.

A HALF-HOUR'S journey westward by railway will carry the visitor who happens to be staying at Brighton into a retired and secluded country, which will offer him a very pleasant contrast to the eternal bustle and scorching sun of the Marine Parade. Let him take a return ticket either to Shoreham or to Bramber, and allow himself a summer afternoon for a holiday, and he will return to his lodgings at London-super-Mare without any temptation to cry out, with the Emperor Titus, "*perdidi diem.*"

The river Adur, which rises out of St. Leonard's Forest near Horsham, found its way into the open sea, seven or eight centuries ago, some six or seven miles west of Brighton, at a place which now bears the name of Old Shoreham—the village on the shore. Partly through the gradual receding of the sea, consequent on the alluvial deposits brought down by the Adur, and partly through the growth of a bank of pebbles thrown up across the river's mouth by the action of the tide, the once flourishing port and town has sunk into a tiny rural village, the chief ornament of which is its

exquisite Norman church, which, small as it is, is known to all Ecclesiologists and Church architects as one of the best specimens of its time. Fifty years ago the place was described by Britton as having dwindled down into a village of about 30 houses, and only 188 inhabitants. In 1861, mainly owing to the influx of hands employed upon the railway, the population had risen to a somewhat larger amount.

Five and twenty years ago a great part of the fabric of the church, including the transepts, lay in ruins; but its fine semi-circular arches and the curious zig-zag mouldings, dating from an early period after the Conquest, attracted the attention of the Cambridge Camden Society, under whose auspices the building was restored by Mr. Ferrey, in excellent taste and in the most substantial manner, about the year 1840. We are not about to inflict on our readers a chapter on Church architecture, so we will beg them, if they desire further information, to pay the church a visit of inspection. They will find the central tower, with its arcade of three arches, and

with its two circular panels under the parapet on each face, particularly worthy of their notice. Close by the church is a long wooden bridge which crosses the Adur and the adjacent marshes ; it is about a third of a mile in length, and, though it looks far older, was built in 1781 under an Act of Parliament, which authorised the raising of 5000*l.* for that purpose in shares of 5*l.* each. The bridge afterwards passed into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, who levied black mail, like a baron of olden time, by exacting a toll of a half-penny from every passer by, until about a year ago, when the ducal interest was bought up by the Brighton and Horsham Railway Company, and the bridge is now free to all Her Majesty's liege subjects. We give here an illustration of the bridge, in very shortened perspective. At the further end of the bridge, in the parish of Lancing, under the hill side, stands an old inn, the Pad,* well known in former times possibly to smugglers, and certainly to many a respectable bagman who travelled his rounds in those days between Chichester and Worthing and the little watering-place of Brighthelmstone, and who liked to lounge an hour away there while waiting for the ferry-boat. Our vignette shows the inn, as it now stands.

About a third of a mile further south from the east end of the bridge stands what is called New Shoreham, the novelty of which appears somewhat like that of certain middle-aged ladies, as shown by the fact that its magnificent church, of which the chancel and transepts alone are standing, is a fine specimen of early English architecture interspersed with some Norman details. Like the church at Old Shoreham,† it was erected by the family of De Braose.

It appears that soon after the Conquest, the same joint action of the river and the tide which gave birth to the tongue of land on which Great Yarmouth now stands,‡ raised also out of the sea many acres of *terra firma* between Old Shoreham and the ocean, a part of which was probably chosen by a college of monks as a site for that venerable church which forms so conspicuous a landmark to vessels in the channel, and so pleasing an object of sight from the parade at Brighton. With the exception of the interior of the chancel, which has been restored by the Cambridge Camden

Society, very little has been done at present towards repairing the signs of decay which time has marked upon the outward appearance of these walls ; but even in its present state the edifice is sound and substantial, and looks as if it were destined to defy the lapse of ages to undermine it. Britton says that the nave is destroyed, and points in proof of his assertion to the "confused masses of walls" which stand in the churchyard guarding the western doorway ; and Mr. Mackenzie Walcot, no mean authority on such a subject, confirms his opinion. But we all know that it was the custom of the time to build these stately edifices by instalments, and so far as we can learn there is no reliable local tradition which asserts that the nave, though certainly begun, was ever completed. Mr. Britton, in his "Beauties of England and Wales," thus describes the building :—

"The lofty square tower rising from the centre of the transepts consists of two stories, the first entirely Saxon, having two arched recesses with columns, and within each recess an arched window. At the sides, and between each recess, are breaks, and columns at the angle of the tower. The second story also has two recesses with columns, having arches of the pointed form ; two windows again occur, but their arches are circular, and their openings are divided into three small lights, by columns which support small circular arches. These lights and columns, as an antiquary has observed,* give the strongest warrant for supposing that they were some of the early hints towards forming the system of mullion-work, which constituted the invariable ornament of windows in subsequent ages. The east front is a beautiful elevation, and in good condition. It consists of three tiers : in the first are three circular-arched recesses with columns ; and in the centre recess is a circular-headed window. On the right and left are the fronts of the side aisles with one circular recess, and a window of the same kind to each ; above these are other circular recesses and breaks at the angles. The second, or principal tier, wholly in the pointed style, presents three grand windows incorporated as it were into one, divided by clusters of columns with rich capitals, having pointed heads to the arches and architraves of many mouldings. The third tier has one large central circular window with several small recesses of various forms and dimensions on each side. The front finishes with a pediment. The details of the interior are remarkable for their elegance, richness, and diversity ; so that this edifice altogether may be said to

* So called from the custom once so frequent in Cornwall of employing pad horses for commercial and other travellers.

† Mr. Sharpe does not consider that the church of Old Shoreham is at all anterior in date to that of New Shoreham. He supports his argument by the deed of Wm. de Braose, who, in A.D. 1076, gives to the abbot and monks of the church of St. Florence, at Saumur, in Anjou, four churches in the Rape of Bramber, including that of St. Nicholas de Soraham.

‡ See Vol. ix., p. 276.

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1807.

present an excellent school for the study of our ancient architecture."

The groined roof of the church is very fine, being adorned with moulded groin-ribs, triple vaulting shafts, and floriated capitals with deep round impost mouldings, all bearing testimony to the period to which they belong. The old font is a fine specimen of Norman work. Mr. Edmund Sharpe, in his Monograph upon the church, implies that nothing certain is known about the demolition of the nave. The clerestory is lofty and well-proportioned, and the larger member of the cruciform structure being gone, the whole fabric looks higher and therefore more imposing than it really is. Mr. Sharpe supposes that the choir was built in A.D. 1130, the original fabric being entirely Norman, and that originally it had an apsidal termination to the choir, which appears to have been an afterthought. The tower, he thinks, was surmounted by a square lantern, capped by a low pyramidal spire, like many specimens of the kind still to be seen in Normandy. One great feature of the building is the heavy solid vertical buttress which *simplex munditiis* carries the flying buttresses which support the vaulting of the choir. The east end is of great beauty, but its chief merits consist in the fine rose window in the third or gable story, and in the manner in which the upper work of the Lancet period has been adapted to the work of the Transitional period below.

It is strange that in Dugdale's "Monasticon" no record remains of the foundation to which New Shoreham Church belonged. He mentions it merely incidentally in a grant of certain property to a foreign abbey by one of the Lords of Bramber.

With the exception of a second little chapel in the main street, now turned into a granary, the town of Shoreham has few attractions to present to the antiquary; this building was once either a priory of Carmelites or White Friars, or else a hospital dedicated to St. James.

Shoreham has a tidal harbour, the entrance to which has long been, and still is, dangerous, on account of the frequent shifting of the shingle and sand,* and the existence of a bar of mud and a low flat rock outside the entrance, which is nearly visible at low water. At spring tides the flood rises about eighteen feet, and twelve at common tides. The principal occupation of the town is ship-building, in which about 500 hands are employed, and vessels of 800 tons have been launched there. The shipping trade of the port consists of

exports of timber and imports of coals, corn, and Irish provisions. Shoreham is also a port for warehousing produce, French, Dutch, Russian, West Indian, African, and Mediterranean; 1000 ships, of 90,000 tons, and employing 5000 seamen, enter the harbour annually, according to Mr. Walcot. At some seasons of the year, also, there is a brisk business carried on in the sea fisheries, and more particularly in oyster dredging, and the trade in this article is all the more lively on account of the proximity of the Brighton and London markets.



The Pad Inn, Lancing. See p. 234.

Mr. Sharpe also tells us that in the year 1346 Shoreham furnished no less than six-and-twenty ships to the Channel fleets fitted out by Edward III., being one more vessel than was supplied by London, two more than Bristol, and five more than Dover, and only falling short by two of the quotas furnished respectively by Fowey, Yarmouth, and Dartmouth, and equalling Plymouth. The chief other events in its history are the landing of King John here with an army in March,

* It is said that the mouth of the Adur is now three miles to the east of its former *débouché*.

1199, immediately after the death of Richard Cœur de Lion ; his re-embarkation there in the following June to hold a conference with the King of France ; and the embarkation of Charles II. from its shores, Oct. 15, 1651, in his flight to the Continent after the battle of Worcester.

New Shoreham, five or six centuries ago, had grown so important a place that Edward I. erected it into a Parliamentary borough, and it continued to return two members to St. Stephen's till about a century ago, when the inquiries of a Parliamentary Committee brought to light a scene of the most shameful corruption. "It appeared," says Mr. Britton, "that a majority of the electors had formed themselves into a society, under the denomination of the 'Christian Club'; the ostensible object of which was the promotion of charity and benevolence, and the accomplishment of such other purposes as corresponded with the character which the members had assumed. Under this cloak they made a traffic of their oaths and consciences, selling their borough to the highest bidder, while the rest of the inhabitants were deprived of every legal benefit from their votes. To prevent any similar combination, the Parliament passed an act to disfranchise every member of the Christian Society, and to extend the votes for Shoreham to the whole Rape of Bramber."

We will ask the reader now to turn his back on Old and New Shoreham, and to accompany us along the road or railway, as he pleases, some three miles up the valley of the Adur, to Bramber, the village from which the Rape or Hundred takes its name. The river which runs by it was once navigable thus far or even farther for small vessels. Together with the adjoining village of Steyning (which is remarkable for one of the handsomest churches in the county of Sussex), Bramber returned a member to Parliament down to the time of the Reform Act of 1832 ; and the Court Room, in which the "loyal and independent" burgesses, some twenty or thirty in number, we believe, used to meet as free Englishmen to elect their representative (who was really the nominee of the Duke of Rutland and Lord Calthorpe), is still in existence, forming the public room of the village inn.* It is worthy of a visit for the sake of the quaint portraits and other pictures of local interest which adorn its walls, though in a somewhat dilapidated condition. "Ichabod" is the only inscription that

we should care to see written beneath them, consistently with our respect for historic truth and *bona fide* popular representation.

The village of Bramber consists of one long straggling street, and at the north-west end of it, close to the railway station, is the little village church, dedicated to St. Nicholas,* or rather its nave, a most picturesque old building, nestling, as it were for protection, in the ample fosse close beneath the stern and ivy-clad walls of the old castle, erected on a site which belonged at the Conqueror's survey to William de Braose. His descendants in the 12th century obtained the king's permission to erect a castle here, and they chose for its site a hill which rose steeply on all sides, and which by the aid of art was rendered nearly impregnable. Its walls surround the top of this eminence, enclosing a space of some fifteen acres, and the scanty remnants of those which are still left standing show that it must have been originally a fortress of very great strength. The most curious point connected with the castle is, that history is silent alike as to its birth and its death. We know neither the precise date of its erection, nor of its destruction. History does not tell us that it ever stood a siege, and accordingly many antiquaries are of Grose's opinion, viz. : That, taking into account the vast thickness of its walls and the small effect of time upon the remaining fragments, the noble fortress was purposely demolished by gunpowder, in all probability for the sake of the materials. Mr. Walcot solves the question very simply, by supposing that the sour soldiers of Cromwell were quartered here, and that they blew up the building with gunpowder. It is strange that, if this be the true solution, no tradition of the fact is to be found on the spot. The castle was strengthened on the outside by a triple trench, which is now overgrown with thick bushes and underwood, forming a very pleasing contrast to the grey ruins by which they are crowned.

The following is the sad story which tradition has handed down respecting the former lords of this castle :—

"In the year 1208, King John, suspecting

* The dedication of the church to St. Nicholas, by itself, goes far to prove that vessels once sailed up to the walls of Bramber. Mr. M. Walcot adds that they came up even as far as Steyning, and that the inland termination of the harbour there was called St. Cuthman's Port. "The count mousness of the haven, by reason of bankes and of barres of sand cast up at the river's mouth, is quite gone," says Camden ; "whereas, in foregoing times, it was wont to carry ships with full saile as far as to Bramber, which is now a good waye from the sea."—Holland's "Camden," p. 313. It should be added that in Bramber church are the remains of four arches and piers which originally carried the tower, of veritable early Norman work ; these were probably part of the original church built by the Lord of Bramber within nine years after the Conquest, and conveyed by him to the monks at Saumur.

* The remembrance of the fun which was afforded to the inhabitants by the chairing of the members is not forgotten. An old woman told us, when we visited Bramber, that the member was preceded by flags and bands of music, and a procession of girls all dressed in white ; but these merry-makings were put an end to by the ruthless Reform Act.

some of his nobility, sent to demand hostages for their fidelity. Among the rest, his messengers required of William de Braose the surrender of his children. To this demand the wife of that nobleman, according to Matthew Paris, returned for answer, that she would never trust her children with the king, who had so basely murdered his own nephew, Prince Arthur, whom he was in honour bound to protect. This reply was reported to the monarch, whom it highly incensed; and he secretly despatched his soldiers to seize the whole family: but, having received intimation of his design, they fled to Ireland, where, in the year 1210, he contrived to get them into his hands, sent them over to England, and closely confining them in Windsor Castle, caused them to be starved to death. Stowe informs us that William de Braose himself escaped to France, but did not long survive this catastrophe. John, having seized the estates of his unfortunate victim, gave this castle and manor to his second son, Richard, Earl of Cornwall; but shortly before his death he restored part of these possessions to Reginald, son of the former owner, who, on the accession of Henry III. procured of that prince the restitution of the whole. The last of the family of Braose who held this castle, having married his daughter to John, son and heir of Roger de Mowbray, made a special settlement of the honour and estate upon them and their heirs. Mowbray forfeited both, together with his life, by joining the Earl of Lancaster, and other nobles, against the Despencers, the favorites of Edward II.; but his possessions were restored by Edward III. to his son, who attended that monarch in two expeditions to France. When the French threatened in their turn to invade the English coasts, he was directed to remain in this castle, whence he might sally forth and annoy the enemy. In this family it remained till the reign of Henry VII. when, on the death of John de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who fell at the battle of Bosworth, his estates escheated to the Crown; and this castle and manor, with several other lordships in the county, were conferred on Thomas, Lord de la War."

There is a romantic legend attached to two monuments in the chancel of Bramber church; one was that of a lady, the other of a knight, with a crescent on his helmet. Eustace de Braose, affianced to Alice de Bourverie, and a crusader, while in the Holy Land became enamoured of Zulma, a beautiful Syrian girl. In the Battle of Ascalon he slew her brother Azim, the most redoubtable warrior of Saladin's army, and her love was turned into bitter revenge. Dissembling her anger, she swore him to

observe her commands, and to return to claim his English bride. Loth and sorrowful he came back to Bramber, and espoused that lady; but on his wedding night Zulma stood before them, and commanded him to die, giving him a poisoned dagger. Wild shrieks rang through the castle, the hall was emptied of the wassailers, and the bower women who flew to the chamber of Alice, found her a maniac gazing with wild eyes on two lifeless forms that lay upon the floor, the false Eustace and his unhappy Zulma.

If the visitor have time while at Steyning and Bramber, we should recommend him to pay a visit to the College of St. Nicholas at Lancing, a handsome new Gothic building, from which he will get a fine view of the whole valley of the Adur, with both the Shorehams at his feet; and to Wiston House, the seat of the Gorings, celebrated for its great hall, which is 40 feet in height, length, and breadth, and is surmounted by a handsome ceiling of the Caroline era. It is a fine old English gentleman's mansion, situated on the edge of the downs. It was built, according to Mr. Walcot, by Sir Thomas Shirley, one of three brothers who went as wanderers to the East, and whose adventures formed the plot of a play which was acted on the stage in its day. One of the brothers married a relative of the Shah of Persia.

The evenings are closing in fast, or else we would recommend our tourist friend, in his way home to Brighton, to call in upon the peaceful—shall we say parsonage or hermitage?—of the Rev. Charles Townsend, at Kingston-on-the-Sea, close to the mouth of Shoreham Harbour. We can only say that if he is fortunate enough to come to his wicket-gate provided with the "open sesame" of an introduction, he will see one of the most charming cottage residences in England, and make the acquaintance of an elderly clergyman, one quite of the old school, at once a poet, a scholar, and a divine; the quondam friend of Samuel Rogers, and Wordsworth, and Wm. Stuart Rose, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, and about whom he is full of pleasant and cheerful anecdote, though he has long since passed his threescore years and ten. You will find the old man reading Virgil in his summer house; or indoors with his pocket Horace, and Cowley, and Herrick open on the table before him; and we should be much surprised if you were to escape from those hospitable Lares without tasting a glass of old Falernian or Cœcuban wine, and some delicious garden fruit, which, instead of being grown in that little classic Hortus of the

"Senex Corycius" of Kingston, might for taste and smell have come from the gardens of the Hesperides.

E. WALFORD.

A FAMILY FIX.

I HAVE a kind old friend in Westburnia, with whom I generally manage to stop on the rare occasions of my having to remain a few days in town. He is a plain-going fellow in his ways, and so we are exactly suited as companions. His wife knew mine when they were girls, and I knew him when we were boys, and thus we have a never-failing source of reminiscences on which to fall back. It saddens one to think how few of these antique friendships survive the bereavements of time: he and I stand alone of our contemporaries.

Understand then that we are intimate friends, and that I go to his house just as I would to an hotel; with as little scruple, that is to say, though with ten times the sense of enjoyment. I am accustomed to be welcomed on arrival by the whole *posse comitatus*. The little ones jump at my neck, and the big girls expect to be kissed, and the jolly old fellow shakes hands in a style to make my rheumatic shoulder-joint suffer for it; so that, on the whole, there is very fair compensation for the nuisance of having to pack up my carpet-bag and bid adieu for a few days to my own household gods.

This was my case the other day. The post had brought one of the well-known foolscap envelopes with the Lincoln's Inn post-mark. I was wanted by my lawyer about an old matter of trust administration, and was requested to be at his office to meet certain other parties concerned, in the forenoon of the next day but one. Of course I grumbled a little, as all thoroughly domesticated elderly gentlemen are likely to do under such circumstances. Of course it was a great bore to be constantly mixed up with law business of which I understood nothing, and to have to leave the garden just then of all times in the year, when the bedding-out of last year's cuttings was going on. But I will honestly confess that I was all the while conscious of a wish that I might never have any worse subject for grumbling. I was not altogether sorry to have an excuse for a run up to town, for it was some time since my last visit, and there were plenty of things I wanted to see, among the rest this ghost, that seems to have taken up all the exhibition room in London. I should have been ashamed to make the journey on purpose, and my housekeeper, Deborah, is far too sharp to allow of my sneaking off under false pretences.

It was therefore with only a moderate assumption of the air of a victimised person that I gave my farewell directions to Deborah, and the gardener. They both do pretty much as they choose when I am absent (or present, for the matter of that), but it looks well to enter into particulars, and I like saving appearances; so George was told how far to proceed with his bedding, and promised the aid of any hints as to the arrangements of colour that I might be able to pick up at the Crystal Palace. Deborah was charged in general terms to keep all safe and see that nothing went wrong, and both were practically left to their own devices till they should see me again.

On arriving at the house in Bayswater I was received by the mistress of the establishment, who told me that her husband had been most inopportunistly summoned into Cornwall. Had he known that I was coming, which, not being a prophet, he, of course, could not have known, some excuse might have been forthcoming, and he might have managed to stop in town. "And I only wish he had, I only wish he had known," said Mrs. Tomkins.

There was an uncommon fervour about her expression, which left no room to doubt that she meant what she said. I looked upon her as being at the moment under the influence of an excess of hospitality, and thanked her accordingly. She knew how delighted I should have been to find the whole party at home, including Dick from the West Indies, and little Tom from school. The more the merrier in that house. "But," said I, "we must make the best of it, and rub on under difficulties. Here are you as large as life; you haven't been summoned into Cornwall, no more has Lucy there, nor little Dick."

"No, we haven't," she replied; "but I almost wish we had been. To tell you the honest truth, I do believe that had it not been for your visit, I should have packed up our things and been off this very day."

This sounded queer, and but for the perfect frankness of our intimacy, would have been perhaps rude. I won't say that it did not make me a little uncomfortable. "This comes," thought I, "of doing things in a hurry. What an ass I was not to have left time for an answer." But then I never did leave time for an answer on these occasions; so all I could do was to make a resolution, with a mental note thereof at the moment, never again so to commit myself to the tender mercies of contingencies.

And then again, what could be the pressing business calling on them both to leave London just at that time? I knew their affairs pretty well, and was perfectly aware of the nature of

the call into Cornwall, and that it was what did not in the least require the presence of the wife. And yet it would take a good pull to get her so far from home : she was not much given to roaming about the country.

I fancy that I stared at hearing her speech, and eyed her open-mouthed for something like that brief space of time that is defined as being "the twinkling of a bed-post." I thought she looked queer. There was unusual excitement in her eye, and her cheek was flushed. I looked from mother to daughters. Flora, the eldest, looked conscious and amused ; Mary, the second, looked frightened ; and the young fry much as they always did, bursting with uproarious merriment : but so they would in a beleaguered town, or a foundering ship.

I could not be wrong in leaving them to act as though unfettered by my presence.

"You shall go," I said, "if you really want to go, not one minute later on my account. Get your things ready, and I'll see you off to the station at once."

"Oh, yes, mamma, do go," cried Mary.

"Nonsense, mamma, don't think of such a thing," said Flora.

"Girls, be quiet, do," said the mother. "How am I to know whether I am standing on my head or my feet if you pull me to pieces in this way? This is how they have been going on all the morning," said she, turning to me ; "one says one thing and the other says another, till really I'm in that state that I'd thank anyone to order me what I am to do."

"Well," said I, "I'll soon do that. Pack up your things and be off to your husband, and on our way down to the station you shall tell me what it's all about—that is to say, if you desire so to do, and if I can be of any use to you."

"No, that will never do. Jack (that was her husband) would not forgive me in a hurry if I were to leave you to an empty house, and what's more, I could not forgive myself."

"There would be the children," I replied ; "we should get on capitally. Besides, there's plenty of room for me elsewhere in London."

"Oh, no," shouted the little ones in chorus.

"You must not go elsewhere, you must stop here."

"Do stop," said Polly ; "and mamma, do you go, it would be such fun, I should be mistress."

"Oh, no, mamma, pray," cried Flora, as though in actual terror, "you must not go ; or if you do, we must go too."

"We will none of us go," said mamma. "Here we are, and here we will stop. Now you little ones be off to the school-room. You,

Polly and Flora, may remain, and amongst us we will try to explain our mystery, and perhaps from amongst the multitude of counsellors we may manage to get a little wisdom."

The little ones vanished, and the rest of us proceeded, with a degree of formality that really was awe-inspiring, to open our *séance*. We took seats close to one another round the fire ; Polly tittered a little, but the mother and Flora looked solemn enough to frighten one.

"Read this," said Mrs. Tomkins, taking out of her pocket a letter. "Goodness gracious, what have I done that people should send me such letters !"

It ran thus :—

"MADAM,

A sincere well-wisher desires to give you timely notice of mischief that will happen to you if you do not take care. Enemies are about you. Trust no one, and remember thieves !"

"No signature," I observed ; "do you recognise the hand ?"

"Not the least in the world : but that was hardly to be expected, for of course it is disguised."

"I know who it is," said Polly, "it's a trick of Sally Temple's, and it's just like her ; she knows papa is away, and so thinks she can frighten poor dear mamma out of her senses."

"No such thing," said Mrs. Tomkins, "it's the kind of letter they send in Tipperary before they shoot the landlords, only your papa is not a landlord, that's one comfort."

"Not to the tenants, mamma," rejoined Polly ; "for I'm sure it would be a comfort to them to have such a nice landlord as he would be."

"What's the post-mark on the envelope ?" I asked.

"None," was the reply. It was handed in at the door, and the messenger took himself off, saying there was no answer."

"Well, then, of course your plan is to put it in the hands of the police ; they will scent out the conspiracy, if conspiracy there be."

"But haven't you seen what is written on the other side ; there, read that."

I looked at the reverse of the sheet, and I found this postscript appended to the body of the letter :—

"N.B. If you go to the police do not show this letter, as it might get those into trouble that you would not like to injure."

"Well," said I, "and do you mean to respect this request ?"

"Certainly !" cried Polly ; "mamma must

respect it. It would spoil the whole fun of the thing to show them the letter, and perhaps get the writer into trouble."

"But," said Flora, "what shall we do? The letter says we must trust no one. We shall have our throats cut by somebody we least suspect!"

"Who is the thief?" said Polly. "The letter seems to tell us to look at home. Is it you, Mr. W.?"

This was to me.

"Polly, you silly child, be quiet," said mamma, laughing, however, in spite of herself; "it really is no laughing matter, and I am seriously terrified."

We regarded one another with gravity enough for the wise men of Gotham, but nothing very bright in the shape of an idea seemed to be forthcoming. I pitied my poor friend, though I cannot say that I was seriously alarmed on her account; I think it was rather in the light of an annoyance that I regarded the affair. The case seemed one of practical joking; ill-timed, no doubt, and in bad taste, but hardly alarming. Still, occurring in the absence of the husband, it was calculated to frighten the feminine community.

I must be constitutionally slow, for in all cases of emergency I find others flying off to do something before I have made up my mind as to what ought to be done. A French novelist has devised a character whose golden rule is, in all such cases to do nothing, but to let difficulties solve themselves. I think I must be a cousin of that gentleman's, for such is very much my line of action. There were one or two bright ideas that did present themselves to me on this occasion, and the wonder is that I did not speak them out, but I suppose the girls were too quick for me. One doesn't like to commit oneself in a hurry, and there would have been no revoking such a step as appealing to the police, or sending to the Wellington Barracks to request the loan of a file or two of soldiers.

I think I first tried my hand (when at last I did speak) at a little general consolation. We were, thank goodness, not in a land of ribbandism and threatening letters; we had policemen and bolts and bars, with all the newest improvements. Moreover, they were no longer in the unhappy state of unprotected womanhood, for there was I to protect them, to share their dangers, and scare away evil-doers.

The wicked little Polly was evidently laughing in her sleeve as I spoke. Was she thinking of my silvery head and gouty foot? Was she thinking "*non tali auxilio?*"

"It's a great thing having you with us, to

be sure," said Mrs. Tomkins; "a man's always a man; but the letter warns us against people who live about us, and any such people would know that you are not very young, nor strong."

"Well, then, let us examine our dangerous ground; let us take all the persons in and about this place, and try whether we can hit on any one subject. If we really can find no way out of this perplexity except by aid of the police, you must not sacrifice your peace and quiet to a vain scruple about a person unknown."

We proceeded to review the establishment. First, there was the man Robert, who used to come in to clean boots and knives; he had been in the house but a short time, but he was so backed up with unexceptionable references, and besides, so well known to a personal friend, that it was not possible to suspect him. The cook was an elderly person, who had entered their service as a girl; there was no mistake about her. Then came Jane, the name was new to me.

"Who was Jane?"

"Oh, did I not know Jane? That was owing to her absence down at St. Leonards at the time of my last visit. She had been ill, poor thing, and they had given her six weeks' change of air at the sea-side. She was quite beyond suspicion, for if signs and tokens were to be worth anything, there was not one of their household so attached to them as was Jane."

It seemed that she was the housemaid, upper housemaid you might say, as there was a younger girl under her. She had come with high recommendations from a lady in Suffolk, and from the first moment of her entering the house had taken to them uncommonly. They, too, had been much pleased with her, and circumstances had so turned out as to afford them opportunity of being kind to her. Her health had failed, and they had nursed her, and eventually sent her down to St. Leonards, where she had recovered strength.

"But not her cheerfulness," added Mrs. Tomkins, "I never saw a girl more changed in this respect. She has been wonderfully depressed for some time now, though I never was more struck by it than immediately after her return from St. Leonards. I think you may put her out of the question so far as this matter is concerned; besides, I am sorry to say that she has given me warning, and what's more, she obstinately refuses to tell me why."

I was interested in this account of the housemaid, and asked a good many questions about her. I saw that Mrs. Tomkins was seriously hurt at the girl's reticence, considering it a symptom of ingratitude. Moreover,

it was an unfortunate juncture for a change in the household, and for replacing by a stranger one whom they regarded as a faithful and even affectionate servant. The girl was not even disposed to wait for the customary period of warning, but wanted to go at once.

"And refuses to say why or wherefore," said my friend. "I've almost gone down on my knees to her, but nothing that I can say or do seems to have any effect."

"Does she know that you have received a threatening letter?"

"I've never told her, but perhaps she may have heard us talking. I've sometimes fancied it must be so, and that she is afraid of remaining."

It seemed a pity that a poor girl should lose a comfortable place for such a silly reason, and inconvenience everybody about her needlessly; to say nothing of the misery to herself of yielding up herself to nervous terror. I volunteered to talk to her, and in Tomkins's absence, as an old family friend, bring her to reason if I could. It was just possible, too, that she might know something about the threatened danger, and have better grounds for her apprehension than we supposed. So this was the point of our investigation at which we cried our first halt. Jane was to be sent up to me, and in order that I might have a fair field for my inquisitorial functions, the rest were to get out of the way.

Up she came, a good-looking girl as you would wish to see, neatly dressed, clean and proper in her person, staid in her demeanour. As I looked carefully into her face, I perceived marks of the nervous agitation for which I had been disposed to give her credit. Not being a physiognomist or a physiologist, I could not exactly define what the symptoms were, but by the instinct of human sympathy I felt that she was a soul in trouble.

"Come in, Jane," I began, "and shut the door." She obeyed, and advancing some couple of steps, stood looking at me.

"Jane," I said, "you know that I am a very old friend of the family, and can talk about their concerns almost as if it were your master himself. I have come unexpectedly to pay them a visit, and find them in some trouble; among other matters I find that you have determined to leave them, and at once. Is it so?"

It was so.

"Now then, you must tell me why you want to go in such a hurry."

No answer was forthcoming to this challenge, and her mouth was resolutely screwed up to the expression that no answer *should* be forthcoming.

I went through no end of suggestive questions. "Was she affronted at anything?" "Was the place too hard for her?" "Had anything or anybody gone wrong?"

My ingenuity was baffled at every point. Not one word of explanation could I elicit. According to her version nothing had gone wrong, and nobody had given her offence; everybody had been most kind to her, and she would do anything to serve them. This she asserted with suffused eyes.

"And yet, my good girl, you throw them all into tantrums by taking yourself off in this mysterious way, without a word explanatory of your motives. Do you think, Jane, this is a proper return for their kindness?"

She winced a little at this, and the tears began to flow, and she was still more moved as I proceeded to dwell on the fact that the family were in trouble, and in loneliness.

I then asked her whether she was afraid of anything, or had any idea of impending risk which she might avoid by quitting her present habitation. The supposition appeared to excite her indignation. She muttered words from which I collected that she only wished she could avert their dangers by sharing them, but she said nothing distinctly, and maintained her stubborn demeanour.

I told her, advancing thus step by step, that danger actually was, or at least appeared to be, impending over the family, and that, under the circumstances, for her to go away would be to withdraw a comfort from them.

But all was useless. She must go, and she would go, and "a happy thing" she muttered it would be for them when she was gone.

She insisted on being allowed to go at once, and turned a deaf ear to all my representations of the unkindness of leaving the family in distress for immediate attendance. Her resolution was evidently fixed, but at the same time I could see about her indications of such sorrow and distress, that I felt quite certain that some deep motive was at the bottom of her resolve.

Of course the girl could go if so she willed it, and certainly she had a right to keep her secret, if such were her determination. But I had begun to feel a deep interest in the case, and somehow had worked myself into the conviction that it was of importance that I should succeed in making her unfold her mystery. She was, besides, worth saving for her own sake. But what more could I do? What force of suasion remained in reserve?

None that I could call into requisition, but it appeared that there was a more powerful agent than myself. Little Minnie, who had been sent off to play in the school-room, burst in upon our *tête-à-tête*.

With a hop, skip, and a jump she was about the girl's neck, nearly upsetting her in her vehemence. "Jane," she cried, "dear Jane, you shall not go."

The child was crying abundantly, and spoke with all the inconsiderate vehemence of childhood. Somebody had told her that their favourite was going, and hither on the moment she had rushed. Children are generally pretty eager, and have but slight consideration for obstacles, but I think I never saw such a desperado for the moment as poor little Minnie.

"Jane, you shall not go," sobbed she out; "promise me this minute, promise."

It was evident that the child's pleading was far from ineffective. I thought at the moment that it would not have moved me much under the circumstances, except to anger. I am afraid that I should have pushed her off—gently, I hope, but still I think I should have pushed her off.

Jane, however, felt differently. Like all kindly-hearted women, she retained, under all difficulties, her sympathy with childhood. She returned the child's caress, and began herself to sob; anon tears trickled down her cheeks, and gave hopes that her obstinacy was being shaken.

But it was not much she said when she did speak; a soothing word or two to the child was all that was forthcoming. She stuck to her text, and all that poor Minnie could get out of her was a promise that she would come and see them.

"Boo! hoo! oo!" sobbed Minnie, "but I want to go and see you too."

"No, miss, you cannot do that; it is too far."

"Then I must write to you: tell me where I must write."

Jane seemed to ponder a moment, and then assented to the proposal. She would put down the address if Miss Minnie would bring her a pen and paper.

"Write to this direction, Miss Minnie, and I shall get the letter."

The child brought the paper to me. She was spelling it over, and stuck at one of the words.

"What's this?" she said, "an *l* or a *d*?"

I took it in my hand to solve her difficulty. Goodness gracious! What a light flashed on me in a moment. I saw, with a force of conviction amounting to absolute certainty, that the writing was the same as that of the anonymous document.

In fact, I ought to have mentioned that in respect of handwriting I was almost a professional expert. It is a particular talent, perhaps

I should say the one and only talent, with which I am endowed; but this one power I do possess in an unusual degree. I saw in a moment that it was Jane herself who had given the anonymous warning. Certain it is that my colour rose, or that I started, or did something else to prove that I was not a mere statue.

Jane's quick eye caught the sign in a moment, and putting down the child she made for the door, as though to escape. Her look had suddenly become that of detected guilt.

I stood between her and the door, and peremptorily motioned her back. As though in defect of moral force she obeyed, and stood waiting the next act of the drama.

"Minnie," I said, "we are busy now, and you must go back to the school-room. I will take care of this address, so off with you."

And I lifted her out, and shut the door.

I turned to Jane, but before I could speak one single word to her, she had cowered beneath the altered expression of my face. Lower and lower sank her head, and more and more violently trembled her knees, till at last she fairly was kneeling on the floor, and this before I had spoken one single word.

After all, what did I know? Might not the letter have been written without guilty complicity? Perhaps the whole affair was merely the working of some morbid sensibility on the mind of the sick girl, a residuary symptom of her St. Leonards illness.

This was beyond my power to answer. One thing I did know, that with good or evil intent the two documents had been written by the same person, and that she was there in that room before me.

As I knew, so I spoke.

"Jane, you wrote that letter."

"What letter?" she murmured with a poor attempt at non-comprehension.

"That letter which has thrown the family into trouble. You know you did, and you feel that I know you did, and that no attempt at evasion can succeed."

And evidently she did feel it. She writhed in anguish on the floor, and bitterly wrung her hands, but did not reiterate denial. Her pale lips, parting voiceless, moved me to compassion, and I advanced to ring the bell.

"No," she gasped, "call no one. You have discovered my secret, though I cannot understand how. Let it be confined to you, at least for the present, till I get out of the way—away from those faces that I love so dearly, and that kill me with self-reproach."

With a great effort she obtained the mastery over her muscles, and knelt upright. In spite of my endeavours and even entreaties she kept that posture, and with clasped hands and

piteous eyes, and deep distress of soul, she poured forth her confession.

"What can be coming?" thought I to myself in the brief moment that left room for expectancy. Who could divine what the poor girl was about to unfold? Yet strange as it may appear, I beg to say that such a confession was actually made, and it is much to be feared that all the premises on which it proceeded are yet existing in full force. Her revelation brought to light a condition of things which we should hardly think to be within the limits of possibility in this our generation.

In substance this is what she said: She had been, in consequence of sin in early youth, thrown on the world without a character. They who had first tempted her to evil stepped in as helpers in her hour of need: they were able and willing to find her all that she wanted. She had forfeited genuine recommendations, but they proffered her spurious substitutes, so cunningly contrived as to defy detection, and so laudatory in kind as to carry by storm the best places. They abundantly supplied her with money and dress, and all those things which foolish servant-girls love. In return they required from her coadjutorship in a grand scheme of evil-doing. They were neither more nor less than a cleverly organised association of thieves, having ramifications all over the country, and working systematically. To them were to be attributed most of the plate-robberies and housebreakings that took place throughout the country; as, in fact, they were as powerful for action in Cornwall as in London, and this in consequence of their affiliations throughout the length and breadth of the land. Their plan was to send emissaries of their own into families, or to win over actual servants, and through their means obtain access to houses. Of course their information kept them posted as to the most promising speculations and the most likely time of operation. Their system of realising the value of their spoil was such as to divest the proceeding of almost all risk of detection, and the general result of their policy was that they plundered and prospered.

Now, all this has been put in the *past tense* because I have been speaking historically of what took place at a given time. But that time was *very lately*, and so far as the fact goes, I might have spoken in the *present tense*. Such things *are*, I am sorry to say, at the present speaking.

You may imagine how I opened eyes and ears at this story. Could I believe it? Was Ali Baba really *redivivus*, and was this a new Morgiana risen somehow to thwart their plans and smother the whole gang in an appropriate

number of pots, or otherwise in manner more conformable to modern civilisation? Was it a hoax? Alas! Could I look on that agitated form, crouching on the ground before me, and believe her to be otherwise than earnest? Still, the notion was too monstrous; the police would never stand such a thing, they would soon find out and counteract any such combinations. In short, it was nonsense, and impossible, and not to be accepted under any circumstances. It was easier to believe poor Jane the victim of some mental delusion; she had been ill, she might be beside herself.

I thought I would test her tale by a little cross-questioning; so, with as soothing an expression as I could throw into my voice, I said that it was a strange story, but that after all, she need not be so dreadfully agitated. Even supposing all this to be true, I did not see that actual harm need accrue to anybody in consequence of her proceedings. She had fallen into bad company, but now desired to stand free, she had not aided and abetted the doings of the gang, and might stop quietly where she was for the future.

"No," she cried, in bitter anguish; "that may not be. I would gladly give my life if it might be. I have received the summons to action, which, so far as I am aware, has never yet been disobeyed, and which could be so only with certain destruction of all that makes life worth having, if not of life itself."

"The summons to action!"

"Yes. I have been ordered to get things ready, and to leave the pantry window open, and to give those I now love more than all the world put together, to the mercies of ruffians."

"Then just tell them," said I, trying a little good-humoured banter, "tell them with my compliments that you'd rather be excused, and that you beg them to keep their messages to themselves for the future. In sober earnest, remember that you are under the protection of society, and that any attempt to prevent your freedom must be defeated."

But bitter tears and passionate exclamations were all the response that my encouragement could elicit, and then came the revelation that proved poor Jane's fears to be well-founded, and which may serve to show how an unfortunate delinquent is apt to become hopelessly entangled in the toils of evil-doing. I think it enabled me to appreciate as I never before had appreciated the misery of many of our professed thieves. In the light of such explanation one can understand how it comes to pass that so many persons persevere in a course that they know must be infallibly leading them on to a miserable catastrophe. Headstrong or foolish vice may give the original

impulse, but we may depend upon it that nothing but *relentless force* can retain in such subjection. We sometimes hear of the mode and degree in which the ticket-of-leave man is dogged by the police, and how on his attempting to return to honesty he finds an ever ready finger in his way pointing him out as untrustworthy. This would seem to be as nothing to the surveillance exercised by the secret associations of thieves.

Their method of proceeding is apparently this: Through the instrumentality of individual members they discover and tamper with likely subjects, at first proceeding without direct persuasion to dishonesty. They open their trenches against such points as frivolity and vanity; they entangle in some fault, and then, in the consequent distress and destitution, come forward in the character of friends. A new place, we will say, is obtained by false recommendations supplied by them. As to this there is no difficulty, for they have correspondents all over the country, ready to answer any inquiries, and so are enabled to furnish the most unexceptionable recommendations. This preliminary over, there remains no more difficulty in their dealing with their victim, nor any concealment as to the real nature of their doings. The person is simply told that she (or he) must now act as directed, under pain of denouncement for the offence already past. The object then is to get them committed to some grave offence against the law, which under the circumstances is seldom difficult. From that point there remains for the law-breaker nothing but a life of continual transgression under most hateful constraint, till the convict hulks or the galleys close the scene.

All this I gathered from Jane, and such was the reason why she refused to be comforted; why kind and earnest friends, friends who would go through great difficulties to serve her, were of no avail in her extremity. They might save her from external assaults, but they could not save her from herself, they could not annul her own doings. She had been, under that dreadful influence, led into an abyss from which there seemed to be no refuge. Sobbingly she told me of the first girlish indiscretion which had led to her loss of place and character, and how she had accepted of evil aid to reinstate herself. Thenceforward the descent had been rapid, and at that time of speaking to me, she stood implicated in the guilt of a robbery that was enough to transport her for life. Since coming to my friend Tomkins's, a change had been brought over her spirit; she had learned to love the family, and the wondrous transmutation that love will work had been wrought in her. She

longed to leave violence and wickedness, and to return into the way of peace. But the mandate had been received by her which she dared not disobey, and which it would be worse than death to obey. For this reason it was, and for this reason alone, that she sought to withdraw herself from her present place. She had not dared to make a full disclosure to her mistress, but had written her such a letter as she thought likely to put her on her guard, and perhaps prevent the evil issue.

"But why not cut the matter short," I cried, "why not let me go at once to the station and give such information as would lead to the apprehension of the whole gang, and stop their trade for good and all?"

Jane turned pale, even through her former pallor. "You do not understand, sir, how these things are managed, and how impossible it seems for me to stir hand or foot. What credit would be yielded to the statement of a girl who could be proved to have been concerned in at least one case of housebreaking? All I should gain would be the prison for myself; nay, so thoroughly are we beset that I have a misgiving that somehow this, my confession to you is, or very soon will be, known to those who will take no expiation but my life."

This seemed really like bringing back the old *vehme gericht* of the troubled days of the Empire, with this notable difference, that whereas the old tribunal enforced the rule of right, these desperadoes pursued the enforcement of the wrong. I do not know whether many of the present generation have read Fielding's "*Jonathan Wild*," or any other particular account of the thief-taking associations of the last century. I have read them, and so was better prepared to take in this situation. I understood that we, in our day of advanced civilisation, and preventive and detective proficiency, have in our midst criminal associations scarcely less malignant than those of which *Jonathan Wild* was the dominant spirit.

A pretty story it was altogether, enforced by the aspect of that poor girl cowering before me in despair, averting her face and refusing to be comforted. Little had I suspected that anything like this would be the result of my first attempt to play the detective. What on earth I was to do I could not think.

It was necessary, at all events, to call in Mrs. Tomkins, and let her know the result of our *tête-à-tête*. We must also telegraph to the husband, and amongst us all contrive some plan of safety for Jane. She was evidently in the wildest terror, and felt that her life was no longer safe. Mixed up with this sort of per-

turbation, in her case was also the misery of having to stand before the family in a criminal light. However, the thing had to be done, and done it was, though it proved to be a more gradual process than I had expected. This kind of thing takes a long time in the explanation : you do not take in the idea all of a moment, when bidden to understand that some one, whom you have been wont to regard as blamelessly praiseworthy, is criminally punishable. Certainly, the family did not show quickness of apprehension on the occasion ; for I had to repeat my story (at least the main facts) over and over again. When they did comprehend the predicament, they were, as may be supposed, much excited, but, I was glad to see, by no means moved to anger against Jane. She, poor penitent, had no word to say for herself, but having exhausted her energies in very sorrow, and in the confession to me, stood the image of mute despair.

I do not know that it would particularly interest anybody to follow out the family history, except so far as Jane is concerned. I may as well tell how it was that we got her off to a place of safety, at which we hope she has already arrived, there to live peaceably and secure from evil.

The girl herself declared that for her there was no safety in England : the men who held her in their power would punish her defection with denouncement to the authorities, or even assassination. Some little persuasion on our part overcame her objection to our making any application to the police ; but she declared to us that if we wished to save her from destruction, we must previously provide a place of refuge for her. Nowhere in England could this be, the combination against her was too powerful, and their means of obtaining information too extensively reticulated, to allow of hope at home. She must go abroad, where in a new country and under a new name she might lurk unobserved till patient continuance in well-doing should have wrought out for her a new standing. This her friends undertook to manage, and much more than this they would have been willing to undertake if necessary. In short, on reviewing the whole affair in family conclave, when Tomkins himself had returned, they came to the conclusion that whatever the guilt of the girl had been, she, as a penitent, and, moreover, as an actual benefactor to themselves, was entitled to their best offices.

But all this refers to after-doings : at the moment decisive action was required. I was sanguine enough to fancy that the head-quarters of the gang might be broken up by prompt action. Off I went to the police-station.

Mr. Superintendent was summoned to me, and listened blandly to my story—listened without the slightest emotion, just as your doctor does to the symptoms of small-pox or measles. He was not the least taken aback, saw no difficulty in accepting the account, but immense difficulty in dealing with it. He explained that the real master-minds of such companies were not likely to be accessible to their researches. They (the police) might get hold of an inferior agent or two, but even this they might miss, and the attempt would give the alarm to the chief offenders. By very cautious detective proceedings it was not impossible that they might do something, but that would be necessarily by a cautious process.

He perfectly understood the fix in which my informant stood ; in fact, he volunteered the assurance that I might expect to find her given up to justice on some well-authenticated charge. "Always supposing," he added, "always supposing that the young woman does not get out of the way in time." He did not actually advise me to get her out of the way, but the hint was intelligible.

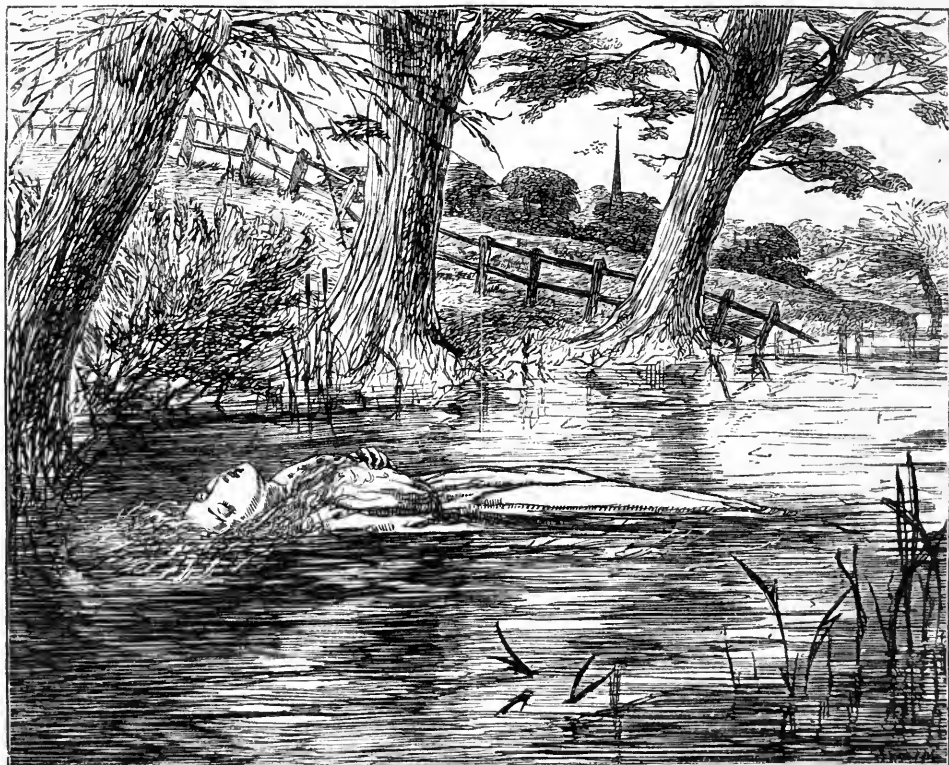
This, of course, was the first necessity to be looked to. There were yet some six-and-thirty hours to intervene before the time fixed for the robbery. The be-telegraphed Tomkins had time to rejoin us. He was very fond of Jane, and disposed to do all that might be possible for her. As he considered himself clearly indebted in a pecuniary point of view, he paid her salvage for property preserved. She was sent down to Liverpool at once, and placed on board a ship bound for Melbourne, where, as I said before, we hope she has safely arrived, and where her future will not be neglected.

Perhaps it was premature sending her off before we had verified her story, but it was verified in due time. Mr. Superintendent of Police and his myrmidons improved their chance to the utmost. The stipulated window was left open on the appointed night, and three big villains, stepping into the clutches of our watchful guardians, were handcuffed and marched off to the cells before they could say Jack Robinson. These fellows were convicted, as they richly deserved to be, but I have not heard that any of the leaders of the gang have been taken. Doubtless, as Mr. Superintendent said, they are slippery gentry, and the looking of them up is a delicate matter. But who knows that it will not be contrived yet ?

Meanwhile, I have learned a lesson, and should be happy to teach it to others, if so it may be : "Never receive an inmate into your family on the strength of written testimonials, whose authenticity you have had no opportunity to verify."

AN OLD MAN.

AMONG THE REEDS.



The streamlet leapt from rock to rock,
And danced adown the shallows,
To where the white pool mirrored all
The skimmings of the swallows.

Afar it heard the village hum—
The sound of human voices ;
And thus it loudly, gaily sung,
Mid all its myriad noises :—

“ Now I shall see the children play,
And hear their laughter ringing ;
And I shall listen at the door
Where maids and youths are singing

“ Now I shall hear the old men tell
The young ones pretty fables,
The while the red sun falls athwart
The westward-watching gables ;

“ And I shall swiftly rush and fling
Abroad my dancing billows ;
But linger by the haunts of men,
Beside the drooping willows ! ”

Down by the reeds the streamlet came,
Its laughter slowly dying :
A something white—a curve of gold—
Within the pool were lying.

The streamlet paused, and looked askance,
Among the reeds low-laden—
The curve of gold was floating hair,
The white a dress of maiden.

O swiftly, swiftly ran the stream,
Until it grew a river !—
One hurried glance, along its course,
It darted backward never.

A fearful sound was in its ear—
A moan of maiden dying ;
And through the night it heard with dread
The willows' dark leaves sighing.

O swiftly, swiftly ran the stream,
Looking behind it never ;
Men knew not where the mirth had gone
Of this brown-rushing river. W. BLACK.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLVIL. DANGER.

LADY LUCY CHESNEY lay in imminent danger. But a few days ill, and her life was despaired of. The anticipations of the surgeons—that she would have the fever badly—had been all too fully borne out. They had done what they could for her, and it was as nothing.

None could say that Mr. Carlton was not a kind and anxious attendant. Lady Jane thanked him in her heart. She began half to like him. That he was most solicitous for Lucy's recovery was indisputable; and it may be said that she was in his hands, not in Mr. Grey's, because his opportunities of seeing her were of necessity so much more frequent. Jane sat by the bed, full of grief, but not despairing as those who have no hope. She possessed sure confidence in God; full and perfect trust; she had learnt to commit all her care to Him; and to those who can, and do, so commit it, utter despair never comes. Jane believed that every earthly means which skill could devise was being tried for the recovery of Lucy; and if those means should fail, it must be God's will; she tried to think, because she *knew*, that it would still be for the best, although they in their human grief might repine and see it not.

Lady Laura also had taken the fever. But she had it in so very slight a degree that she need not have lain in bed at all; and before the worst had come for Lucy, she was, comparatively speaking, well. Laura was exacting; it was in her nature so to be; and Lady Jane had to quit Lucy's room for hers, often, when there was not the least necessity for it. Mr. Carlton was anxious and attentive, but he knew from the first there would be no danger, and he told Laura so. The result was that she called him "unfeeling." An unmerited reproach; if ever man was anxious for the well-doing of his wife, that man was Mr. Carlton.

Frederick Grey went in once with his uncle to Lucy's chamber, after the danger supervened. She did not know him; and he had only the pain of seeing her turn her head from side to side in the delirium of fever. If Lady Jane did not despair, he did; the sight nearly unmanned him.

"Oh, merciful Heaven, save her!" he murmured. "Save her, if only in compassion to me!"

It was not alone the dreadful grief for Lucy; it was the self-reproach that was haunting

him. He assumed that the disorder must have been communicated to Lucy through him, and remorse took hold of him. What could he do?—what could he do? He would have sold his own life willingly then, to save that of Lucy Chesney.

He went straight from the sick-chamber to the telegraph-office at Great Wennock. South Wennock had been in state of resentment some time at having to go so far if it wanted to telegraph, and most certainly Frederick Grey indorsed the indignation now. Then he went back to South Wennock, to Mr. Carlton's. Jonathan advanced from his post in the hall to the open door: open that day, that there might be neither knock nor ring.

"Do you know how she is now?" he asked, too anxiously excited to speak with any sort of ceremony.

"There's no change, sir. Worse, if anything."

He suppressed a groan as he leaned against the pillar. Chary of intruding into Mr. Carlton's house, after that gentleman's reception of him the first night of Lucy's illness, he would not enter now. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote some words on it in pencil, folded, and gave it to Jonathan.

"Let Lady Jane have this when there's an opportunity. But don't disturb the sick-room to give it her."

The paper, however, soon found its way to Jane. She opened it in some curiosity.

"I have telegraphed for my father. He may not be able to do more than is being done, but it will at least be a satisfaction. He knows Lucy's constitution, and there's something in that. If I lose her, I lose all I care for in life."

Words quiet and composed enough; scant indication did they give of the urgent, impassioned nature of the message gone up to Sir Stephen.

Jane approved of what he had done. Though she put little faith in further advice being of avail, it would, as he said, be a satisfaction. She wished Lady Oakburn was as much within their reach as Sir Stephen Grey; if the worst happened to Lucy, the blow to her almost more than mother would be bitter.

Dangerous illness connected with our history was in another habitation of South Wennock that day. The little boy at Tupper's cottage, of whom mention has been so frequently made,

and who had created doubt and speculation in more minds than one, had become rapidly worse in the past week ; and Mr. Carlton saw that he could not save him. Greatly worked as Mr. Carlton just then was out of doors,—having Lucy in her danger on his hands at home, not to speak of his exacting wife—he had not on this day been able to go to the cottage. Mr. Jefferson went up and brought back the report : The boy was no better, and the mother excessively anxious.

“She did not like my calling,” observed the assistant-surgeon to Mr. Carlton. “She said she hoped you would be able to get up to-day, if only for a minute.”

Mr. Carlton made no particular answer. He would go if he could, but did not think time would permit him ; and he knew his going could do the child no good.

Mrs. Smith, to her own surprise, found she was to be favoured with a levee that afternoon. The little fellow, for whom a temporary day-bed had been made up in the parlour, was lying upon it asleep, and Mrs. Smith sat by him. The leg gave him a great deal of pain now, but it seemed easier than it was in the morning ; and in these easy intervals he was sure to sleep. The young woman, whom you saw drawing the child’s carriage not long ago, had come into the house entirely by Mrs. Smith’s desire, to do the work, go on errands, anything that might be required ; and there’s always enough to do in illness. She was out now : having had leave to go and see her mother ; and Mrs. Smith had fallen into a doze herself, when she was aroused by a sharp knock at the cottage door.

She went into the kitchen and opened it. There stood a little shrivelled woman in a black bonnet, with a thin, battered-looking sort of face. Mrs. Smith had seen her before, though she retained not the slightest recollection of her ; and the reader has seen her also.

It was the Widow Gould from Palace Street. She had been honoured by a call from Mrs. Pepperfly that morning, which led, as a matter of course, to a dish of gossip ; and the result was, that the widow became acquainted for the first time with Mrs. Smith’s presence at South Wennock, and the various speculations arising therefrom. Consequently the widow—and there were few more curious widows living—thought she could not do better than go up to the cottage and claim acquaintance.

Mrs. Smith received her with some graciousness. The truth was, she was growing rather out of conceit of the plan of secrecy she had adopted since her sojourn at South Wennock. Her only motive for it (if we except a natural reserve, which was habitual) had been that she

thought she might find out more particulars of Mrs. Crane’s death as a stranger, *if* there was anything attendant on that death which needed concealment. Until she heard of the death, she had not the remotest idea of any concealment. But the plan had not seemed to answer, for Mrs. Smith could learn no more than she had learnt at the commencement, and she talked readily enough with the widow.

Upon hospitable thoughts intent, Mrs. Smith set out her tea-table ; laying the tray in the kitchen, not to disturb the little sleeper in the parlour. It’s true it was barely three o’clock, rather an early hour for the meal ; but it has become fashionable, you know, to take a cup of tea early. Before they had sat down to it, another visitor arrived. It was Judith Ford.

It appeared that Judith had been obliged to come to Cedar Lodge that afternoon upon some matter of business : and Lady Jane had told her to call in and ask after the little boy at the cottage. Jane had heard of his increasing illness ; and she thought much of him, even in the midst of her anxiety for Lucy.

“It’s like magic, your both meeting here together !” exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

For there was always a feeling resting in the woman’s mind that the whole known circumstances connected with Mrs. Crane’s death had not been detailed to her ; a continuous hope that a chance word might reveal to her something or other new. Judith said she could stop for a quarter of an hour, and Mrs. Smith handed her some tea in triumph, for the promised tea-drinking bout, when Judith was to spend an evening at the cottage, had not taken place yet. What with Lady Jane’s visit to London, and Lucy’s sojourn with them, and one thing or other, Judith had not been able to find the time for it.

It would have been strange had the conversation not turned upon that long-past tragedy. The Widow Gould, who loved talking better than anything else in the world, related *her* version of it, and the other widow listened with all her ears. Mrs. Gould, it must be remembered, had never admitted, in conjunction with the nurse, that there could be truth in that vision of Mr. Carlton’s, touching the man on the stairs ; it a little exasperated both of them to hear it spoken of, and she began disclaiming against it now. A needless precaution, since Mrs. Smith had never before heard of it. It appeared, however, to make a great impression upon her, now that she did hear it.

“Good Heavens ! And do you mean to say that man was not followed up ?”

“There wasn’t no man to follow,” testily returned the Widow Gould, upon whom the past

seven or eight years had not sat lightly, and she looked at least sixty-six. "I've never liked Mr. Carlton since, I know that. It might have took away our characters, you know, ma'am."

Mrs. Smith did not appear to know anything of the sort, or even to hear the delicate allusion. She had risen from her seat to fill the teapot from the kettle on the fire; but she put it down again in haste.

"It was just the clue I wanted!" she exclaimed. "Just the clue. I thought it so strange that he had not been here; so strange, so strange! It was more unaccountable to me than the rest."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the little shrivelled woman, staring at the evident excitement.

"I mean her husband. That man concealed on the stairs must have been her husband."

"What, Mr. Crane?"

"Of course it was. *He* killed her. I feel as certain of it as if I had seen it done. How came that fat nurse, Pepperfly, not to tell me this?"

"Mother Pepperfly don't believe in it," said Mrs. Gould. "She's as certain as I be, that no man was there."

"You might have told me this," resumed Mrs. Smith, turning to Judith. "Why, it throws more light upon the subject than all the rest put together."

"I have not had much opportunity of telling you anything," answered Judith, who had sat in her usual silent fashion, sipping the hot tea and listening to the other two. "But I don't believe it, either, for the matter of that."

"Believe what?"

"That any man was concealed on the stairs."

"But—I can't understand," cried Mrs. Smith. "Did Mr. Carlton not see one there?"

"He fancied so at the moment. But he came to the conclusion afterwards that the moonlight had deceived him."

"And it never was followed up?"

"Oh dear yes," said Judith. "The police sought after the man for a long while, and could never find him."

"And they came to think at last, ma'am—as everybody else of sense had thought at the time—that there wasn't no man there," put in the little widow.

"Then I can tell them to the contrary," was Mrs. Smith's emphatic rejoinder. "That man was poor Mrs. Crane's husband. I happen to know so much."

Little Mrs. Gould was startled at the words. Judith arrested the piece of bread-and-butter

she was about to put into her mouth, and gazed in astonishment.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Smith, "it must have been him. I know—I feel that it was him. He was at South Wennock: I know so much as that."

"You *know* this?" cried the other two in a breath.

"I do. I know that Mrs. Crane's husband was at South Wennock."

"And where is he now, ma'am?" asked the widow.

"Ah, where indeed!" was the answer given in an angry tone. "I have never heard of him since in all these years. I came down here now to find out what I could about him—and her."

"It's what old Pepperfly told me this morning, ma'am; she said she was sure you hadn't come for nothing else. I know what I should have done in your place," added the widow. "I should have declared myself to the police the minute I come, and got them to rake up the search again. You see there was nobody here belonging to the poor lady at the time, and it made the police careless over it—leastways, a many folks have held that opinion. All I can say is, that if there was any Mr. Crane on the stairs that night, he must have stole in surreptitious down the drawing-room chimbley, for he never come in at the straight-forward door."

"There's time enough yet to declare my business to the police," was Mrs. Smith's answer. "I have preferred to remain quiet, and feel my way. Not but that one or two have suspected who I was. Judith, here, for one; she remembered me at once."

"And Mother Pepperfly for another," remarked the widow, handing up her cup for some more tea.

"No, she did not; at first she did not recollect me at all," said Mrs. Smith, as she filled it. "I think Mr. Carlton suspects who I am."

Judith lifted her eyes. "Why do you think so?"

"Because he asked so many questions when I first came—who I was, and what I was, and all the rest of it; I believe he'd have gone on asking till now if I had not put him down. And one day I caught him looking curiously into my drawers; he *said* he was searching for rag for my child's knee; but I have always thought he was looking to see what he could find."

"Why! Mr. Carlton met you that time at the station at Great Wennock!" exclaimed Mrs. Gould, the event occurring to her memory. "I remember it came out at the inquest."

"Was it Mr. Carlton I met there?" resumed Mrs. Smith, after a pause, during which she had cast her thoughts back to the nearly-forgotten incident. "I have not recognised him again. It was almost dark at the time, I remember. But perhaps his eyes were keener than mine. At any rate, I feel sure he knows who I am; why else should he put all those questions?"

"It's only natural to him to ask such," observed the Widow Gould. "He'd like it to be brought to light as well as the rest of us."

"Of course he would," was the acquiescent answer. "Once or twice I have been upon the point of talking to him about it, but I thought I'd wait; I thought I'd wait."

She spoke this in a dreamy sort of manner. Judith rose and put back her chair. She could not stay long on that day of anxiety, and she did not care to ask Mrs. Smith any questions before the other.

"I say," broke in that other, "how long did that little mite of an infant live? Pepperfly says it's dead."

"Not over long," replied Mrs. Smith. "It wasn't to be expected that it would. I wish you could stay, Judith."

"I wish I could," was Judith's answer. "It's impossible to-day. There's nothing can be done for Lady Lucy, poor thing, but one must be in the house."

"Report says, Judy, that Lady Laura—My goodness! who's come now?"

The sudden breaking off of the Widow Gould's remark was caused by the dashing up to the gate of some sort of vehicle. They crowded to the window to look.

It was a baker's cart. And seated in state beside the driver was Mrs. Pepperfly.

It appeared that her duties at Mrs. Knagg's were over, through that lady's being, as Mrs. Pepperfly expressed it, on her legs again, and she had quitted her the previous day. Consequently she was at leisure to make calls upon various friends. It struck her that she could not do better than devote the afternoon and evening to her new acquaintance in Blister Lane, where she should be sure to enjoy a good tea, and might happen to drop upon something nice for supper—pickled pork, or some other dainty; not to reckon the chance of being invited to take a bed. The friendly baker had accommodated her with a lift in his cart. How he had contrived to lift her up, he hardly knew; still less how he should get her down again. While this was being accomplished, the Widow Gould running out to assist in the process, the little boy awoke and cried aloud. Altogether, what with one distraction and an-

other, Judith found a good opportunity to slip away.

She was half way down the Rise, when she met Mr. Carlton driving up in his open carriage. He was on his way to pay a visit at Tupper's cottage.

CHAPTER XLVIII. SIR STEPHEN'S VISIT.

DOWN thundered Sir Stephen Grey as fast as the hissing and shrieking train could take him. The message had disturbed him in no measured degree. Lucy Chesney given over! At Great Wennock he found his son waiting with a fleet horse and gig. A minute's explanation, and they were skimming along the smooth road.

"Any change since you telegraphed, Frederick?"

"None for the better, sir."

There was an interval of silence.

"My son, what a pace you are driving at? Take care what you are about."

"The horse is sure, father. And *she* lying at the turn between life and death."

Sir Stephen said no more. As the gig reached South Wennock, and dashed through it on its way to Mr. Carlton's, the inhabitants flocked to their doors and windows. What could possess young Fred Grey, that he was driving in that mad fashion? But, as their eyes fell on his companion, they recognised him, and comprehended all. Sir Stephen Grey, the great physician, brought down from London in that haste? Then Lady Lucy Chesney must indeed be dying!

Mr. Carlton happened to be at home when the gig dashed up. He had just returned from that visit to Tupper's cottage. At the first moment he did not recognise his visitor. But he did when he met him in the hall.

"Sir Stephen Grey?" he exclaimed, his manner cold, his tones bearing marked surprise. In that first moment he scarcely understood how or why Sir Stephen had come.

"How d'ye do, how d'ye do, Carlton?" unconceremoniously spoke Sir Stephen, in his haste, as he brushed past him. "Which room is she lying in?"

Whether opposition was or was not in the surgeon's mind, he did not offer it. Indeed there was no time, for Sir Stephen had gone quickly up the stairs. For one thing, Mr. Carlton was preoccupied, sundry little trifles at Tupper's cottage having put him out considerably. He comprehended the case now: that Frederick Grey—or perhaps Mr. John Grey—had telegraphed to Sir Stephen on Lucy's account. Mr. Carlton had not any objection to Sir Stephen's seeing her; but he asked himself in what way Sir Stephen's skill was better

than theirs, that he need have been summoned ; and he resented its having been done without consulting him.

He looked out at the front door, and saw Frederick Grey driving away in the gig, quietly now. Mr. Carlton sent after him a scornful word : he disliked him as much as he had done in the days gone by.

Sir Stephen was already at his post in Lucy's chamber, Lady Jane alone its other inmate. Mr. Carlton went in once, but Sir Stephen put his finger on his lip for silence. A few words passed between them in the lowest whisper, having reference to the case ; its past symptoms and treatment ; and the surgeon stole away again.

For three long hours Stephen Grey remained in the chamber, never quitting it ; three long hours, and every moment of those hours might be that of death. Lady Jane caused a sandwich to be brought to the door and a glass of wine, and he swallowed the refreshment standing. And the time wore on.

When Sir Stephen quitted the house it was night. A little beyond Mr. Carlton's, nearer the town, was a space unoccupied by houses ; it was dark there, for no friendly gas-lamp was near to throw out its light. Pacing this dark spot, was one with folded arms ; he had so paced it since the night set in. The baronet recognised his son.

"The crisis has come," said Sir Stephen. "Come : and passed."

Frederick Grey struggled with his agitation. He strove to be a man. But he essayed twice to speak before any words would issue from his bloodless lips.

"And she is dead ?"

"No. She will recover."

He placed his arm within his son's as he spoke, and walked on, perceiving little of the emotion. Sir Stephen was of equable mind himself ; he liked to take things easy, and could not understand that Frederick must be different. Frederick, however, was different : he had inherited his mother's sensitive temperament. Sir Stephen caught a glimpse of his pallid face as they passed the window of Wilkes the barber, who had a flaring gas jet therein, to display the beauties of a stuffed gentleman, all hair and whiskers, which turned round upon a pivot.

"What's the matter, Frederick ? Don't you feel well ?"

"Oh, yes. A little—anxious. Are you sure the crisis is favourable ?"

"Certain. If she dies now, it will be from weakness. I wonder Lady Jane let her be ill at Carlton's."

Even yet Frederick was not sufficiently him-

self to enter on the explanation. It was not Lady Jane's fault, was all he said.

"You won't go back to-night, father ?"

"No. I shall stay until morning, but I am sure she is all right now. Youth and beauty can't escape, you see. To think that it should have attacked Lucy Chesney ! Fortunately she has a good constitution."

They walked on to Mr. John Grey's, where Sir Stephen would remain for the night. Most cordially was he welcomed ; Mrs. Grey said it seemed like old times to see him back again.

There were many cases, even at that present time, where the fever had taken as great a hold as it had on Lucy, and when the fact of Sir Stephen's arrival became known—and the news spread like wildfire—Mr. Grey's house was besieged with applicants, praying that Sir Stephen would afford the sick the benefit of his advice, before he went back to town. So much for popular opinion ! A few years back, Mr. Stephen Grey had been hunted from the town, scarcely a soul in it would have taken his advice, gratis ; but Sir Stephen Grey, the orthodox London physician, the baronet, the great man who attended upon royalty, had risen to a wonderful premium. Had all the faculty of the physicians' college combined been at South Wennock, none would have been thought much of, in comparison with Sir Stephen Grey.

Did he refuse to go ? Not he. At the beck and call of any in South Wennock—for he was not one to pay back evil in its own coin, Sir Stephen went abroad. In at one house, out of another, till the little hours of the morning, was he. And not a fee would he take, either from rich or poor. No, no, it was for old friendship's sake, he said, as he shook them by the hand ; for old friendship's sake.

Twice in the evening he visited Lucy, and found that the favourable symptoms remained ; nay, were growing more and more apparent. Jane would scarcely let go his hand ; she could not divest herself of the idea that he had saved Lucy. No, Sir Stephen said : Lucy's constitution would have triumphed without him, under God.

Mr. Carlton, who had recovered his equanimity, invited Sir Stephen into his drawing-room, and seemed disposed to be cordial ; but Sir Stephen told him, and with truth, that he had no time to sit that night even for a minute, South Wennock would not let him.

When Sir Stephen reached his brother's house it was one o'clock, and, to his surprise, he saw another applicant waiting for him ; a stout female of extraordinary size, who was dozing asleep in a chair, underneath the hall

lamp. His coming in aroused her, and she stood up, curtsying after her peculiar fashion.

"You don't remember me, sir."

"Why, bless my heart!—if I don't think it's mother Pepperfly!" he exclaimed, after a minute's doubtful stare. "What have you been doing with yourself? You have grown into two."

"Grown into six, Mr. Stephen, if I'm to be reckoned by breadth. Hope you are well, sir, and your good lady!"

"All well. And now, what do you want with me? To recommend you to a mill that grinds people slender again?"

Mrs. Pepperfly shook her head dolefully, intimating that no such mill could have any effect upon her, and proceeded to explain her business. Which she persisted in doing at full length, in spite of the lateness of the hour and Sir Stephen's fatigue.

It appeared—rather to Mrs. Pepperfly's own discomfiture—that Mrs. Smith was *not* able to invite her to a bed, owing to the only spare one being occupied by the servant maid; but she was treated to a refreshing tea and profuse supper, and enjoyed her evening very much; the Widow Gould's presence adding to the general sociability. The widow left early; she kept good hours; but Mrs. Pepperfly was in no hurry to depart. She really did make herself useful in attending to the child, and sat by him for some time after he was carried up-stairs to his room. She offered to stop with him for the night, but Mrs. Smith entirely declined: it had not come yet to sitting up nights with him.

In the course of the evening, the news which had been spreading through South Wennock reached Tupper's cottage. Mr. Carlton's boy, who had carried up some medicine, imparted it. The great London doctor, Sir Stephen Grey, had come down by telegraph to Lady Lucy, and was now paying visits to the sick throughout the town. Mrs. Smith seized upon the news, as a parched traveller seizes upon water. She loved the child passionately, hard and cold as were her outward manners; and it seemed that this whispered a faint hope for his life. Not that she had reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Carlton; she acknowledged that gentleman's skill, and was sure he did his best; but the very name of a great physician brings some magic with it. She asked Mrs. Pepperfly to find out where Sir Stephen was staying, as she went home, and to call and beg him to step up in the morning, and to be sure and say he would be paid his fee, whatever amount it might be, lest he might think it was but a poor cottage, and decline the visit. Upon this last clause in the

message, the nurse laid great stress when telling it to Sir Stephen.

But not one word did she say, or hint impart, that this Mrs. Smith was the same person who had played a part in the drama which had driven Stephen Grey from his former home. Mrs. Pepperfly was a shrewd woman; she did not want for common sense; and she judged that that past reminiscence could not be pleasant to Sir Stephen; at any rate she would not be the one to recall it to him. She simply spoke of Mrs. Smith as a "party" who had settled lately at South Wennock, and reiterated the prayer for Sir Stephen to go up.

"But I have no time," cried Sir Stephen. "What's the matter with the boy? The fever?"

"Bless you, no, sir," replied Mrs. Pepperfly. "He haven't got enough of fever in him, poor little wan object! He's going off as fast as he can go in a decline and a white swelling in his knee."

"Then I can do no good."

"Don't say that, Mr. Stephen, sir. If you only knowed the good a doctor does, just in looking at 'em, you wouldn't say it. But in course you do know it, sir, just as well as me. He mayn't save their lives by an hour, and mostly don't in them hopeless cases; but think of the comfort it brings to the cowed-down mind, sir! If you could step up for a minute in the morning, sir, she'd be everlasting grateful."

Telling her he must leave it until the morning to decide, though he gave a sort of promise to find the time if possible, Sir Stephen dismissed Mrs. Pepperfly. He had a good laugh afterwards with his brother John at her size. "What about the old failing?" he asked.

"Well, it's not quite cured," was the reply, "but it's certainly no worse. She keeps within bounds."

With the morning, Sir Stephen was up and out early. Many were still calling for him. Indeed everybody in the town would fain have had a visit from him, could they have invented the least shadow of an excuse. His first care was Lucy Chesney, who was decidedly better: skin cool, intellects collected; in short, Lucy was out of danger.

"And now for this cottage of Tupper's, if I must go up," he exclaimed to his son, who had walked with him to Mr. Carlton's but had not entered. "I declare it is unreasonable of people! What good can I do to a dying boy?"

One thing must be mentioned. That Frederick Grey had not the remotest idea there was any suspicion, anything singular, attaching to this woman and child. That suspicion was

confined as yet to very few in South Wennock. He had casually heard such people were living in Tupper's cottage, but he supposed them to be entire strangers.

The boy was in bed up-stairs, and Mrs. Smith was putting her house to rights, for she had sent the girl for some milk. She had not expected the doctor so early. He passed quickly up the stairs; he had not a minute to lose, leaving her to follow. The little fellow, in his restlessness, had got one arm out of his nightgown sleeve, leaving it exposed. Sir Stephen's attention was caught by a mark on the arm, underneath the shoulder. He looked at it attentively; it was a very peculiar mark, a sort of mole, almost black, and as large as a speckled bean. He was talking to the child when Mrs. Smith came up.

"Is there any hope, sir?" she whispered, after Sir Stephen had examined the child and was preparing to go down.

"Not the least. He won't be here long."

Mrs. Smith paused. "At any rate, you tell it me plump enough, sir," she said presently, in a resentful tone. "There's not much soothing in that to a mother's feelings."

"Why should I not tell it you?" rejoined Sir Stephen. "You said you wished for my candid opinion, and I gave it. You are not his mother."

"Not his mother!" she echoed.

"That you are not. That child's one of mine."

"Whatever do you mean?" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"I mean that I brought that child into the world. Look here," he added, retracing his steps to the bed, and pulling aside the nightgown to show the mark. "I know the child by that, and could swear to him among a thousand."

She made no reply. They descended to the kitchen, where Frederick was waiting. Sir Stephen talked as he went down.

"The mother of that child was the unfortunate lady who died at the Widow Gould's in Palace Street some years ago: Mrs. Crane. I have cause to remember it, if nobody else has."

The widow fixed her eyes on Sir Stephen. "I asked Mrs. Pepperfly—who was the attendant nurse upon that lady—whether the infant was born with any mark upon it, and she told me it had none."

"I don't care what Mrs. Pepperfly told you," returned Sir Stephen. "She may have forgotten the mark, or may possibly not have seen it at the time, for her faculties of perception are sometimes obscured by gin. I tell you that it is the same child."

Frederick Grey was listening with all his ears, in doubt whether he might believe them. He scarcely understood. Mrs. Smith gave in the point: at least so far as that she did not dispute it further.

"You are the gentleman, sir, who attended that lady? Mr.—Mr.——"

"Mr. Stephen Grey, then: Sir Stephen, now. I am; and I am he against whom was brought the accusation of having carelessly mixed poison with her draught."

"And you did not do it?" she whispered.

"I! My good woman, what you may be to that dead lady, I know not; but you may put perfect faith in this, that I tell you. Over her poor corpse, and in the presence of her Maker and mine, I took an oath that the draught went out of my hands a proper and wholesome mixture, that no poison was impregnated with it: and I again swear it to you now, within shadow of her dying child."

"Who did do it?" continued the woman, catching up her breath.

"Nay, I know not," replied Sir Stephen, as he wrote a prescription with his pencil, ink not being at hand. "Smith! Smith!" he repeated to himself, the name, in connection with the past, striking upon his memory. "You must be the Mrs. Smith who came to take away the child!"

Possibly Mrs. Smith saw no further use in denying it; possibly she no longer cared to do so. "And what if I am, sir?"

"What if you are!" echoed Sir Stephen, sitting down on one of the wooden chairs, and regarding her in his astonishment. "Why, my good woman, do you know that pretty nearly the whole world was searched to find you? Nobody connected with the affair was wanted so much as you were."

"What for?"

"To give what testimony you could; to throw some light upon the mystery; to declare who and what the young lady was," reiterated Sir Stephen, speaking very fast.

"But if I couldn't?" rejoined Mrs. Smith.

"But I don't suppose you couldn't. I expect you could."

"Then, sir, you expect wrong. I declare to Goodness that I know no more who the lady was—that is, what her family was or what her connections were—than that baby up-stairs knows. I have come down to South Wennock now to find out; and I never knew that Mrs. Crane was dead until after I got here."

Sir Stephen Grey was surprised. Frederick, who was leaning his elbow on the back of a high chair, carelessly played with his watch-chain.

"Where's her husband?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Sir, it's just what I should like to know. I have never heard of him since I took the baby from South Wennoek."

"But you must know in a measure who she was! You could not have come down, as you did, to take the child from an utter stranger."

Mrs. Smith was silent. "I knew her because she lodged at my house," she said at length. "I don't know why I may not say it."

"And her husband? Was he lodging with you also?"

"No. Only herself. Sir, I declare upon my sacred word that I don't know who she really was, or who her husband, Mr. Crane, was. It's partly because I didn't want to be bothered with people asking me things I was unable to answer, that I have kept myself quiet here, saying nothing about its being the same child."

"And you did not know she was dead?"

"I did not know she was dead. I have been living with the child in Scotland, where my husband was in a manufactory; and times upon times have we wondered what had become of Mrs. Crane, that she did not come for her child. We thought she must have gone to America with her husband. There was some talk of it."

"And you know nothing about the death?—or the circumstances attending it?" reiterated Sir Stephen.

"I know nothing whatever about it," was the reply, spoken emphatically. "Except what has been told to me since I came here this time. Mrs. Crane lodged with me in London, and left me to come to South Wennoek. I got a note a day or two afterwards, saying her baby was born, and asking me to come and fetch it. It had been arranged that I should have the nursing of it. That's all I know."

"Do you know why she came to South Wennoek?"

"To meet her husband. But there seemed to be some mystery connected with him, and she was not very communicative to me."

It seemed that this was all Mrs. Smith knew. At least it was all she would say; and it threw little if any more light upon the past than Sir Stephen had known before. He quitted her with a recommendation to tell what she knew to the police.

"I dare say I shall," she said. "But I must take my own time over it. I have my reasons. It won't be my fault, sir, if the thing is not brought to light."

Sir Stephen was half way down the garden with his son, when Mrs. Smith came running after him, asking him to stop.

"Sir, you have forgotten: you have not taken your fee."

"I don't take fees in South Wennoek," he smiled. "Follow my direction, and you may give the child a little ease, but nothing can save him."

In going out at the gate they met Mr. Carlton, who was abroad early with his patients. What on earth had brought *them* there? was the question in his eyes, if not on his lips.

"You have been to see my patient!" he exclaimed aloud, in no conciliating tone.

"Is it your patient?" cried Sir Stephen. "I declare I thought it was Lycett's, and I had no time to ask extraneous particulars. I have recommended a little change in the treatment and left a prescription: just to give ease; nothing else can be done."

He spoke in the carelessly authoritative manner of a first-class physician; he meant no offence, nor dreamt of any; but it grated on the ear of Mr. Carlton.

"What brought you here at all," he asked, really wondering what could have brought Sir Stephen to that particular place.

"Mrs. Smith sent for me," said Sir Stephen. "I suppose you know what child it is?"

"What child it is?" repeated the surgeon, after an almost imperceptible pause. "It won't be long here; I know that much, in spite of physician's prescriptions."

"It is the child of that lady who died in Palace Street, where I attended for you. She who was killed by the prussic acid."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Carlton.

"There's no nonsense about it," rejoined Sir Stephen. "Mrs. Smith thought to persuade me I was wrong, but I convinced her to the contrary."

A change had crossed the face of Mr. Carlton; a peculiar expression, not unlike that of a stag at bay. Lifting his eyes, he caught those of Frederick riveted upon his.

"Is it possible to recognise an infant after the lapse of years, do you think, Sir Stephen?"

"Not unless it is born with a distinguishing mark, as this was. I should know that boy if I met him in old age in the wilds of Africa."

"What is the mark?" asked Mr. Carlton, looking as if he doubted whether there was any.

"It's under the right arm, near the armpit; one you can't forget, once seen. Go and look at it."

They parted, shaking hands. Sir Stephen turned out at the gate, Mr. Carlton towards the door of the cottage. He had all but entered it, when he heard himself called by Sir Stephen.

"You had better make it known abroad that this is the same child, Mr. Carlton; it

may lead to a discovery eventually. Perhaps Mrs. Smith will tell you more than she has told me. She says Mrs. Crane came to South Wenlock to meet her husband, and I should think that likely. Recollect the fellow you saw hidden on the stairs!"

Sir Stephen had no need to say "Recollect the fellow." That fellow was in Mr. Carlton's mind, all too often for its peace.

(To be continued.)

AN IRISH CONVICT IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

It was my invariable rule, when chaplain in the large convict prison on Spike Island, to ask every new prisoner "What are you in for? I was able to obtain this information from the "sheets" which accompanied his admission—and did obtain it, and all that was known of each prisoner's antecedents, in this way—but I wished also to get the convict's own version of the affair, which generally differed very materially from the view of his case taken by the judge and jury, and forwarded to the prison authorities.

The question, "What are you in for?"—which I generally put in an abrupt way in the vestry-room of the prison chapel—rather stunned or dumbfounded some of my flock. An Englishman might probably answer directly, and say, "for housebreaking," or "picking pockets," as the case might be; a Scotchman would probably place these offences under the head of "a breach of trust;" while an Irishman would scratch his head, turn himself round in his clothes, and say, "It was just nothing at all," or, "It was all a mistake," or, "I'll tell you all about it some other time, sir."

To a prisoner from whom I received the latter reply, I said, "You promised to tell me what you are in for."

"Well, sir, it was just a family dispute."

"It must have been rather a serious dispute, seeing you have got fifteen years for it"—pointing to the sentence-badge on his arm.

He threw up his head in a contemptuous way, which plainly said, "It is but little you could learn from the length of the sentence."

"But what *was* the offence? You need not conceal it, for you know I can find it out in the office."

"Manslaughter, sir."

"Manslaughter!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise, for the prisoner was a remarkably quiet, decent-looking man, who had been a small farmer in the north of Ireland.

He nodded assent to my exclamation of surprise, looking out at me from beneath a pair of shaggy eye-brows, like a fox from behind a furze-bush.

"Manslaughter! May I ask you who was the man you murdered?"

"It was a woman, sir; but it was no murder."

"A woman!"

"Yes, sir."

"And who was the woman?"

"My wife."

"Your wife! Oh, I see, that is why you called it a family dispute?"

"Yes, sir. The judge who tried me, and gave me fifteen years, said my crime was an 'uncommon one.' Now you know, sir, it is not an uncommon crime at all."

I agreed with him that the crime was too common, and thought, on that very account; it should be visited with a severe sentence, in order to check the cruelty and tyranny of husbands towards wives.

"That's very queer reasoning, sir. If one man gives a long sentence because a crime is common, and another does the same because a crime is uncommon, what's a poor man to do?"

"To avoid crime altogether, and treat his wife with kindness and affection. But you have not told me how it was you killed your wife."

"It was all an accident, sir. I got mad drunk at the fair; and when I came home I took down the gun to shoot a servant-boy, for I am an Orangeman, and he is a Papist. Besides that, he discovered some of my lodge secrets. My wife caught hold of the gun to take it from me, and in the scuffle the gun went off and shot her in the ankle, and she died that night from the bleeding."

This, I have reason to believe, was a pretty correct account of the affair; but as this prisoner took down the gun for the purpose of committing murder, he was sentenced to fifteen years transportation, although he did not kill the person he intended.

He was under my instruction for several years, and I never knew a quieter or better conducted prisoner; but I could imagine him, when under the influence of liquor, to be a very maniac or devil. He was between forty and fifty years of age.

He had a friend and fellow-prisoner, who sat by his side in the prison chapel, a young man about two and twenty, who was almost as fearfully hot when sober as M—— was when drunk; and who, conscious of his failing, and knowing the severe penalties to which his unruly temper subjected him, kept as near the side of his cool friend, the wife-killer, as the somewhat stringent rules of the prison would permit.

I took a special interest in this young man,

who had also been sentenced to fifteen years transportation.

"What are you in for?" I inquired, when he first landed on Spike Island.

"For stealing seventeen gold watches."

"Seventeen gold watches! Why, you do buisness in the wholesale line."

"It is the first business of the kind I ever did," he replied, with a smile.

"How did you get that cut over your eye?"

"This?"—putting up his hand to an ugly scar—"from a musket-ball in the Crimea."

"You were in the Crimean war, then?"

"Yes, I ran away from home and enlisted, when about eighteen."

"How did you get out?"

"I was purchased out."

"Well, what about these watches?"

"I got a situation in Dublin, at Messrs. —. I was out rather late one night, when the foreman of my department, who owed me a grudge, abused me like a dog, and told me I might consider myself dismissed, and that I should be paid my wages in the morning. I don't know how I kept my hands off him, for my monkey was up; but in going to my own room, I passed by the jewellery department, when the thought struck me, like lightning, to revenge myself by robbing it, and leaving the house that night."

"And you did so?"

"I did; for I knew where the key was kept."

"Did you take anything else besides the watches?"

"Nothing else."

"What did you do with them?"

"I did not know what to do with them, for they were burning my pocket; so I walked up to the canal, intending to throw them in."

"To cool them, or your conscience—which?"

"Well, I suppose my conscience—though I don't know that it was conscience, either."

"What, then—fear?"

"Oh, no; there is not much of that about me."

"What was it, then?"

"Shame—I was ashamed of myself. I felt I had done a regular dirty job, to revenge myself."

"But what did you do with the watches?"

"Well, I knew it would never do for the stolen property to be found on me, so I pledged them for a small sum—about what was due to me by the house—resolving to send back the tickets, that they might be released."

"Well?"

"I had scarcely returned from pledging them, when the police were in on me, and found the tickets in my possession."

"And for this you got a transportation sentence of fifteen years?"

"Yes; it was considered such a serious breach of trust."

I have reason to believe there was truth in this young man's statement; and it would appear as if his employers believed it, for they used their best efforts to get his sentence shortened. I also did my utmost to promote the same object; and in the end we succeeded in getting the sentence of fifteen years transportation reduced to six years and nine months of penal servitude. For my efforts on his behalf he was sincerely grateful, and endeavoured to show his gratitude to me in the only way in which he could show it—by curbing his unruly temper, and keeping out of trouble and the "punishment cells," and by exhibiting an attentive and becoming religious deportment. I really think he wished to be religious, *for my sake*, though it was sorely against his nature; but in his zeal to please me, he overdid the thing.

The prisoners have the privilege of writing periodically to their friends, and I have no doubt that a correspondence of this kind, when properly conducted and superintended, produces a humanizing, moral, and happy effect on the convict's mind. These letters are read, and if approved of, initiated by the chaplain. The first letter brought to me by this young man was written with wonderful ability, and great care, and breathed a spirit of piety throughout. It was addressed to his father, in the style of a prodigal son. I read it, wrote on the top, "*Too pious*," and handed it back to him. He read the words of condemnation and blushed up to the eyes, but seemed as much astonished as he was ashamed. I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "Be natural, especially in writing to your father. Try your best to be good and pious, but don't say too much about it. Go now, destroy that letter, and write another, and only say what you think and *feel*." He took my advice, and wrote a simple and proper letter, to which I placed my initials.

He was liberated in Dublin about twelve-months ago, but there he was too well known to have any chance of procuring employment; so, after the lapse of a few weeks, he migrated to Liverpool, by no means an exceptional practice with Irish convicts, as we have no doubt the prison roll of the borough jail of Liverpool could testify.

He remained in Liverpool for three or four months, where I heard from him and of him, through his relatives and friends; but even

there he could obtain no employment. He wrote to me to say that the police followed him like his shadow, and to their interference he attributed his being so long an idle wanderer through the streets.

Under these circumstances I was not sorry to hear he had made up his mind to go to America. Emigration, to America, or one of our colonies, is the only means of affording a convict a certain mode of commencing life *de novo*, or of honestly obtaining a livelihood. He is almost sure to be detected in this country by some one, and pointed out as a person to be avoided and driven from employment, and back to his former evil courses. Hence the wisdom of the directors of Irish convict prisons in inducing as many of the discharged prisoners as they possibly can to emigrate. In this consists what is styled the success of the Irish system, in the deportation, and not in the reformation—of which we can have no evidence—of Irish convicts. We are convinced that more than the half of discharged Irish prisoners are disposed of in this way. We find that in the year 1862 as many as ninety-five emigrated out of a hundred and forty-two discharged from the intermediate prisons of Smithfield and Lusk. This was, perhaps, the largest proportion of emigrants in one year, but the average is over the half.

Well, our young friend resolved to emigrate, and took his departure from Liverpool to New York, about six months ago. I heard of him soon after his arrival, and found he had done what I suspected he would do, that was, enlist in the Federal army. Perhaps it was his only chance. There is many a man in the Queen's livery who has worn the convict frieze and badge; I have known several. The Federal army contains as many Irish roughs as New York rowdies.

When I heard of his having enlisted, I said, "Well, he will make a brave soldier at any rate." What, therefore, was my surprise to learn, a few weeks ago, that he had deserted in the presence of the enemy, as his regiment was moving up to take a position in front. I found it hard to believe it, for fighting seemed so congenial to his nature; but how could I disbelieve it, with his brother's letter before me, detailing the particulars, and mentioning the prison in which he was confined, awaiting his sentence, of the nature of which there could be no doubt. "Oh, would," said his brother, "that he had died fighting the enemy, and not to be shot down, by his own comrades, in cold blood, like a dog."

I was greatly distressed on his account, and that of his family, who are respectable, and although the young man's case appeared a

hopeless one, I wrote at once to Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, on his behalf, informing him of the zeal and enthusiasm with which the young deserter had lately expressed himself, in a letter to his friends, respecting the Federal army; adding, that I did not think he was always master of his own actions, and that I suspected a wound which he received in the head at the Crimea, now and then, affected his mind.

Nothing could be more kind or prompt than His Excellency's reply. The matter was altogether out of his department, but he advised me how to proceed with the proper authorities in America. I at once wrote to the deserter's friends, enclosing the ambassador's letter, with a flickering hope, burning out like the end of a candle which had dropped into the socket, that he had not yet been shot.

What was my surprise, therefore, about a month ago, to see a letter addressed to his brother, from the "Army of the Potomac, in front of Petersburg," dated the 19th of June, 1864, commencing thus:—

"My dear Jack.

"You, no doubt, will be surprised and offended at not hearing from me sooner. It has caused me uneasiness not being able to send you some account of my movements. To begin at the beginning. Early in the month of May I was on detached service at Aquia Creek and Belle Plain, and consequently was not in some of the actions in which our army was engaged that month; but in lieu of such I was brought into contact with guerillas, in the above-mentioned places, never receiving a wound."

But not a word about desertion, arrest, imprisonment, or shooting. How was it to be explained? Simply enough. There was another J. P. in the American army, and all our sorrow and sympathy had been evoked for the wrong man, for our J. P. was no deserter after all. "I knew it," I exclaimed, "the fellow was too brave to run away."

As our readers by this time may possibly begin to feel some little interest in the right J. P., we shall favour them with two or three extracts from his letter. The following passage, somewhat abbreviated, gives a pretty correct picture of the fasting, marching, fighting, and plundering capacity of Irish soldiers in the Federal army:—

"Left Belle Plain on May 22, and marched to Fredericksburg, fourteen miles; next day to Bowling-Green (not Kentucky), twenty-one miles; third day, marched twelve miles, and encamped in the woods, about an hour before the whole force got orders to make a flank movement. Off we started to Byers Plan-

tation, our colonel shot dead just before we moved. We were told at starting to lighten ourselves by throwing away our kits, as we had a long and heavy march before us. We were at it, night and day, for four days; and as I had no food for two days before, and got none for two days after—altogether four days—you may judge what humour I was in. Well, we arrived at last, planted our batteries, and plugged Johnny with grape and canister. We afterwards charged and drove John from his trenches. I went over the field the following morning to see what was to be seen. Dead men and horses. I then started for a house situated at a short distance, plundered it, and walked off with a flitch of bacon."

The following gives an example of the severity of marches which are calculated to wear out any soldiers, were they made of iron. "Johnny," as he denominates the Confederates, "had been at their heels for some time, killing, wounding, and capturing a great number," till they got up to the Federal lines, and "then the fun began." Johnny was brought to a halt, and the Federals recommenced their march, leaving pickets consisting of 3000 men behind, in order to deceive the enemy, and give the main body a fair start. The main body moved off at nine at night, the pickets at two the next morning, "and got away without the rebs knowing it," and marched from two that morning till twelve the next night, a distance of thirty-five miles in one day. When I commenced," says our hero, "my boots were bad, but this long march knocked them all to pieces." In another place he says, "I was almost barefooted till after the first day's fight before Petersburg, when I went on the field and pulled a pair off a dead fellow, which fitted me first-rate."

The condition of the inside garments of both officers and men must be terrible, if the following be anything like a correct statement, and it bears all the marks of truth upon it.

"As it regards myself, I am first-rate in health, but very uncomfortable in many respects. It is now nearly two months since I slept with my clothes off. On some occasions we pass the night with our knapsacks on us—that is, the few who carry such a thing. Most of the men have but one shirt. I have two, and when I get a chance, not often, I wash one of them, that is, when I get *too many bites*. The clothes of every man—officers not excepted—are *densely populated*."

We shall conclude with the following graphic account of the nonchalance and reckless daring of this young man:—

"A few hours ago I felt inclined for a little apple stew, and I went about thirty yards over

the pass parapet, to one of the many fruit-trees in front of us, and was favoured with about a dozen shots from Johnny, none of them touching *Jemmy*; and I stopped there till I filled my bag. A nice cool breeze has just sprung up, and our colours, the stars and stripes, are flying, inviting Johnny to try his skill in musketry. I belong to the 9th Army Corps, Burnside's."

C. B. GIBSON.

A REAL SOCIAL EVIL.

SEVERAL years since the social and physical condition of the females employed in our mines and collieries formed the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry, when many painful and startling disclosures were made respecting the objectionable manner in which female labour was frequently employed in those places. Females of all ages, from the girl just entering her teens to the grey-haired matron of sixty, were found occupied in heavy drudgery in the long subterranean passages which extended from the bottom of the pit-shafts. Of these females many were employed as miners, being furnished with lights, spades, and other necessaries of their craft, in emulation of the male workers. They still further imitated the men by working in a state of semi-nudity, and by being subjected to regulations of the most stringent nature. As a rule, the wages received by them were lower than those obtained by the men, a circumstance which sufficiently accounted for the demand for their services. When these facts became fully known to the public, much indignation was expressed on the subject, and ultimately an Act of Parliament was passed, prohibiting the employment of women and children in mines and collieries. This gave general satisfaction to the public, and from that time the whole question faded gradually out of sight, few persons, not actually residing in the colliery districts, being aware of the extent to which female labour continued to be employed *outside* the pits. Incredible as the fact may appear to some, it is nevertheless true that hundreds of females, habited as men, are to be found at the present day working on the pit banks in Wales, Scotland, Lancashire, and Staffordshire. In Wales it is stated by competent witnesses, that "instances of gross depravity, through the girls coming in contact with the male sex at their work, were frequent." In Scotland, we are informed, the females so employed are "as clean and tidy as the nature of their work will allow," but that "there is something abhorrent in seeing them begrimed with dust, and placed in the way of temptations which might lead to immorality."

At the Edinburgh Social Science Meeting, Miss Emily Faithfull read a paper on the 'Unfit Employments in which Women are Engaged,' in which she alluded to the female colliers of Lancashire. "Hundreds of women," said she, "are employed as common labourers at the coke-works and coal-pits at Wigan. Working at men's employment, they imitate men in their dress, and are easily mistaken for men. Very lately, a gentleman visiting the Wigan relieving officer expressed a wish to see some of the women who were employed as labourers. Several were pointed out to him as they returned from their work. 'These,' said he, 'are men, not women;' and he was only convinced of the contrary by hearing the answer given to the officer, who accosted one of them with, 'Betty, how is your husband?'" The incredulity of the gentleman alluded to by Miss Faithfull was but natural. Some few months since, happening to be in Wigan, my attention was directed to the, to me, unwonted spectacle of one of these female colliers returning homewards from her daily labour. It was difficult to believe that the unwomanly looking being who passed before me was actually a female, yet such was the case. Clad in coarse, greasy, and patched fustian unmentionables and jacket, thick canvas shirt, great heavy hob-nailed boots, her features completely be-rimed with coal dust, her hard and horny hands carrying the spade, pick, drinking tin, sieve, and other paraphernalia of her occupation, her not irregular features wearing a bold, defiant expression, and with nothing womanly about her except two or three latent evidences of feminine weakness, in the shape of a coral ecklace, a pair of glittering ear-rings, and a bonnet which, as regards shape, size, and colour, strongly resembled the fantail hat of a London coal-heaver; she proceeded unabashed through the crowded streets, no one appearing to regard the degrading spectacle as being anything unusual.

Some weeks later I was enabled to visit one of the collieries at which a few of these females were employed. It was a dull, cheerless scene. Green fields, leafy hedgerows, or stately trees were none. The face of the landscape seemed as though it had been swept by a pestilential blast, which had left in its track a broad expanse of dried-up grass, stunted copse-trees, and leafless trees. In the midst of the dreary picture rose the huge, unsightly, and black-looking mound of refuse and cinders which forms the invariable adjunct to every colliery, and which had to be surmounted and crossed before the sombre and gallows-like reflection over the pit mouth could be reached. Picking my way through minor piles of ashes,

muddy pools, and dilapidated coal trucks, I reached the edge of the vast mass of seemingly useless rubbish, from the summit of which I beheld a spectacle utterly repugnant to my feelings, and according but ill with the character of the age. In various directions might be witnessed women with bared arms, one or two with short pipes in their mouths, performing labours totally unsuited to their sex. All were attired in male habiliments, but some had thrown aside their coats and jackets, and merely wore coarse shirts and trousers, the braces being passed, sailor fashion, over the shirts. Several of the women were using the pick, others were busy with their spades, and a few were engaged in sifting coal. None were idle, that being an



Mining Women in Male Attire. (From a Photograph.)

offence of the first magnitude in the eyes of pit-managers and overlookers, and punishable by fine and stoppages. No stranger, unless previously informed of the fact, could have imagined that these busy labourers were females—English females, the wives and daughters of English working-men. One woman pointed out to me was a wife, and the mother of several children, the eldest of whom were employed in a cotton factory. Her husband worked in the pit. The younger children were allowed to roam about the streets, the baby being placed under the care of a woman who gained a living by taking charge of a certain number of infants during the day. This family, according to my informant, earned large wages; yet, as might have been expected, they scarcely knew the

pleasures or the comforts of a home. With none to take charge of the house, or to perform the simplest domestic duties, the abode of the family presented, when visited by me, an appearance more squalid and cheerless than that to be witnessed in the hovel of the poorest Dorsetshire labourer. But what else had we reason to anticipate in such a case?

In other instances investigated by me, the females were unmarried, and yet had families of their own. Many cases of gross profligacy and shocking depravity have been related of this class, and few of them long retain even the semblance of the characteristic modesty and purity of their sex, the nature of their unwomanly occupation leading them into emulating the vices as well as the habits of their male fellow-workers. More than one female has achieved a certain amount of notoriety by her pugilistic exploits, while others have displayed drinking powers which would astonish many a south-country toper. Yet there are many who have escaped the full measure of degradation meted out to their unfortunate sisters, and who, clad in more womanly guise, are to be found amongst the most regular and attentive frequenters of the various places of worship, particularly those of Dissenters, in the district. Why these women should continue to follow their unsuitable and unfit occupation is an anomaly for which it is difficult to account, except by supposing that habits and association have somewhat blunted their finer feelings. Still, it is sad to think that such a state of things should be found existing at the present day in some of our most important industrial districts.

The more intelligent and thoughtful of the miners themselves have repeatedly protested against it, but their protests are of no avail. The employers state that the remedy lies in the hands of the men, who have but to keep their wives and daughters at home, and the evil will be checked at once. Very true, but does the misconduct, folly, or what we will, of the men justify the employers in thus permitting or tolerating the misuse of female labour? The truth is, female labour is plentiful and cheaper, far cheaper, than that of the men, and unscrupulous employers will be found very slow in encouraging a change which may tend to diminish their profits. There are very many collieries, however, where no female labourers are allowed, and I have not heard that the proprietors of these have been losers thereby. If they did have to pay more for manual labour, they had that labour far better and more effectively performed than if it had been done by females, while they were exempt from the frightful amount of demoralisation entailed by the

toleration of a pernicious and utterly unjustifiable system. Indeed, there is not a single point on which that system can be successfully defended, and if neither masters nor men will assist in putting it down, the task must devolve on the legislature, which, for the sake of future generations yet unborn, for the sake of the future mothers of our mining population, and for the sake of the moral, social, and physical welfare of the present generation itself, should not hesitate to prohibit a species of labour which forms one of the few remaining links by which our present civilisation is united to a barbaric past. JOHN PLUMMER.

BY THE SEA.

I.

STAY, ye waves, one moment stay,
Rest one moment on your way,
Toss your spray upon my brow,
Let me seek your depths below.

II.

None your sovereign on our strand;
Rul'd alone by Unseen Hand,
Ye have wooed with placid breast
Way-worn pilgrims to your rest;

III.

Or again, with steeds of foam,
Rampant rode your ocean home;
All resistless your sway
Bear me in your arms away.

IV.

Oft have I listed with shut eyes
To your sea-swept melodies;
Say, what harp so sweetly strung
Echoes love your waves among?

V.

Say if flow'rets bloom to fade,
Nursed within your coral glade;
If the laughing rippling light
Sinks into crystal graves at night?

VI.

Earth to me is hard and bare,
Fair is false, and false is fair;
Love to me hath been a cheat,
A draught of gall, from chalice sweet.*

VII.

Chill your arms; yet not less chill
My life on earth, my wayward will;
Then gladly would I sleep with ye
In your deep cold tranquillity,

VIII.

Or lay me down upon your breast,
Murm'ring soft music in my rest;
Life's long sob and struggle o'er
There I'd wait a calmer shore.

CLARE.

* Cost all' agro fanciullo
Porgiamo aspersi di soave licor gli orli del vaso.
Tasso, "Gerusalemme Liberata."

YAPAHOO.

PART II.

I HAVE described the palace as being built upon the sloping ground, at the base of the wall of rock which rises many hundred feet above the surrounding plain. The foundations were consequently of the most substantial description, and the masonry raised upon them very massive; but nothing can exceed the regularity of the courses of cut stone, and the perfect fitting and bonding of each block. Both the terrace which projects in advance of the main building, and the main building itself, are ornamented with carved stone mouldings, below which are groups of figures in bold relief, resting on a lower moulding, designed to represent the up-turned leaves of the lotus.

The figures are excellent, and in great variety of attitude. They represent natch girls, not oppressed with clothing, who are dancing with great spirit to the energetic music of tom-tom beaters and flageolet players, whose whole souls are in their work. The intense gravity of their faces is admirable; while the whole scene is so well "told," that you can almost fancy you can see their heads nodding in time to their music, and hear the castanets in the girls' hands. The overhanging moulding has protected these figures from the weather, and the details are perfect. The ornaments of the female figures and the expression of their faces are as though the sculptor had but just completed his work.

The doorway opens upon the terrace, and it is impossible not to be struck with its very graceful proportions. It is composed of three huge blocks of stone. The door-posts, or jambs—each a single stone—measure eleven feet six inches, exclusive of foundations, and are in girth one foot six by one foot four. The lintel, or traverse, is a single stone eight feet six inches long, but of greater bulk than the jambs. They are beautifully fluted, and the carving is as sharp as when the mason laid his chisel down. On either side are columns, whose capitals represent the lotus flower depressed. These are sadly out of their perpendicular, and, if indeed they have not already fallen, I fear they soon will leave the doorway



Entrance Doorway.

standing by itself, for they are built, and not, as most of the columns are, hewn out of a single block.

Near the door lies a fallen pillar of exceeding beauty—a monolith—which measures ten feet in length and two feet square, and is in excellent condition.

The huge trees, which have overthrown so much, have spared two of the walls of the vestibule on the left hand as you enter the doorway; but to judge from the displacement of the stones, it is evident that they must soon share the fate of the corresponding wing on the right, which has quite fallen away. But one of the windows which lighted the hall, as I have before said, remains quite perfect. It is so beautiful that it deserves a minute description.

It consists of one slab of stone, measuring four feet seven inches by three feet three, and seven inches thick. This thickness, however, is only preserved along the mouldings at its outer edges. Within the mouldings it has been reduced to an uniform thickness of three inches.

The name given to it by the natives exactly describes it, "Siwoomædurukawooloowa," "the perforated palace window." The surface of the slab of stone has been perforated into forty-five rings or circles, which admitted the light into the entrance-hall, somewhat in the fashion of the tracery work at the Taj at Agra.

In each circle is a sculptured figure, and scarcely two figures are alike.

On page 283 is an accurate drawing of this very beautiful window, which is unique of its kind in Ceylon. No verbal description will convey a proper idea of it.

The circles of the lowest row, it will be seen, contain grotesque Bacchanalian figures, which represent jolly, laughing fellows, and are executed with great humour. Above them are natch girls, all slightly different in attitude. They occur again in four circles near the centre of the window, and in a row near the top.

The row of circles above the natch girls contains figures of animals, which are repeated vertically along the mouldings on each side of the window, and continued in a horizontal row, the third from the top; in short, they form the outer ridge of a square pattern, comprising the twenty-five centremost circles of the window. The figures of these animals, it will be noted, vary considerably. Eight have the elephant's trunk, and are evidently intended to represent the gaja-singha, before described. It is remarkable that this is, so far as I know,—and there are very few ruins in Ceylon that I have not thoroughly examined,—the only example in which this fabulous animal is represented in any but a couchant attitude. Seven appear to be the same animal without the trunk, in which case, since the gaja-singha is the elephant-lion, the characteristic of the former being removed, the latter should remain; but I am bound to say the resemblance to a lion in these seven circles is the very faintest. But the centre circle of the third row from the bottom contains a pair of perfect lions rampant.

The nine circles remaining of the twenty-five before mentioned form again a distinct square pattern within the other, of which four lotus flowers, or stars, mark the angles.

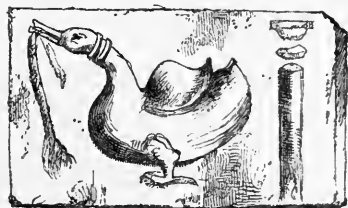
The row of circles at the top of the window contain figures of the Hansa, the royal rather than the "sacred" bird, of which Tennent has given so many curious particulars, and which, in Ceylon as well as in Burmah, was one of the



Burmese Hansa. (From Tennent's "Ceylon.")

emblems of the national banner. If this be intended for the Hansa, as I believe it to be,

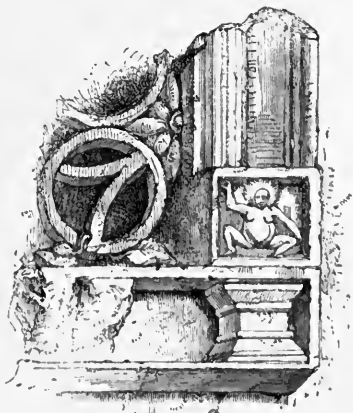
it certainly greatly differs from the usual representation of it, and much more nearly resembles the Burmese figure as given by Tennent, vol. i. p. 485, first edition. It is very unlike the bird as it appears in the sculptures at Anaradhapoora (vol. ii. p. 619), and the clay figure of it in the palace at Kandy (vol. i. p. 487). It is equally unlike the following sketch of one of the oldest Hansas I have seen—a beautifully



Brick from the Naga Wihare.

moulded relief on a brick, from the very ancient Naga Wihare, in Magampattoo, in the south of the island, the "Maha Naga Wiharó," mentioned in the Mahawanso, and founded by Maha Naaga, brother of Devenipia Tissa, B.C. 306, the founder of the ancient city of Maagama.

The peculiar beauty of the window consists rather in the general effect produced by the arrangement of the figures with which it is so profusely decorated, than in the ornamentation itself. Seen from a little distance the details are lost; and the window appears to be of beautiful tracery work, and of regular pattern. It is only when closely examined that the quaint designs I have endeavoured to describe



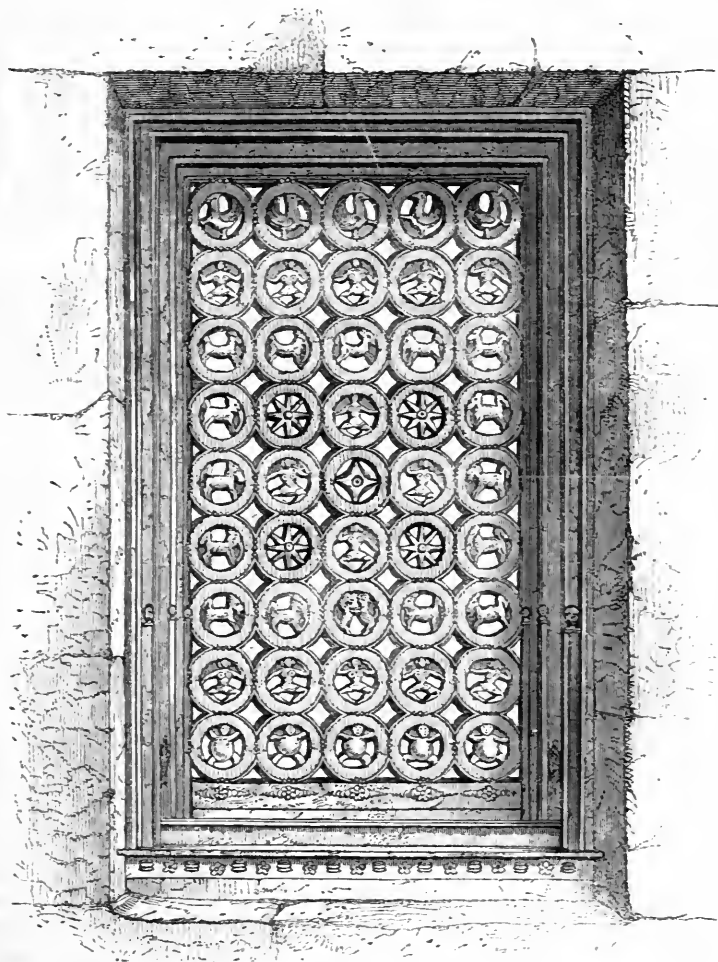
Fragment of Broken Window.

are observed. If my sketch did justice to the original, the effect I have described would be visible by looking at the drawing with partially closed eyes.

It is much to be regretted that the rough texture of the stone should be so unworthy of the skill of the sculptor. Had it been executed in white marble, or even in the magnesian limestone which abounds in Ceylon, the effect would have been infinitely more lovely.

The corresponding window, as I have said, is gone. But the fragments, which lie scattered

about, show that it entirely differed in design from the existing one, which I shuddered to think must so soon share its fate. This, I am happy to say, has been averted; for Mr. O'Grady, the government agent of the province, has removed it to Kurnegalle, where, in the beautiful grounds of his official residence, itself the site of the royal palace of Hastisailapoor, the



Window at Yapahoo.

he has erected it, with other choice specimens of stone carving, as a monument to ancient art.

Yapahoo, or more correctly Yapawu,—called Subhapabbata in the Mahawanso,—appears to have been founded in the beginning of the thirteenth century, during the usurpation of Maagha, who came from Kalinga (the northern Circars) A.D. 1219. At this time several Budd-

hist chieftains fortified themselves in hills in retired parts of the country, and protected the people and the priesthood. Amongst these a noble, named Subha S  napat  , a devoted adherent of the Buddhist religion, “disgusted at the impious profligacy of the king, determined on no longer remaining at court.” He accordingly resigned his office, and, assembling his followers, quitted Pollanarua, and fortified

the hill of Yapawu, where, in the words of the Mahawanso, "on the summit of the Subha mountain, inaccessible to enemies, having built a city like Alakamanda (the most beautiful of celestial cities) he resided, like another Wessawanno (the regent of the north) protecting that part of the country and the religion from the Kerala monsters."*

The city, as I have said, lay at the base of the rock; but a winding path, with rude steps, leads to the top, which doubtless was a place of refuge in times of danger. A similar instance of this occurs at Seegiri, which however, unlike Yapahoo, partakes more of the fortress than the palace.

About the year A.D. 1267, Yapahoo, as well as Pollanarua and Kurnegalle, were greatly embellished and ornamented by Bosat Wijaya Bahoo, son of Pandita Praakrama Bahoo III., who, in A.D. 1303, after his succession to the throne, was murdered at Pollanarua by his adigar, Mita Séna. The army, however, remained faithful to the royal family, and proclaimed his brother, who had fled to Yapahoo, under the title of King Bhuwaneka Bahoo I. This king, who, prior to his accession, had lived at Yapahoo, now made it the seat of government, and removed the sacred Dalada thither.

During this reign, Koola Saikera Raja, king of Pandi (Madura), sent an army into Ceylon, and placed it under the command of his tributary, Aareya Chakkrawarti, king of Jaffna. Yapahoo was taken, and the sacred relic carried off to Madura.

From this time Yapahoo ceased to be the capital; but it still appears to have been a place of considerable importance for the next 200 years.

In the reign of Sree Praakrama Kotta, a descendant of the royal family was made Dissave of Yapahoo, and shortly after the accession of Jayaa Bahoo II., A.D. 1464, he rebelled, put the king to death, and was raised to the throne under the title of Bhuwaneka Bahoo VI.

In A.D. 1527, Yapahoo was the place of refuge of the two elder sons of Wijaya Bahoo VII., when they fled from their father, who sought to put them to death. They assembled their forces, and, attacking him in their turn, murdered him, and the eldest became king, as Bhuwaneka Bahoo VII.

The last mention of Yapahoo in history is in the reign of Don Juan Dharmapaala, whom the Portuguese set up in A.D. 1542, when, among the many aspirants to the throne, one,

a Malabar, took up his residence here. It was probably at this time that the city was destroyed by the Portuguese, and it has been ever since deserted.

It has scarcely borne out its title of Yapawu, or Subhappabbata, the city on the "auspicious rock."

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE CAMELLIAS.

I WAS going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; here a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, everything about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being brand new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his necktie, a blue one, negligently arranged *à la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory: instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence

* I am indebted for these particulars to two very intelligent native gentlemen—Messrs. L. De Zoysa and S. Jayatilke.

a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying,—

“Candidly, sir, what do you think of my tailor?”

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,—

“And who, sir, may this client be with the *distingué* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that your truly flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no indeed, sir, really;” and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

“I should apologise,” said I, “for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentle sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed Hourii.”

“How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the colour of her eyes?”

“Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?”

“Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady’s eyes.”

“Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tidily-iddly feet.”

“Sir,” said he, grasping my hand, “we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows.”

“You forget that, so long as you conceal the lady’s name, there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; let X represent her.”

“Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout.”

“Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter.”

“Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the ‘Poets’ Corner’ of the Trottingbury Mercury *exegi monumentum ære perennius*! You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed ‘Beta.’ I will just repeat you my ‘Ode to the Morning.’”

“Pray don’t take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story.”

“You have read my poem then: I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as London.”

“Why, my dear sir, there are six copies of the Trottington Mercury on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the ‘Poets’ Corner.’”

“Not Trottington, Trottingbury Mercury. Well, I’ll go on with my story. One evening, I had just finished my ‘Imitations of Anacreon,’ and had taken them to the office of the Trottingbury Mercury. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Trottingbury Mercury is a garden. There, roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I

never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path, I chanced to look towards the other gate: a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk—

“Who is that divine creature, who has just left your office?”

“That,” said he, grinning, ‘is a contributor to our “Poets’ Corner.”’

“She is a poetess, then—I knew it must be so. What is her name?”

“‘Won’t do,’ said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, ‘she wishes to remain *incog.*’

“Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me; I thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office, in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I fell deeper in love, my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my soul in poetry, I would tell my love in the ‘Poets’ Corner’ of the Trottingbury Mercury. She was a poetess, she would read it: the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled ‘A Glorious Twilight Vision.’ Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines.”

“Pray don’t, sir; I remember them well.”

“I felt sure that she to whom they were addressed would read them, and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office, the clerk said, ‘There is a letter here, meant for you I suppose.’ It was directed, — Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the “Poets’ Corner” of the Trottingbury Mercury.’ The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn’t a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

“To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell’s, the pastrycook, in Cornhill. It is in honour of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire.”

“And the camellia,” I suggested, “don’t

you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? if so, I think I could manage to get you one.”

“By no means; I should have told you that is our signal for recognition: we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart.”

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facilis est descensus Averni.* I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Trottingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket, unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the “Poets’ Corner” in the Trottingbury Mercury, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs d’œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favoured me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at Waterloo Station. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell’s to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humour, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what!—how is that? I tried my pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

“My good man,” said I, “I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln’s Inn Fields, I have a friend there who will lend me some money. The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln’s Inn Fields, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add, that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

WIGS.

"THE invention of Periwigs," writes an old author, "is of so great use, and saves men so much trouble, *that it can never be laid aside.* It helps to disguise the thief, to make an ill face tolerable, the tolerable handsome, to ease the lazy of trouble, and to make men their vassals—if women would but wear them." Time has negatived these authoritative opinions. The reader does not need to be informed that periwigs have been long since dispensed with, swept away to the limbo of obsolete and worn-out fashions. Here and there, it is true, a peruke still survives, as a sort of specimen of a race hastening to extinction, as a ghost of a glory departed for ever. The man of fashion laughs it to scorn, the doctor knows it not, the divine shrinks from it. The most conservative of bishops now-a-days, would no more dream of crowning his poll with a "busby," than of donning a wreath of roses. On the bench and at the bar the wig still prevails, however: lawyers so love and cling to precedent; the court will give no audience, Justice is deaf as well as blind to the counsellor without his wig. In the legal tribunals, its last stronghold, the wig rules with severity,—small states are ever the most despotic: on the bench and at the bar, yes, and on the coach-box,—for, unaccountable fact, coachmen of distinction still wear wigs,—in this unexpected place outside the carriage the wig still governs, as one sometimes sees a power possessing small plots of territory inconveniently situate in the very midst of a neighbour's lands.

That women have never worn wigs is not strictly correct; whether men have been thereby made more especially their vassals is another question. The "front" secured by a velvet fillet, or even "the complete head of hair" assumed by age, when Time has stolen away beauty and lustre,—not without a struggle, he leaves footprints enough on the scene of the contest,—is not here referred to. But the confessed wig, involving the absolute shearing off of natural tresses to wear in lieu by preference an artificial head-covering, has certainly been adopted by woman. Not so much in the case of Mrs. Pepys. The inimitable Diarist, under the date of March, 1662, chronicles: "By-and-bye comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair as the fashion is for ladies to wear, which are pretty and of my wife's

own hair." He may simply mean of the same colour; very abundant tresses were the mode; Mrs. Pepys had probably sought assistance from art to comply with the fashion; had not really made sacrifice of her own locks. But in the next century, ladies had raised the cry of "the wig, the whole wig, and nothing but the wig." When George the Second reviewed the Guards in 1727 (habited in grey cloth faced with purple, with a purple feather in his hat), the three eldest Princesses "went to Richmond in riding habits with hats and feathers and *periwigs.*" Later still, "*têtes*" and "*heads,*" were advertised at extraordinary prices. The Lace-chamber on Ludgate Hill offered "one Brussels head at 40*l.*, one ground Brussels head at 30*l.*, one looped Brussels head at 30*l.*" Lace mob-caps, conical hats, flowers, feathers, ribbons, and even representations of butterflies, caterpillars, coaches and horses, in blown glass, crowned these head-dresses, which added as it were another story to woman's stature, towering some eighteen inches above her (her high heels gave her some four or five inches more), so that many ladies of quality began to complain that they were compelled to sit in quite a crouching attitude in their carriages, to prevent the elaborate structure on their heads from being crushed against the roof. The Tatler (No. 180), in ridicule of the high heels and lofty perukes of its day, had advertised a stage-coach to start from Nando's Coffee-house for Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-school every evening, adding, "N.B. Dancing shoes not exceeding four inches height in the heels, and periwigs not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box *gratis.*" In the reign of Queen Anne the high head-dresses of the ladies had afforded much matter for the Spectator's comments and criticisms, and the fashion abated; the complaint that the female part of the species were taller than the men ceased to be reasonable; ladies who had been once nearly seven feet high were found in truth to want some inches of five, and a fear was expressed that, like trees newly lopped and pruned, a great increase of growth would follow the reduction. This indeed proved correct; height became the vogue again. After George the Third's accession, the size of the head-dress became more preposterous than ever.

Charles the Fifth is said to have first brought short hair into fashion, when, afflicted with severe head-aches, he had his locks clipped as close as might be. But succeeding generations tired of this mode, and permitted their hair to grow long. The Cavaliers more than ever cherished their flowing curls,—following the fashion of their martyred king, and distinguishing themselves markedly from their oppo-

opponents, the Parliamentarians, who, holding "love-locks" and "Absalom hair" to be sinful, shaved close, and earned the names of Crop-ears and Roundheads. In later days, when time and misfortune had thinned and grizzled their hair, the Royalists were glad to take up with the peruke which Louis XIV., to give height and importance to a presence not naturally dignified, had made the vogue in France. Youth followed the example which age had set. To be a man of fashion it was indispensable to wear a wig. The perukes of the times of Charles and James the Second were of enormous size. The pictures of Lely and Kneller offer fine examples of these wigs. It has been said that the two painters may always be distinguished by their method of treating this important article of dress. In Lely's portraits the wig falls down the shoulders in front; in Knellers it is tossed back and hangs over the shoulders behind. That these extravagant head-dresses had their devout admirers may be gathered from the story told of a country gentleman, who employed an artist to paint periwigs on the heads of several portraits of his ancestors, by Vandyck,—determined, it is presumed, that the departed worthies, though in their graves, should yet be in the fashion.

The Campaign Wig was imported from France some time before 1700. This was very full and curly, eighteen inches in length, with "drop locks." When sufficient human hair was not procurable for the purpose, a little horsehair was used in the parts least visible. The Protestant Mercury of July 10, 1700, relates a story of a provident Oxfordshire lass who was unwilling to marry without a sum of 50*l.* in hand by way of portion; her friends being unable to assist her, she came to town, "where she met with a good chapman in the Strand, who made a purchase of her hair (which was delicately long and light), and gave her 60*l.* for it, being twenty ounces at 3*l.* an ounce; with which money she joyfully returned into the country and bought her a husband." Features and faces were nearly lost sight of under these overpowering bushes of hair; as Swift says, "the beaux lay hid beneath the penthouse of a full-bottomed periwig."

In the Weekly Comedy (1690), quoted in Malcolm's "London," *Suarl* asks *Brim*: "How many bad women do you think have laid their heads together to complete that mane of yours? I'll warrant you now you are as proud of your fine capillament as a morrice-dancer is of his bells, or as the fore-horse of a team is of a new feather. I'll assure you it is a most ponderous piece of prodigality; pray what might it cost you a pound?" *Brim*. "I find, dear Captain, you

are pleased to be merry; but, indeed, I did not buy it by the pound. Pray, Captain, observe the make of it, and tell me how it becomes me. I assure you I have showed it to several gentlemen who dress extremely well, and are good judges of the French mode, and they guessed it to be Monsieur de la Cringlow's make, the King of France's periwig-maker. It is so finely shaped, and fits with that exactness, if you do but mind it, that, let me turn my head which way I will, the curls fall agreeably to my motion." *Suarl*. "Indeed, it is a most worshipful piece of art, it is a thousand pities but the man should be knighted that made it. It makes you look, in my mind, like an Essex calf peeping out of a thicket of brambles: for I can scarce see any part of your face but your mouth for periwig." *Brim*. "As slight as you make of my wig, sir, I would have you know, sir, it cost me fifty guineas; and if I was to tell you how it was made, I am sure you would think it was worth the money." In the Tatler, No. 54, when *Phillis* in a pet throws the periwig of *Duumeir* into the fire, "Well," says he, "thou art a brave termagant jade; do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?" Wigs of this value were well worth stealing. The Weekly Journal, of March 30, 1717, informs the public that the thieves have discovered a villainous mode of robbing gentlemen by cutting through the backs of hackney-coaches, and taking away their wigs, and also "the fine head-dresses of the gentlewomen." "So," says the Journalist, "a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley Street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch Street, wherefore this may serve as a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night-time, to sit on the fore seat, which will prevent that way of robbing." Another way (to use a cookery-book phrase), is recorded in Gay's "Trivia"—

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng,
Lured by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn:
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy whose hand to rapine bred
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.

The theft was rendered the more easy of accomplishment from the fact of the hat never being worn over these wigs, but simply carried in the hand or under the arm. Dryden speaks somewhere of the peruke of a Bow Street dandy, as one that "the touch of hat never profaned." The fops of Wycherly's age were especially noted for the splendour of their wigs. The sets of engraved tortoise-shell combs which the beaux carried in their pockets

for the purpose of smoothing and adjusting their wigs when ruffled by the wind, were called after Wycherly. Men then stood up in the pit combing their wigs while they conversed with the ladies of fashion in the boxes, much as the modern "swell" rises from his stall to pull his whiskers as he chats with a beauty in the pit tier at the opera.

A story is told of a large black wig with long flowing curls, which had been worn by King Charles II., coming into possession of Suett the comedian, a great collector of wigs. This particular wig was put up for auction at a sale of the effects of Mr. Rawle, Royal Accoutrement Maker, who died late in the last century. The wig, handed round to the company, was put on by Suett, who facetiously continued his biddings with the royal peruke on his head. The other bidders, greatly amused, declared the lot ought to be knocked down to the actor before he took it off; this was done in a moment; the wig was Suett's before he could remove it from his head. He played in it for some years in "Tom Thumb," and other plays, until it was burnt in a fire which destroyed the theatre at Birmingham. Suett was met the morning after the fire exclaiming disconsolately, "My wig's gone, my wig's gone!"

According to Lord Chesterfield "full-bottomed wigs were contrived for the Duke of Burgundy to conceal his hump-back." "One must see people undressed," writes his lordship, "to judge truly of their shape; when they are dressed to go abroad their clothes are contrived to conceal, or at least palliate, the defects of it." His advice to his son upon the subject of wig-wearing is sensible enough; he took care, however, not to practice what he preached. "Your own hair is at your age such an ornament, and a wig however well made such a disguise, that I will upon no account whatever have you cut off your hair."

But the profuse black peruke, which we may date from the Restoration, went out of fashion altogether in the course of George the Second's reign. Horace Walpole thus describes the dress of George I.: "A dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribbon over all." Tie-wigs had already become the mode, and grey the fashionable colour. In 1734 wigs "of right grey human hair," were advertised at four guineas each; "light grizzle ties" three guineas, and other colours in proportion down to twenty-five shillings. The long lappels in front dispensed with, and a tie of ribbon, gathering the hair together at the back, being introduced, many varieties came in vogue. The Connoisseur,

in 1754, contrasting the small wigs of that day with the obsolete penthouse periwigs, says: "The fine gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear." At the back the wig was tied loosely in a club form, or was gathered into a silken bag, or was tightly bound into a long thin *queue* or pig-tail. The London Chronicle, of 1762, discoursing upon wigs, sets forth with the statement that "wigs are as essential to everybody's head as lace to their clothes." It then gives a long list, by which it seems that there were wigs suited to every condition in life, and almost to every peculiarity of character. The "Prentice Minor-bob, or Hair cap," is worn short in the neck, to show the stone stock-buckle, and nicely stroked from the face to discover seven-eighths of the ears; "the "Citizen's Sunday Buckle or Bob-major" bears several tiers of curls; in the "Apothecary's Bush" the hat seems to sink like a stone into a snowheap; the "Physical and Chirurgical Ties carry much consequence in their foretops, and the depending knots fall fore and aft the shoulders with *secundum artem* dignity." "The Scratch or the Blood's skull covering, is combed over the forehead, untoupeed, to imitate a head of hair, because these gentlemen love to have everything natural about them." Lastly, the coachman, amateur or professional, adopted a wig known as "the Jehu's Jemmy, or white and all white," covered with small close curls, like a fine fleece on a lamb's back. These nice distinctions in the matter of wigs are also pointed out in Colman's Prologue to Garrick's "High Life above Stairs"—

Fashion, in everything, bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day;
Each have their purlieus, too,—are modish each
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple-tie,
The parson's feather-top, frizzed broad and high;
The coachman's cauliflower, built tier on tiers,
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of broad St. Giles.

That upon these distinctions some stress was laid appears from Boswell's complaint, "There is a general levity in the age; *we have physicians now with bag-wigs.*"

When George the Third came to the throne wigs were for a time less generally worn, especially by young men. The king then wore his own hair carefully dressed and powdered, drawn from the forehead and curled at the sides, apparently to look as formal and wig-like as possible, as may be seen in Woollett's engraving after Ramsay's portrait. In later years he was fond of a rather inelegant look-

ing wig, worn without powder, and called after him "a Brown George." Dr. Johnson, in the early portraits, appears in a wig with five rows of curls, commonly called a story wig. But in general his wigs were very shabby, being much singed in front, from his habit of reading with the candle held close to him to assist his very defective sight. At one time, however, as Boswell tells us, "he was furnished with a Paris-made wig of handsome construction." This was probably the wig kept at Mr. Thrale's house at Streatham, and with which Johnson was met at the dining-room door by the butler, who solemnly assisted him in the removal of his old, and the putting on of his dress wig. How indispensable he considered a wig may be gathered from his remark, "In England any man who wears a sword and a powdered wig is ashamed to be illiterate."

Goldsmith was noted for his small and slovenly wig. A peculiar wig, low on the forehead, with five crisp curls on each side, was brought into fashion by David Garrick, and was generally described as the "Garrick cut." But the great actor occasionally varied the mode of his peruke. The portraits by Wood, Sherwin, and Dance exhibit him in three different forms of wigs; and these, it must be understood, are the wigs of private, not professional life.

Fashion dearly loves extremes. Wigs having been worn as large as they could well be made, it next became a desideratum to have them as small as possible. Diminutive wigs and enormous buckles are thus referred to in Sheridan's Prologue to "The Trip to Scarborough," adapted from Vanbrugh's "Relapse," in 1777—

Of former time that polished thing, a beau,
Is metamorphosed now from top to toe :
Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,
Concealed the shallow heart from the beholders.
But now the whole's reversed ; each top appears
Cropped and trimmed up, exposing head and ears.
The buckle then its modest limits knew ;
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke its bounds and swallows up the shoe ;
The weaver's foot, like his own fine estate,
Is almost lost, the encumbrance is so great.

Indeed, so far back as 1737, a writer in the London Magazine discusses the youth of his day, forgiving them "the unnatural scantiness of their wigs and the immoderate dimensions of their bags, in consideration that the fashion has prevailed, and that the opposition of a few to it would be the greater affectation of the two. Though," he goes on to say, "I very much doubt whether they or any of them gain by showing their ears, for 'tis said that Midas, after a certain accident, was the

judicious inventor of long wigs." And in a poetical effusion describing a beau's costume in the year 1755, may be found the lines—

Cock his beaver neat and well,—
Beaver size of cockle-shell ;
Let his wig be thin of hairs,
Wig that covers half his ears, &c.

The temporary abandonment of perukes on the accession of George the Third, produced quite a panic among the wig-makers. They hastened to present a petition setting forth their grievances; they professed to feel the utmost reluctance to prefer complaints, but were compelled so to do by the distresses they laboured under, and the certainty of these increasing in severity; they alleged that thousands of workpeople and manufacturers, such as ribbon-weavers, caul-makers, hair manufacturers, &c., depended entirely upon the perquiers, and ran the risk of perishing miserably "unless some means could be speedily found to support their falling trade, fatally wounded by the present mode of fashion, which so generally prevails, of men in almost all stations wearing their own hair." This "mode," they go on to say, "pernicious enough in itself to their trade, is rendered excessively more so by swarms of French hairdressers already in these cities and daily increasing, who by artifice more than merit, as your Petitioners humbly presume, and by that facility with which your Majesty's British subjects are too much inclined to prefer French skill and taste in every article of dress (by which the most considerable manufactories in these kingdoms, as well as those of your petitioners, do greatly suffer), find means to get employment, to the privation of that pittance to your Majesty's natural subjects which the fashion itself would still leave in their power to obtain." They next complain that the fashion of not wearing wigs leads to irreligion, and to breach of the commands of God and man, and disobedience of his Majesty's proclamation, because, that Sunday "is to such of your Petitioners as can yet find employment the day of all others on which they are most hurried and confused." They allege that they tremble for the consequences which this involuntary Sabbath-breaking may entail upon themselves and their children. Finally, they pray for his Majesty's example and countenance to relieve "unimagined numbers" from "the deepest misery," and "for such commiseration and relief as to his Majesty should seem meet." To this touching appeal the King most graciously made answer: "That he held nothing dearer to his heart than the happiness of his people, and they might be assured that he should at all times use his endeavours to promote their real

welfare." The petition had been signed by great numbers, and was carried, on February 11th, 1765, in solemn procession to St. James's Palace for presentation to the King. From the populace, however, the peruquiers received a treatment much less kindly and gracious than their sovereign's. Struck with the fact that many of these men who were petitioning that others should be compelled to wear perukes, the while they themselves wore none, the mob, with a humorous practicality, seized upon such of them as wore no wigs and forcibly sheared off their hair in the public streets.

That wisdom, or the semblance of it, pertained to a wig has been a supposition of long standing. Goldsmith writes, in the "Citizen of the World," "To appear wise nothing more is requisite here than for a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own. The distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair." And Cumberland, in the "Choleric Man," says, "Believe me, there is much good sense in old distinctions; when the law lays down its full-bottomed periwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of." Other advantages of wig wearing are mentioned by Sir John Sinclair in his "Code of Health": "Wearing a wig," he writes, "is an excellent practice for the old, the tender, and the studious; all persons after sixty ought to wear a wig." But, alike for old and young, wigs have now departed; and yet time was when they were so universal, that on behalf of the lad in his teens, a provision was inserted in his articles of apprenticeship that his master should find him in "one good and sufficient wig yearly, and every year for and during and unto the expiration of the full end and term of his apprenticeship."

What became of the old wigs? These of course fell from their high estate, were worn threadbare and ragged, fell into holes, were cast off as fashions changed. Yet there was a market for old wigs as for other abandoned garments. There were regular dealers in Rag Fair, as well as peripatetic merchants who called out "Old Wigs! Old Wigs!" in every street and at every door, as persistently as the better known "Old Clo'!" purchasers, who still remain, and will probably flourish till the end of time. There was a ready market for second-hand wigs; seafaring gentlemen and others much exposed to weather, were often heard to exclaim, "Well, the winter's coming on, I must go to Rosemary Lane and have a 'dip for a wig.'" This "dipping for wigs"

was a simple and primitive sort of art. You paid a shilling, and, in the dark, thrust your hand into a barrel full of wigs and pulled out one. It was a lottery; if you obtained a wig to your fancy, well and good; if not, you paid sixpence more and took another dip, and so on, sixpence each dip after the first, until you were suited. Carriers, too, were said to use old wigs for cleaning the waste, &c., off their leather.

But wigs went out at last with powder, and patches, and hoops. The French Revolution brought in new fashions. Men brushed up their hair straight from their foreheads, according to the Brutus fashion of the Republic. Women cut their hair short at the back, wearing little crisp curls that left the neck entirely free, with room for an imaginary axe to fall cleanly; this mode was called *à la guillotine*. For Fashion seldom approaches even the sensible; you must never expect her to be serious; she was not shocked into sobriety of demeanour even by the Reign of Terror. The scaffolds still wet and crimson, she instituted *Bals à Victime*, into which none were admissible but those whom the executioner had deprived of a relative or relatives, and every dancer was to wear a band of crape round the left arm. "Peace be to the dead, let us dance to their memory," as Mr. Carlyle puts it. Let no one after this expect to see Reason and Fashion walking hand in hand. DUTTON COOK.

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.

FOX-HUNTING is a pastime so essentially English in its character, that we possess but two counties, Middlesex and Westmoreland, wherein the loud "Tally Ho" of the huntsman may not be heard ringing over the broad meadows and undulating plains, when

A Southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning.

England, if we may trust the hunting maps, is divided into nearly one hundred fox-hunting and stag-hunting districts, exclusive of those devoted to hare-hunting, and when the season is at its height, that is, about January and February, the total number of huntsmen in the various "fields" equals that of a moderate-sized army.

The two principal hunting districts are those of the Quorn and Pytchley, so named from the township of Quorndon in Leicestershire, and the village of Pytchley in Northamptonshire. These two hunts, together with those of Belvoir, Atherstone, and Cottesmore, form what may be termed the aristocratic division of the English hunting system, and during the season display a series of "meets" unequalled

perhaps in the world for number, rank, and first-class animals. At present the Quorn hunt stands foremost in the estimation of the hunting aristocracy, the Pytchley occupying the second rank, but until the commencement of the present century it was otherwise. One cause of the change was the largely increased cost of maintaining a hunting establishment, which gradually compelled the local squires and farmers to abdicate their functions as members of the hunt, in favour of wealthier individuals who came from a distance. Yet, notwithstanding this, the fame of the Pytchley was so firmly established, that even the Quorn would not have obtained its yet contested supremacy, but for the vast sums of money expended by its members from time to time in maintaining and extending the high-class character of the Leicestershire hunt. Nor is this surprising, considering that "the land of the Pytchley" was famous as a hunting district so far back as the time of William the Conqueror, if not still earlier. In "Domesday Book" mention is made of a certain Alwyne the Hunter, who held the lordship of Pytchley, a little village situated between two and three miles from the busy town of Kettering in Northamptonshire. But there were hunters before the time of Alwyne, for when the village church was being restored some few years since, several ancient stone coffins were found buried in the churchyard, in one of which was a skeleton, having by its side a rudely formed spear-head and a boar's tusk. Northamptonshire in the days of Alwyne the Hunter and his predecessors was an immense forest, broken here and there by large plains, which formed the residence of the hunters, who gained a subsistence by killing the wild animals which abounded in the woods around them. These forests have since gradually disappeared, with the exception of small portions at Rockingham and Burghley, in which the wild cat may yet occasionally be found. The immediate successor of Alwyne the Hunter was William of Pightlesley, or Pightleslea, as Pytchley was anciently spelt. This William and his successors held their lands "by the sergeantry of hunting the wolf whenever the king should order." In the sixteenth of Edward II., Nicholas Engaine held of the crown certain lands in Pytchley, by the service of finding, at his own expense, a proper number of dogs for the destruction of wolves, foxes, martons (martens), and other vermin, within the counties of Northampton, Rutland, Oxford, Bucks, Essex, and Huntingdon. Here we have the origin of the Pytchley Hunt. In the church of the adjoining village of Orlingbury is an ancient tomb containing the alabaster effigy of

an armed warrior, asserted by local tradition to be the figure of Jack of Batsaddle, who is popularly believed to have killed, somewhere between Orlingbury and Pytchley, the last wolf in England, a circumstance stated to have led to his death, he having—while heated with the conflict—partaken too copiously of cold water from a neighbouring spring.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the manor was in the possession of the Isham family, who held it on the same terms as the Engaines. Sir Euseby Isham, who lived about Elizabeth's time, erected the manor house or hall, afterwards so famous in connection with the meetings of the Pytchley Hunt. The old engravings of the building show it to have been a very good specimen of the old English manor house, such as may yet occasionally be met with in the more secluded parts of the county. The edifice was taken down in 1828, but the doorway is still preserved at Glendon, near Kettering; and the ancient Jacobean gateway now forms one of the lodge entrances to Overstone Park, near Northampton. It was during the middle and later portions of the last century that the Pytchley Hunt achieved its greatest reputation and stood without a rival, giving to Northamptonshire an imperishable name as a sporting county. The Hunt Club consisted of forty members, who, as the expenses increased, became more and more exclusive, until they formed the *élite* of the sporting aristocracy and gentry, their individual expenses ranging from 1000*l.* to 5000*l.* per annum. "The Druid," in the celebrated sporting work "Silk and Scarlet," has related many anecdotes of the club at this period, especially when it was under the mastership of Lord Spencer, who thoughtfully occasioned a record to be made of every hunt which took place while he was master. The Chace books thus formed are still preserved at Althorp, and contain many details interesting to the lovers of hunting. They occupy several MS. volumes, the handwriting being that of Lord Spencer himself, and the following entry will afford a fair specimen of the remainder.

Saturday, Nov. 27, 1773.—Frost and snow have prevented the hounds going out for a week. Out:—Lord Spencer, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Charles Spencer, Colonel Mordaunt, Mr. Minchin, Mr. Samwell. Turned out a bag fox in the spinnny, by Little Brington. He was seen going up the fields, as the hounds were coming to the spinnny, towards Brington town, and they were laid upon the scent at the spinnny. He went round those fields under the town, down to Chintwell, up the grounds to No-Bottle Wood, through that, and was killed at some distance, by the side of the lane that leads to Duston: it was a burst of twenty-nine minutes. Found another fox at Harpole Hills, which broke cover towards No-Bottle Wood, but was headed back by a country boy into the furze, which he went directly through, and came out at the

corner towards Harpole Heath, and along the bottom of Harlestone inclosures, nearly opposite to Bury Wood, where he turned up to Harlestone, through the town, and crossed the turnpike-road, not far from the Northampton turnpike-gate of Althorp Park.

After describing at some length the course of the fox and its pursuers, and also several of the misadventures occasioned by the attempt of the hunters to cross a swollen brook, the entry concludes with relating how Lord and Lady Jersey, together with Lord Spencer, managed to be in at the death of the fox.

Nearly ninety years afterwards, in the early part of 1863, previous to his marriage with the Princess Alexandra, the Prince of Wales rode out with the Pytchley hounds, who, under the mastership of the present Earl Spencer, traversed a portion of the district alluded to in the foregoing entry.

But, returning to the older Hunt Club, many strange tales are related of the members : how they took up their quarters in the ancient mansion, leaving their horses to the shelter of extemporised stables and the care of Yorkshire grooms, while they passed their spare hours in drinking and gambling in accordance with the fashion of that day ; and how they followed the after-dinner custom of placing a half-crown in a wine-glass and putting up for sale the horses of the members, whether they were willing or not. The annual dinner of the club was held in London, but it was a dismal affair, lacking the rough boisterous jollity which lent such a charm to the Pytchley meetings. In 1816, the club came to an end. Many of the original members had died off, got married, or turned over a new leaf. However, a fresh hunt was formed, which, under various masters, such as Lord Sondes, Sir Charles Knightley, Mr. Osbaldistone, Mr. George Payne, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Alford, Hon. C. Cust, Hon. Frederick Villiers, Lord Hopetoun, and, until within the last few months, Earl Spencer, managed to keep up much of its olden reputation ; and even now, during the hunting season, the meets are generally attended by a large and first-class field. Still, it is evident that, as a national sport, hunting is slowly on the decline. As remarked by the late Rev. Thomas James, "Enclosures, drainage, high-farming, game preserving, and railways, both as cutting-up fields and importing strangers, have tended much to change the style of sport since the days when the white collars of the Pytchley were seen leading the field. Hunting is becoming somewhat of a profession, like cricket and racing, and, unless some new and unexpected development takes place, must ultimately die out, like the once prevalent sport of hawking."

So far as the interests of the agriculturist are concerned, this may be a thing at which to rejoice ; but when we consider that many of our best and most efficient cavalry officers have gained much of their equestrian experiences in the hunting field, and that even the great Napoleon himself is reported to have stated that an English fox-hunter made the best cavalry soldier, it will be seen that there are two sides to the question. It may be, however, that we are mistaken in our forebodings, and that for many generations yet to come, the grassy vales and smiling meadows of beautiful Northamptonshire are destined to be trodden by the panting forms of the Pytchley "witches," as, with low deep bayings, they lead the way for the horses and their riders towards the tangled gorse from which poor Reynard vainly attempts to make good his escape.

JOHN PLUMMER.

THE HARP OF INVERMORN.

Br Invermorn the deep sea laves
The land with wrath of angry waves ;
And the wild storm-winds evermore
Around the rocky caverns roar.

On Invermorn, above the strand,
The old cathedral ruins stand ;
And people say they hear at times
The fairies faintly ringing chimes.

"O Helen, I must go to-night :
My soul is filled with strange delight ;
And I must hear that witching wile
Within the old cathedral aisle !"

"O Willie, rest at home with me !
I fear the moanings of the sea.
They say who seeks that place forlorn,
Will never wake the morrow's morn."

Within the twilight, all alone,
He sought the dusky pile of stone,
And clambered up the broken stair,
To wait the moonbeams' misty glare.

He sat him in the gallery old,
The boding night-winds whistled cold ;
Afar he heard the breakers roar
Along the dark and rocky shore.

Lo ! then, above him and around,
Awoke a wondrous, witching sound,
That seemed to flutter everywhere,
And fill with music all the air !

With fear he swooned ; and in a dream
He saw, lit up by pallid gleam
Of moonlight in that gallery old,
What living man may ne'er behold !

A line of figures, clothed in white,
Bore torches crowned with orange light ;
Sound they made none ; no rustling dress
Betrayed their silent loveliness.

Slowly they came, with noiseless feet,
The while a music, soft and sweet,
Hung o'er them, like a cloud which holds
An unseen lark within its folds.

Upon their faces dwelt a gleam—
The distant sunshine of a dream ;
And as they passed, with aspect mild,
They looked upon him there and smiled.

They drew his soul with them ; and he
Grew listless as an ebbing sea.
He saw them go. He lay alone.
That smile had chilled his heart to stone.



At early dawn they came and found
Him lying cold upon the ground ;
A smile had closed his latest breath,
And still survived the ice of death.

A harp, placed there in ages gone,
They saw within the hollow stone,
Placed overhead that so it rang
With every wind that wept or sang.

And Helen sits and idly weeps
For one who darkly, deeply sleeps
Beneath the churchyard's field of graves,
Beside the moaning of the waves.

Yet still they say he walks by night,
When sea-winds murmur forth delight ;
And then is heard that sound forlorn—
The lonely harp of Invermorn. WM. BLACK.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLIX. STOLEN MOMENTS.

LUCY CHESNEY was going on to convalescence—as indeed was South Wennock generally. In less than a week after Sir Stephen's visit Lucy was able to leave her bed for the sofa.

Mr. Frederick Grey considered himself a very ill-used man. Not once, save that single time when she lay in imminent danger and did not know him, had he been admitted to see Lucy. But upon hearing from his Uncle John that she was sitting up, he went down forthwith to Mr. Carlton's.

Admitted by Jonathan, asking leave and licence of nobody, he walked straight up-stairs and knocked at Lucy's chamber. "Come in," came the answer in Lucy's voice, and he went in and found her alone, lying on the sofa, near the fire, dressed, and covered over with a silken coverlid.

The red flush flew into her white cheeks, but when the first moment of surprise was over she held out her hand in token of welcome. Not a word was spoken by either. He passed his arm underneath the pillow on which she was lying and raised it up, bringing her fair young face closer to his own.

"Lucy, my whole life will be one of thankfulness!"

"Did you think I should die?"

"Yes, my darling, I did. I may tell you so, now the danger's over. Lucy, it must not be long before you are mine; I cannot risk another trial, such as this has been."

"Had I been yours ever so, you could not have guarded me from it," was her answer.

"Not from the illness; I am aware of that. But to know that you were ill—ill unto death and I not allowed to be with you—there was my trial. I do not care to tell you how badly I bore it; how I paced before the house outside, hour after hour, and night after night, watching its walls. Illness may come to you as my wife, Lucy, but it will be my right to tend you then; my right above anybody's in the world! Sisters, nurses, friends, what are they compared to me?"

How delightful it was to lie there! In the sweet languor of growing convalescence, pressed to that manly heart, in those protecting arms! It was almost worth having been ill for. She looked up in his face with a tender smile.

"I shall always say you saved me, Frederick."

"I saved you! How?"

"By sending for Sir Stephen. Jane declares that soon after he entered, I seemed to grow calmer. He gave me something, a powder, she says, and he changed the lotion that they were putting to my head."

"Lucy, dear, he did nothing for you that my Uncle John was not doing. The disorder was upon the turn when he came."

"I cannot part with my opinion; neither will Jane. It is pleasant to me to think that I owe my prolonged life to your father: or rather to you for getting him here."

"Keep the opinion, then," he whispered. "And take one thing to your heart, love—that you shall owe a very great portion of your future life's happiness to me. I will strive to make it, by God's blessing."

"Don't you think you have held me up long enough?" she presently said.

"Does it tire you? or hurt you?"

"Oh no. But you will be tired."

He raised his own face for a moment, that he might look into her eyes.

"Tired, did you say? I wish I might hold you here long enough to become tired."

Her gaze fell beneath the saucy glance that danced in his, and he bent his face to kiss away the bright blushes on her cheek. When folks get into mischief, you know, they are nearly sure to be caught. There was a brisk knock at the door, and Mr. Carlton stood before them. A far brighter blush rose then, and she would have shrunk in maidenly timidity from the arms that encircled her.

But Frederick Grey altogether declined to let her so shrink. He kept her where she was, held to him, and raised his head with calm self-possession.

"What do you do here, Mr. Carlton?"

"Do!" returned Mr. Carlton. "It is my own house."

"Your own house, of course. But this is Lady Lucy's room in it."

It seemed quite impossible for those two to meet without something unpleasant taking place between them, some little interchange of compliments indicative of incipient warfare. Frederick Grey gently laid Lucy down, and stood upright by her side, his tall form drawn to its full height.

"As my sister-in-law's medical attendant, and as her protector so long as she is underneath my roof, perhaps you will allow me to inquire

what *you* do here," retorted Mr. Carlton, turning the tables. "I speak in her behalf when I say that in my opinion it is scarcely seemly."

"You will allow me to be the better judge of that," coolly returned the young man. "As my future wife, none can have a greater interest than I to guard her from aught unseemly."

He drew a chair near the sofa as he spoke, and sat down; an intimation that he entertained no intention of quitting the room. Lucy, her face still crimson, spoke.

"Did you want anything, Mr. Carlton?"

"I came to bring these powders, Lucy," was his reply, as he laid two small white papers on the table by her side. "You complained of heartburn this morning: take one in a wine-glass of water now, and the second later in the day; they will relieve you."

"Thank you," she replied; "I will take it presently."

Judith was in the room then, having entered it in time to hear what passed. Mr. Carlton left, not choosing probably to make further demur to the presence of the intruding guest, lest it might disturb Lucy, and Frederick Grey took up the powders and examined them.

"Have you suffered from heartburn, Lucy?"

"I think so. I had a hot, disagreeable sensation in my throat this morning, and Mr. Carlton said it was heartburn. I never had it before."

"He wetted his finger, put it to the powder, and tasted what adhered to it. Then he folded up the papers and handed them to Judith."

"Put these away, Judith. They will do Lady Lucy no good."

"Am I not to take them?" inquired Lucy.

"No, I will send you a better remedy."

Judith received the powders from him very gingerly, as if she feared they might bite her, and left the room with them, meeting Lady Jane at the door, who was coming into it. Frederick laughed, and made the best excuse he could for being there without leave.

When he was leaving the house, half an hour later, Mr. Carlton came forth and met him face to face.

"A moment, Mr. Frederick Grey, if you please. It may be well that you and I should come to an understanding. You appear to assume that you may do just as you please with me: you enter my house, you interfere in my affairs: this shall not be."

"The Ladies Chesney are temporary inmates of your house, and my visits in it are to them. I have not troubled it much."

"I must request you to trouble it less for the future. I am not accustomed to these underhand modes of proceeding, and I don't like them."

"Underhand!" exclaimed Frederick Grey, in surprise.

"I don't choose that my patients should be tampered with. When I become incapable of taking care of them, it will be time enough for others to interfere. It was a very unwarrantable liberty, that visit of Sir Stephen Grey's to the sick boy at Tupper's cottage."

Frederick quite laughed. "You must ask Mrs. Smith to settle that with you. She sent for Sir Stephen, and I walked up with him. I did no more; I did not see the boy. As to interfering with you, Mr. Carlton, I am not conscious of having done it. I have desired Lady Lucy not to take those powders you brought her just now; so far, I certainly have interfered. But you should remember in what relation she stands to me."

"And pray why have you desired her not to take the powders?"

"Because I don't think they are the best remedy for heartburn; I told her I would send her something else."

"You are cool and easy, sir," returned Mr. Carlton, all his old hatred to Frederick Grey rising to boiling heat. And in point of fact there was a particularly cool, indifferent sort of tone pervading Frederick Grey's behaviour towards the surgeon, which was easily discernible and anything but pleasant. "You and I will have a long account to settle some day."

"It may be as well perhaps that we never come to the settlement," was the answer. "I do not force it on: remember that always, Mr. Carlton, I do not force it on. There has been no good feeling between you and me for years, as you are aware; but that is no reason why we should quarrel every time we meet. I have had no intention of offending you in thus intruding into your house—and I acknowledge that it is an intrusion, antagonistic to each other as you and I are, and if you will so far allow me I would beg you in courtesy to excuse me under the circumstances. I will try and not enter it again. In a day or two I expect the ladies will be leaving it for their own home."

He made a movement to pass as he concluded; Mr. Carlton did not oppose it, and the fray ended. But no sooner had both disappeared than Judith emerged from a store-closet hard by, in which she had been an unwilling prisoner. She came out with a pot of jam in her hand, and a scared face: anything like quarrelling was sure to startle Judith.

Lady Laura Carlton was still in her room, making believe to be yet an invalid. She liked the indulgence of recovery; the being petted with attentions and fed with good things, jellies and wines and dainty messes. She would

rise towards mid-day, cause herself to be attired becomingly, go into her dressing-room, and stop there for the remainder of the day. Lady Jane had to divide her time pretty equally between Laura and Lucy, now that Lucy was getting well, for Laura was jealous and exacting.

Laura's frame of mind did not altogether tend to advance perfect recovery; at least not if repose were essential to it. That suspicion of hers, connecting her husband with the inmates of Tupper's cottage, had only grown the fiercer in the condemned seclusion of the last week or two. On Laura Carlton's heart there was an ever-burning sense of deep humiliation. Lax allegiance in a man's married life does reflect its humiliation on the wife; and Laura drank deeply of its sting. Unduly conscious of her birth and title, of the place she held amidst the nobodies of the provincial town, remembering how impassioned had been her love for Mr. Carlton, how entirely in the early days of her wedded life she had given this love up to him, it cannot be wondered that she felt the defalcation to her heart's core. Jealousy, rage, a thirst for redress, were ever at battle within her. She longed to fling back the humiliation on Mr. Carlton: that is, to bring him to self-humiliation. She wished to find something tangible of which to accuse him; proofs that he could neither ignore nor dispute; she cherished a vision of seeing him at her feet, suing for pardon, for reconciliation, abjectly, his head in the dust: or else that she would take a high ground, and say, I leave you, I am your wife no longer.

She was dwelling on all these things now, as she lay back in an easy chair, her feet on a low velvet ottoman in front of the fire, her eyes bent in thought, the tips of her fingers pressed together as her elbows rested on the arms of the chair. Lady Jane was sitting near the window, knitting a pair of the same sort of woollen mittens that she used to knit for her father. These were for Mr. Carlton. He had complained one day in Jane's hearing of the cold striking to his wrists when he had to go abroad at night; and Jane immediately offered to make him a pair of these soft woollen things. Perfect courtesy—it may indeed be said cordiality—had existed between Mr. Carlton and Lady Jane during this sojourn of hers in the house; but they had not met much, for the unusual sickness prevailing had caused Mr. Carlton to be a great deal from home.

Jane fully intended to ask Mr. Carlton, before she quitted the house, whether he could give her any information of the past, as relating to Clarice. She might have done so before but for this continuous occupation of the surgeon

and her own anxiety during Lucy's danger. Neither had she spoken to Laura, preferring to wait until she, Laura, was convalescent. That time had come now, and Jane took the present quiet moment when they were alone together. It was the day of Frederick Grey's visit, but subsequent to that event. She began by telling Laura of the late interview with Mrs. West, and of the supposition that Clarice was married.

"Married!" exclaimed Laura, turning her head quickly to her sister.

"By what Mrs. West said—as I have now repeated to you—I think there can be no doubt of it. Indeed, Clarice admitted that it was so when the servant girl met her."

"Oh, well I think all that is proof enough," remarked Laura. "So it seems I was not the only one of the family to consult self-inclination—dreadful conduct as you and papa thought it in me! And pray, Jane, who was the gentleman?"

"About that, there is less certainty," said Jane. "Circumstances point strongly—at least in my opinion—to its having been a brother of Mr. West's, a young medical man. He was staying there, was very intimate with Clarice, and in the following winter embarked for India. Mrs. West does not think this: she argues that Mr. Tom West was open-hearted, was his own master, and would have married Clarice publicly, had he married her at all. She feels certain that they did not sail together, however it may have been; but it appears to me that Clarice could not have been in a condition of health to embark, and would probably follow him later."

"Nothing more likely. But why—being safely married—should she not have told us? Had she feared interference to prevent it, she could not have feared interference to separate them when it was done."

"True," said Lady Jane. "I have pondered it all over until I am tired and sick. At all events, this is a little clue, and now I must tell you who may possibly help us in it—Mr. Carlton."

"How should he help?" asked Laura, in surprise. "I have never spoken to him of Clarice. To confess to a sister who went out to serve as a governess and got lost, is not pleasant—and you have heard me say this before. I have never opened my lips about Clarice to Mr. Carlton."

Jane explained. That in the old days Mr. Carlton was intimate at Mrs. West's: was a friend of Tom West's, of a Mr. Crane, and of other young medical men who visited there. "It is just possible Mr. Carlton might have known something of the marriage, and of their

subsequent movements," she concluded. Laura did not acquiesce.

"Really, Jane, there seems very little use in bringing up this uncertainty about Clarice. As I say, it does not tell for the dignity of the Chesney family."

"I will not rest, now, until I have found out Clarice—if she is to be found," replied Jane, in some agitation. "This information of Mrs. West's has given me an impetus; and my father left her to me. She may yet be living; may be in poverty, for all we know, and unwilling to apply to us; or," she added, dropping her voice, "or if dead herself, she may have left a child or children. I *must* inquire of Mr. Carlton, Laura, in spite of your prejudices and your pride."

"Inquire if you like," returned Laura, ungraciously. "You always seem to speak as if there were some dark mystery attaching to this business, apart from the bare loss of Clarice," she continued, in a fretful sort of way.

"It invariably presents itself as a mystery to my own mind," said Jane, and her tone certainly did sound dark enough as she spoke; "a mystery which I seem to shrink from. You know that little lame boy at Tupper's cottage?"

"Well?" returned Laura, after a pause and a stare.

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that that child is Clarice's."

Up started Lady Laura, flinging from her knees a warm covering which had been laid on them; she stamped up and down the room in excitement, forgetting her character of invalid.

"That child Clarice's! For shame, Jane! That child is—is—yes, I *will* speak out! That child is Mr. Carlton's."

Jane sat unable to speak, aghast at her vehemence; at her words.

"Mr. Carlton's! Nay, Laura, I think it is you who should cry shame. What wild notion can have taken possession of you?"

Laura, ten times more vehement, more excited than before, reiterated her assertion. She was in the midst of her tirade—directed against Mr. Carlton and mankind in general—when Judith came in. Laura, uncontrollable as ever her father was when over-mastered by passion, seized the girl by the arm.

"You know that child at Tupper's cottage, Judith? I have heard of Lady Jane's sending you there. Who is he like?"

Judith stood in dismay. She tried to parry the question. Lady Laura shook her by the arm.

"My lady, it's well known there's no accounting for likenesses: two people that never

were within miles of each other in their lives may be alike."

"Of course they may be," sarcastically retorted Lady Laura. "*Will* you speak, Judith?"

"And sometimes are," added Jane, with calm composure. "A likeness alone proves nothing. But you had better speak at once, Judith."

"My ladies, the likeness I saw could be nothing but an accidental one," said Judith, still avoiding a direct answer. "It may exist in my fancy only."

Laura stamped her foot. "You must speak, Judith," said Lady Jane. "Like whom do you think the child?"

"Like Mr. Carlton," was the low reply.

Lady Jane stood dumb. It was anything but the answer she expected, for she had believed Laura's notion to be pure fancy. A triumphant glance shot from Laura's eyes, and certain ill-advised words dropped from her lips. The avowal seemed so complete a confirmation of her suspicions, that she looked upon the case as proved against Mr. Carlton.

She sat down in her chair again, battling with the jealous anger that was causing her bosom to heave and throb tumultuously. Jane repudiated the idea, repudiated it utterly, whatever accidental resemblance might exist to Mr. Carlton. She turned to Judith. As so much had been spoken before the girl, it was well that more should be said.

"We had a sister who was lost, Judith—you once heard me allude to her before. She has never been heard of; but latterly I have gathered facts which induce me to conclude that she married. In that little child at Tupper's cottage I trace a very great likeness to her, and I cannot divest myself of the idea that it must be her child. Laura, don't you see how feasible it is? Clarice may have gone abroad with her husband, leaving her child behind at nurse."

For once a tinge of colour came into the white face of Judith. "*What* name did you say, my lady? *Clarice*?"

"Clarice," repeated Jane, in surprise, for the emphasis was involuntary. "Lady Clarice. Why?"

Judith turned away. "Oh, nothing, my lady; nothing. I thought the name very uncommon."

"It is rather uncommon. We have some reason to think she married a Mr. West: a gentleman who afterwards went abroad and died. What are you looking at, Judith?"

The girl had turned round again; in open, genuine surprise this time. "I once knew a Mr. West, my lady; a gentleman who was visiting old Mrs. Jenkinson in Palace Street,

where my sister lives. He was Mrs. Jenkins's nephew."

"Was his name Thomas?" asked Jane, eagerly.

"I don't know, my lady. I can't remember. Margaret could tell."

"And what was he? In any profession?"

Judith shook her head. Margaret knew, no doubt, she said: she would inquire of her if her lady pleased.

Her lady did please, and told her to do so. But Lady Jane did not think much of this: West was rather a common name.

On this same afternoon at dusk, Mr. Carlton was in his surgery alone, preparing some mixture for Lucy—for the medicines necessary for her had been supplied by him, not by Mr. Grey. It grew too dark to see the proportions with any exactness, and he lighted one of the gas burners. The flame went flaring up, and Mr. Carlton turned to the narrow counter again, which was close under the window, and took a bottle in his hand.

Reader, when your room has been lighted up, and the window left exposed, have you ever felt a dread, a horror of what you might witness there?—Of seeing something unearthly, or what you may fear as such, standing outside the glass, and peering in? I believe that it is a sensation which has been experienced by many, causing them to drag down the blind, or to order the shutters closed with all speed. Was it this feeling which induced Mr. Carlton to look up from his employment, full at the window before him? or was his mind guided by subtle instinct, whispering that somebody was there?

The face, but imperfectly seen, was pressed against the glass, in the pane immediately facing him: that dread face, with its white skin and its black whiskers, and the dark handkerchief round its chin, dreadful to the reminiscence of Mr. Carlton. It appeared to be eagerly watching, not him, but his movements, as he made up the medicine.

Mr. Carlton, impassive Mr. Carlton, found that he had nerves for once in his life. He cried aloud, in the moment's impulse; a wild sort of cry not unlike that of a sea-gull, and the glass jar dropped from his hand on the floor and was shivered into fragments. Mr. Jefferson rushed in to see his principal staring at the surgery window, and all the good syrup of *Taraxacum* spilled.

CHAPTER L. MISS STIFFING'S EXPEDITION.

DECEMBER came in. On a cold bitter evening, a night or two subsequent to the above, a young woman might have been seen scudding through the streets of South Wennock. She wore a warm cloak, and kept her black Shetland

veil tight over her face to protect it, for the wind was howling and the sleet was beating. It was Miss Stiffing, the maid of Lady Laura Carlton.

"Such a freak of my lady's!" she grumbled discontentedly, as she went along. "Sending one abroad in this pelting weather! But that's just like her; she takes a thing into her head, and then it must be done off-hand, convenient or inconvenient. Bother take the big cupboard! What did she go and lose the key for, if she wants it undone?"

She reached a locksmith's shop and turned short into it. It was only lighted by a solitary candle, and that was placed so as to afford little light beyond the counter. Consequently the maid stumbled over some fire-irons that stood out slanting from the wall; they came down on the run, and she nearly with them.

"Now then! what the plague, White, can't you keep the shop free for folks to enter?" she testily exclaimed, whilst the unoffending locksmith hastened round, and meekly picked up his property.

"Is it you, Miss Stiffing? And how are you, ma'am?"

"Why, I'm as cranky as them there bell rests of yours, that's what I am," returned Miss Stiffing. "She have no more consideration than an owl, haven't my lady. Fancy her sending me slopping in my thin shoes through the beastly streets to-night!"

"Couldn't you have put on boots?" asked the blacksmith, sensibly.

"No, I couldn't. There! When one's dressed for the evening one doesn't want to be bothered changing shoes and boots. And you, White! why don't you have gas in your shop, like other Christians?"

"I can't afford it, Miss Stiffing. And I mostly work in the back room by candle light; the shop's so precious cold in winter. What can I do for you, miss?"

"I want a skeleton key."

"A skeleton key!" repeated the tradesman.

"Yes, a skeleton key. Is there anything so odd in that? If I had said a skeleton, you might have stared."

"What is it for?" he asked, scratching his head, and trying to remember whether the law allowed skeleton keys to be handed over indiscriminately to servants.

"Well, it's for my lady, if you must come to the bottom of everything. She goes and loses the key of the big cupboard, that stands in the recess by her bedroom door. 'Where's the key of that cupboard?' says she to me, this afternoon. 'My lady, it's in the keyhole,' says I. 'It's not,' says she; 'you just go and find it.' Well, upon that I call to mind that I had

put the key into her key-drawer only yesterday morning ; and I told her so. Of course she has gone herself and lost it."

"I daresay it's only mislaid," remarked the man.

"Nothing else in the world ; dropped down, perhaps, behind the furniture, or something of that, and will be found in the morning. I said so to my lady ; but no, not a minute's waiting will do for her. She must have the door open to-night, and off she sends me here for a skeleton key. 'I won't have the lock picked or damaged, in case the key does turn up,' says she. 'Tell White to send me a skeleton key, one that'll pick any lock of about that size, and he shall have it returned in a day or two.' And so off I came. And now, just look sharp, for I'd like to get back home to the fire."

"I'd have sent one of the men-servants."

"I dare say you would ; but you don't live under Lady Laura Carlton. If I told another servant to go when she had sent me, I might pack up my boxes. Is this the article ? It looks simple enough."

"It's simple enough, Miss," said the man, as he proceeded to explain its use. "And it's good night, and wishing you a pleasanter walk back again, Miss Stiffing."

"Which you must be an idiot to wish," irascibly returned Miss Stiffing. "Is the sleet and rain not falling incessant to make it beastlier instead of pleasanter !"

The young woman made her way home as speedily as circumstances and her shoes permitted. Lady Laura Carlton was waiting for her in her dressing-room, waiting impatiently, as might be seen. What project was in her mind that night, flushing her cheeks to emotion, and rendering her eyes restless ? Could it be that these external signs of agitation were caused by the simple mislaying of a key ?—and the key of a place that was not in particular request ?

"What a time you have been, Stiffing !" uttered she, as the maid entered.

"Time, my lady !" returned Stiffing, whose manner and voice, be it remarked, were subdued to meekness in Lady Laura's presence, whatever they might be out of it. "I went as quick as the sleet and the slush allowed me ; and this is what White has sent. Shall I open the place now, my lady ?"

"No," sharply answered Lady Laura. "It is time for my port-wine jelly."

Stiffing went down-stairs, muttering something about caprice, and brought up a small mould of dark jelly on a handsome glass dish, a glass plate and a tea-spoon. As she was putting the things on the sofa table before her mistress, Lady Laura looked at her.

"I cannot think how you could have been so carelessly stupid as to lose the key."

"All I can say is this, my lady, that I put it into that there key-drawer yesterday morning. I am as positive of it——"

"There, that will do, Stiffing," interrupted Lady Laura ; "it is of no use going over the old assertion again. You can go down and get warm after your walk. I shall not want you for at least an hour. When I do, I'll ring. And, Stiffing, you will not forget the injunction I gave you—to hold your tongue. I won't have the servants know that I admit skeleton keys into my house : it might teach some of them tricks."

Stiffing departed, saying she would remember : and she meant to keep her word. With all Lady Laura's exactions and caprice, she was a generous mistress, and the servants liked her. Stiffing made herself comfortable in the servants' sitting-room before a blazing fire. They seemed curious to know what had taken her out ; "O, only a little errand for my lady," was the indifferent answer. They were all shut up snugly enough there, and Judith was among them. Lady Jane was with Lucy, and Mr. Carlton had gone out.

The stairs were creaking—as stairs *will* creak when a stealthy footstep is upon them, and the house in silence. They were the back stairs, not the front ; and, cautiously descending them, a thick black silk scarf tied over her head, and a shawl muffled round her, to guard against cold, was Lady Laura Carlton, bearing the skeleton key. The stairs were dark, for those back stairs were never lighted, and she felt her way by the balustrades. They brought her in time to the cellar ; she groped her way through it, entered the room beyond, and struck a light. She struck the wax match and lighted the taper she had brought down from her writing table. Laura ! Laura Carlton ! what are you about to do ? To pry into your husband's private affairs, into things which he deems it fit and right to keep from you ? Take you care ; secrets, sought out dishonourably, rarely benefit the seeker.

She was not in a mood to take care. Had a very angel from heaven appeared to warn her against what she was doing, she had scarcely heeded it. In her present state of exasperation she cared not what the result might be. What precise secrets, or mementos of secrets, Mr. Carlton kept in that iron safe before her, she knew not ; her suspicions were entirely vague ; but the idea had taken possession of her that something or other might be ferreted out of it, and it was only her illness which had caused her to delay the search so long. Not that she supposed the contents of the iron safe would help

her in the particular suspicion she had taken up latterly : not at all. Though there was little doubt that the unwilling avowal regarding the likeness, drawn from Judith on the previous day, had contributed its quota to work her mind up to its present excited state of rebellion.

Is it not remarkable to trace the chain of events, so trivial in themselves, by which the detection of crime is sometimes worked out?—Twelve months before, an accidental circumstance had made Laura Carlton familiar with the use of a skeleton key: she attached no importance to the knowledge: how should she? and yet, but for that, she might never have opened, or thought to open, that safe in her husband's cellar.

She did open it now: readily; and she put the taper, in its elegant glass holder, to stand inside, while her eyes ranged over its contents. There were two shelves: the upper one appeared to be entirely filled with chemical apparatus, and the lower one partially.

Nearer to her hand there was a cash-box, locked; and there was a small note-case, not locked, for a very good reason—there was no lock on it.

Lady Laura took up the cash-box, rather a large one, and shook it: if it contained money, it must have been bank notes, for neither gold nor silver rattled. She put it down again, and opened the note-case. To describe her disappointment when she found it contained what she emphatically termed "rubbish," would be difficult. There were scraps of writing, Latin and Greek; there were some receipted bills of a by-gone date; there were various private memoranda, not of a nature to bear upon her jealous fears; there were two or three prescriptions bearing the names of celebrated physicians; there was a receipt for the compounding of "sherbet," and another for walnut catsup. In short, by the cursory glance afforded to Lady Laura in her haste, it appeared to contain neither more nor less than worthless scraps of paper.

She was closing it with a petulant gesture, when her eye fell upon an opening in the leather, and she found there was a pocket. Pulling it apart with both her hands, a note lay disclosed, nothing else, and she took it out.

"Lewis Carlton, Esq.," was the address, and Lady Laura thrust it into her pocket for private perusal at her leisure: but a sudden recollection flashed upon her, and she took it out again, to devour the address with her eyes. If ever she had seen the hand-writing of her sister Clarice, she thought she saw it then. But there was not time to satisfy herself, for she stood upon thorns, metaphorically speaking, and she returned it to her pocket.

She placed the note-case in its former position; she took the taper in her hand and held it so that its rays fell on the top shelf, but nothing was really there, save what concerned his profession; nothing else was on the lower shelf, save the cash-box, and some bundles of receipted bills. Lady Laura was thinking how much she should like to see the inside of the cash-box, when Mr. Carlton's voice on the stairs startled her.

Startled her pretty nearly into fits. What she did, in her terror, she scarcely knew. He was evidently coming down; had but halted momentarily to call out some order to one of the servants in the distance, or to the surgery boy. Instinct caused Lady Laura to gaze round for a hiding-place, and she espied a barrel in a corner. She blew out the light, grasped the crystal candlestick and the skeleton key, pushed to the safe door firmly, and crouched down between the barrel and the wall, her heart beating as it had never yet beat in all her life.

She would almost rather die than that he should discover her; for although she had not shrunk from committing the act, to be detected during its actual perpetration would be more than her pride could well endure. Laura was honourable by nature; yes, she was, however you may feel inclined to demur to the assertion, seeing what you do see. She hated meanness as much as ever did the late earl; and to be detected at *this*, to be caught in its actual perpetration, would be a blow to her self-esteem for ever. In that moment there flashed a faint view on her mind of the wrong she was committing, and how utterly unjustifiable was its nature.

Mr. Carlton came in, a candle in his hand. Drawing from his pocket a bunch of keys, he inserted one in the lock. But he found the lock was not fastened.

"Why—what the deuce!" he uttered, half aloud and in a careless tone, "did I leave it so?"

And then, as if a suspicion occurred to him, he turned and peered round the room. His wife could see it, and she felt sick nearly unto death, lest he should discern her.

But she cowered in the shade of the dark corner; moreover the clothes she wore were dark, and his eye passed her over. He next turned his attention to the lock, but could find nothing the matter with it. He then applied himself to the object which he had come for, which appeared to be his chemical apparatus, for he began moving the different things about on the top shelf, in order to get at a glass cylinder.

He held it in his hand, when the voice of

his assistant was heard, speaking down the stairs.

"Are you there, Mr. Carlton?"

"Yes," responded the surgeon. "Anything wanted?"

"That child at Tupper's cottage is taken worse; dying, they think."

"And the sooner it dies the better," was Mr. Carlton's rejoinder to himself, in a voice of pity. "I can't do it any good, poor little fellow, or ease its pain.—Who has come?" he called aloud.

"Only a neighbour," replied Mr. Jefferson. "Perhaps you would like to hear what she says."

"Coming," said Mr. Carlton.

He put down the cylinder, left the safe door open, and went up-stairs, intending, no doubt, to be back in a twinkling. As his footsteps died away, Lady Laura sprang from her hiding-place, and winged her flight up the stairs. She succeeded in gaining the top, the top of the cellar stairs, and she noiselessly stole round a corner which would take her to the others. A few paces from her was the surgery door, and she heard voices inside. At a time of less terror she might have stopped to listen, hearing where the messenger came from; but her own safety was above every consideration now, even above her jealous surmises. Arrived in her room, she sat there panting, not knowing whether she should faint or not.

She took some of the port-wine jelly, which still remained on the table, and leaned back in her easy chair to rest. After a while, when her heart had ceased to beat so violently, she rose from her chair, felt in her pocket, and drew something out of it.

It was the missing key, the key of the cupboard: had it been snugly reposing there all the time? What would Miss Stiffing have said? Lady Laura calmly unlocked the cupboard, leaving the door open, and then carried the key into her bedroom, and dropped it in a quiet nook on the floor, close to the key-drawer, where Miss Stiffing's eyes would be charmed with its sight the first thing in the morning.

She sat down to the fire again, and opened the note, the note whose superscription was in the handwriting of her sister Clarice. But ere she had well glanced at its contents she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Lady Jane.

"Lucy has got nicely to sleep," said Jane, after sitting some time, "and I think I shall go to bed. You do not want me this evening, Laura?"

"I don't want you," returned Laura, impatiently, wishing Jane had not disturbed her

before her curiosity was satisfied. "What do you want to go to bed at ten o'clock for?"

"I am feeling so very tired. My head aches, too. I am beginning, now that I am at ease as to Lucy, to feel the fatigue and anxiety of the past week or two. Good night, Laura."

"Good night," carelessly returned Laura, in a fever of impatience to get to her letter. "I shall be going to bed myself." But Jane had scarcely gone out when Mr. Carlton came in, and Laura had to crush the stolen goods into her pocket again.

He sat down wearily, opposite Laura. He had been very busy all day, and had now come from a hasty run to Tupper's cottage.

"How do you feel to-night, Laura?"

"Oh, pretty well," was Laura's answer; and the consciousness of the fraud she had been committing on him made her rather more civil than she had been of late. "You seem tired, Lewis."

"Tired to weariness," responded Mr. Carlton. "People are all getting better; but I'm sure it hardly looks like it, for they are more exacting than when they were in danger."

"You were not home to dinner, were you?"

"No; I am going to take something now. Should you not be in bed, Laura?"

"I don't know; I think I am tired of bed," she answered, fretfully. "I shall go presently."

He laughed pleasantly. "You are tired with having too little to do, I with having too much. Laura, I think we both want a change. It shall not be long now before we leave South Wennock."

He sat a few minutes longer and then went down-stairs. Laura once more brought forth her letter, and took the precaution to slip the bolt of the door.

"Perhaps I shall be at peace now!" she cried, in a resentful tone.

In peace to read it, so far; but certainly not in peace afterwards; for the contents puzzled her to torment. She turned it about, she read it twice, she studied the superscription, she compared it with the lines themselves.

And finally she came to the conclusion that the letter was not written to Mr. Carlton, although addressed to him, but to Mr. Tom West. And that Mr. Tom West had married Clarice.

(To be continued.)

THE CIRCASSIAN EXODUS.

WE must go back to a very distant period if we seek a parallel to the flight of the Circassians from their homes to a strange land. From hundreds it increased to thou-

sands, and from thousands to tens of thousands, and then to hundreds of thousands. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe stated at the meeting held at the London Tavern on the 8th of July, that the number of emigrants who had reached Turkish territory exceeded 300,000, and we have good authority for believing that the actual number who have fled from their homes exceeds 400,000; and that, unless the emigration is checked by the news of the sufferings their predecessors have undergone, this number will be still further increased. Anything like precision in the statements made on this point is, however, difficult of attainment; so much so, that we find Mr. Layard stating in the House of Commons, in reply to a question asked by a member of the House, that the estimates varied from 100,000 to 300,000; but he considered the probability was, the real number was about 150,000. Mr. Stevens, our consul at Trebizond, under date the 19th of the same month, says that 25,000 had been landed at Trebizond, and 40,000 at Samsoun; and that 200,000 more were expected, "whom the Russians are said to have insisted should leave their country before the middle of June." The Russians themselves said that the number of those who emigrated in March was 30,000, and that by the end of April there would be upwards of 100,000 more ranged at different points along the Russian coast between Anapa and Socha. The report to the Board of Health at Constantinople made by their officer, states that he found at Samsoun between 80,000 and 90,000 emigrants in the town and the encampments, who occupied every place where they could obtain the slightest shelter, and that in a few days this number would be doubled. This, be it remembered, referred to Samsoun alone, and there were sundry other places where they were stationed.

To transport such a multitude as this from Russian to Turkish territory would, under the best system, have been a work of great difficulty, and required a large number of transports; whereas the means at the disposal of the Turkish government were very limited. In addition to the transports they were able to engage for this purpose, they sent some vessels of war, which the Russian government permitted to come to their coast for the purpose, on the condition that they left their armament in Turkey. Lord Napier, in his despatch to Earl Russell, said that the Grand Duke Michael had asked and received authority to call to his assistance all the Russian vessels of war in the Black Sea, and as many merchant vessels as could be disposed of, for this duty, so as to provide better means of

transport for those who were still bent on leaving the country. This information was derived from the Russian Government in St. Petersburg; but the *Invalide Russe* goes beyond this, and says that the Russian Government had sent several vessels of war and transports, and also several private steamers it had chartered for the purpose. Besides which, it had given every encouragement to shipowners of all countries to send vessels to aid in the transportation of the emigrants to Turkish territory. Our Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs is again in collision with the Russian announcements. He says that Russia confined its assistance in this matter to sending four transports. The English Government likewise sent transports; but there is no doubt that all the means of conveyance employed were insufficient to remove them with the expedition desirable, or with a due regard to sanitary considerations; indeed some of these vessels became mere floating pest-houses.

It will enable us to form a better idea of the fearful mortality among these poor creatures, if we refer to what was the state of matters as described by our consul at Trebizond, in his despatches to Earl Russell, written in February last: "The quarters in the vicinity of the cemeteries are rendered uninhabitable owing to the careless manner in which the dead are buried, and the offensive consequences thereof; and whole families are abandoning their dwellings. The chief aqueduct which feeds the fountains of the town is tainted, a Circassian corpse having been found floating therein a few days ago. The streets and squares are in a wretched filthy condition, provisions are getting scarce and dear, and fuel is completely wanting, all which augments the misery, and tends to the spread of disease."

A recently published letter states the number of deaths to be 600 daily. To aggravate the miseries of disease, that of want of food, even of bread, was added; the fear of catching the disease causing the bakers to close their shops and fly from the pest-stricken town. The same dread caused all who were able among the inhabitants to do likewise; and some of those who could not leave the place, laid in a stock of provisions and shut themselves up as in a prison. Among the diseases which swept them off were small-pox, typhus fever, and dysentery. The account given by Dr. Barozzi in his report to the Board of Health at Constantinople of the state of things in this respect which he found at Samsoun at about the same time, is the most revolting that can be imagined, and more than confirms Mr. Stevens' statements. From the description he gives, we are led to believe that the emigrants are of an indo-

lent character, and have no regard for cleanliness. We must make great allowance for the acts of people brought to death's door by starvation; and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that, under such circumstances, they should conceal the bodies of those who had died, for the purpose of continuing to draw the scanty rations allowed to each individual a few days longer. For this, disgusting and dangerous as it was when the corpse was kept concealed in the tent among the living for days and days after it ought to have been underground, we can find some excuse; but there is a total absence of every feeling of decency and respect for the dead shown in the fact, that they rooted out the bodies of those who were buried for the sake of getting possession of the piece of calico which served as their shroud. They did not even take the trouble to put the bodies back into the holes from whence they had taken them, but left them exposed in the open fields. That fathers and mothers should have endeavoured to mitigate their own sufferings by the sale of their children, is only what might have been expected, considering that we have always been led to believe that it is from this source that the markets of the East are chiefly supplied; but if ever there was an excuse to be found for such conduct, it is in the present instance. Moreover, it was an act of mercy to the children, who were thereby saved from the privations to which their parents were subjected. To feed such an immense multitude as this day after day would exceed the resources of almost any nation. The Sultan has acted with great liberality, for out of his private purse he is said to have contributed 50,000*l.* Our Government sent them 600 tons of biscuit; and no doubt if this act were repeated again and again, public opinion would sanction this irregular appropriation of our stores; though, considering the sympathy expressed for the victims of Russian policy, the British public has not displayed its usual liberality.

On the 27th of May it was announced that a committee had been formed, consisting of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Shaftesbury, the Marquis Clanricarde, Mr. Oliphant, and several others, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions in aid of the Circassian exiles, and 2000*l.* have been sent already.

The disposal of such a vast number must necessarily be a work of time and extreme difficulty. A small number have been sent to serve with the Turkish troops in Syria; and a report was prevalent on the Continent that a convention had been signed between France and Turkey, according to which from 25,000

to 30,000 men were to be sent off straight to Algeria.

This statement has not been confirmed, and is indeed a very improbable one. It is not to be supposed that Turkey would enter into an engagement which would burden her with a multitude of helpless paupers; unless, indeed, the agreement provided that these men should be accompanied by their families; on this point, however, the continental journals are silent. A portion of the emigrants were billeted upon Turkish families, in the proportion of one Circassian family to four Turkish families.

This is naturally regarded by Sir Henry Bulwer as a most unsatisfactory arrangement; it is cheap, and that is all that can be said in favour of it; to the poor Turks it is intolerably oppressive. Forty thousand were sent to the shores of the Danube; but of these not less than six thousand are said to have died within three weeks, and the survivors are many of them absolutely destitute of covering, and almost starved to death.

The plan which Sir Henry Bulwer proposes is to settle the Circassians in the country which extends from the Black Sea towards Erzeroom; to hold it by a kind of military tenure. This plan he considers would be doubly beneficial—it would relieve the native agricultural population from a great part of the drain made upon them by the demands of the army, and would furnish the means of carrying out a work of great importance to the future prosperity of Turkey.

The work to which Sir Henry here refers is the construction of a road from Trebizond to Erzeroom. It is by this route that the commerce between the port of Trebizond and Central Asia, Armenia, and Persia is carried on; and anything more detestable can hardly be imagined. Supposing a good road to be made in accordance with our ambassador's suggestion, the increase of traffic would be prodigious; and no doubt would greatly increase our imports of manufactured goods into the countries it would traverse. Of course this proposition has been received by a portion of the foreign press as another instance of the far-sighted selfish policy of England, which not only looks forward to an increase of her trade which would result from its adoption, but to increased employment for her shipping, most of the commerce of the port with foreign countries being carried on in British ships. It is however constrained to admit that British selfishness is on this occasion in accordance with the interests of a very large number of people.

There is another consideration in connection

with this route which diplomatists may consider of some importance. Allusions have often been made with respect to the motives of the Russians for expelling the Circassians being associated with future designs on Persia and other countries in the direction of India. Whatever her ultimate designs may be, they do not at present appear to extend beyond an increased commercial intercourse. To this end the Russian government in the Caucasus, according to the Russian official paper, has, under the personal superintendence of the Grand Duke Michael, begun to open up communications between the Valley of the Kouban and the country on the opposite side of the mountains. The soldiery are employed in making roads, and there seems to be a desire to facilitate in every possible way the commercial intercourse between the Russian port of Poti and Western Asia. On this subject the *Journal des Debats* says, "The desire of Russia is to unite the Black Sea to the Caspian by a commercial route, so as to draw to the Russian port of Poti on the Black Sea the whole of the commerce which at the present moment has its centre at Trebizond; to ruin Turkey commercially by depriving it of the commerce between eastern Europe and western Asia, and at the same time to turn and weaken her military defences by occupying the whole coast of the Black Sea to the borders of Trebizond." Whether it is in hope of increased commercial intercourse, or dread of future aggression, the Persian Government had no sooner heard of the complete subjugation of the Caucasian tribes, than she sent an Ambassador Extraordinary to Tiflis to congratulate the Russian Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Michael, on his very great success.

With respect to the money that would be required to carry out Sir Henry's project, he proposes to raise it by a loan of 1,500,000*l.*, to be subscribed in England and France, the interest on which would not exceed 100,000*l.* a year; and as a guarantee for the payment of this interest, he proposes an assignment of the revenues arising from the commerce of the port of Trebizond. This proposition of his has been favourably received by our Government, and is supported by the French minister in Constantinople and the Minister for Foreign Affairs in France. It appears to possess the advantages of being wholly unobjectionable in itself, calculated to promote the prosperity of Turkey and of all nations trading with her, and quite feasible of execution; to say nothing of the incidental recommendation that its adoption is likely to defeat some of the calculations made by Russia with the view of

benefiting by the grievous wrong she has inflicted on a whole people.

Considering the moderation observed in the wording of official communications by English representatives, we may form a pretty clear idea of what our ambassador's feeling is with respect to the causes of the Circassian emigration. Sir H. Bulwer, writing from Constantinople under date of April 12, 1864, says:—

"The continued advance of the Russians in Circassia, and the ill-treatment experienced by the natives from the Russian troops, have led to an almost complete emigration from the country; 25,000 have already reached Trebizond, and others are endeavouring to escape in small boats at every risk. . . . The loss of life which is occasioned by their hazardous attempts to escape from their conquerors is shocking to humanity."

Lord Napier called the attention of the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the subject, and the reply he received from Prince Gortschakoff was, that the Imperial Government regretted, but could not help it; that it was absolutely necessary to remove them from their mountain fastnesses, but that a fair offer had been made to all of them to settle on lands in the plain, which they had rejected. She also proposed to those who were fitted for military service to enter the regular army or the militia. The term of enlistment was to be for four years, with the option at the end of that time of retiring from the service or of re-enlisting for a like period. They were to receive their clothing, rations, and so forth, like the Russians themselves, and on quitting the service they were to be exempt from imposts for the remainder of their lives. The pay was to be seventeen roubles a-year for a private, and thirty for non-commissioned officers.

The *Moscow Gazette* says the transportation (it uses the milder term of transplantation, as though it were speaking of cabbages or some other vegetable, and not of creatures of flesh and blood) of the Circassians, which is now being effected, is not at all the result of an inveterate and implacable hatred of the Russians towards these mountaineers. Every possible system has been tried in the Caucasus; they tried to attract the natives by commercial advantages, by heaping favours on the principal men of the tribes, and propagating civilisation among them; they strengthened the hands of the chiefs to maintain, by their intermediation, order among the nation; they introduced self-government, and tried to propagate the Mahomedan religion among them, but nothing succeeded.

"Then, and then only, did the Russian Government adopt the present system. After occupying the territory of such or such a tribe, it said to the natives, 'Betake yourselves to the plains, where you will have lands given to you among the Russian colonies, or else depart to any other part of the world you please, for you cannot remain here among your forests and mountains, because if we were to go away to-day you would take up arms again to-morrow.' Western publicists do not approve this system. Let them think what they will. We choose to adopt it because we have found it successful in putting an end to a war which seemed interminable. We grant that this emigration of whole tribes is an extraordinary phenomenon, and that it is more easy to attribute it to our cruelty than to seek for its real cause. Those who like may content themselves with this explanation."

The Invalide Russe does not imitate this defiant tone towards public opinion throughout Europe, but endeavours to excuse the conduct of the Government by attributing to the natives an obstinate hatred of Russia. It says, "The obstinate abuse of Russia persisted in for so many years, and the repugnance to remain under our rule which the tribes now departing to Turkish territory have manifested, relieve us, morally, from all care concerning them; nevertheless, considering the absolute submission they have recently expressed, and perceiving that they were really incapable of understanding their true interests, his Imperial Highness has deigned to take all possible measures to relieve their position." And within the last few days the same journal said, "It would be difficult to cite a State which has acted with greater disinterestedness and generosity than Russia has recently shown in the Caucasus."

If to attack villages and massacre every human being in them, sparing neither the old man nor the little child, neither the mother nor her whose infant was yet unborn; to cleave the heads of dead warriors from their bodies, and kick them through the streets as though they were rotten melons; to level huts with the ground, and make what had been the happy homes of a brave and gallant race an abode for wild animals and birds of prey,* are proofs of generosity and disinterestedness, then indeed Russia has manifested these qualities. But it is difficult to imagine what Russian journals are not capable of asserting when we find them, in the face of the overwhelming evidence possessed by every nation in Europe to the contrary, averring that "the situation

of the mountaineers on our coast is far from being as frightful as foreign journals represent; they are suffering from no calamity nor any privation other than those inseparable from emigration, and no epidemic malady exists among them besides small-pox, which was raging among them when they were living in their old homes." We find nearly the same statement attributed to the Grand Duke Michael in Lord Napier's despatch, and he says further, that the misery and disease among them did not begin until after they had landed on Turkish territory, and was due to the mismanagement of Turkish officials.

One great cause of the ease with which Russia has stamped out a warlike race, so powerful in point of numbers and so accustomed to war, is the disunion which prevailed among them. Wanting a chief capable of subduing all the numerous tribes in succession, and compelling them to unite in a combined resistance against the Russians, they frittered away their strength in conflicts with each other, and thus enabled the common enemy to reduce tribe after tribe. As in other mountainous countries, the people of which have been subjugated, this result could not have been achieved if they had not practised that most powerful aid to an invader, the exaction of blood for blood from each other. In the present case, in addition to this source of weakness, they had suffered much from famine, from the entire failure of their crops, and the murrain which swept away the greater part of their cattle.

Thoroughly to complete the subjugation of the wretched inhabitants who remained in the mountains, an organised invasion was made subsequent to that described at page 7 of the Papers presented to Parliament. In only one place did the Russians meet with resistance. They found the villages either desolate, or, where they were not completely so, the few who remained were making their last preparations for departure.

"At this moment," says the Invalide, vauntingly, "there does not remain in the Western Caucasus a single tribe which has not submitted to our rule, and consequently, Caucasian wars are no longer possible."

There appears to be no doubt that this assertion, at any rate, is undeniable, for Consul Dickson says that the desolation of the country is most expressively described by the local saying, that "even a woman might now-a-days travel from Soudjouk-Kalé as far as Anapa without fear of meeting a single human being."

The view which the Russians take of the result of their operations in the Caucasus is

* Vide Parliamentary Papers.

one of unmitigated satisfaction. In an order of the day issued by the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Caucasus, he says,—

“Soldiers of the Caucasian Army.—It is with sentiments of sincere pleasure, and of high esteem for your valour, that I congratulate you on the conquest of the Western Caucasus, and the termination of Caucasian warfare. By your intrepidity in battle, the unexampled endurance of fatigue and excessive privations, you have rendered an immense service to the sovereign and the country; neither the savage horrors of inaccessible mountain dens, nor the desperate resistance of their inhabitants, neither biting cold nor torrid heat, nothing has been able to resist your progress; during long years you have surmounted all without being discouraged, and you have attained the goal, in marking every stage with your sweat and blood.

“Let thanks be rendered to the All-Powerful, who has crowned your efforts! Glory and gratitude of the country to you, the conquerors of the Caucasus! Eternal honour to the memory of your fallen comrades at this happy and solemn moment!

(Signed) The Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Caucasus, Grand Master of the Artillery.

“MICHAEL.”

The Emperor sent Orders to the Grand Duke and those principally concerned in carrying out the military operations; a gold sabre, enriched with diamonds, with the inscription, “For having three times crossed the principal chain of the Caucasus,” falling to the lot of General Grabbe. A similar token of his acknowledgment was sent by the Emperor to the Grand Duke Michael's predecessor, Prince Alexander Bariatsky, together with an autograph letter thanking him for the services he had rendered in planning the scheme which had been successful in terminating a bloody war that had raged for a century and a half.

A grand religious celebration took place at Tiflis on the 21st of June, for the purpose of thanking the Almighty for crowning their efforts with victory. The principal functionaries took advantage of the opportunity to present their congratulations to the Grand Duke; the mayor presenting, in addition, a carved antique cross of cypress wood, containing relics of St. George the Martyr. After the termination of the religious service a solemn procession started from the Sion Cathedral to the tent prepared for the celebration of the *Te Deum*. This procession consisted of the Exarch of Georgia and a

number of the clergy, preceded by crosses and banners. Before, however, they commenced the thanksgiving, the Exarch delivered a congratulatory address.

At the conclusion of the address, the performance of the *Te Deum*, and the Grand Duke's reply, all the bells in the city rang out joyful peals, the soldiers shouted, and the artillery shook the town with repeated discharges.

Nor was this the only religious service held to testify the gratitude of the Russians for their victory. At Moscow, St. Petersburg, and elsewhere, similar solemnities were performed, and the most exuberant joy manifested. Thus, while their wretched victims were lying in herds of thousands, poisoning the very air about them with the exhalations from their festering bodies, the Russians were thanking God with more or less sincerity for their successes.

JOHANN ZOFFANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF “ONCE A WEEK.”

Calcutta, June 20th, 1864.

SIR,—In Part LVIII, page 402, of your miscellany, appears an interesting paper regarding the late Johann Zoffany, Esq., R.A., and his productions. In this notice of the great artist's paintings no mention is, however, made of a life-size picture, representing “The Last Supper,” presented by him as an altar-piece to St. John's Church, Calcutta, about the year 1795. This painting has deservedly been the admiration of many of our countrymen on visiting the Cathedral for the first time, but having, it is believed, been executed in India, its existence is not, perhaps, known “abroad,” and it is with the view of bringing it to the notice of “J. W. A.” and your readers at home that I address you. In this picture the calm and serene countenance of our Blessed Lord breaking bread, and the mild and confiding look of his favourite apostle resting on his bosom, contrast in a remarkable manner with the deep-set brows of Judas, and the anxious gaze of the other apostles, the whole pronouncing it to be the work of a master hand. Indeed, it could be said that a list of Sir Johann's productions would be incomplete were this picture to be omitted. Through the carelessness of native workmen the picture sustained some injury when the church was last under repairs, but with the assistance of Mr. Bennett, a local artist of some note, it has been restored to its original appearance.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

S. R. W.

LOVE'S ENDING.

Some years ago a marriage was arranged between Hans Steinman and Marguerite Bluhme. There was no disparity in their condition; Hans was a hunter, and Marguerite's father a labourer. Unhappily the latter, from imprudence or misfortune, became the debtor of a man named Dreihahn, who, being unable to get the money due to him, and having taken a great liking for Marguerite, proposed to cancel the debt, provided the girl's father would break off the marriage with Hans, and give his daughter to him. The bargain was agreed to with the consent of the girl, who probably thought a rich husband was better than a poor one. On the wedding day Hans forced his way into the house where the festivities were going forward, and invited the bride to dance with him. She was too frightened to consent or refuse, and looked to her husband to know what he wished her to do. He got up and appealed to the company to drive out the intruder, who thereupon raised his gun, and with the butt knocked him down, and then snatched the wreath from the bride's head, and walked away. The marriage, however, was far from being a happy one.

Dreihahn, from motives of jealousy, treated his wife very badly for upwards of five years, when a catastrophe occurred which removed her from his power. One Sunday evening, as she was returning from Murzsteg, where she had been to hear mass, she was met by a man at the entrance of a road which wound round the mountain, who remarked to her that she must be very careful, as the rail which guarded the path had been broken away for several yards; this, so far as is known, was the last time she was seen alive. Her husband, finding she did not return home, went to seek her, and supposing that some accident must be the cause, he requested several of his neighbours to go with him. The search lasted two days, until, at last, her body was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, partly covered with plants, and on her head her wedding wreath of rosemary, now all crushed and withered. Lying near her was the body of a man, who held the muzzle of a gun in his left hand, and in his right the end of a string, the other end being fastened to the trigger: he had been shot through the heart.

Though greatly changed by time, and more, probably, by mental anxiety, Dreihahn, who had never seen Hans since his wedding day, had no difficulty in recognising in the dead man, as he lay before him, weltering in his blood, his wife's young lover.

ONE HOUR.

A HEART as changeful as the skies,
A traitorous smile that feigneth bliss,
Are fit mates to deceitful eyes,
Fit mates to a deceitful kiss;
And these are yours, I know you well,
Your heart lies open like a book.
Is there no blot? Pray closely look,
You'll say that I have spoken well.

You sought to trap me by your gaze,
To bind me with your flowing hair;
I fluttered round your beauty blaze,
You longed to laugh at my despair;
I know you well—but let that pass.
Enough! You walk your road, I mine,—
I will not say you will repine,—
I am content, so let it pass.

Enough! Whose hopes are falsified?
Not mine: my heart shall never stoop
That your heart may be gratified:
Only weak hearts lie 'neath love's coop.
My love is strong, yea, strong and proud,
Your love is childish vanity,
And all the years which are to be
Will scarcely make it strong and proud.

If you had heard the bitter word
I murmured as I mused one morn,
Indeed, you then would have averred
That all my love had turned to scorn.
A quiet hour had made the change,
A quiet hour of gentle thought:
When it was flown I turned and wrote,—
“Thrice blessed hour that made this change.”

Hearts are not playthings, lady fair,
For you and yours to toss about,
'Mid rosy warmth and frosty air,
With many a childish mocking shout.
Well, live your life; but as you play
Your very vain and petty part,
Think not that many a foolish heart
Will long to watch you as you play.

But I will live a nobler life,
And I will love, with nobler love,
A heart which, firm 'mid storm and strife,
For ever longs its faith to prove.
Oh! may some blessed angel come,
And o'er you shed her blessed light,
Changing to morn your heart's black night;
Oh! may this blessed angel come.

That you may know how rich is love,
And how these riches come to all;
Like slow, soft snowflakes, from above,
Like rose-leaves falling, love-thoughts fall.
That you may curse your by-gone days,
And scatter cypress o'er their grave,
And weep, and, maybe, vainly rave,—
“Come back again, ye by-gone days!”

That great Experience, truest friend,
Who soothes our sorrows, lays at rest
The cares that with our fortunes blend,
May fold you gently to his breast,
May speak of all the days to come,
And point the path where flowers abound,
Sweet-sleeping, and with sunbeams crowned.
Oh! walk that path in days to come. J. M. H.

A SUMMER DAY AT ST. ALBAN'S.



The Abbey Church, St. Alban's.

STRANGE as it may sound to the ears of our readers, we know well an ancient and venerable town, scarcely twenty miles distant from London, many of whose inhabitants had never seen a railway train or a steam engine in the latter half of this nineteenth century. Nor is this town an ordinary town; in former times it might well have challenged the name of a city; nearly nineteen hundred years ago it was known to the Roman occupiers of this island as Verulamium, but for the last fifteen centuries it has been re-christened St. Alban's, after the first British martyr, Alban, who suffered death just outside its walls in the perse-

cution of the heathen emperor Diocletian. It was only in the summer of 1858 that a branch line of railway was opened from Watford to St. Alban's, thus bringing the venerable city within the reach of modern influences. So strange was the sight, that a resident assured us that for several weeks after the line was first opened the departure and arrival of each train was greeted by the astonished Verulamians with cheers and shouts of admiration, and that it was only gradually that the excitement subsided.

From this fact our readers will very justly infer that St. Alban's is not only an old town,

but an old-fashioned one ; and it will be doing it no injustice to confess that, as towns now go, it does strike the visitor as somewhat behind the age. The straw plaiting, it is true, keeps the hands of its young women and its children busy ; still there are but few signs of life in its streets ; its shops, its market, its inns, measured by the present standard of excellence within twenty miles of our great metropolis, are certainly far from first-rate, and if the grass does not actually grow in its streets, it is not because the busy feet of commerce keep it down.

Yet there is one feature in St. Alban's which is far from second-rate—we mean its grand old abbey, which frowns, or rather smiles, down so calmly on the roofs of the town below, and looks across the little river, the Ver, upon the gray massive ruins of ancient Verulamium in the green meadow beyond. So we thank the railway after all for having opened up to the London excursionist and rural visitor one of the most delightful fields for summer rambles.

The ancient city which the Romans named Verulamium, and modern historians have shortened into Verulam, stood on the south-west side of the Ver, a river which seems in those days to have been of far greater size than now, when it will scarcely do more than turn a mill, for antiquaries tell us that a ship's anchor has been found imbedded in its mud. Be this, however, as it may, two thousand years ago it was an important British city, and the seat of the princes of the Cassii, and there are not wanting zealous partisans who claim for its foundation an earlier date than for that of London. Some British coins, it is well known, bear on them the letters VER, and Camden supposes, with a great show of probability, that they were coined at Verulam.

As soon as the Romans got possession of the southern and central parts of Britain, we find Verulam promoted to the dignity and privileges of a *municipium*—a proof that it was already a place of some importance, though, no doubt, it owed its advancement to the zeal with which it had furthered the interests of its new masters—

Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.

But the same zeal which helped on its material prosperity would seem to have aided in working its fall, for we read that after laying London and Maldon (*Camalodunum*) in ruins, Boadicea wreaked her vengeance on Verulam, whose riches, according to the historian, Tacitus, were one great cause why the Britons attacked it, passing by other military outposts of equal or even greater importance for the "loot" and plunder which they knew that

they should find within its walls. But the success of Boadicea was not lasting ; the victory achieved by Suetonius over her ill-disciplined forces gave the final victory to the southern invaders, and Verulam gradually recovered a large portion of its former splendour.

But the fame of Verulam was largely increased by the martyrdom of Albanus, or Alban, a Roman soldier, who, having suffered during the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, A.D. 303, was enrolled by the Church in her catalogue of martyrs as St. Alban. The story of his death is thus told by Alban Butler, his namesake, the well-known Roman Catholic hagiologist.

Albanus was a Roman by extraction, but a native and an eminent and wealthy citizen of Verulam, who, struck with horror at the cruelties which were perpetrated on the Christians, gave shelter to Amphibalus, a Christian preacher, who had fled to his house for refuge. Edified by the faith and piety of Amphibalus, he became a Christian, and when the heathen soldiers came to his house in search after their prey he changed clothes with Amphibalus, and, allowing him time to effect his escape, presented himself to the soldiers as the object of their inquiry. He was bound and led off to the judge, who happened just then to be sacrificing to his idols. When he saw Alban he was very angry at the fraud which had been practised on him, and commanded his prisoner to sacrifice to the gods. Albanus refused, and the Roman judge ordered him first to be scourged and afterwards to be beheaded on a hill just outside the town. The legend runs that so eager was Alban for the honour of martyrdom that, the little bridge being too narrow to admit the crowds which flocked to the place of his execution, the waters of the Ver were parted at his entreaty, just as the waters of the Red Sea had been parted by the rod of Moses, and that the executioner, converted by the miracle, threw away his sword, and fell at Alban's feet, praying to be allowed to become a Christian and to die with him. The confessor," adds A. Butler, "went on with the crowd up the hill, which was a pleasant spot, covered with several sorts of flowers, about five hundred paces from the river. There Alban fell upon his knees, and at his prayer there sprung up a fountain, with the water whereof he quenched his thirst. A new executioner being found, he struck off the head of the martyr, but immediately lost both his eyes, which fell out of their sockets upon the ground at the same time. Together with Alban, the soldier who had refused to imbrue his hands in his blood, and had declared himself a Christian, was beheaded. . . . Many of the spectators were con-

verted to the faith upon the spot, and followed the holy priest who had converted St. Alban into Wales, to the number of a thousand, but were all cut to pieces by the idolaters. . . . These miracles of stopping the river and of the rising of the spring at the spot where Alban was beheaded are expressly mentioned by Gildas, Bede, and others.*

The scene of these events was called Holmhurst; in after times it came to be styled Derswold Wood, and forms part of the site of the present town of St. Alban's. A local tradition identifies a field about 150 yards distant from the east end of the abbey church as the spot where Alban shed his blood, but most probably the abbey covers the scene of his sufferings.* The martyr died in A.D. 303, and within little more than a quarter of a century, in the reign of Constantine, a splendid church was built close to the scene of his sufferings, and was rendered illustrious, if we believe the legend, by many great miracles. The pagan Saxons destroyed this edifice; but Offa, king of the Mercians, in atonement for the misdeeds of his past life, raised another church there about 790, together with a great monastery, and endowed them with ample possessions. Several popes honoured the abbey with singular privileges and exemptions, and all the lands which belonged to it were freed from the infliction of having to pay the Romescat, or Peter's Pence.

But it is time that we paid a visit to the abbey as it now stands. From the railway station we cross the river Ver on terra firma, like the martyr, only with the trifling difference of having a bridge to carry us over. We then ascend a somewhat sharp hill, at the top of which we easily find our way through a passage on the left hand to the grand point of attraction, the abbey church, which stands in a most commanding situation, and really forms a most conspicuous object from all parts of the surrounding neighbourhood. Its external appearance, when viewed from a distance, is very dignified and imposing; but this effect is marred to some extent upon a nearer view, owing to the rude confusion of colour produced by irregular mixture of Roman tiles, flints, bricks, and stones which compose its walls, and whose rugged outlines give the whole fabric an air of dilapidation which is really untrue. The tower, taking it all together, looks the most perfect portion of the whole, owing to its having been covered by a substantial coat of plaster, portions of which have of late years fallen off, thus giving

a striking variety of colour to the fabric, which is constructed to a very great extent out of the ruins of Old Verulam.

The general outline of the external features of the abbey is thus described in a local guide-book:—

"The battlements are of later date than the lower portion of the tower, which is divided by bands into three stages; the uppermost exhibits two double windows on each side (latticed) having semi-circular arches, ranging beneath a large semi-circular arch; in the spandril between the large and smaller arches, and also above the former, are various diamond-shaped apertures, evidently constructed to give issue to the sound of the bells, which are hung in this compartment of the tower. Below the windows, in the middle division, are four double semi-circular arched openings on each side, which admit the light into a narrow passage formed in the walls; these also have larger semi-circular arches above them, and every double opening has a thick heavy column in the centre. In the stage beneath these are eight windows, which admit the light into the lantern.

"Along the upper part of the south and north walls of the nave extends a range of narrow pointed arches, of early English date, reaching to the transept; these appear to have been altered into this form, from round arches, and opened as windows; in the aisles below, the windows are few and irregular. The whole eastern part of the church is furnished with plain battlements; the buttresses are strong and massive. The south-east side displays some remains of elegant flying buttresses, which rose from the aisles to the upper part of the choir, the windows of which are pointed. The chapel of the B. Virgin (now used for the Grammar School), exhibits some beautiful architecture, in the forms and ornaments of its windows, all of the early decorated style; but most of these have been mutilated, and are miserably patched and disfigured. The east end of the choir, and the extremities of the transept, are terminated by octagon turrets, rising above the roof, and embattled; two or three of these are of the Norman era; but the others are of subsequent date. On the opposite sides of the north doorway are two well-sculptured leaves, worthy of remark, perhaps, inasmuch as they form the capitals of pillars, without any other band or moulding.

"The principal entrance is at the west end, beneath a projecting porch, opening by a high pointed arch, supported on massive buttresses, and ornamented with several mouldings; the outermost moulding rests on two human heads

* The latter theory is strongly supported by the fact that there have been several successive buildings all on the same spot, the first (called, by Matthew of Paris, *Ecclesiola*) immediately after the martyrdom.

greatly mutilated. Above the arch are shields displaying the arms of Offa, *three crowns*, and the abbey arms, *azure, a saltire or*. The inside of the porch has been elegantly ornamented with pointed and trefoil arches, sustained on clustered pillars of Purbeck marble, some of which have capitals of foliage, and others of the upper parts of angels, but much defaced. In the centre are three pillars clustered, with a pointed arched doorway on each side, having three pointed arches above. The doors are of oak, finely carved into trefoils, quatrefoils, roses, finials, and other ornamental forms."

Those who would desire to find a more technical and elaborate account of the architecture of St. Alban's Abbey, should study the interesting volume of Messrs. Buckler on that subject. They show good reasons for believing that the west end of the nave was adorned with two towers, and that the central tower, which now stands, was surmounted by a lofty octagonal lantern.

One cannot but own that the vast dimensions of the fabric in point of length,* combined with the simplicity of its plan, render St. Alban's Abbey one of the most striking edifices in the kingdom, even to an eye which is utterly inexperienced in the details of Gothic architecture. But for the student of ecclesiastical art it has an additional charm in the fact that in it is to be found exemplified every era and style of architecture, from the earliest Norman down to the decadence which marks the age of the Tudors. In this respect it has been a complete school of art for the numerous restorations of pointed architecture which the spirit of the age has effected. Nor is it only in modern days that it has served this purpose, it is from the stone screens which bound the choir and ante-choir within, that William of Wykeham took many of the details of his plans for the chapels of New College and Magdalen College at Oxford. Perhaps the most beautiful portion of the entire fabric is to be found in the tall and admirably proportioned windows of the Lady Chapel and the adjoining buildings at the east end, where the graceful and delicate outline receives an additional charm from the exquisite colours of the brick and stone which are employed, and which present a singular contrast to the bare and massive contour of the nave and the transepts as a whole.

But, indeed, it is no wonder that such great

cost and labour were spent upon the fabric, when we remember that the Abbot of St. Alban's was one of the nine-and-twenty dignitaries of that degree who sat in the House of Lords as Peers of Parliament before the dissolution of religious houses, and that, as A. Butler assures us, "the Abbot of St. Alban's, however newly appointed he might be, always took in Parliament the first place among the mitred abbots, while the others sat according to the seniority of their summons, in virtue of a precedence granted to the house in A.D. 1154 by Pope Adrian IV.," who, as Nicholas Brakespear, began his religious life by becoming a brother in this monastery.

From the days of Offa to those of the Reformation, forty abbots here held sway, of whom the earliest was Willegod; the thirty-eighth (and, to all intents and purposes, the last), was Wolsey. The great cardinal and minister of state, however, never honoured his abbey by a visit, being content with receiving the income accruing therefrom; after his death, Henry VIII., who was breaking up all the religious houses in the kingdom, put in as abbots two creatures of his own—Robert Cotton, who lived to enjoy his honours only eight years—and Richard Boreman, who surrendered the abbey to the king, by whom it was destroyed. But the mayor and burgesses of the town retained so strong an affection for the fine old building, that they raised a sum of 400*l.*, which they made over to Henry, in consideration of the abbey church being left standing, and it then became the parish church of St. Alban's.

Entering the venerable building by the great western porch, we are struck, as at Winchester, with the great length of the interior; which, though once adorned with rich decorations, is now what one might expect, a long bare empty nave.

A stone in the pavement is pointed out as the place where once stood the shrine of St. Alban, and where miracles are said to have been performed through his influence. The most singular object is a flight of stone steps leading down to a vault, the door of which is kept open, though an iron gate prevents the curious from entering; through the gate we perceive what are said to be the bones of the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, whose dinner-parties for centuries have passed into a proverb. The magnificent sepulchre to his memory was erected in the time of Abbot Whethamsted, whom Mr. Gough has styled, in allusion to his architectural skill, "the Wykeham of his time." The sepulchre was richly painted and covered with niches, which were filled with exquisitely carved statues, some of which, supposed to represent the ancient kings of

* Till lately it has been supposed to be 600 feet long, and 3 feet longer than Winchester Cathedral; but careful measurement has shown it to be only 545 feet from east to west.

Mercia, are still standing. The body of the Duke himself was discovered in the year 1703 in the vault below. "It was lying in pickle in a leaden coffin, carefully enclosed in another of wood. Since that period the skeleton has been rudely handled, bone after bone having been purloined by the curious, till very few remain. On the east end of the wall of the vault was painted on a tablet a crucifix, with four chalices to receive the blood which drops down from its wounds, while a hand from the left corner touches a scroll or label inscribed, 'Blessy'd Lord, have mercy on me.' " The access to this vault is secured by a trap door. Against the wall at the east end of the south aisle is an inscription in Latin, to the Duke's memory, recording his good deeds, both at Oxford and elsewhere, and his fall by the wiles of a woman.

The abbey is very rich in other monuments of a singular description. The most remarkable are those which commemorate Abbots Wheathamsted and Ramryge, both of which are enriched with heraldic devices, which, if they were not so ancient, would be set down as punning on their venerable names in a very vulgar way—being profuse in ears of corn and heads of rams, intermixed with dragon's heads, the abbey arms, and a representation of the martyrdom of Amphibalus. But in order to do justice to these relics of the past, we ought to have brought down with us one of the Kings of Arms, or a Pursuivant from Heralds' College at the least.

Among the other celebrated persons who are said to have been buried here is Sir John Mandeville, a learned physician, who was one of the earliest of English travellers in foreign parts, and one of the first writers of English prose. He is said to have spent no less than thirty-four years in his tours abroad, and to have visited not only Africa, but also the eastern and northern parts of Asia; a vast exploit, it must be remembered, for a man who died in 1371, nearly five hundred years ago, and whose results, therefore, it would be scarcely fair to compare with those of the Belzonis, the Spekes, the Livingstones, the Barths, and the Burtons of more recent ages.

In different parts of the church some fine specimens of mural painting have been discovered, or rather uncovered, from time to time, on removing coats of plaster from the walls. A narrow staircase leads up to the large central tower, from the top of which an extensive view is obtained, but the ascent is neither agreeable, nor advantageous to ladies' dresses.

It ought to be mentioned here that, if many

of the monasteries in England were haunts of indolence, the Benedictine fathers and brothers of St. Alban's would seem to have been a marked exception. Their Scriptorium or Writing Room was in those days to the neighbourhood very much what the new Reading Room at the British Museum is to Londoners of our own day. It is well known that within the walls of the abbey some of the earliest books in this and other languages were printed, including the celebrated "Boke of St. Albans," Dame Juliana Berners' "Treatise on Hunting and Hawking."

Closely adjoining the west end of the nave stands the heavy and gloomy gateway of the old abbey, in all the original massiveness of the reign of Richard II. It is still used, as it was before the Reformation, as a prison for the Liberty and Borough of St. Alban's. The great gateway is surmounted by an early pointed arch, and its roof is groined and otherwise ornamented. The large extent of the courtyard belonging to the abbey may be traced from the scattered fragments of walls which once stood round the inclosure. Just before the abbey gateway is a triangular plot of ground now used as a cemetery, which is traditionally called Romeland, on account of having been, in August, 1555, the scene of the martyrdom of George Tankerfield at the stake, by order of Mary's ministers, for reading the scriptures and publicly expounding them. Inside the gateway, at the bottom of what is now called the Abbey Field, but was probably the convent garden, stands a very singular and picturesque octangular building, close by the water side. In the olden time, no doubt, it served as the boat-house or a part of the mill of the monastery; but it now is profanely turned into a public-house. It is from a spot close by this building that our sketch of the abbey above is taken.

Before bringing his "summer day's ramble" to a close, we would recommend the tourist to pay a visit to the Old Clock House in the town, to Sopwell Priory ruins, to the walls of Old Verulam, and to St. Michael's Church. In the latter is the "*sic sedebat*" monument of Lord Bacon, of which, and of the adjoining park of Gorbambury, we have given a full account in these columns.* The Clock Tower is described in one of the local guide-books as follows:—

"The origin and purpose of this very ancient tower are now quite unknown; and the various traditional accounts of it have probably arisen merely from conjecture, but it is generally thought that such a building existed prior to the ruins of Verulam. The

* See vol. VII., p. 276.

traditional account generally given is that two females of the city of Verulam having wandered to where St. Alban's now stands (it being then a wood), they were benighted, and from the site of the present building first descried a light, which enabled them to retrace their steps; and in order to prevent the recurrence of such an event, to themselves or others, they caused a high tower to be erected, from whence might be more easily ascertained the way out of the wood. Another account is, that it was built for the purpose of a watch tower, to give an alarm on the approach of an enemy towards the city.

"It consists of a high square tower, formerly embattled, constructed of flint pebbles; in the interior is a stone staircase, at present in a very ruinous state. The lower part is occupied as a dwelling-house. On the top of it, during the war with France, was placed a telegraph, communicating with Yarmouth and the Admiralty, but the telegraph has been taken down. In the upper part of the tower is a bell of about a ton weight, which has been appropriated to various uses; in times past, it was rung at four o'clock in the morning to call apprentices to their work, and at eight in the evening for them to leave off; it was anciently used as a curfew, or *courefeu* bell; but it is not now used for either of those purposes, but merely as an alarm bell in case of fire, and in consequence is termed the fire bell. It is said that Roger de Norton 'caused a very large and deep-sounding (*sonorosissima*) bell to be made and hung up, to be struck every night at the time of curfew,' which probably was the bell alluded to. Upon it is the following inscription, in church text, and also a Roman cross, viz. :—

De Missi Celis Habto Nomen Gabrielis.

"The town clock is placed in this tower, and strikes upon the skirt of the above bell. The frame in which it was hung is extremely decayed," says the local guide-book, "and the iron-work attached to it much corroded by rust, but it has recently been restored." We may add that measures are now being taken for restoring the Clock Tower to its original state.

About half a mile south-east of the abbey, in the meadows near the Ver, stand the ruins of Sopwell, but they are so imperfect that the plan of the convent can hardly now be traced. The nuns who occupied it were Benedictinesses, and among its lady abbesses was Dame Juliana Berners, of whom we have already spoken. It is said that Sopwell was the scene of the private marriage of Anne Boleyn with Henry VIII., who somewhat ungratefully bestowed the convent buildings on

a courtier, Sir Richard Lee, from whom it passed eventually, after sundry changes, into the hands of the present Earl of Verulam.

A walk of half a mile along the banks of the Ver will conduct our visitor, by way of the boat-house already mentioned, to the ruins of Verulamium. Built as the city was on the old Watling Street which led from London to the north, it is not to be wondered at that, even in the desolation of their present ruined state, they bear on their fronts abundant testimony that they were erected at a date as early as the commencement of the Christian era, though any inquiry as to their locality addressed to the country people, is generally met by a vacant stare of wonder and ignorance, which shows that our English rural population is far less poetical than practical.

But alas, when we arrive at Verulamium, how shattered are all our previous bright imaginings! The red brick carcasses of five small cottages and those huge masses of grey stone all overgrown with ivy, do these constitute all that remains of the once great Roman town? Did Caius, and Lucius, and Publius, and Marcus, and Quintus, inhabit these miserable hovels? The floors are overgrown with weeds, the walls are dilapidated and roofless, yet still it is somewhat strange to remember that the Romans, whom we know only in history, were actually living men and women when these walls were built, just the same as we who now look at them, after nearly two thousand years, are living men and women. And perhaps that archway in the long wall attracted the eyes of Julius Caesar, in the same way that it now attracts the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith. It is almost needless to add that Roman coins and pieces of tessellated pavements have been found in Verulamium in great abundance, and that antiquaries have discovered *in situ*, close to St. Michael's Church, the entire outlines of a Roman amphitheatre. These remains were opened some few years since under the auspices of the St. Alban's Archæological Society, but, having lain open for a time, were filled in again. Perhaps the day will come when we shall see exhumed the ancient *thermæ*, and the floors of Roman mansions, as has been the case at Wroxeter; and let us hope that, if such a day should come, the necessary researches may be carried on with as much public spirit as success.

The view of the abbey from this point is not to be surpassed in grandeur. Messrs. Buckler, in their interesting work on the abbey,* write as follows :—

"We may view in imagination, from

* A History of the Architecture of the Abbey Church of St. Alban's." By I. C. Buckler and C. A. Buckler.

among the lingering relics of the walls of Verulam, the old abbey in the full glory and perfection of its buildings on the opposite hill, the long slope of which, from the summit to the very edge of the little river which washed the base of its outer wall, was covered to a wide extent with the quadrangles, the gateways, the chapter-house, the halls, the towers, the turrets, and every variety of form and feature suitable to the position and destination which they held in the systematic arrangement of the entire plan. Above all this goodly array of architecture arose, as its crowning feature, the stupendous abbey church in its full proportions, with its three noble towers, the central one augmented in height and in beauty of appearance by its lofty octagonal lantern tower and tapering pinnacles."

In 1856, a public meeting of the nobility and gentry of the county was held at St. Alban's, to take into consideration the best means of obtaining a bishop of St. Alban's. Mr. G. Gilbert Scott made a careful survey of the abbey, and furnished a thorough report as to the state of the building. He estimated that the sum of 18,000*l.* would suffice to put the abbey into thorough repair, and fit it as a cathedral. It was determined to petition the Government on the subject, and make the offer on the part of the county to supply the cathedral, if Government would give the bishop. A committee was formed, of which a deputation had an interview with Lord Palmerston, but his reply was not favourable, and the subject gradually dropped. About 4,000*l.* has, however, been laid out in substantial repairs, and a very fine new organ has been erected.

As we quit the ruins and wander back in meditative mood towards the station by the meadows below the old abbey, and look up at its tower as it stands out in relief against the evening sky, the thought comes up once and again, why is not this noble abbey restored in a style worthy of its ancient grandeur, and erected into a bishop's see? The diocese of London has already grown far beyond the powers of a single individual to manage carefully: then why should not the rural districts of Middlesex be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of London, and joined to Hertfordshire, and made into a separate diocese with St. Alban's for its see? Is it too much to hope that the necessary funds, both for the fabric and for an endowment, would be forthcoming in six months from private and public sources, if Her Majesty should be advised to create at Verulam a new episcopal see, as was done at Ripon in 1836, and at Manchester even more recently?

E. WALFORD.

HOW TO DEAL WITH OUR LONDON POOR.

I AM a clergyman's wife, residing in a parish of the N.W. District, and consequently I have some experience of parochial visiting and the feelings and habits of the London poor. Some little time ago I read with much interest a well written paper, entitled "How to Deal with our Rural Poor," in one of the earlier numbers of *ONCE A WEEK*.* The writer there conveyed several useful hints as to the treatment of the poor in our country villages at the hands of those who are among them as masters and friendly neighbours, and therefore I venture to note down a few remarks on the condition of my own people, and a few ideas which have dawned upon my mind bearing upon their interests.

Those who have visited much among the London poor must have often been disconcerted at their inability to reform and redress the sufferings of a family where there are a bad father and sickly mother, and several young children, all demanding, in both a bodily and spiritual sense, such relief as will preserve them from starvation. In our own parish we have a goodly band of district visitors, acting under the countenance and guidance of our clergy. These distribute tickets for money, meat, and bread, according to the exigencies of the several cases, and their services are essential to the supervisors of our London districts, both as spiritual assistants and as almoners of our local charity. But yet these cannot do all that could and might be done for the poor. Money and food will pay the back rents and sustain the body, but how are they to clothe the poor little shivering children in winter, or in long sickness, when rags are pawned for the rent and food and firing, work being slack or at a standstill for weeks together, and any means of livelihood precarious? From all I have seen and the conversations I have held with our poor women, I have come to the conclusion that we can materially assist large families by a simple method, devised at little expense to us women, one which involves the *clothing of these large families by one hour's needlework in our own homes.*

We have in most, if not in all, of our London parishes working committees once a week or once in a month; but there is a very large proportion of well-disposed girls and older persons among the higher classes who do not care to attend them. Home occupations and party prejudices sometimes deter them from joining this sisterhood of labourers; but I believe these young women would gladly contribute their needlework to the benefit of the poor did

* See vol. VII., p. 64.

they but know *how to set about it*. It is more especially to them and others who are not able to visit the hovels of the London poor that I would submit the consideration of my little plan, one which has at least the merit of having been found to work well in practice.

It is not necessary, let me tell my lady readers, to buy all the materials for clothing the poor. Only a small outlay is requisite, and it need not exceed a couple of pounds yearly. In the first place, you can tell your linendraper who usually supplies you with calico, printed cambrics, &c., to procure some cotton patchwork. This is sold by the pound, and is not very expensive. In addition to these pieces, he will probably, at your request, permit his assistants to save some of the fag ends. These fag-ends are the beginnings and ends of all manufactured goods, such as calicoes, cambrics, flannels, &c. In many cases they serve to show the name of the manufacturer, or the number for future orders, or the quantity of yards in each piece, and though perfectly useless to the shopkeeper, will be of great service in making clothes for the poor.

If you tell him you require them for a charitable purpose, he will doubtless put with them any small pieces of faded goods he may have that would be useless to any one else. Remnants of all sorts for little frocks and coloured petticoats can be purchased at a most reasonable price, wherever you may deal. I recommend you to work solely on childrens' clothing, as these fag-ends will seldom serve for larger garments. Little hands, moreover, might become coarse and expand (which is not desirable) over rougher and larger work, like womens' aprons and flannel petticoats. Those can be made at our Dorcas meetings, and sold or given away upon a regular organised system. The list and strips of flannel which you will find among these pieces make beautiful flannel petticoats, and I know that they last as long as those made out of a piece. In the patchwork which you buy you will find good-sized patterns of cotton print, many of them of the same size and cut evenly. These make up splendid counterpanes for old women. They should be neatly run together and the hems or edges herring-boned. I consider this tidier and prettier than the old fashion of sewing the bits together and leaving raw edges on the wrong side. When completed, the whole looks very neat and pretty, and requires no lining. If you prefer a lining, it must be a loose one, of thin calico or holland, as it is difficult to wash patchwork counterpanes with a thick quilted lining, and I know the poor old women find them too heavy to wash when made up in this fashion.

The prettiest work of all is the flannel petticoats. These should be made thus :—The strips of flannel should be run together and herring-boned down on the wrong side, like the counterpanes. When completed they are very neat. The stripes in the flannel make them look pretty and compact, particularly if run together with taste. The strips must be run round and not downwards. One strip and a half will make the circumference of a small petticoat. An unpleasant odour will be at first scented in the new flannel ; this can be remedied by placing a tablet of almond soap among the flannel strips a day or two before you touch the work. A little fluff may also fall upon your dress in the course of this needlework. I would, therefore, recommend you to wear for the time a large linen apron, which will protect your things from everything obnoxious in this respect. A young child at the same time might sit at your side and tear up waste clean paper for the mattresses and pillows for the poor.

These mattresses, when well made, serve as admirable beddings for the sick and infants among the poor, who have often nothing better than sacks filled with shavings to lie upon. They should be made thus :—The paper must be torn up into a basket which will not tip over. It must first of all be folded, and then be torn towards one's self, in the seams, into strips ; each strip should be torn into bits no larger than half a postage stamp. One thing is necessary to be observed in this part of the work—the paper must never be torn double, and each bit must drop separately into the basket. There will be lumps for ever in the pillow or bedding should you neglect this caution. I have found out to my cost that, though you may shake the basket of bits, when they are thrown in doubled together they don't divide, and you put lumps into the case of linen or ticking, or whatever you prefer for the same pillow or mattress. No bits with sealing wax or gum upon them, such as some portions of an envelope, should ever be dropped in, neither any coloured paper, because poisons are now and then used in their tints by the manufacturers, in the same way as arsenic is employed in the colouring of green muslin. I have been told by a good authority in the matter that newspaper stuffing is healthy, on account of printers' ink being peculiarly wholesome. For my own part I should prefer a pillow or mattress made of one sort of paper, either all newspaper and printed forms, such as circulars and clean old book sheets, or letter paper. Your friends might tear up their letters which they do not wish to preserve, and contribute with advantage to your waste-paper

basket. Save the half blank sheets of letters ; these are useful to the poor for the making out of bills and for occasional correspondence with absent relations.

At a trifling expense a few little chimney ornaments may be purchased at the Portland Bazaar or elsewhere for the amusement of some of the decrepid old people. The poor are strangely fond of these toys, as also of rude pictures of sacred subjects. Pictures out of old books, cut out and pasted on a yard of holland, bound with tape, and rolled up and fastened with a button and buttonhole, will be a boon to many a poor child as well as mother. I am desirous of impressing upon those who feel willing to work in concert with others and myself, according to our simple plan, the necessity for this sort of needlework in many districts. Money and food tickets sustain the body, but don't clothe the shivering infants. Mothers have no time to make clothes for their little ones ; and poor parents, I may say, have generally large families. The little creatures wear out their clothes as fast as and faster than our own children do theirs. They require continual washing, mending, and making for. How is it possible for the mothers to work for bread and make up coats for eight in family at the same time, "with one pair of hands," as is their own expression, "to do it all?"

The larger part of the poor women in London get a living by charing and laundry work. The wages of the husband will not pay the six shillings rent for two rooms, and the schooling of two or three boys and girls, and "keep the wolf from the door" as well. The wife, then, must go out to work also. A mechanic, working for the shops in his own neighbourhood, or for those at the West End, makes from 18s. to 1l. per week ; a labourer the same sum. This leaves but a small surplus for clothes, I assure you, if any at all, after the rent is paid and the food consumed at the end of the week. I know as a fact that most wives who are too delicate, or are unable for other reasons to go out to work, never eat meat themselves, and they and their children mainly subsist on bread and dripping, treacle-water, and tea. Sometimes a luxury is improvised in the way of a herring, or an ounce or two of salt butter and a herring. This I know to be the fare of a poor family who, out of 1l. 5s. per week, have 6s. 6d. rent to pay, and to support five young children. The poor man must eat one good meal of meat now and then in the week, as his health would decline for want of proper nourishment, and his work would flag wofully in consequence. On the return of the wives from the wash-tub or charing they have only time to wash their children and put them

to bed. All day some of the children have been at the ragged or national schools ; perhaps one boy has been carrying about newspapers, and parcels, or doctor's medicines, for 3s. 6d. per week ; another has had the care of the baby, as well as a small child, and has spent his time on different doorsteps, exposed to the temptation of marbles, pitch and toss, and countless perils to himself and charges in street affrays and *mêlées* of different kinds throughout the day. He is probably ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-mannered, because he cannot be spared to go to school.

On Saturday the mother usually stays at home if she have no big daughter "to do her house up," and washes up everything in her two rooms—house, clothes, children, and herself poor thing,—in order that she and her family may be decent on Sunday, and start afresh to labour for their livelihood on Monday. We never choose Saturday for our visiting day, as we have some scruples in intruding on the general hard washing, hard slapping, and hard struggles for the mastery between the poor striving mother and her necessarily neglected children. What time has she, or what means have they, to make clothes for the babies ? They are clean only once a week, and how do they clothe themselves, these London poor ? my readers may ask. There are in very dirty streets and close thoroughfares small shops, called marine stores. At these places, in addition to dripping, grease, and kitchen stuff, corks, bits of iron, copper, and old metal pots, bottles and empty boxes, children's old clothes sometimes are offered for sale, and are resold at a very low price. Besides these places there are small pawn shops and "leaving shops" everywhere. Here raiment of all sorts, large and small, can be purchased. The mother can fit herself out, and her husband too, at these shops ; but they pay dear for the cheap article, as the children's clothes are often filled with infection, and indeed must be. The poor in London live sometimes by pawning one thing after another, through a hard winter, or under stress of sickness. The clothes of the child just dead of typhus fever are taken to the pawnshop, and turned into money. A drunken wife or mother will take the blankets and sheets from her dead husband's bed, and pawn them. This husband, perhaps, has died of small pox. A woman who goes to help at a gentleman's house, after a dinner party, may be often rewarded for clandestine services to the cook by a faded stuff or cotton dress. I should think there is hardly a charwoman coming backwards and forwards to help the cook on occasions like these, who could not tell us this was the reward she received for the gin she procured and the

dripping she sold, without any consideration of the best scraps and unlawfully large pieces of bread and meat which some cooks, more generous than just, "give them out of charity," thereby ignoring the validity of the eighth commandment in respect of their own consciences.

There is one more emporium for wearing apparel open to the poor mothers, besides the pawnshop and marine-store shop. This is the redoubtable tally-shop. At these shops the poor spend more money than they can righteously afford. These shopmen take weekly payments. By the time the last three pence or sixpence is paid, the new dress has already a more than shabby appearance.

These made-up and unmade dresses and coats have a showy and plausible look about them, and the wife and elder daughter, ever anxious to be as well-dressed as their neighbours, buy the mantle or whatever they fancy, on the ground of not having to pay down for the "sweet thing," and reckon on the chances of an increase of work in fair weather, but not on the likelihood of sickness coming amongst them to straiten their little incomes, if not to cut them off entirely. I consider the tally-shops sources of vanity to any poor family, and I even prefer the pawn-shop and marine-store establishment to these tricky places of debit and credit. It has often astonished me how the very poorest part of our population manage to keep themselves in any description of clothing; but their means and appliances in this respect are often unique. A year or two ago, I read in one of our Missionary Reports of a woman keeping herself in shoe-leather by the sale of corks (probably to the marine-store dealer), which she from time to time picked out of the rubbish heaps at Highgate. I never see a stray cork in my path, but I think of that thrifty dust-runnager. What becomes of all the pins we drop out of our dresses, &c., might be a subject for speculation to ladies; and what can become of the hair-pins we lose out of our back-hair? We sow them about the house, garden, and our usual whereabouts, but they never seem to come to light again, once dropped. Our maid "has not seen them about the floor," and "has not picked them up." Is it not within the range of probability that some day our missionary may find out a worthy itinerant who has discovered the colony of stray hair-pins, and is keeping herself in bonnets by her researches into our impenetrable mystery?

I proposed to paste pictures on to brown holland rolls for children. Shall I tell you a truth concerning the amusements of small children in our parish, rather too small to run

about the streets alone, and who are too young to attend school unless a bigger child can accompany them to the infants' school, and sit by them while there (for we occasionally take a baby child in with its elder brother or sister, who are scholars)? These little creatures never know what it is to possess a legitimate plaything. A broken shovel or knife, and lid of a tin saucepan, are their ordinary toys. A few months ago, I went into a remarkably dirty house, and in one of the rooms, tenanted by a slovenly woman and four children, I saw on a large bedstead a child, eighteen months old; his features were so begrimed with black dirt, that he looked quite a little ruffian, and hardly human, as his thick, long hair hung matted over his forehead and about his cheeks. In his left hand he held upright, like a sword or sceptre, a long, rusty, but unbroken carving-knife! I asked his mother if he would not hurt himself with such a dangerous plaything. "No, mum," she replied; "I don't think he'll hurt hisself. He's routed that out o' the dust 'ole this mornin', and he's been very busy with it ever since—ain't you, dear?"

I left him motionless on the bed, staring after me like a little wild animal, with his carving-knife still erect. The mother did not take it away, and I dare say, if it has not yet run into him (while his mother is busy and he himself is fractious and requires diversion), he still continues to sit upon the bed with his carving-knife!

Another of his brethren, perhaps, relieves guard with a shovel, or saucepan, in his turn of tantrums. Surely, some of our own children's broken toys would be more eligible than these dangerous implements of amusement! A bigger child will amuse itself by poring over a low paper filled with vile pictures, and portraits of personages and actors in scenes which our own never heard of, much less read of. When the baby boy is troublesome to manage, one of these wretched papers is held out before his gaze, and he is diverted or frightened out of his rages by the edifying spectacle of the execution of the pirates, or something of a like complexion. Give him a few of your old toys, and the small London pauper will want to play with neither carving-knife nor shovel, and will be cleaner and better tempered in his bed, as his visits to the dust-hole in quest of playthings will be no longer necessary. Pictures of sacred subjects are highly valued by the poor, and, as I have before observed, especially among the old women who cannot read. Some of our old women possess the most extraordinary executions of art anywhere to be seen. How they come by them I cannot tell, for some are

foreign ; picture and frame too. One of my old ladies has a rude daub of the Crucifixion, in an old carved frame. At the base is written : "Es ist Vollgebracht." I have seen another of the same subject, but a better production in the way of art, and I understood it was a gift from a young lady. The owners do not always know how these precious relics came to them ; they are very fond of these and their chimney-ornaments, and even when starving will neither pawn nor sell them. One old woman told me she hides them when the "hoffer," as she calls him, comes from the workhouse to spy out the nakedness of the land. "One day, mum, he see'd them, and said, 'Why don't you turn these into bread?' I'd rather lie here and starve, mum, I would ; and when he comes again, I'll be bound he don't see 'em no more." She said this to me, crying and moaning, as if they were her grandchildren that she had been ordered to consume for food. She tells me "she watches 'em at night, and they quite talk to her when she can't sleep" and has her rushlight burning on the table. A plaster cast, the size of a new-born baby, stands on her mantel-piece, and always looks as if it would fall on her old head some day. It is meant for Napoleon I. The uniform is picked out in green and red ; the best part of the white figure is the cocked hat. It has been her property some years, and is unbroken.

She had been drawing my attention to her pictures and little figures on the mantel-piece, and telling me what they were ; at last I said, "Well, who is that figure at the end ?" "Oh, he's either the Dook, Bonyparty, or Nelson, I don't know which ; but he's one of 'em, I know." I satisfied her for the time he was "Bonyparty." But she will not bear this in mind ; she has been so long a time vague in her ideas respecting the identity of this plaster gentleman. The aged live in the past, the aged poor especially. The impressions of youth alone are ineffaceable. Were any one to-morrow to ask her who it was, she would go through with her heroes again, and finish with "I don't know which, but it's one of 'em."

Most families have a large amount of what we designate as rubbish and lumber in the old dark cupboards and attics in their houses, and though our corks and hair-pins may not turn up in these local dust-heaps, many a trifle, of no value to ourselves, may be picked out and sent off to dress the mantel-piece and divert the listless sick woman and child in the dwellings of our London poor. New scraps of velvet, silk and cloth, ends of ribbon, spare beads, &c., such as many among

us throw away as useless cuttings after we have completed some piece of fancy work, may be saved, with much advantage, for the use of our poor women and children.

There are invalids who are too feeble to maintain a livelihood by rough work, such as charring, washing, and ironing all day long. These sit at home and make up fancy articles, such as needle-books, pin-cushions, and pen-wipers, to sell in the streets or at the different shops and bazaars. I know one old widow afflicted with dropsy and a bad leg. The parish allows her one shilling and sixpence and a loaf per week. The one shilling and sixpence does not pay the rent of her tiny dark back room, which costs her two shillings weekly. She has now and then a bad attack of illness, and her work, of course, stands still, and we keep her from starving by parochial relief. When able to go about, she makes pincushions and pen-wipers out of cloth and beads, and hawks them about the street ; but she is known in the neighbourhood, and the servants grow tired and irritated at being often called up in the middle of their work to a basket of pen-wipers, and she tells me the door is now and then "at once" banged in her face, and that's all. "You see, mum, I can't get further off to sell. They get tired of me hereabouts," is her universal complaint. She buys the cloth and velvet out of which she cuts her pen-wipers, at eightpence per pound, in the Jew's cloth market, on a Thursday, in Shoreditch. She is obliged to go there in an omnibus. The fare is eightpence (fourpence there and back), then she has to buy the beads and braiding for the fancy embroidery of the little wares elsewhere. She is by no means happy in her desigus, bringing me elephants, tulips, Turkish caps, tea-pots, and blue-coat boys, to inspect and get sold for her when she is about to be laid up, and can't crawl about. As I have had these things on my hands now and then, and cannot sell them, I have remonstrated with her on her erroneous taste, but with slight success.

"Why don't you make them all of one sort, as most of my friends prefer the simpler cloth ones, and not those silly tulips and dolls and tea-pots?" "Well, mum," was her reply ; "you see it's taste, it is. I can sell them tea-pots very well, and I walked down to King Edward's School o' purpose to dress them dolls like the scholars, and that's the beauty of them ; it's the dress exact, and I have taken many a fourpence on 'em, I have, mum ; and you must have something to 'tract the eye when you open your bundle, you know, mum. It wouldn't do to take them

plain ones along the street!" She never exceeds sixpence in her charges for these pen-wipers, and most of them are fourpence. The only sixpenny ones are scarlet cloth, with white mice "conchant," and made of white plush. She tells me she finds these more expensive than the others to make up. I have seen them sold at the bazaars for one shilling and sixpence. This poor woman has lived on the sale of her pin-cushions for the last ten or twelve years.

I have endeavoured, to the best of my ability in this little space of matter, to give a faithful sketch of our industrious, struggling London poor in the homes with which I am familiar. There are dens of misery and crime in the heart of the City, and on the opposite side of the Thames, which I admit to be beyond my ken. In these dens are men and women and children, viler than the animals they drive, where each day and night that rises and falls on their wretched existence is fraught with deeper and blacker crime and terror than in the times of Pagan darkness, before the light of Christianity was diffused throughout our island home. I know that among us there are helpers for their miserable condition, such as City Missionaries, and a band of women whom we may find in every nook and corner of the earth, and who seek their happiness in rooting out sin and sorrow from among the lowest and most degraded classes of the London poor. Of these poor I know but very little. Occasionally a few of them come to settle in our district, and they are the curse of their more respectable neighbours. Their manner of life and occupations being such, I am doubtful whether they would appreciate our efforts to clothe their children.

I have tried my system, and found it successful in my own place. The poor are grateful for benefits if rightly dealt out, and in London they are keenly susceptible of kindness shown them by their betters. But they are totally a different race of beings to the country poor. The latter take the tone and opinions of their lords and masters, and live more narrowly, in a moral sense, than the Londoners, who depend for subsistence wholly upon the works of their own hands and the exercise of their own wits, amenable only to the bad or good luck of the times.

They are not the sorry slaves of local prejudices and local interests, they are men and women of the earth alone, in the rough or smooth walks of existence, just according as they may chance to be placed. For my own part, I would rather deal with them than the country folk, though the work of a London district is far more difficult than that of a

country parish. "Human nature is the same everywhere," people will say, but there is much to combat with in our visiting; and when the fight is over, and the day's work done, the reflection that a handful of good seed has been sown, and is likely to produce a good return, amply repays the toil and moil a visitor may be obliged to go through all the year round. The blessing of the poor is always desirable; and I am convinced every English girl, whether she be the blue-veined daughter of our Belgravian homes, or the simple gentlewoman in a humbler neighbourhood, like our own, would be proud and happy to call down such a blessing on her own head as I have heard bestowed by poor mothers on those who have cheered and amused the little sick children by a few trifles saved out of a nursery toy stock, and clothed others as well by the work of their own hands.

Abler pens than mine have written, and will write, I have little doubt, on the condition of the London poor. My paper is but a simple effort of my own to invite the attention of my sex to the cause I have at heart—united labour at home every day on their behalf: and if any one of my readers resents the idea of turning sempstress on their account, I would only remind her that none of us were ever born for our own pride and enjoyment, or for ourselves at all. We were all born to work through life, and our industry should be devoted to the service of one who in the next life will demand a return of our labour; and if we clothe the children of our poor, we do good, not only to the least of his little ones, but unto Him—the one Master of both them and us.

CLARE.

THE HAKE.

THE peculiar-looking fish which forms the subject of this short article belongs to the same family as the cod, viz., the order known to naturalists as "Gadidæ." The hake is pretty abundant on the British coasts, but does not enter very largely into the supply of fish sent to the metropolitan markets, the majority of hake taken being consumed in sea-port and provincial towns. In appearance this fish resembles an attenuated cod-fish, but is more lengthy than the latter, and never exhibits the plump and fleshy "embonpoint," if I may so term it, which forms so tempting a characteristic of the cod. Large quantities of hake are taken on the Yorkshire coast, and, indeed, all round the British Isles; but perhaps these fish are best known to the inhabitants of Cornwall and Devon, and to the fishermen of the Orkneys and Hebrides. In

the last-named localities they are largely used as an article of food. The flesh of the hake is white and firm, and though not so good as that of the cod, is still sufficiently palatable to be more esteemed than it actually is in the London markets. The greater part of the hake supplied to Londoners are cut in pieces, and salted and smoked for the breakfast-table. Those sold fresh are dressed in the same manner as cod, and served either with oyster or barberry sauce. Hake are taken with the hook and line in large quantities on the Cornish coast in the same manner as cod on the coast of Newfoundland, the bait used being a piece of herring or pilchard; one herring is divided into about six baits, each a couple of inches in length. The hake follow the shoals of pilchards round the coasts of Devonshire and Cornwall in vast numbers, in the same manner as the cod are always to be found in the wake of a shoal of herrings. As the hake, moreover, possesses a quantity of sharp saw-like teeth, it is often very destructive to the nets of the herring and pilchard fishermen, since, like the dog-fish, it is not particular in its appetite, but rends the nets in pieces, swallowing both the netting and the pilchards enmeshed therein. A good deal of trouble, too, is caused the fishermen by the bite of the hake, which leaves a jagged wound often dangerous. Hake run to a very large size,—ten pounds being very small, twenty pounds quite common, and thirty, or even forty, not out of the way. They are in season at the same times as cod-fish and haddock, and are supposed, by good authorities, to spawn early in the spring, which is probable, as the cod spawns from February until April, and the hake, in its habits, rather closely resembles its last named relation. Few persons except professional fisherman are in the habit of catching hake, and I have not myself practised the fishery as a pastime, although I have frequently seen hake taken. When fishing with hook and line for hake, it is necessary to protect the space immediately above the hook with stout wire, or something equally strong, in the same manner as gimp is used for jack-fishing in fresh waters. The teeth of the hake being of so sharp a nature give the fish the power of easily sundering anything in the way of mere netting or cord. These fish form a considerable staple of the fish-trade on the Dutch and Norwegian coasts, and I have before observed that Norway is a prolific fish country, and more especially abounds with edible crustacea. Most Scotch “gude wives” are well enough familiar with the hake, and find it a very acceptable preliminary to their “kail broth.” In Shetland,

where the various methods of taking sea-fish may be almost said to be in-born with the population, hake are no unimportant articles of traffic. But the great object with the fishermen of the islands mentioned is to secure a good herring season—or “harvest” as they term it. And harvest in fact it is, since on it depend the hopes of many families throughout a long and dreary winter. Although, perhaps, a little out of place here, I cannot refrain from observing that the number of persons in the British Isles to whom the herring furnishes the means of livelihood would be simply discredited by the uninitiated. Independently of the men positively engaged in the fishery, and the families depending on them, the number of men, women, and children employed in washing, salting, spitting, and curing the fish is positively astounding. The “spitting” of the fish on long wooden rods for curing is, in many large establishments, the work solely of women and children, and the salting of fresh and dried herrings affords a livelihood in London alone to thousands of costermongers of both sexes, added to which, if I were to take into consideration all the “hands,” male and female, engaged in the production of the nets (a very important and distinct branch of trade), I should produce a sum total of persons directly or indirectly benefitted by the herring, which would, I am confident, surprise all my readers.

Hake may be taken generally all the year round, but it is in the pilchard and herring season that they are most abundantly caught, for the reason above given. A favourite method with country people of curing the hake is by slightly salting it, and then smoking it a few days over a peat fire. In some districts the wood of an old black-currant bush is used for the purpose, and is supposed to give the fish a racy and “toothsome” flavour. Many country people, to whom hake are sold by the fishermen (ready cut up), mistake the fish for cod, and treat them accordingly, which, however, is of little consequence, as hake are very good dressed cod-fashion. I am unable to give any estimate of the number of hake supplied to the London markets, as the demand is very irregular, and the fishery rarely practised alone, but only incidentally, whilst taking other fish. Many of the readers of this paper will, no doubt, have seen (and perhaps some have been puzzled by) a curious lengthy fish, something between a conger-eel and an elongated cod-fish, lying on the fishmonger's slabs, and peculiarly noticeable for its terrible-looking teeth. The fish in question is our friend the hake.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

AMONG THE SHEAVES.



I.

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
 An empty heart, I walk forlorn :
 How sadly sigh the alder leaves—
 I loathe those fields of mellow corn !

II.

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
 My heart is full, new hopes are born :

My heart is faint—for Hope deceives :
 My passion may be met by scorn !

III.

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
 My Love is won ! No more forlorn,
 How sweet the whispering alder leaves—
 I bless those fields of mellow corn !

EVELYN FOREST.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LI. A LITTLE LIGHT.

LADY JANE CHESNEY sat before her dressing-glass, having her hair brushed by Judith, preparatory to retiring to rest, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Lady Laura.

"Jane, I want a little talk with you," she said, sitting down by the bright fire. "Bring your chair round to the warmth."

"I thought you said you were going to bed," observed Jane.

"I don't feel tired. Excitement is as good to me as rest, and I have had an exciting evening, taking one thing with another. Jaue, you were right about Clarice."

"Right in what way?" returned Jane, eagerly. "Have you questioned Mr. Carlton?"

"Shall I leave the room, my lady, and come back presently?" inquired Judith of her mistress, pausing with the hair-brush in her hand.

"No," interposed Lady Laura. "There's something to puzzle out, and I think you may perhaps help us, Judith. I have not questioned Mr. Carlton, Jane, but in—in—" Laura gave a slight cough, as though her throat troubled her—"in rummaging over some of his waste places to night, I came upon a note. A note written by Clarice."

Involuntarily Jane thought of the scrap of paper, the part of a note written by Clarice, which Laura had "come upon" once before.

"It is written to her husband," continued Laura. "That Tom West, I suppose. And it proves that she came to South Wennock, and that Mr. Carlton must have attended upon her. Only think, Jane, to South Wennock! She must have been visiting at Mrs. Jenkinson's, I fancy, where Judith's sister lives, for the note is dated from Palace Street. I will read it to you, Jane."

"13, Palace Street, South Wennock.

"Friday Evening, March 10, 1848.

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND,—You will be surprised to hear of my journey, and that I am safe at South Wennock. I know you will be angry, but I cannot help it, and we will talk over things when we meet. I have asked the people here about a medical man, and they strongly recommend one of the Messrs. Grey, but I tell them I would prefer Mr. Carlton: what do you say? I must ask him to come and see me this evening, for the railway omnibus shook me dreadfully, and I feel anything but well. *I know he will come, and without delay.*

"It was unreasonable of you, my darling husband, to wish me to be ill so far away. I felt that I could not; that I should have died; and that's why I have disobeyed you. I can go back again when all's well over, if things still turn out crossly for the avowal of our marriage. No harm can come of it, for I have not given our name, and you must ask for me by the one you and Mr. West were so fond of calling me in sport.

"Lose no time; be here in half an hour, if you can, for I do feel really ill; and believe me,

"Ever your loving wife,

"CLARICE."

"I have heard part of that note before!" was on the tip of Judith's tongue. But some feeling prompted her to stop the words ere they were spoken. Lady Jane took the note and read it to herself in silence, pondering over each word.

"It is incomprehensible to me," she at length said, drawing the envelope from Laura, and looking at it. "Why, this is addressed to Mr. Carlton!" she burst forth.

"It must have come into his possession in some way; perhaps he and Tom West got their envelopes and letters mixed together," returned Laura with composure. "I suppose there's no doubt now that it was Tom West she married. Judith says he used to visit his aunt in Palace Street—old Mrs. Jenkinson,—and the letter's dated from thence. If—Judith, what on earth's the matter with you?"

"Thank you, my lady," replied Judith, who was looking white and faint. "I feel a little sick. It will pass off directly."

"It is evident that Clarice must have come to South Wennock without her husband's consent," resumed Laura, tossing a bottle of smelling salts to Judith. "I suppose he was stopping at Mrs. Jenkinson's. Her number is thirteen, is it not, Judith?"

"No, my lady, Mrs. Jenkinson's number is fourteen," replied Judith, in a low tone.

"Oh, well, a mistake's readily made in a strange number. Clarice must have——"

"Laura, I am all at sea," interrupted Lady Jane. "Why should Clarice have come to South Wennock at all, unless she came with him? This note would seem to imply that he lived at South Wennock, but—he never lived here, did he, Judith?"

"Who, my lady? Mr. Tom West? no, he

never lived here," was Judith's reply; but the girl looked remarkably uneasy. Did she fear being asked questions which she could not answer?

"It could not have been Tom West that Clarice married," said Lady Jane. "This note is dated March, and he sailed for India in February."

"My ladies," spoke up Judith, "I have inquired of my sister Margaret whether young Mr. West's name was Thomas. She says it was not Thomas, but Robert; and she also says he was married several years ago to a Miss Pope, and they live somewhere in Gloucestershire."

"Then that disposes of the affair so far as he is concerned," cried Laura, with wondering eyes. "How much difficulty it appears to be encompassed with!"

"Not quite," said Jane. "Robert West may have been a brother. Do you know, Judith? And do you know whether Robert was a surgeon?"

"Robert West was not in any profession, my lady. He was an independent gentleman. I don't think he had a brother. Margaret says he had not."

"Laura, I cannot rest," said Jane, starting from a pause of thought. "I shall go now and speak to Mr. Carlton. I ought to have applied to him before."

Causing her hair to be smoothed under one of her plain white net morning caps, Jane proceeded to the dining-parlour. Mr. Carlton was in an easy-chair before the fire, solacing himself with a cigar, which, as a visiting medical man, he only ventured on at night—and that not often. He threw it into the fire with a word of apology when he saw Lady Jane.

"Pardon me for disturbing you at this hour," she said, taking the chair he offered, "but I am in great want of some information which I think you can afford me—very anxious about it, in short. Some years ago you were, I believe, intimate with a family living in Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, of the name of West. Can you tell me whether Tom West married my sister?"

No pen could adequately describe Mr. Carlton's countenance. It was one sheet of blank consternation; first—as it appeared—at being charged with having known the Wests, next at being questioned about Lady Jane's sister.

"I can't tell anything about it," he said at length.

"I hope you can, Mr. Carlton. Perhaps I have not been sufficiently explicit. You were a friend of Tom West's, were you not?"

"I certainly knew him," he replied, after a pause. "Not much; that is, it was but a

passing acquaintance. He went out to India, and I believe died there."

"Not much!" repeated Jane; "Mrs. West told me you were there frequently. You used to see her cousins there, and my sister. We have a suspicion that my sister married Thomas West. Were you cognisant of it?"

The same blank look reigned paramount in Mr. Carlton's face.

"I really do not understand you, Lady Jane. I never saw a sister of yours at Mrs. West's. What sister?"

"You saw Miss Beauchamp?"

He suddenly rose, and seizing hold of the poker, began knocking the fire about.

"Well?" said he.

"I speak of Miss Beauchamp. She was my sister."

He turned sharply round, poker in hand.

"Miss Beauchamp! What farce is it that you wish to play me, Lady Jane?"

"No farce," replied Jane, sadly. "She dropped our name when she went out as governess—not to disgrace it, she said—retaining only that of Beauchamp. She was our sister, Clarice Beauchamp Chesney."

A strange expression was on Mr. Carlton's face, but he kept it turned away from Lady Jane.

"We know that Clarice married," proceeded Jane, "and we can only think she must have married Thomas West. Had he a brother Robert, do you know?"

"Had who a brother Robert?" asked Mr. Carlton.

"Tom West."

"Tom West had no brother Robert, that I am aware of. I never knew any one of the name of Robert West."

"What name did my sister go by when she was here, at South Wennock?" continued Jane. "You can tell that."

"She never was at South Wennock."

"Mr. Carlton! She was, and you must know it. She sent for you, did she not, to attend her the night she arrived: sent for you to Palace Street?"

Down clattered the poker. Was it an accident, or were Mr. Carlton's hands shaking? As he stooped to pick it up, Jane caught a glimpse of his face: either it was unusually pale or the firelight deceived her. Another moment, and he had put the poker in its place, and was turning to Lady Jane and speaking quietly.

"I know nothing of your sister; nothing whatever. Why should you think I do?—why do you apply to me?"

The precise why and wherefore Jane could not answer, for she had given a hasty promise

to Laura not to speak of the note the latter had produced.

"When my sister came to South Wenlock to stay with old Mrs. Jenkinson, we have reason to believe that you attended her, Mr. Carlton. I want to know by what name she then went."

Again astonishment appeared to be the prevailing emotion of Mr. Carlton. It seemed that he could not understand.

"I protest, Lady Jane, you are asking me things that I know nothing of. I never was inside Mrs. Jenkinson's house in my life. John Grey attends there."

"Clarice would not have the Greys; Clarice preferred you: and Clarice was there. Was she not confined in Palace Street?"

Mr. Carlton raised his hand to smooth his brow. "What mistake you are labouring under, I cannot tell," he presently said. "I know nothing of what you are asking me; I know nothing of your sister, or her health, or her movements; and I know as little of Mrs. Jenkinson."

"You knew Miss Beauchamp at Mrs. West's?" rejoined Jane.

"I used to see a lady there of that name, I remember, the Wests' governess," he replied. "Surely, Lady Jane, you must make some strange mistake in calling her your sister?"

"She was indeed our sister, Mr. Carlton. Laura, it seems, has never liked to mention the subject of Clarice to you, but we have been searching for her all these years."

"Why has she not liked to mention it?" interrupted Mr. Carlton.

"From a feeling of pride, I believe. But—can you not tell me something, Mr. Carlton? Did Clarice marry Tom West?"

"Lady Jane, I cannot tell you anything," he repeated, some annoyance in his tone. "Miss Beauchamp was the Wests' governess, she was not mine. All I can say is, that if she married Tom West, I never knew it. So far as I believe, Tom West went out to India a single man. When I came down here to settle, I lost sight of them all."

"But—surely you can tell me something?" Jane persisted, collecting her senses, which seemed in a maze. "Did you not attend my sister here, at Mrs. Jenkinson's? You were certainly summoned to do so."

"What grounds have you for thinking so? By whom was I summoned?"

Jane's tongue was again tied. She could not tell of the note she had just read.

"The best answer I can give you, Lady Jane, is but a repetition of what I have already said," he resumed, finding she did not speak.

"I never attended any one at Mrs. Jenkinson's in my life: I never was summoned to do so."

"And you can tell me nothing?"

"I cannot indeed."

Jane rose from her chair, dissatisfied. "Will you pardon me for saying, Mr. Carlton, that I think you could say more if you would. I *must* find my sister, alive or dead. A curious suspicion has been latterly upon me that that little boy at Tupper's cottage is her child," she continued, in agitation. "I wish you could help me."

He shook his head, intimating that he could not, opened the door for Lady Jane, and bowed her out. Laura, waiting in Jane's room still, questioned her when she got up stairs.

"Well?" said she.

"Mr. Carlton either does not know any thing, or will not disclose it," said Jane. "I think it is the latter."

"Did he ever know Clarice?"

"As Miss Beauchamp; not as Clarice Chesney. I believe he spoke truth there. He seems to have a difficulty in believing still that she was our sister. He says he never was inside Mrs. Jenkinson's house in his life. Laura, I should have shown the note: I could have questioned to so much more purpose."

"Ah, that would not do at any price," laughed Laura. "I got it out of one of his hiding-places."

"How can you laugh at this moment?" rebuked Jane. "I feel as if some heavy secret were on the point of discovery. You need not go away, Judith."

Laura opened her eyes. "What secret?"

"How can I tell? I wish I could tell. If it were all straight and fair, why should Mr. Carlton betray agitation, and refuse to answer? There's no doubt my questions did agitate him. A horrible doubt is growing upon me, Laura: whether those young Wests can have deceived Clarice into a marriage which would not, or did not, hold good—and Mr. Carlton was the confidant of their plans!"

"Do you suppose Mr. Carlton would sully himself by anything so cruel and disgraceful?" flashed Laura. "He has his own faults; but he would not lend himself to a business of that sort."

"Men think a poor friendless governess legitimate game sometimes," spoke Jane in a low tone. "And she was only known as the unprotected girl, Clarice Beauchamp. Rely upon it, Tom West worked ill to Clarice in some shape or other; I fear Mr. Carlton knew of it, and is trying to screen him. It was so shadowed forth in that dreadful dream: Mr. Carlton was mixed up with it."

"What was that dream, Jane?—tell it me now," whispered Laura, eagerly; for, however it might have pleased Laura in general to ridi-

cule not only dreams themselves but those who dreamt them, that night hour, and the vague dread pervading Jane's spirit, all too plainly were exercising their influence over her now. Jane began at once; it was a significant fact that she showed no thought of objecting. Judith, not caring to be solitary at a dream-telling, drew near and stood close behind the chair of Lady Jane.

"It was on Monday night, the thirteenth of March," began Lady Jane, with a shiver, "and quite the beginning of Lent, for Easter was very late that year——"

"What has Easter to do with it?" interrupted Laura.

"Nothing. I had gone to bed that evening as soon as tea was over, not being well, and by half-past nine was asleep. I thought that Clarice came to my bed-side, dressed in her grave clothes, and stood looking at me. Understand me, Laura—I remembered in my dream that I had gone to bed ill; I seemed to know that I was lying in bed, and that I was sleeping. I dreamt that Clarice came, I say, and I dreamt that I awoke; her attire, the shroud, did not appear to frighten me, but she did not speak. 'Why have you come here?' I asked. 'To tell you that I am gone,' she answered, and she pointed to her face, which was that of the dead, and to the shroud; but it did not appear that I associated her words with death (at least, I could not remember so when I awoke), but that she had gone on a journey. 'Why did you go without telling us?' I asked her. 'He stopped it,' she answered, 'he was too quick.' 'Who?' I asked; and she turned her white face round and pointed to the door of the room. I cannot describe to you, Laura, the horror, the fear, that at that moment seemed to take possession of me. 'Come and see him,' Clarice said, and glided towards the door. I seemed to get out of bed, to follow her, without power of resistance; she kept looking over her shoulder, with her dead face and her dead fixed eyes, and beckoned to me. But oh! the dread, the fear I seemed to experience at having to look beyond that door! It was a dread perfectly unearthly, such as we can never feel in life. I thought Clarice went out before me,—went out in obedience to one who was compelling her to go, as she was compelling me. It seemed that I would have given my own life not to look, but yet I had no thought of resistance. There, standing outside, and waiting for her, was——"

"A—h!" shrieked Laura, her nerves strung beyond their tension with the superstitious terror induced by the recital. "Look at Judith!"

Jane started at the interruption, and turned

round. Judith's face was of a blue whiteness. She stammered forth an excuse.

"I am not ill, my ladies; but it frightens me to hear these strange dreams."

Lady Jane resumed.

"Standing outside, waiting for Clarice, was the person she seemed to have spoken of as stopping her from telling us, as being 'too quick.' It was Mr. Carlton. He was looking at her sternly, and pointed with his outstretched hand to some place in the distance where it was dark. I remember no more; I awoke with the terror, the horror—such horror that, I tell you, Laura, we can never experience in life, except in a dream. And yet I was collected enough not to scream; papa was just getting better from his attack of gout, and I did not dare raise the house, and alarm him. I put my head under the bedclothes, and I believe a full hour passed before I had courage to put it out again; there I lay, shivering and shaking, bathed in perspiration."

"It was a singular dream," said Laura, musingly. "But, Jane, it could have had no meaning."

"I argued so to myself. Clarice was at a distance, in London as we supposed, and Mr. Carlton was at South Wenlock; that very evening, as late as half-past seven, he had been at our house with papa. This dream of mine took place before ten, for I heard the clock strike after I awoke. I did not like Mr. Carlton previously; we do take likes and dislikes; but it is impossible to tell you how very much that dream set me against him. Unjustly, you will say; but we cannot help these things. He was, ever after, associated in my mind with terror, with dread; and I would rather have seen you marry any one else in the world. This night, for the first time, I begin to think that the dream had a meaning, for Clarice must have been at South Wenlock; the note of hers was dated the tenth, the previous Friday."

"How absurd, Jane! What meaning?"

"I cannot conjecture; unless, as I say, those young Wests brought any ill on Clarice, and Mr. Carlton was privy to it."

Laura would not accept the suggestion; ridiculed it in the highest degree; and she went away to her room casting a mocking, laughing word of censure at Jane for what she called her "folly."

"I shall go," said Jane, "to Mrs. Jenkinson's in the morning."

She spoke aloud, though the words were but uttered in commune with herself. Judith came forward, a little wash-leather bag in her hand.

"It will be of no use your going to Mrs. Jenkinson—as I believe, my lady. Did your ladyship ever see this?"

She took a trinket from the bag and laid it in Lady Jane's hand. An elegant little locket, the back of blue enamel, the rim set round with pearls, with a short fine gold chain some three inches in length attached to it on either side. Lady Jane needed to cast but one glance at it.

"Oh, Judith!" she cried, "where did you get this? It belongs to Lady Clarice."

"It *did* belong to her," returned Judith, in a low tone. "My lady, I can tell you what became of her, I think—but the tale is full of horror and distress; one that you will not like to hear."

"Tell it," murmured Lady Jane, "tell it, whatever it may be."

"That poor lady about whom so much has been said in South Wennock—who died the very night of your dream, my lady, not at Mrs. Jenkinson's, but at the Widow Gould's, next door to it—*she* gave me the locket."

Lady Jane stood with dilating eyes. She could not sufficiently collect her ideas to understand as yet.

"I speak of Mrs. Crane, my lady, who died after taking the composing draught sent in by Mr. Stephen Grey."

"She could not have been my sister!" panted Lady Jane, scarcely above her breath. "Judith, she could not have been my sister!"

"I truly believe she must have been so, my lady," whispered Judith. "She told me it was her own hair inside. And that letter, which Lady Laura brought in to-night, was the one read by the coroner at the inquest; that was only partially read, that is to say, for the half of it was missing."

Jane sank down on her knees, unable to support herself in her shock of discovery. Just as she had sunk in another shock of discovery once before, that long-ago evening when her father had brought home his unwelcome bride.

CHAPTER LII. CROSS PURPOSES.

THE revelation disturbed the previous theory of Lady Jane. Mrs. Crane? then it appeared to be evident that Clarice had married the Mr. Crane spoken of by Mrs. West. But there were discrepancies still. How account for the assertion in that letter to her husband, that she did not go by her proper name, when she had called herself Mrs. Crane?

What feeling prompted Jane to withhold the news of this discovery from Laura? Any subtle instinct? What feeling prompted her to give orders for quitting Mr. Carlton's house on the following morning?—hurrying away Lucy, almost at the risk of her health? Of the true facts of the case she was in complete un-

certainty; but a dark suspicion kept floating within her that the man seen on the stairs by Mr. Carlton the night of the death was the husband, Crane. The poor lady had asserted her husband was travelling; but, by the letter above alluded to, it was apparent her husband was then in South Wennock. It was altogether incomprehensible. Judith wore a timid, downcast look when questioned by her mistress, as if fearing she should be asked too much.

"This is a sudden departure, Lady Jane," cried Mr. Carlton, as she went in to his presence in the morning. "I thought you would have been here at least a few days longer. Mind! I do not give a guarantee that Lucy is fit to be moved."

"I take the risk upon myself, Mr. Carlton. I—I thank you sincerely for your hospitality, for your kindness and attention to Lucy, but I am anxious to be in my own home. I feel that I must be free; free to pursue this investigation of which I spoke to you last night, regarding the fate of my sister Clarice. Had you been more open with me, Mr. Carlton, I might not have gone."

A shade of annoyance passed across his countenance. "It is a singular thing that you should persist in attributing to me a knowledge of these things, Lady Jane!"

"My firm conviction is, that you do possess the knowledge," was Jane's answer. "But in speaking of Clarice last night, I may have somewhat misled you; I was misled myself. It was not at Mrs. Jenkinson's she stayed when at South Wennock, but at the next door. That ill-fated lady who died at the Widow Gould's was my sister Clarice."

Mr. Carlton made no reply. He looked hard at Jane.

"She called herself Mrs. Crane. Of course I can only conclude that she married, not Tom West, but the Mr. Crane who used to visit at the Wests'. You must have known him well, Mr. Carlton. What sort of a man was he?"

"Sort of man?" repeated Mr. Carlton, who seemed half buried in his own thoughts. "He was a short man, stout, had black hair. At least, if my memory serves me well. I protest that I have never seen or heard of him, since the time he used to go to the Wests. What have you learnt, Lady Jane, that can induce you to think that dead lady was your sister?"

"Short and stout, with black hair," repeated Jane, unmindful of the rest. "It must have been him, the same you saw on the stairs."

"That it was not," burst forth Mr. Carlton, unusually heated. "The face I saw on the stairs—if I did see one—bore no earthly resemblance to any one I had ever seen in all my life."

"Did you know that Clarice—that Miss Beauchamp married Mr. Crane?"

"I did not."

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that you know more of this past business than you say," she rejoined. "I want the clue to it. If you can furnish it, why will you not? You certainly were called in to Mrs. Crane: you gave evidence to that effect at the inquest."

"We are at cross-purposes, Lady Jane," was the surgeon's answer. "I can tell you nothing whatever. The lady I was called to attend in Palace Street was a stranger. As to the supposition you have taken up, that she was your sister, I think you must be wholly mistaken. But, whether or not, my advice to you would be to let it drop. No good can result, investigate it as you will; the poor lady cannot be recalled to life, and it would not be pleasant for you or my wife, to have the matter raked up and spread before the public. Let it drop, Lady Jane."

"I shall never let it drop," answered Jane. "And the unpleasantness—we must put up with that."

"As you please, of course," said Mr. Carlton, with indifference. "I can say no more."

At cross purposes they seemed indeed to be, and at cross-purposes they parted. Jane began to doubt whether she who died really was Miss Beauchamp, but she was resolute in her work of discovery, and she went at once to Tupper's cottage. Judith told her that Mrs. Smith had confessed to her that the child was Mrs. Crane's.

Generally speaking, the door stood open: the sun streaming in on a bright winter's day was cheering: but it was shut now. Mrs. Smith came to open it, and Jane said she wished for half an hour's interview with her, if she was at leisure.

"At too much leisure," was the woman's sad reply. "I am but watching the dead."

"The dead! He is not dead—that little child?"

"He is. He died between nine and ten this morning."

Jane sank down on a chair in the kitchen. "And I never gave him a kiss for his mother's sake! I never knew that he belonged to her. Dead! He was—as I believe—my little nephew."

The woman stared at her. "Your nephew, madam, you are one of the Ladies Chesney."

"Yes—stay. This little child's mother died in Palace Street. Who was she? What was her married name?"

"I don't know. I would give a great deal to know."

Lady Jane felt sick at heart. Was it to be

ever thus? Was obstacle after obstacle ever to be thrust in her way?

"I pray you let us have no more concealment!" she said, in a voice of anguish. "If I cannot come to the bottom of this business by fair entreaty, I must call in the help of the law. Did you never know that young lady's name before her marriage or after it?"

"I knew it before—at least the one she went by. I knew her first when she was governess at the Lortons'. She was Miss Beauchamp."

"And my dear sister!" exclaimed Jane, her doubts at rest. "Whom did she marry?"

Mrs. Smith held out her hand hard. "I'd give this to know."

"Let me see the child," said Jane.

He was lying on the bed up stairs in his white nightgown, a little cambric-bordered cap shading his wan white face. His hands were laid by his side, and some sprigs of geranium were strewn on the sheet.

"He was so fond of flowers in life," said Mrs. Smith. "Geraniums especially. So was his mother."

Jane's tears fell upon the placid little countenance, and she stooped and kissed it. "I did not do it while he lived," she said. "Why did you not tell me whose child he was then?"

"Nay, my lady, why did you not tell me who his mother was?—how was I to suspect she could be anything to the Ladies Chesney? I only knew her as a governess. Passers-by were always asking me about him out of idle curiosity, just because they saw he was ill, and that we were strangers in the place: I thought you only asked from the same motive."

"You were attached to his mother," said Jane, as she gave a short history of her sister Clarice.

"I don't think I was ever so much attached to anybody," was Mrs. Smith's answer; "though it was not for long I knew her."

"Then I ask you by that attachment to give me every particular you can respecting her."

"You might have heard all I know long ago, my lady, had I but been aware what you were to her. I knew her first at the Lortons' in Gloucester Terrace. I and Mrs. Lorton are cousins; yes, she's a great lady, and lives in style, and tries to make herself out a greater; but she'll never be one, let her try ever so. We lived in a country town; her father was a pastry-cook, and mine (they were brothers) kept a public-house. She thought the pastry line was more genteel than the public line, and held up her head rather. She married, married well—some London gentleman—and I stopped at home for many years, marrying nobody. In course of time my father and mother died, and

all they had become mine. What with their savings and the sale of the business, I found I had about a hundred and fifty pounds a year. Then came my turn. George Smith, who had used our house for many years, and had been, as the nonsense runs, sweet upon me, said why should we not join our means together: his salary a hundred and fifty, and my hundred and fifty, would make three hundred, and we should be comfortable for life? I said nothing against it, but that I was getting on to be forty years of age and liked my own way; he, poor fellow, was turned forty by some years, and as mild as milk. So we married, and settled in London, where his master's house of business was, he being their country traveller. I couldn't set up for a lady, and I didn't; I was as plain and rough as ever; that didn't please Mrs. Lorton, and she shunned me; but when, soon after, Mrs. Lorton was taken with a dangerous illness, she was glad enough to send for me to nurse her through it. It was then I saw Miss Beauchamp; I thought her the sweetest girl I had ever met, and the more I saw of her the more I liked her. A real lady she was, there was no mistaking that; she had none of Mrs. Lorton's stuck-up airs, but spoke gently and kindly to folks, as if they were human beings. I was there for a month, for my husband was away on his journey, and when I left, Miss Beauchamp promised faithfully to come and see me at Islington, where we lived. She did come, and she told me she had left Mrs. Lorton's, through that great big booby of a son making up to her, and had gone to Mrs. West's. After that I saw no more of her for some months, till—I think it must have been September in the following year; and then she came, and asked if I could recommend her to a lodging. Of course I was surprised, and she told me she would confide a secret to me—that she was married. I asked why it was a secret; she laughed, and said for two reasons; one was, that her husband could not and would not tell his father, on account of some money matters between them that were not settled amicably; and the other reason was, that she, on her part, could not tell her family, for they were very high and proud, and would say she had disgraced them by her choice. Her husband, she said, was a professional man, and as soon as he got on well, so as to keep her in comfort and tolerable style, then they should declare it, and care for nobody."

"What did she say her name was?" interrupted Lady Jane.

"She did not say, madam. When I pressed her, she said it was better that it should not be known, especially as I was connected with the Gloucester Terrace Lortons; it might get

to them and it might get to the Wests, and that would not do. I said, then what was I to call her, and she laughed again, and said I might call her Miss Beauchamp; she was not afraid of my misconstruing her position. My lady, she never left my house again until she came down to South Wennock."

"Never left it!"

"I mean, not to live. Ours was a good house, and I said the drawing-room and bedroom were at her service; but she *would* pay for them, and my servant waited on her. In the December my little child was born, the only one I ever had; and she, dear lady, used to sit with me, and be——"

"But did her husband never come to see her all that time?" interrupted Lady Jane, with wonder.

"Never once to my house. From what I could gather—for she would let a word now and then drop in forgetfulness—he seemed to have left London to live in the country. He would occasionally come to London, and of that she made no secret, and at those times she would go out and be away a day or two. But I never knew where she stayed."

"How were her letters addressed?" asked Jane. "She must have received letters."

"No letters came to the house; she used to go to Islington post-office for them. Once, when she was expecting one, she was too ill to go out, and sent the maid. I saw the letter in the girl's hand as she came in; it was directed 'C. C.'"

"For Clarice Crane," thought Jane. Though it might have served equally for Clarice Chesney.

"Towards the next March she got restless; she would be expecting her own illness in May, and she did not like to lie up so far from her husband. She said she would go down to where he lived, whether he was pleased or not. He said she was not to go—so she told me; and I spoke against it; I did not think she was strong enough to travel. I was in great grief at that time, for my child had died; and, as to my husband, I thought he'd never be pacified. When old folks like us get blessed with a child for the first time, they are as fond of it and proud over it as a dog with two tails. Ah, well!" added Mrs. Smith, in an indifferent tone, as she rubbed her nose, "it's all over, and I'm almost glad it didn't live, for the world's full of trouble and care and wickedness. Miss Beauchamp promised that I should have the nursing of hers, and, my lady, I looked to that promise like a famished man looks to meat, for I am naturally fond of young children, and I didn't want her to go away, lest I should not get the baby, after all."

"But she went?"

"She went; there was no stopping her. She packed her things in one large trunk, burning all her letters and papers, and left on the morning of the tenth of March; I well remember the day, it was on a Friday. On the next day, the Saturday, I was out with some friends, country people who had come to London for a few days' pleasuring. They were at an inn near the Strand, and nothing would do but I must go and breakfast with them, which they had made me promise to do, and I went out early, before the post was in. When I got home at night there was a letter from Miss Beauchamp, asking me to go to her, for she was ill at South Wennock. I took the night-train, and when I arrived I found the baby was born—the least child nearly I ever saw. I was very angry with her, my lady; I could not help it: and she had endangered her life for nothing, as may be said, for when she got to South Wennock, her husband was away."

"Away?" interrupted Lady Jane.

"So she said. And by a slip word she let drop, I thought he was a surgeon, but I was not sure. I took the baby away with me that same evening. I could not stop, for, as ill luck would have it, my husband was coming home on the Monday, sick. She told me to have the baby baptised, and to name him 'Lewis'—and it occurred to me that it might be the name of his father. I took the liberty of adding George to it, after my husband."

There was a long pause. "Did you know she went by the name of Crane?" asked Lady Jane.

"She told me in her letter to ask for her by that name. I inquired of her, after I reached South Wennock, whether it was her real name, and she laughed and said, no more real than Beauchamp, nor half so much so; it was a name that her husband and young Mr. West were very fond of calling her, partly because she had a peculiar way of arching her neck, partly to tease her. Some gentleman, named Crane, to whom she had an aversion, used to visit at the Wests', and, to make her angry, they would call her by his name, Mrs. Crane. She said it had never struck her that she should want a name for South Wennock until she was close upon the place, and then she thought of that one—Crane; it would do for her as well as any other, until she assumed her legal one, which she supposed she should now soon do. I found great fault: I said she ought to have assumed it and been with her husband before the child was born; and we had quite words. She defended him, and said it would have been so, but for the child's coming before its time. She charged me not to write to her, *not to*

communicate at all with her, until she wrote to me. We had nearly a fight upon another point: she wanted me to say I would be paid for the child; I steadily refused it. It was a boon to me to have the child, and I was at ease in my circumstances. My lady, I took away the child, and I never heard one word from her, good or bad, afterwards."

"Never at all?"

"Never at all. My husband was at home with a long illness, and afterwards removed to Paisley, where he had a good situation offered him. Some friends took to our house at Islington and to the carpets and curtains, and there I left a letter, saying where we had gone, directing it 'Mrs. Crane, late Miss Beauchamp.' It was never applied for."

"And you never wrote to South Wennock?" cried Lady Jane.

"I never did. I own I was selfish; I was afraid of losing the child, and my husband he had got to love it as much as I did. I argued, if she wanted the child she would be sure to apply for it. Besides, I thought I might do some mischief by writing, and I did not know her real name or address."

"But what could you think of her silence?—of her leaving the child?"

"We thought it might arise from one of two reasons. Either that she had gone abroad with her husband to America, or some distant colony (and she had said something about it in the early days when she was first at my house), and that her letters to me from thence must miscarry: or else that—you must pardon me for speaking it, my lady—that she was not married, and shrank from claiming the child. I did not believe it was so, but my husband used to think it might be."

Jane made no reply.

"Anyway we were thankful to keep him. And when my husband died last spring, his care in his last illness was more for the child than for me. I sold off then, and determined to come to South Wennock: partly to hear what I could of Mrs. Crane; partly to see if the child's native air would do him good; he had never been strong. I never shall forget the shock when I got here and heard how Mrs. Crane had died."

Poor Jane thought she should never forget the shock of the previous night, when told that Mrs. Crane was Clarice Chesney.

"What I can't make out is, that her husband has never been heard of," resumed Mrs. Smith, breaking the pause of silence. "I—I am trying to put two and two together, as the saying goes, but somehow I can't do it; I get baffled. There's a talk of a dark man having been seen on the stairs near her room that night; one

would think he must have been the husband, stolen in there to work the ill."

"I don't know," shivered Lady Jane. "Since you have been speaking, other dark fears have come upon me. Fears which I dare not look upon."

Yes; various fears, and thoughts, and remembrances were stirring within her. A recollection of that scrap of letter, found by Lady Laura in her drawer of fine laces soon after becoming Mr. Carlton's wife, rose up. Laura had always persisted that the paper must have come from Cedar Lodge amidst her clothes: how else, she argued, could it have got there? Now Jane began to think (what she would have thought previously but for its apparent impossibility) that the paper must have been in the drawer before Laura ever went into the house; that it must have slipped under the paper covering of the drawer, and lain there, it was impossible to say how long. It had never occurred to her or to Laura to connect Mr. Carlton with it at all; and the little matter had puzzled Jane more than she cared to think of. Could the letter have been written to Mr. Crane? surely it had not been written to Mr. Carlton! But how came it in the drawer? Had Mr. Crane ever visited Mr. Carlton at South Wenlock? And again there was Clarice's denial that her name was Crane. *What had been Mr. Carlton's part* in it all? was the chief question that agitated Jane's mind now.

She stayed with Mrs. Smith, talking and talking, and it was growing dusk when she quitted the cottage to walk home. But as Lady Jane went down Blister Lane and turned on to the Rise, she started nervously at every shadow in the hedge, just as Mr. Carlton had started at them some years before.

(To be continued.)

EASTERN TRAVEL.

THE wittiest of modern writers has somewhere observed that popular ideas share the fate of tables and sofas—they have their days, become antiquated, and are passed up into the garrets or down to the cellars.

The notion that Eastern travel is attended with danger or difficulty, has long ago been discarded from parlours and drawing-rooms; and in narrating a few of my personal adventures in the Desert I am not about to make myself out a hero, but merely to recall certain pleasurable and picturesque recollections, such as no other locality I ever visited was capable of furnishing.

Finding, after some little stay at Cairo, that we had exhausted its sights, smells, and

sounds, my friend R—— and myself came to a resolution that the Desert would prove an agreeable change; so after the usual fencing, rendered necessary by the consummate rascality of those races, we at length settled with one of the chief sheiks of the tribe of Toura and six of his Arabs to be our escort as far as Akaba, where his jurisdiction terminated.

On the appointed morning a string of camels knelt in front of the English hotel, well aware, in the depths of their vicious souls, what was in store for them. The popular notion of the patience and docility of the camel may, I think, likewise be included in those discarded beliefs which have taken refuge in the nurseries and attics. The curious naturalist may yet find it recorded in "Tommy Trip's Museum" that the camel is a gentle and much-enduring animal; my experience of them—and I must have had dealings with more than twenty different specimens—has taught me that the great intelligence with which they are gifted is wholly and unceasingly employed in thwarting their rider; in expressing their malice, hatred, and uncharitableness towards him; and their general disapprobation of his presence and authority. They usually seize the moment when he struggles into his seat, to rise up suddenly and pitch him from the height he was on the point of attaining; or, failing this, their next move is to throw themselves down with a view of getting rid of him, uttering a roar far more oburgatory than any volley of imprecations, and with an expression of eye and mouth positively ludicrous, if one had time or inclination to laugh at such a moment.

This was by no means my first introduction to camel-riding; but the agonies always recommence, and have to be endured afresh. To those who have ever listened to poor Albert Smith's incomparable description of his sufferings, it would be quite superfluous to attempt to paint my own. If the brutes had the slightest notion of the lumps, and bumps, and scarifications which every step produces, it might cheer them up for their servitude. However, there was no help for it; so I thought of Samuel Pepys and his rabbit skins, and jogged on.

We passed the various (supposed) localities of the sacred incidents recorded in the Exodus—the *Wady Amarah*, the *Aynn Mousa*, the *Wady Feiran*, which, whether genuine or not as to their associations, it is some satisfaction to think are not very materially changed since that period of miraculous history—and arrived at the Convent of Mount Sinai.

Here we were to pass the night; but our mode of entrance was curious, and far from

pleasing. The monks exist in perpetual terror of the wandering hordes which infest their neighbourhood; they therefore live immured, without door, or window, or opening of any kind, save a subterranean passage known only to themselves. They are hospitable enough to the wayfarer, and are ready to receive him, provided he has no objection to ascending a height of about eighty feet, seated astride upon a small wooden stick, like a kitchen rolling-pin, and holding on to a cord for dear life. I have often watched a sack of wheat progressing to the upper windows of a mill, and rather envied its aerial journey; but what is the easy security of the sack, confident in its hook and chain, when compared to my perilous mount upon the rolling-pin? Several greasy and perspiring monks were hauling me up; and when, by the blessing of Providence, I alighted among them, I perceived that they had for the most part fortified themselves for the exertion by an obvious over-dose of raki, an intoxicating liquor they procure from Suez.

The rooms were close and dirty; and the holy fathers kept up such a perpetual course of begging for everything we possessed, that when our cicerone, Father Pietro, whined out an entreaty that I would present him with a valuable telescope I always carried, I was obliged to make him understand that his "cloth protected him," or I might have been found wanting in gentlemanlike courtesy.

I am aware that I am upon holy ground, but I hope I may, without irreverence, be permitted a passing gibe at the burning bush, as exhibited by the holy fathers of the Convent of Mount Sinai. It is a little stubbed piece of vegetation, about a foot in height, like a bramble bush in a consumption. Father Pietro was evidently ashamed of it, and hastened to explain that last year it had been a very respectable bush, but the *ciculas* had got hold of it, and had reduced it to its present diminutive proportions.

The height of the (so-called) Mount Sinai is about 4000 feet above the sea level. Its right to that revered name has, as all the world knows, been disputed by the learned; but from the mouths of babes and sucklings I was content to take my belief. That simple and unchanging people preserve their traditions like shrimps in butter. The mountain is *Gebel Mousa* (the Mount of Moses), and *Gebel Mousa* it has been for centuries; but if any one is sceptical regarding the Arabic legends, and is prepared to be guided by sound sense, extensive information, and acute reasoning, let them read the Dean of Westminster's charming book upon the Holy Land,

and their local faith will be settled upon a sure foundation.

It was a great satisfaction when we found ourselves approaching the Red Sea. The difficulty is great of conveying the slightest idea of the peculiar splendour of colouring which characterises these shores: the brilliant shells, the blue waters, and the golden sands form a combination of hues which almost dazzles the eye. I left the track of the caravan, crossed a ridge of sand, and guided Jezebel (my camel) into the crystal water, where she stepped along with great disgust four or five inches deep in the rippling waves, whilst I amused myself by examining the natural treasures they contained. I suddenly perceived straight before me a huge black mass, which I mistook at first for a fragment of rock; but finding that Jezebel was becoming nervous and preparing to resist any further advance, I halted and investigated it as well as I could. I perceived that it was an immense shapeless fish of some sort, apparently struggling to get into deeper water. But no alderman suffering dire distress from indigestion ever dreamt of so hideous a brute. It was perfectly black, flat and flabby, as near as I could guess about twelve feet in length, and terminating in a tail worthy of "Auld Hornie" himself. By dint of cudgelling, kicking, and scolding, I got Jezebel a little nearer to the splashing monster. I had two holster pistols at my saddle, each loaded with an ounce ball. I sent one ball well into the fish, when a spout of blood shot perpendicularly into the air, whilst the animal began such a series of contortions and leaps, well responded to by Jezebel, that, coupled with the foaming of the water and the dizzy height at which I sat, made my situation a little critical. However, I seized a momentary lull in Jezebel's vagaries to fire the second pistol, which at once terminated my difficulties and the life of the sea monster. But now a fresh hubbub arose. The Arabs, whom I had left about a quarter of a mile off, had heard my shots, and, unable to see what was taking place owing to the height of the sand-ridge which separated us, had become alarmed. On they came, rushing like maniacs, shouting out, "Ya Hawajee Haramiah!" (Oh, merchant! Thieves!) I knew a little of their language, and, pointing to the dead "captive to my bow and spear," desired them to calm their nerves and help me to get it out of the water. This last command they peremptorily refused to obey, observing that "there was but one God." I admitted the truth of their remark, but replied that at present for me there was but one fish, and that fish I intended to have.

They pleaded that the fish was poisonous, and deadly to touch. I set them the example by dismounting and going into the water myself. I endeavoured to move the huge mass, but I might as well have hauled at a firmly-anchored man-of-war. At length, ashamed at seeing me working alone, they came to my assistance; and adding to their first ejaculation concerning the unity of the Deity, "that Mohammed was his prophet," that I myself was the "son of a father without bowels," and that my "mother would probably be burned," they set to work, continuing to murmur at intervals that I was "a dog, and the father of dogs," and that my fate would be *Jehanum*—Anglicè, "hell."

They succeeded at length in dragging my prize out of the water, and extending it on the sands, when it turned out to be a large specimen of the *Ray*. It measured, as I had guessed, about twelve feet, and I would gladly have carried it off bodily, but this was pronounced at once to be impracticable; so I was fain to content myself with cutting off his tail, which I slung, for the purpose of drying it in the sun, across a large wicker compartment containing some live turkeys—part of our provisions for the Desert—which was strapped upon the back of one of our camels.

It was a triumph for the Arabs, though a deadly blow to us, when it was discovered at the end of the day's journey that the turkeys had been alleviating the ennui of their Desert trip by pecking at the tail, and that three out of the four had died in consequence. My private belief was that they had died of sun-stroke, but it pleased the Arabs to humour their conviction of the poisonous nature of the fish, and they were by no means above that least consolatory of all remarks under tribulation, "I told you so."

The remainder of the tail was dried and brought safely home, and is now ending its days in the Kelso Museum.

It was my destiny that day to cross the path of more than one sea-monster. We pitched our tents about five o'clock, still close to the shore; and whilst dinner was preparing over our charcoal fire, I determined to enjoy the luxury of a cold bath. Being a good swimmer I cruised out at once towards a coral reef which I observed at some little distance, and having reached it I landed upon its flat surface, which was covered where I stood by about a foot and a half of water, as bright and transparent as glass, so that I had no difficulty in discovering that there was, close to the spot I had reached, a large crack or crevice about two feet in width, and apparently of interminable depth.

Into this crevice I peered in search of natural curiosities. I had not long to wait. Two huge brown antennæ, like the feelers of a lobster, only magnified many fold, gradually projected themselves from within the crevice; and although I could not distinctly make out the body corporate to which they belonged, yet I was so convinced that I had the good luck to have found a fine lobster, which might be convertible into pleasurable sensations of a stomachic character, that I determined to seize upon him and swim back to my dinner with my fish-course in my hand.

I knelt down upon the reef, and seizing one of the feelers with a vigorous grasp, I was preparing for a game of "pull devil, pull baker," when to my horror the creature rose at me from his lair with the rapidity of a sailor climbing the ropes, and evidently prepared to do battle with as much unconcern as if I had been one of the spokes of Pharaoh's chariot wheels. To my startled brain the brute seemed to be about the size of a full grown porpoise; but of this I am certain, that I waited on the reef until I had seen fully three feet of his horrid carcass emerge from the hole, and then—shall I own it?—with a yell of alarm which must have been audible at Hebron, I plunged into the water and swam for my life!

At such moments they say strange ideas crowd the brain. I had a distinct vision of the action of an immense pair of sharp sugar-nippers, with which, as a boy, I had often assisted the housekeeper to cut up the loaves of sugar. I felt the nippers upon my person, I dived, ducked, and buffeted, not daring to look behind, but with a growing conviction that no efforts of mine could compete with those of a combative lobster, measuring three feet to the commencement of his tail. How I escaped I know not, but when I got to shore intact, after looking around to see if there had been any witnesses to my ignominious flight, I sat down and fairly laughed till I cried, at the ludicrous picture I must have presented.

The only other bathing adventure I met with in the Red Sea was the sudden and close contiguity of a seal, its bullet head bobbing up and down from the water, whilst he stared fixedly at me with his beautiful eyes, as if not quite making up his mind whether I was fair game for a nibble. However, this was pleasant pastime compared with the aggressive lobster, if lobster it was.

But after these comic adventures we very nearly experienced a real tragedy. The next day we again pitched our tents near the sea coast, and it occurred to my big German servant, who went by the name of the Gorilla,

that he would emulate his master's swimming feats ; so after looking to his duties in our tents, the Gorilla took to the water. He was a good swimmer, and struck out to a considerable distance from the shore.

I was strolling with R—— upon the beach as the man was returning from his cruise, when, happening to watch his movements, I distinctly observed at a short distance in his rear, that fatal and unmistakable back fin of the shark, which always obtrudes from the water when it is in pursuit, and the sight of which has so often struck terror into the boldest hearts. It was evident the man was totally unaware of his peril. I seized R—— by the wrist and pointed towards it. He understood in a moment, and both had the presence of mind not to utter a sound or to make any agitating gesture. Had the servant become suddenly alarmed his fate would have been sealed, for any rapid and agitated movement would have sharpened the appetite of the voracious monster. No earthly aid could avail. We watched the dreadful black mark following the poor fellow, now gaining upon him, now dodging him ; at every moment we expected the dash and spring preceding the crimson streak of gore, after which all is over. I felt sick with apprehension. I wish my worst enemy may never experience a more terrible moment than that of witnessing an impending death of so horrid a kind, without the power of affording the slightest assistance. At length when the poor man arrived safely on shore, I embraced him with joy, to his great confusion and astonishment.

The mode of travelling in the Desert has so often been described that I need do no more than add my tribute to its charms. There is no life to be compared to it ; the air you breathe is an elixir. In the Desert we learn for the first time what hunger really is, and what depths of repose its fatigues can open to us. The Arabian heaven is indeed "poured upon our nights," and although the Arabian sun during the day may be a little too hot, yet the delicious coolness of the evening atones for the previous frizzle. Every incident, however trivial, is an excitement. A strange Arab on his swift dromedary is seen in the horizon, perhaps a spy from a hostile tribe—faint hopes of a skirmish, and a careful looking to pistols and fire-arms ; a group of stunted shrubs indicating the presence of some "diamond of the Desert ;" the comfortable encampment in the evening, so home-like that one leaves the very chicken bones the next morning with regret. All is delightful, strange, new, and exhilarating ; and I sit down again by my sea-coal fire with a deep feeling of thankfulness that I have experienced the delights of Eastern travel.

THE DEATH OF BUCKINGHAM.

On Saturday, the 23rd of August, 1628, there was a crowd of people in a house which still stands in the High Street of Portsmouth. Courtiers and soldiers and placemen were gathered round one of scarcely less influence in England than the king himself. The first Duke of Buckingham was fitting out, at the command of Charles I., a third expedition for the relief of the French Protestants of La Rochelle. Twice already the like expeditions had failed, one under himself, the other under his brother-in-law, the Earl of Denbigh. This third was destined to be too late for use. The people of La Rochelle were reduced to surrender to Buckingham's rival, Richelieu, within sight of the English forces.

The expedition was nearly ready. On this morning, between nine and ten o'clock, Buckingham was going to the king, who lay about four miles from Portsmouth. His carriage waited at the door. He had just risen from breakfast, in animated discussion with the Duke de Soubize and some other French gentlemen. Their arguments had given rise to characteristic gesticulations and loud tones of voice. As the duke passed through a dark lobby from the inner room where he had breakfasted, to the hall, to go to his carriage, in the centre of peers and officers, and many of his own servants, an unknown hand was raised over him holding a dagger, and with one back-handed blow struck death to his heart, almost before the courtier by his side had ceased to speak and turned away. And out of the gloom of the passage came a voice which said, "God have mercy on thy soul." No second stroke was needed. The weapon was left in the wound. The duke fell forward against a table, turning as he fell, and staggering, so that those about him thought he had a fit ; for no one saw the blow delivered. His own hand plucked the knife out of his left side. Blood poured from the wound and from his mouth. With one word, "Villain !" he fell under the table, dead.

When they who stood by saw the blood they thought the blow had been struck by one of the French gentlemen. The words of their discussion had been heard but not understood, and now the angry tone of them was remembered. For awhile their lives were in peril, but the cooler sense of a few of the bystanders restrained the rest, and saved the suspected gentlemen for examination. All were so startled and horror-struck, that "within the space of not many minutes after the fall of the body, and removal thereof into the first room, there was not a living creature in either of the

chambers. The very horror of the fact had stupified all curiosity."

The duchess was in an upper room, "scarce yet out of bed." With the Countess of Angelsey she came into a gallery which looked into the hall. There they saw "the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him." An eyewitness, who wrote an account of the occurrence to the queen, says that their cries and tears and distractions were so great, that he never in his life heard the like before, and hoped never to hear the like again.

When the king heard of his favourite's death he kept an unmoved countenance. It was supposed that he was not displeased to be rid of so obnoxious a minister. But in reality he was as much attached to Buckingham as ever, as much as ever prejudiced against his enemies. His grief was "more than great." In secret he shed "many tears." He wished even to have the assassin examined by torture, to discover his accomplices, but the judges ruled that such a course was illegal.

In the confusion that followed his act, the murderer passed unnoticed through the crowd into the kitchen of the house. There he stood quietly, while some hurried to the town ramparts, and others to the gates, to keep watch. With the violence of the blow his hat had fallen off, and was found near the door of the room. In the crown of it, half within the lining, was sewn a paper containing some lines of a late Remonstrance of the House of Commons, which declared Buckingham to be an enemy of the kingdom. There were also these words:—

"If I bee slaine, let no mau condemn himselfe; it is for our sinns that our harts are hardned, and become sencelesse, or else hee had not gone soe long unpunished.

"JOHN FELTON."

"He is unworthy of the name of a gentleman, or soldier, in my opinion, that is afrajd

to sacrifice his life for the honor of God, his king, and his country. "JOHN FELTON."

The assassin did not need this paper to make him known. He had no mind to escape. Evidently he had expected to be killed on the spot. He never wanted resolution, before or after his deed. Many officers and gentlemen pressed into the house, crying, "Where is the villain? Where is the butcher?" Immediately Felton came forward with a bold face, drawing his sword, and saying, "I am the man. Here I am." Swords were drawn on all sides at once, and he would have been killed red-handed; but Sir Thomas Morton, Carleton, and others, with difficulty rescued him, and took him into a private room.

They found that the assassin was a discontented lieutenant, who had served under the Duke of Buckingham in the first expedition to La Rochelle, where he had done good service. In answer to their questions, he declared that "he was partly discontented for want of eighty pounds pay which was due to him; and for that he being a lieutenant of a company of foot, the com-



House where the Duke of Buckingham was murdered.

pany was given over his head unto another, and yet, hee sayd, that that did not move him to this resolution, but that hee, reading the Remonstrance of the House of Parliament, it came into his mind, that in committing the act of killing the Duke, hee should do his country great good service. And hee sayd that to-morrow he was to be prayed for in London . . . at a church in Fleet Street Conduit, and, as for a man much discontented in mind."

When they saw how readily he told all he knew, they would not allow him to be questioned further, "thinking it much fitter for the Lords to examine him, and to finde it out, and knowe from him whether he was encouraged and sett on by any to performe this wicked deed." At first they told him that the duke was not killed, but only seriously

wounded, and not without hopes of recovery. But Felton smiled, and said that he knew well that the duke had received a blow which ended all their hopes. Then he was taken in safe custody to the governor's house, and examined at once.

About three weeks later, on a Friday night in September, the prisoner was brought to the Tower by water, "being put into the same lodging where Sir John Elliott lay, and allowed two dishes of meat at each meal." After about two months, "when no man expected any such thing," one morning "before break of day" he was taken from the Tower to the Gatehouse, and between six and seven o'clock the same morning was brought by the sheriff and many armed men to the bar of the King's Bench. "His indictment being read, he confessed the fact, but added that he did it not maliciously, but out of an intent for the good of his country." Religious and patriotic fanaticism had acted upon his naturally sullen and melancholic temperament, and joined with his desire of personal revenge, brought about his crime. He thought he did God service in killing this great enemy of religion and of the country. No one had incited him. His own conscience alone had prompted him. His conscience did not condemn him. His sense of right had nerved his arm and directed his weapon—so he persuaded himself. The duke was a public enemy, the cause of every national grievance, of whom England would be well rid. He also himself had suffered from the carelessness or the caprice of Buckingham. Public and personal hatred thus met in him. He would revenge the church, and the state, and himself, with one blow. Now he had accomplished his aim, and was content.

At his trial "Mr. Attorney made a speech in aggravation of the murder; . . . he produced the knife in open court." It had been bought for tenpence "in a by-cutler's shop of Tower-hill." The sheath of it he had sewed to the lining of his pocket, that he might at any moment draw the blade with one hand, for he had injured the other. "Then Justice Jones, being the ancient on the bench," gave sentence that he should be hanged until he was dead. His execution was carried out at Tyburn, on the 19th November of the same year. Afterwards his body was hung in chains on Southsea Common, close to Portsmouth, on a spot which tradition still points out. At Tyburn it is said that he testified very many signs of repentance. "He was very long a dying."

The favourite of two kings, endowed with every grace of manner and of fashion, of rank and wealth, it required a stronger head and a

sounder heart than Buckingham's to bear the perils of his place. Beginning as a simple gentleman, he passed from stage to stage of royal favour, till Charles I. made him Duke of Buckingham. He exercised arbitrary power, almost without limit. The nation was governed without rule at the favourite's caprice. The crown was degraded by the favourite's whims. Prudent people were set aside to make room for the favourite himself. Personally brave, but utterly incompetent as a general, his egregious military blunder before La Rochelle and the consequent failure of his expedition, is not to be wondered at. He disturbed the peace of the kingdom. He ruined English relations with foreign courts. He sacrificed honest men to the advancement of his own influence. He presumed to lift his eyes, and not without favour, to the Queen of France. He dared to raise his hand to strike the heir to the throne of England. So arrogant a subject scarce ever was known. Though maintaining to the last a strange ascendancy over the mind of the king, he was at the moment of his death the most unpopular man in England. Even at this distance of time the verdict of his own age as to his character cannot be reversed.

In an urn of stone, on a monument raised to her brother's memory by the Countess of Denbigh, in the old parish church of Saint Thomas, in Portsmouth, his heart was said to be preserved. Years afterwards, when the monument was removed from its place over the altar to its present position, the urn was found empty. Is this an unfit emblem of the life of him to whose memory it is sacred?

J. C. H.

AUTUMN TIME.

I.

TIME, like a wrinkled hermit, sits,
Counting his beads, each bead a day;
From his long rosary of years
Those beads drop silently away.

II.

Or, as a sexton, one by one,
Puts out the smouldering funeral lamps,
And leaves the corpse alone and still,
Amid the charnel's dripping damps.

III.

So dealth Time, who strips the leaves
Of bankrupt summer's rich array,
As gaoles strip the trembling fool,
Whose spendthrift wealth has had its day.

IV.

Yet these are but the feeble types
Of higher dooms to sons of clay,
Of shiver'd globes and falling worlds,
And earthquakes of the latter day. W. T.

MIRIAM'S BIRTHDAY.



For ever shall she be in praise,
By wise or good forsaken:
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken.

MRS. E. BARRETT BROWNING.

COUSIN Miriam ; dear, kind, patient Cousin Miriam. For I will tell you all about her, Grace, as I promised I would on this day, her birthday. On this June evening, while we two sit together here in this pleasant summer-house, where she and I used to sit on those other June evenings that seem so far away now. I will try to make you know her as I knew her ; see her as I saw her—as I see her still (looking back through the soft blue distance of years), very good, very beautiful, very patient. I will try to draw her picture faithfully, as truly as I can, but striving my very best. I know that, after all, my portrait will

fall far short of the original ; still, I will do my best, Grace, my very best. First, shall I tell you what it was that rendered her so doubly dear to our hearts ?—a precious treasure to be kept, guarded, shielded by our love from the storms and rough winds that blew outside our world—our quiet, calm, stormless world of home ; a sacred gift to be consecrated there ; valued, tended, cherished day by day ;—shall I tell you what it was, Grace ? Our Miriam was deaf and dumb.

Yet she was the life of our life, joy of our joys, soother of our pain. For all the shadow that rested upon her and around her,—the shadow of a great silence, the deep mysterious hush of this world's music and voices, the absence of all sweet sounds ; to whom the birds sang in vain summer after summer, and bees hummed dreamily, and little

brooks babbled away through pleasant woods and meadows, and children filled the air with shouting and laughter; but none of those could make our Miriam smile: and yet it was not seldom that we saw her smile—no, not seldom; and what a glad, sunny smile it was, making us who watched it very glad.

My mother said that Miriam had a secret of her own that made her glad, a ceaseless undersinging in her heart, that sang to her a sweeter song than those she might not hear. And because she heard them not, she seemed ever listening to that inner music, that helped her smiling on her silent way.

Could we help it that we loved her so, that in time she grew to be our very idol? Could we help it that, as day after day and year after year passed by us, our lives grew closer and closer to hers, so close at last, that often while we watched her we would ask each other, Could we live without her now? would it be easy to forget her, and take up again the threads of the old life that we left off weaving when she came to us; would it be very easy? And we always answered, No, how could we? for was she not the brightener of our winter, the sunshine of our June, so to speak, our angel in the house?

I was away at school when Cousin Miriam came to make her home among us; she was my mother's orphan niece, the child of her lost sister. Just two years separated us; she was fourteen, I twelve. How well I remember coming home for the holidays one midsummer day (the pleasant summer holidays), and finding her at my mother's side, filling a daughter's place to her.

How well I remember my first boyish impressions of her, and yet I cannot describe them as I would; but as I look at her now through the faithful mirror of memory, she comes before me as distinctly as I saw her that midsummer day, with her pale, sweet, quiet face, and soft brown hair that fell about it like a shadow; and her eyes—Grace, I thought I had never seen any eyes like them before; so loving, and earnest, and thoughtful; so eloquent with their own sweet language, out of which her young heart-world looked forth, calm, tender, and beautiful; clear, faithful eyes that, like a pure stream, reflected the stars as well as the sunlight.

Not many days went by before we each felt her presence in the house, like a sweet holy influence that wove new threads of gladness, and hope, and comfort into our daily little joys and sorrows.

My mother's heart, if she was cast down by some household care or perplexity, would grow light again when Miriam came in at the door,

and to my father she grew dearer every day; as for me, I soon learnt to call her sister, and she called me brother (speaking to each other in that mute finger-language); we said it was in jest, but there was more of earnest than of jest in those names: I knew that afterwards, when we lost her.

O Miriam, that was a dreary day, the day we lost you, the day you went away from us, and we had nothing left of you but your empty place and sweet memory, and the presence of a great sad blank where you had sat, or stood, or walked among us! O Miriam, Miriam! I am glad to think you never knew how wearily we missed you. I am glad to think you could not hear that troubled cry in our hearts that was ever calling to you from morning till evening, from evening till morning, Miriam! Miriam! and every room and corner in the house and garden only echoed, Miriam. And so she lived her life among us, her quiet, kind, patient, self-forgetting life; and those midsummer holidays were the happiest I had ever spent. What pleasant bright memories I carried back to school when they were over (how much too quickly over) of long days' rambles through fields, and woods, and lanes, we two all by ourselves, with the blue sky over our heads, and soft mosses and wild flowers under our feet, and sunlight around us and within us, and cool green shadows that kept many a resting-place for us, quiet, consecrated spots (like those other resting-places we all consecrate in youth, and return to in after years with tired steps to look upon through tears of reverent affection, to sit down once again under their cool deep shadows from the heat and dust of life's busy day of travel), and of coming home at evening, when the dew was falling, and the nightingales were singing, though only one of us might listen to their sweet mournful music—only one. And then, when "good night" came to be said, how pleasant it seemed to remember that we should meet again the next day, and the next, and the next, that we should be together every day through the long, long holidays. It was wonderful how soon the people in our village grew to love Cousin Miriam; wonderful how men and women and little children felt a throb of gladness whenever she crossed their path. Yet no, it was not wonderful, for Miriam had such a gentle sympathising way about her, such a ready interest in all that pleased or troubled those she met in her silent way, such kindness in rejoicing with them, such skill in comforting, that people grew to love her every day, and knew it not. I was always her interpreter; through me she heard many a little household story of joys and troubles, hopes and anxieties,

many a heart and life history ; and through me passed back again the word of sympathy, or help, or counsel that the sealed lips might not express, though the tender heart was always ready.

And so the years went by us ; summer after summer, and winter after winter, came and went ; June after June, and Christmas after Christmas, I came home for the holidays, and still that other face was there to add its smile of welcome to the dear home greetings. Yes, Miriam, my heart's own sister, you were one more drop of gladness in my cup at coming-home time ; but also one drop more of pain when the last-day of the holidays came, and the last good-bye was said. It is always so in our life here : each new tree that grows in our garden both bears us fruit and blossom to add to our store, and also casts another shadow across our path. Happy if, after we have gathered the flowers, we can rest quietly under the shadow, still enjoying the perfumed leaves, even while they are fading one by one in our hand. Happy if our cherished tree be an evergreen, so leaving us a shadow for rest afterwards, and not the chilling sight of cold, dry, leafless branches marking the place where the flowers have been. So the years went by us year after year till we counted six. Miriam was a woman now, and I had left school and entered college. Yes, Miriam was grown to be a woman, a gentle, thoughtful, earnest-hearted woman, very good, very beautiful, very patient.

But the years which had brought strength and vigour to her inner life, unfolding day by day its quiet beauty, brought little or none to the frail outer being. Miriam was not strong, she had never been strong from her childhood. It always seemed to us that the thread of her human life but held her with a slender clasp that grew more slender every year, gently unwinding itself day by day, as if it feared to let her feel too painfully the slackening of its hold. My mother began to speak of Miriam in her letters as being delicate, that her cough made her feel uneasy ; she had had it so long that she thought her paler and thinner than she used to be. Still, I knew my mother was apt to be over-anxious, so I hoped on in spite of her troubled words.

At last she wrote to say that the doctors had ordered sea air for Miriam ; and so, when the long summer vacation came, we all went for a few weeks to the sea. It was a pleasant happy time we spent there, a quiet, tranquil time, filled with sunny hours, to be laid by for after-memories, treasured sacredly for ever. We used to sit for long, long hours on the shore, Miriam and I, watching the wild, ceaseless,

unresting waves, that would never be still for a moment, that have never been still since the day when the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and will never rest till the earth and the heaven shall be dissolved, and there shall be no more sea.

Long, long hours we sat there by the sea, Miriam and I, and wearied not, though to her it must have seemed but as the restlessness of a great silence, the strife and tumult of life without the music. And so we let the hours go by without ever staying to count them, sitting there watching the waves come and go, like the hopes, and dreams, and yearnings that make the tides of our life, or reading those wonderful poems of Mrs. Browning, wonderful for truth, wonderful for their rich wealth of thought, wonderful for strength, living, earnest strength.

How Miriam delighted in those poems ; how I have seen her eye kindle and her cheek glow as page after page opened to some new chamber in the treasury of thought. How every chord in her nature seemed to thrill to the sure true touch of that master-hand, as it could thrill to no other—no other but hers.

Two months passed away, two bright months, and then we all went home again ; and Miriam, though she had been very happy at the sea, yet was glad to be once more in the old home, glad to sit by the open window in the drawing-room inhaling the sweet breath of the flowers, that came in from every nook and corner of the garden, still glowing in all the fresh, full beauty of late summer.

We had some quiet days and weeks after that, seeing little or no change either for better or worse in our gentle invalid. Gently day by day that slender thread of her life was unwinding itself gently and painlessly. Very quietly the river was flowing away to the sea, and we who walked beside it heard it singing as it went, making sweeter and gladder music as we listened, sweeter and gladder ; and we could not sigh or weep.

It was the middle of October when I returned to college ; only for eight weeks, Miriam and I said to each other, the last evening before I went away—only for eight weeks ; and then she put into my hand a little Bible, nicely bound, with my name and hers written in the beginning, asking me to keep it always for her sake. Surely there was little need to ask that.

I took it up to my own room, and turning over the leaves before I packed it up, I found a little mark in that verse which speaks of the land where the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

Why had she marked that verse now? did she feel as if from her that land was not so very far off? And the next day, as I bade my mother good-bye, I whispered in her ear, "Will Cousin Miriam die, mother; is she going to leave us soon?" and my mother answered, "I hope not, Willie—I trust not. Not yet," she added (as if speaking to herself), "O God! not yet;" and all my heart echoed, "not yet."

And then I went away with a hope and a fear growing side by side in my heart; but even as I watched them growing I saw that the hope had taken the deepest root. It is ever so with us; thank God, it is ever so. Wild and bitter must be the storm, sharp and sudden the uprooting, that can deprive us of that priceless tree of life which God's hand has planted in the midst of our human garden. Is it not an emblem of that other tree, growing by the river-side, in the midst of His Paradise, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations? and are not nations made up of human hearts?

Only eight weeks, Miriam and I had said to each other, on that last evening, only eight weeks; yet how slowly they seemed to pass; slowly to me, counting week by week, day by day. At last they were ended, and I left off counting; and once more the glad Christmas-time came, and once more I was at home again. How well I remember that home-coming, so different from all the others that had gone before it. My father meeting me at the door alone; the empty drawing-room, silent, deserted, and dreary, though the warm winter fire was shedding around and on everything the same bright living light it had shed there many, many Christmases; and things were in their old places, and nothing was changed; everything was just where it had always been, except Miriam. She never left her room now (my father said), and my mother watched beside her night and day.

Could we live without her now? It was years since we had ceased to ask each other that question, now we must ask it once more, yet not to each other, but to God; we must ask Him for strength to enable us to answer it according to His will, not ours.

And so through all that Christmas week we watched the quiet waning of her life, like the waning of a summer moon. Calmly, hopefully, without the shadow of one passing cloud to cross its brightness, we watched it fade away before the golden sunrise of that other life which is for ever. And when our watch was ended we could but sit and weep for our loss; but soon there came to stay our tears the thought of how she was among the angels, joining all their praise, in the land where the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the

tongue of the dumb shall sing. So now, Grace, can you wonder why it was I was so anxious that our little daughter there should be called Miriam,—can you wonder, Grace?

FROM CANADA TO LIVERPOOL, WITH "SKEDADDLERS" FROM THE NORTHERN ARMY.

THE Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—one of the most shaky and rickety in the world—is not, at the outset, the most pleasing of routes whereby to commence a journey homewards; a train, or at least a "bullgine" (engine), running off the track being an event of quite ordinary occurrence. We arrived at Montreal on the morning of the 26th of March, well dusted, and jostled almost to death, but with appetites sharpened by the involuntary exercise which we had been taking day and night; so, in company with a "skedaddler" from a Michigan cavalry regiment, I adjourned to the Miranda "Hotel," so called. The small bar-room was crowded by a host of Lower Canadian *habitants*, with a sprinkling of some half-dozen chattering Frenchwomen. Hungry and tired, I entered the dining-room, a dirty little apartment about ten feet square, in which my head, albeit that of a short man, nearly touched the ceiling, while my olfactory nerves were sorely discomposed. Huge chumps of bread were distributed round the table, at one end of which was a tureen of black bean-soup, and at the other a large dish of fish, which might have been fresh a week before; so, hungry as I was, I hastily quitted the company. A few doors from the Miranda, I discovered a phlegmatic German, stout and greasy withal, busily employed in the concoction of saveloys, Bologna sausages, &c., from whom I made a few rapid purchases, with which, and a pocket-pistol in the shape of a brandy-bottle, I hurried to catch the train, then almost on the point of starting from Montreal for Island Pond.

On the way we formed some new acquaintances bound for home by the same steamer with ourselves. Among them were an old farmer and his son, on their road from the far backwoods to Dublin, to inherit an income of 700*l.* a year; and a veteran Irishman "skedaddling" from the New York cavalry. From Montreal to Portland (Maine) the railroad is even worse than that portion of it which traverses Canada West; and on our arrival, at midnight, at that miserable locality called Island Pond, I was black and blue. We were escorted to a dilapidated building—a perfect dog-hole, yclept an hotel; it was worse than any backwoods shanty, Irish shebeen, or underground habitation into which I have crept in the course of my wandering life. The Yankees,

as is well known, pride themselves most especially on their being a go-ahead people ; but the want of accommodation and the inconveniences to which the traveller is constantly exposed in this part of their dominions, are disgraceful to civilisation and humanity. And in this very state of Maine—where they boast of having set such an example to the rest of the world in the encouragement of temperance, by instituting the Maine law, prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors—more abominable poisons are sold, and more drunkenness is visible, than I remember to have witnessed elsewhere. Of course all this sort of indulgence has to be carried on *sub rosa*; but the inspectors are quite open to a gratuity, which closes their mouths from making any inquiry as to whether or no spirits are drunk on the premises. It is the habit of the landlord to carry in his pockets small bottles of different sorts of liquor, so that he is able immediately to oblige his customer with a glass of brandy, rum, or whisky, as the case may be, the stock being stowed away out of sight in the back premises.

We left Island Pond early in the day ; and on reaching Portland the same afternoon we found the place in a state of excitement, owing to the embarkation of a regiment of Maine cavalry for New Orleans. The appearance of these men presented a curious medley,—hats, caps, garments, and boots, of all conceivable sizes, shapes, and colours ; and whether they wore one spur or two, or none at all, seemed to pass quite unnoticed. Some fifty sentinels, with drawn swords, were guarding the wharf, to render it impossible for any to “jump the bounty,” i.e., run away, or “skedaddle.” The reader may easily picture to himself the trouble that the Northerners have to secure soldiers to serve. Almost every man after receiving the bounty, of from 400 to 800 dollars, will desert if possible, and, making off to another State, will procure another bounty. I know of some who have been paid it six times over ; and as the money given amounts, in some instances, to a thousand dollars (200*l.* sterling), it is no inconsiderable sum for one rogue to amass in this manner. It is computed that in Upper Canada alone there are at present upwards of 40,000 “skedaddlers” from the Federal army ; and most of the steerage passengers in every steamer for England are nominal soldiers, who have borne off some of Uncle Sam’s greenbacks.

The method adopted for entrapping the unfortunate immigrants is very barbarous, yet at times it borders on the ludicrous. The week before we quitted Portland it had witnessed the arrival of about 400 luckless Hibernians, who had been bamboozled by an American

agent in the Emerald Isle. He had paid their passage out, having lured them with the prospect of a golden harvest in the shape of the grand wages they would earn while employed on a railway, the construction of which would occupy some years. They landed in the New World of so many fabulous promises only to find that they had been hoaxed, and that the line was all a myth. In vain they stormed and raged. Bounties—greenbacks, probably—were thrust into their hands and whisky into their mouths, and they were marched away southwards, to end their lives in the dismal swamps, or to fall by the Confederate bullets. The Irish are enticed with soft sawder and their national liquor ; the Germans with lager beer. On every arrival of immigrants of the latter nation at the Castle Gardens* in New York, government agents and private speculators are keenly on the look-out. The Germans are huddled together, with barrels of the seductive drink placed before them ; and when they have reached the suitable stage of intoxication, they, too, are hurried off in sky-blue uniforms to the army of the Potomac, destined, in all human probability, to share the fate of the poor Irishmen.

The army of the North is well fed and well clothed compared with that of the South. A gentleman, who had escaped from the Libby gaol at Richmond, informed me that a few days before his departure there had arrived three Confederate regiments, whose uniforms were made of the calico, striped with green and white, which is sold as an imitation of Venetian blinds, shoes and stockings being altogether wanting. Just previous to this, a whole brigade had entered Richmond in a pelting rain, and had been obliged to pass the night without shelter. The courage and fortitude with which the Southerners face every privation, the skill and daring of their generals, the willing renunciation of everything they possess, forbid us to believe that they can ever be vanquished. All the church bells have been melted down and re-cast into guns, all the cushions and hassocks converted into beds for the wounded, all the women’s jewels and ornaments, sacrificed to the exigencies of the struggle.

We sailed in the Jura, with every prospect of fair weather and a rapid voyage, bidding adieu to Portland, which the Northerners have fortified strongly since the affair of the Trent, having erected large forts on either side of the narrow entrance to the harbour. About five miles from its mouth the wreck of the steamer

* The Castle Gardens, at New York, are under government control, and all immigrants have to stop there on their arrival.

Bohemian was visible. She had run ashore in trying to make the fort, with the loss of forty of her steerage passengers. She had belonged to the same company as our own vessel; and as they had lost eight fine steamers in the course of seven years, it was not very encouraging when a terrific gale came on, dead ahead. The heavy seas made clean breaches over us, washing away our bulkheads, and for some time it was doubtful whether or no the good ship would weather the storm. Every timber trembled and creaked. Down she dipped deep into the ocean's trough, seemingly lost for awhile, but rising gallantly again; and each time she recovered herself another tremendous sea would strike her, deluging her with tons of water fore and aft. At the end of five days the weather moderated, and joyful faces were then to be seen amongst the steerage passengers. A slight sketch of some of these may perhaps be not altogether devoid of interest or amusement to the reader, and may convey to his mind some idea of the actual state of the American army.

To begin with an eccentric little Hibernian, working his passage home. While the gale was at its height I saw a creature, measuring about four feet, and with a face not unlike that of a Gibraltar baboon, emerge, covered with coal dust, from the opposite cabin, on his way to the scene of his labours in the stoke-hole. On his return I entered into conversation with him, and found him a regular Irishman, full of fun and humour and cunning shrewdness. Short as he was (and ugly withal), he had received the bounty and enlisted in the Federal army, and was then marched off some 800 miles southwards. During the passage of one of the rivers, Paddy took advantage of the confusion and contrived to creep into the rear, where he doffed his uniform, wherewith he had on enlisting covered his tattered garments; and when all had passed on he cast it to the winds, and succeeded in making his way nearly to the Canadian frontier. There he had the luck to fall in with an Irishwoman, who had received a pass from the colonial government for her husband. This my friend purchased for 15s., eluded the detectives, crossed the border in safety, and resold his pass for the same sum that he had paid for it. "They thought Paddy was a fool," he told me. "A Yankee came to me, and, 'Paddy,' he says, 'if you want to buy a watch, here's one for thirty dollars.' 'Begorra! and what's the use of that to the like o' me,' says I; 'sure it isn't one hand I know from another, and as for the numbers, I never could learn 'em.' Faix, they all took me for a fool, but Paddy sold them all; and there

ain't a boy in Derry can say what myself can, —jest three months away from ould Ireland, six weeks at sea, six weeks a-doing nothing at all, and now near Derry again, and all these beautiful golden drops about me;" and, thrusting his dirty blackened paw into his still dirtier pocket, he pulled out thirty sovereigns. "Now," he continued, "I'll be seeing Judy, and never a word will I spake about the goold; and if she turns up her nose perpendicular, sure I'll be off for another run."

Besides this worthy, we had four more "skedaddlers" from the different armies of the North, whose accounts all tallied as to the barbarous mode in which the war is carried on by them; and to the cavalry, it seems, must be adjudged the ignoble palm for precedence in this disgraceful rivalry. "Whenever we came in sight of a Southern town," said my "skedaddler" from the Michigan horse, "and knew that the Southern troops were away, we went in at a rip of a gallop, and made for the goldsmiths' shops; as soon as they were plundered, the other shops and the stores were next gutted; and if there happened to be any large houses, we ransacked them and set fire to the town in several places; we very seldom left anything standing behind us. But in some of the Southern planters' houses we did best; two of our boys hooked four thousand gold pieces from one, and another bagged five thousand from another: we generally broke open all the boxes we could find; the silk dresses we used to send to our wives, and I have often heard the ladies imploring our men to leave them some few clothes. In one wealthy planter's house that we went to loot there were two uncommon pretty girls; one of our men got hold of a splendid coverlet, worked all in silk and satin, while one of the young ladies held on to it and begged him to leave it, as she valued it so much, but it was soon wrenched out of her hand. While the men were plundering the room the other young lady was sitting at the piano, playing—

On Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie;

and the piano was not spared."

Two of my shipmates, who had been in the Federal cavalry, told me that these pillaging scenes were of daily occurrence. While the 3rd regiment of Michigan horse were rushing through one of the towns, a lady shot the major dead as he was passing her window; the troops returned, but the bird had flown, and so fortunately escaped their vengeance; however, they retaliated by burning the house, a measure on their part hardly to be wondered at on this occasion. "We generally found

out," said one of my informants, "where the old 'coon stowed his money, for most of the planters have a confidential old negress; we used to tie her hands behind her, and after a good deal of pinching she would let the cat out of the bag, and discover the hiding-place. Most of the ladies and gentlemen had made their escape before we arrived."

My fellow-passengers assured me that the subaltern officers, and even the captains, were often more ruthless pillagers than the men; and even where perhaps this was not the case, very few of the privates paid the slightest attention to their commanders' orders. In the regiments belonging to the State of Kansas the troops do not allow their officers to inflict any punishment. The man above referred to told me that while serving in North America he was once tied up with his hands behind him to a tree, to be left there for two hours, in consequence of some act of disobedience; but he was released by his infuriated comrades, who rushed to the rescue with drawn sabres, while the captain dared not utter a word. The punishments are various; that for drunkenness consists in putting an empty barrel, in which is bored a hole large enough to admit of the head passing through, over the delinquent, who is tantalised by an unattainable glass of whisky being placed on the top of the cask. Others are very cruel, such as suspending the unfortunate man by means of a rope attached to his hands (which have been previously tied together behind him) to the branch of a tree, his toes just touching the ground. When a culprit is sent to prison, a chain ten feet in length is riveted with a shackle to his ankle, and a thirty-two-pounder shot is attached to it; when he is walking he is obliged to carry the chain, but when wheeling earth he can partially relieve himself of the weight by depositing it in the barrow. There are other modes of punishment, some bordering far too closely on torture to be admitted into the code of a civilised nation.

I was told that the regiments from the State of Georgia give no quarter to the Secessionists; indeed, it would seem as if neither plunder, sacrilege, nor any similar crime was too bad to find perpetrators in the ranks of the Northern army; while, to the honour of the Southerners be it said, they have always respected private property, except in a few instances, when goaded to retaliation by the excesses of their enemies. I have never yet encountered a Federal soldier who would not acknowledge this to be the case. Not satisfied with destroying houses and robbing every unlucky being who crosses their path, the Northerners are too often not ashamed to descend to petty larceny and to steal pigs and poultry.

I could fill a volume with the anecdotes my shipmates told me of their experiences during the war, did space admit of my doing so, but I will conclude with one related to me by a private of the 13th New York Cavalry. He, too, had "jumped the bounty," and was now on his homeward voyage to Ireland "to enjoy the blessings of the land and the fruits of his labour," in the shape of 300 of Uncle Sam's dollars in his pocket. My old warrior had formerly served in Her Majesty's 10th Hussars, had been in China, India, and other distant regions, and was finally returning from the siege of Charleston. Observing him take a bottle of quinine from a small deal box, curiosity impelled me to inquire, "What do you do with that quinine?" The veteran was silent for a minute or two, then, seeing that the coast was clear of listeners, he answered, "It's of no use trying to pump me, as you have those young soldiers, but I don't mind telling you about it. Well, in one of the small towns down South, I and another boy of ours took to a druggist's shop to try our luck there, and we found about twenty pounds of quinine, all done up in bottles like this. Our plans were soon formed; he packed it all up except this one bottle, and we started back to picket duty. The Southern pickets were close in front, and I managed to attract the attention of our commanding officer, while Con Brady made a dash into the Confederate lines, waving a white pocket handkerchief as a flag of truce. We fired several shots after him, not too well aimed, and he reached the *Secesh* safely, sold his horse and accoutrements to the colonel of the regiment for one thousand dollars, went on to Richmond, and realised three thousand dollars or more by the quinine." The narrator concluded, "And this Con had only one eye, and had jumped the bounty four times before, by gob."

I have given these few episodes of one of the most disastrous civil wars, especially when its magnitude is taken into account, that the world has ever witnessed. Its horrors and miseries are certainly no fit theme for jesting, but viewed in its aspect of vulgar braggadocio, the Yankee character, as developed in the course of the struggle, would be ludicrous if it were not too contemptible. Of course there are many honourable exceptions, and the land which has brought forth sons distinguished for talent, for valour, and for virtue must be capable of better things. But the harsh and tyrannical spirit in which the Northerners have hitherto pursued this unnatural conflict for the purpose of subjugating their unwilling brethren reads as a strange satire upon the loud-sounding professions of liberty that meet us at every

turn. When will it be apparent to them, as it has long been to us Europeans, that eight millions of men, fighting for all they hold most dear on earth, can never be conquered? There is certainly the alternative of extermination; but such a project, if one so horrible were ever seriously entertained by the Federals, is showing itself daily more and more impossible of realisation. We can only trust that they may acknowledge before it is too late the injustice and hopelessness of this war—a war in which they have scarcely gained a single decided victory, notwithstanding the great superiority of their numbers and appliances, and which threatens at no distant period to be carried by their triumphant foes to the very gates of Baltimore, and even of Washington itself.

The latter part of our voyage was calm and uneventful, its monotony being only relieved by the experiences of my “skedaddling” acquaintances. We reached Liverpool in safety, and dispersed to our several homes.

HENRY CHESHIRE.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

LAVATER, in his work on Physiognomy, which created so great a sensation throughout Europe towards the end of last century, makes a remark regarding the hereditary brilliancy of eyes in certain families, which is partly true and partly false. “When any extraordinary vivacity appears in the eyes of the mother,” says the Swiss mystic, “there is almost a certainty that these eyes will become hereditary; for the imagination of the mother is delighted with nothing so much as the beauty of her own eyes.” With the first part of what Lavater says here I entirely agree; but the reason he assigns for the beautiful eyes of children will satisfy no one who has paid any attention to the marvellous phenomena connected with the transmission of physical and mental qualities through countless generations. The eye is “the window of the soul,” as poets and philosophers unite in telling us, and the window may be made bright or dark by the good or evil temper of the spirit that looks through it, as well as by its mere physical condition. A modern writer on this interesting topic gives a much more rational explanation of the circumstances which produce and perpetuate brilliancy of eyes, as well as of those which diminish that quality, than the one furnished by Lavater. “As anxiety not only bedims, but also diminishes the eye-ball; indeed, bedims by so far diminishing; and as cheerfulness not only brightens, but also fills and enlarges the eye-ball; as, moreover, the large eye-ball, with convex cornea, is fitted

for seeing near objects, and the small eye-ball, with plane cornea, for seeing distant; so a cheerful, social disposition must, in the course of years, and of life, and of successive generations, produce large eye-balls; while an anxious, melancholy, and reserved disposition must, in the course of time, produce small eye-balls.”* Brilliant eyes, of the kind here described, when accompanied by corresponding culture of soul, constitute a valuable inheritance. Whether in man or woman, a natural tendency to look at the bright side of things is better than “houses and land,” when the latter are accompanied by that inveterate disposition to look on the dark side which makes the unhappy patient see every thing, sublunary or celestial, through the gloomy medium of fear.

The “extraordinary vivacity,” of which Lavater speaks, must proceed either from the hereditary qualities of the soul, or from the special culture it has received: first in the ordinary world of sense and show, and then in the higher sphere of emotions and ideas. The mother who possesses true nobility of soul cannot fail to give her children a portion of the rich inheritance she has derived from her ancestors; and this, no doubt, determines that strong individuality of features and expression by which certain families are characterised. As a general rule, however, far more depends upon the culture which the soul receives from parents and teachers than upon the frame in which it is lodged; and if this may be said with regard to those habits of the soul which stamp an indelible expression upon the countenance, it applies with peculiar force to the character of the eye, in which the whole spiritual nature stands embodied so clearly in some persons as to convey more meaning by a single glance than any amount of mere oratory or eloquence can impart. “One might—one now and then can,” says John Foster in his Diary, “throw one’s whole soul through one’s eyes in a single glance.” Great men, especially great commanders, generally possess this remarkable power, which, like every other bodily or spiritual faculty, becomes all the stronger from its frequent use. “In the eyes of certain persons there is something sublime, which beams and exacts reverence. This sublimity is the concealed power of raising themselves above others, which is not the wretched effect of constraint, but primitive essence. Each one finds himself obliged to submit to this secret power, without knowing why, as soon as he perceives that look, implanted by nature to inspire reverence, shining

* “An Attempt to Establish Physiognomy upon Scientific Principles.” By John Cross, M.D. Glasgow. 1817.

in the eye. Those who possess this natural sovereign essence rule as lords or lions among men by native privilege, with heart and tongue conquering all.*

The great Chatham must have had this look in an eminent degree. "The lightning of his eye was not to be endured," as one of his biographers relates; and this was the case, even to the latest hour of his life, when worn down by sickness and age. Frederick the Great had the same commanding expression. "His large eyes dart the most piercing look," says the poet Gleim, "but tempered with clemency." Lavater, in speaking of Frederick, quotes from a French writer a passage on the peculiar look of great men. "This mark, which nature has imprinted on the face of every great man, is superior to every advantage of figure, and transforms a Socrates into a handsome man. Whoever has received this distinctive mark feels indeed that he is invested with it; but is ignorant of its seat, which is infinitely various." Upon the latter point, however, the Swiss physiognomist does not agree with the Frenchman. "I have always found this mark," says Lavater, "in the contour of the eyelid, between the eyebrows, or near the root of the nose. It is in the last place that it distinctly appears in our hero"—Frederick the Great. Judging from the best portraits of the Prussian monarch, I think that the mark of greatness was not confined to one feature, but was visible in the firm expression of the mouth, no less than in the penetrating glance of the eyes.

Emerson makes some notable remarks, in his "Conduct of Life," on the marvellous phenomena of our spiritual being, as it shows itself at the "windows of the soul," which are well worthy of study, on account of the clear light they throw upon the impulsive, undisciplined character of the American people in general:—

"Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. . . . The communication by the eye is, in the greater part, not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self; and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there.

The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made; and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity."

What the New England Transcendentalist says here regarding the boldness of American eyes, which "wait for no introduction," and have no respect for anything, points to the most salient feature in the national character of our Transatlantic brethren—a total want of reverence, arising from intense egotism, and consequent impatience of all restraint. The greatest defect in the American people, says General Scott, is their want of patience; and this fatal want is clearly owing to that unbounded freedom from all restraint which they have enjoyed since the declaration of American Independence. Outward freedom is good for a nation only in proportion to the amount of inward culture it has received. Unless accompanied by a strong sense of justice, or an earnest conviction of duty, political freedom becomes a curse rather than a blessing. The emancipation of the American people from those restraints of law and conventionalism to which their ancestors were subjected has not been accompanied by a corresponding amount of mental and moral culture, and the result is painfully visible in that reckless expression of the eyes to which Emerson refers. "The communication by the glance," as he tells us, "is, in the greatest part, not subject to the control of the will." This, of course, is a question of degree; of more or less power over the feelings. Eyes which respect neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, are not under the control of reason, but of passion or impertinent curiosity, which is too much the case with the sovereign people of America. The right government of the eyes cannot be achieved without the proper discipline of the soul; and such regimen is not willingly submitted to by men who have been taught from infancy that absolute freedom is the highest earthly good.

"It is a point of cunning," says Lord Bacon, "to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits give it in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances: yet this would be done with a demure abasing of your eyes sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use." As the Jesuits are exceedingly cunning, they naturally adopt this demure aspect for the purpose of concealing their own thoughts as closely as possible, while they are all the while trying to read the inmost soul of the person to whom they are speaking. This

* "Kemp's Essay on Temperaments."

is quite as bad as the reckless, roving expression of the eye which marks the American. The right course is to look the person with whom you are conversing full in the face; showing neither unmanly timidity, nor undue boldness. That artificial and demure look which Lord Bacon calls "a point of cunning," is the usual mark of a Jesuit, but it is not confined to the disciples of Loyola. Now and then we encounter a face of this description, where the cunning expression has been produced by other causes. "The greatest hypocrite I ever knew," says Hlaizt, "was a little demure, pretty, modest-looking girl, with eyes timidly cast upon the ground, and an air soft as enchantment. The only circumstance that could lead to a suspicion of her true character was a cold, sullen, watery, glazed look about the eyes, which she bent on vacancy, as if determined to avoid all explanation with yours. I might have spied in their glittering, motionless surface, the rocks and quicksands that awaited below." This, however, is only a one-sided view of the affair. What would the "little, demure, pretty, modest-looking girl" have said about the expression of Hazlitt's own eyes? Had she been able to express her feelings in as fine words as he used, we might have had as repulsive a picture of him as he has drawn of her. Patmore tells us that Hazlitt's eyes were neither fine nor brilliant; and as for expression, "there was a furtive and, at times, a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their overhanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant impression to those that did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly towards you, as if he were afraid that you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you." Who can wonder that the "modest-looking girl" should have felt afraid to look him frankly in the face?

Hazlitt ought to have remembered the fundamental law which reigns through all physiognomical relations, that like begets like. If your eyes wear a habitually suspicious or jealous expression, you may be sure that they will call forth a corresponding look in the eyes of most people with whom you come in contact. On the other hand, if your eyes have an open, frank, and cheerful expression, as if a good-natured soul were looking out of the window, you will find most people responding to your hearty greeting in the same pleasant ocular dialect. Marvellous also is the power which one soul exercises over another through the eyes, in imparting whatever passion or feeling predominates at the moment. This is certainly one of the greatest mysteries of our

dual nature, but it is one to which we shall obtain the key when we have acquired that high degree in self-knowledge which enables us, really and truly, to "see oursel's as others see us."

Solomon warns us against familiarity with "him that hath an evil eye; for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The double-minded man cannot help showing his real nature in the language of his eye. "Eat and drink, saith he to thee; but his heart is not with thee." Singleness of heart is equally visible in frankness of ocular expression. "My eye no sooner fixed upon his," says John Dunton, "but through that perspective I could see the inward virtue of his soul, which immediately produced a veneration in my breast, and I soon found our hearts beat time to one another." How much of our enjoyment in social intercourse arises from such sympathy is well expressed by Emerson. "Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips. A man comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes." Nor is this enjoyment altogether owing to the felicitous temper of the individual himself. The company of sympathetic souls has the effect of a powerful cordial upon a sinking heart. It soon raises it up to a higher level; and this all the more effectually from the unconscious nature of its operation. When we see "holiday in the eye," we do not need to care much about what the tongue says.

T. BALLANTYNE.

SIR OLAF.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.)

I.

NIGH the church two men are standing,
Each in scarlet mantle shrouded,—
One the king, with brow o'erclouded,
And the headsman is the other.

To the headsman speaks the monarch,
"When the priests have ceased their chanting,
Ceased the chant, the bridal ending,
Keep, oh! keep thy good axe ready."

Bells ring out, deep swells the organ,
Out of church the throng is streaming,
Bridal train of festive seeming—
In the midst the bride and bridegroom.

Pale as corpse, and trembling, weeping,
See the king's fair child appearing,—
Bold and proud, as nothing fearing,
Gaily smiling, walks Sir Olaf.

And, with lips so red and smiling,
To the gloomy king thus speaks he,
"Father of my wife, I greet thee,
Though my head must pay the forfeit.

"I must die to-day, yet let me,
Only let me live till midnight,
That, with feast and dance by torchlight,
I may celebrate my bridal ;

"Let me live till the last goblet
To the last drop I have drainèd,
Till the last wild dance is ended,—
Let me, let me live till midnight."

And the king speaks to the headsman,—
"To the bridegroom grant we respite,
But his life must end at midnight.
Keep, oh ! keep, thy good axe ready."

II.

Sir Olaf sits at the festive board,
Into his cup the last wine is poured,
And close at his side
Sits the weeping bride,
And the headsman stands in the doorwa

The dancing begins, the knight, in wild haste,
Hath clasped his arm round his fair wife's waist,
And they dance the last dance
By the torches' glance,
And the headsman stands in the doorway.

Merry the viols' clear notes float by,
But the flutes full softly and sadly sigh ;
As the dancers draw near,
Each soul fills with fear,
And the headsman stands in the doorway.

And as through the quaking room they glide,
Sir Olaf whispers so low to his bride,—
"My love for thee can never be told—
The grave is so cold,"—
And the headsman stands in the doorway.

III.

Sir Olaf, hark ! the midnight bell,
For thee shall rise no morrow ;
To love a king's fair child too well
Bringeth but shame and sorrow.

Chant, ye monks, a prayer for the dead,
The dismal block is ready,
The headsman, wrapped in his mantle red,
Poiseth his axe so steady.

Sir Olaf the castle-yard doth reach,
Swords flash and lights are flaring,
But boldly he maketh his dying speech,
And his lips a smile are wearing.

"I bless the sun, and the moon, and each star
Its rays o'er the fair earth flinging,
The birds that in the free air afar
Their joyful songs are singing.

"I bless the land, and I bless the sea,
The flowers the earth entwining ;
I bless the violets, sweet that be
As my wife's blue eyes so shining.

"Those eyes have cost my life to me,
Those violet eyes, love-lighted,
Yet I bless them, and the elder-tree
Where our rash love was plighted."

JULIA GODDARD.

A CHAPTER ON BIRDS.

NOR the least interesting side of ornithology is a knowledge of the associations connected with birds. These, as a few specimens will show, are multitudinous, and range over many departments of learning. The classics, ancient history and mythology, mediæval manners and customs, sacred lore and modern æsthetics, have each of them a point where they come in contact with ornithology. Hardly a single bird that we see in our walks is without a relation to the past or some reference to the home life of our own days.

We will begin with our own British birds. Seldom as it is seen with us now, the eagle soaring amongst the clouds is still to the classical scholar Jove's bird that bore off Ganymede to Olympus. The peacock sunning its many-eyed tail on the terrace recalls the pomp and state of Juno. Minerva, goddess of the wisdom that loves silence and the night hours, has her noiseless winged owl, just as Venus delighted in her Paphian doves. Around the osprey (Pandion), the hoopoe, kingfisher (Halcyon), unhappy Philomela and the swallow (Progne), crystallises many a legend of the old mythology. The woodpecker (Picus), takes us back to the cradle of Romulus and Remus, while the vulture, of which two or three specimens have been taken in Great Britain, recalls the foundation of the Eternal City : geese are for ever associated with its capitol. How appropriately is the Orphean warbler named ! When spring brings back the cuckoo, and its attendant the cuckoo-maid (as country folks call the wry-neck), who is not instantly transported to the sunny hills of Campania in Horace's time, and the vine-dresser vying with the passer-by in the rustic witticism of shouting "cuckoo" to each other ? The cocks and hens in the farm-yard tell us of the Indian jungles where their ancestors strutted ages ago, just as the very mention of a pheasant bears us off to Colchis, and shows us Medea brewing her unholy potions by the Phasis. Very suitably has the wren, with its small body and curious propensity for burrowing into hedge-bottoms, received the name of *Troglodytes Europæus*, carrying us away to Africa, the fairy-land of the old

Greeks, wherein were monsters of all kinds, dog-faced men, beings as high as one's fist, and lotus-eaters and troglodytes or cave-dwellers, "the swiftest of men, who feed on lizards and serpents." A quail recalls Alcibiades and his pet; we see Lesbia in our impudent house sparrow; and echoes of some of Virgil's sweetest verses float to our ears as the rock dove swoops out of its fastness by the sea.

A truce to classic recollections: let us pass on to the middle ages. The birds most endeared to the men of those days are the falcon family, especially the jer-falcon and the peregrine. Their glories fall on the heron, but too often a victim to their skill. Indeed, hawking was a sport inseparably connected with the domestic and social life of our ancestors, and therefore colours all our pictures of mediævalism. Shakespeare draws largely upon its technical terms, and Othello, whistling off his love like a "haggard" down the wind to prey on fortune, "though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings," only speaks intelligibly to those who have dabbled a little in the noble science. The pheasant, the peacock, and the swan were birds held in peculiar estimation in the middle ages, both on account of their beauty and their value for the table. In the *Romances* and *fabliaux* the peacock is called the "*noble oiseau*," the "*nourriture des amants*." When Philip the Good was at Lisle in 1454, a magnificent pageant was exhibited before him called the "*fête du faisán*," in which an image of that bird, forming the central figure of a procession of masquers and dancers, was introduced with much ceremony.

How large is the field that opens to us in speaking of the folk-lore connected with birds! We will begin with the wryneck, which, so long ago as the Roman times, used to be bound on a wheel and slowly turned round by witches, who muttered meanwhile many an incantation to bring recreant lovers back to their allegiance. It is to be hoped that just when the owl family is beginning to be scarce amongst us, truer notions are prevailing, and people will no longer associate owls with death and bad fortune, much as the Oxenham family had a tradition of the white bird which used to hover over its members before their death. In very many places, however, the night-jar still has the credit of sucking the milk from cows. The green woodpecker with its laugh, and the harsh scream of the missel-thrush, are in some counties popular prognostics of rain. A whole chapter of credulity might be written on the origin of the bernicle goose. Even the swift, the most curious of our swallows, has not

escaped the evil eye of superstition; a common country name for it is "devilging," because it never sets its foot on the earth, and because of its weird flight and shrill screaming as it careers round old church towers. Milton gives this ill prominence to the cormorant, from its green eyes and foul gluttony. All the crow family enjoy a dark fame. The raven is the awe of his district, and a lesser degree of this feeling attaches itself to the carrion crow. Innumerable are the proverbs in which jackdaws figure as popular examples of craft and forethought. As for the gull, few birds are so quick-sighted, and its name is an instance of etymology going by contraries. Its inoffensiveness is the side of its character which comes out in our use of the name for a silly person. While speaking of etymologies, how few there are who suspect the origin of petrel is, as its scientific name shows (*thalassidroma*), St. Peter's bird.

We need only make a passing allusion to the many sacred associations connected with birds. The cross-bill, for instance, has its name from a legend most readers will remember. There is a very pretty Norwegian legend too, about the manner in which the woodpecker obtained the red feathers on its head. More striking still is the Breton reverence for the redbreast. The confidence with which this bird approaches our dwellings in winter endears it to us, but even this would hardly atone for its pugnacity and quarrelsome disposition, were it not for our early reminiscences of the part it played in the tragedy of the Babes in the Wood. A bird always mythical and now only known by the fire-office to which it lends so appropriate a title, the phoenix, was especially holy in the eyes of the early Christian fathers, who almost without an exception use it as a symbol of the resurrection. The pelican is another bird connected with Christian art, and so is the eagle, as our numerous eagle-lecterns testify.

Geology is not rich in associations of birds; still, as we look at the relics of the Dodo in the Ashmolean Museum, a bird which has become extinct in the Mauritius during historic times, we are forcibly reminded of the *dinornis*, the gigantic extinct bird of New Zealand. There is a curious "feathered fossil," too, found in the lithographic stone of Solenhofen, which differs in the arrangement of its bones from all known birds; interesting from having puzzled paleontologists. It has soared in pride of place far above the ken of the flightiest of them, we read, "not only in the structure of the tail, but in having two, if not three, digits in the hand." No plain man need be

astonished after this if he hears it has "tipped" somebody "a fin."

Each locality and each season has its own bird to the ornithologist. If summer in town is roughly represented by the martin and chimney-swallow, many cherished reminiscences of coast scenery are flecked with the little black and white cliff swallows. We always connect the long mud flats of the Humber during winter with the presence of the Royston crow, which spends that season with us in the eastern counties of England. The sprightly water-ousel speaks of long sunny days by the Devonshire rivers in spring. Who does not hate the shore-lark with its melancholy wail, recalling those endless wet days at the seaside, when in desperation one takes to reading *Bradshaw*. The wheat-ear is inseparably connected in our mind with the verdant Welsh uplands where we first made its acquaintance. Who could think of the fly-catcher anywhere but by the boundary of his lawn,

With the bean-flower's boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May and June.

Cicero's famous eulogy of literary pursuits might be parodied to suit ornithology; even at night the latter science is not forgetful of her rotaries. How often have we dallied with "ambrosial night" in the western counties, where the shadowy "combes" were flooded with moonlight, listening to the distant chirring of the goat-sucker, or challenging the love-lorn owl with "tuwhit, tuwhoo!" as he flitted past to woo the baker's daughter of whom Shakespeare tells us. Nor can we forget wakeful nights in the midland counties, every minute of which was regularly numbered by the monotonous creaking of the landrail amongst the tedded hay on the hillside. Lincolnshire, besides the flights of ducks and geese that rustle through the air on wintry nights, has its special charm in the wailing notes of the plover. High over head you hear their plaintive cries, and if they astonish a stranger they may serve to remind him, if a scholar, of Homer's ghosts that flitted screaming through the shades, or of Celtic colonists of Breton, who, according to Procopius, were compelled to return in a disembodied state after death for interment in Cornwall, and wailed as they passed over the Channel to their long sad home.

Another curious subject connected with ornithology is the different impression some of our common birds make upon us from that which they made upon the ancients. Take the nightingale for instance: it had only melancholy

associations to the ancients; with our poets a far brighter view predominates, it is with them the "merry nightingale,"

The light-winged Dryad of the trees
That sings of summer in full throated-ease.

Again, we always associate the swallow with the return of spring, and when it leaves we wish good-bye to sunshine and summer; it was a bird full of sad associations to the pensive Greek, and even the practical Roman. The Rhodians welcomed it to their bright isle with songs, much as our children imitate the cuckoo in their glee. No greater contrast to our cheerful home life, where the swallow's twitter round its "procreant cradles" is so delightful to the early waker, can be found than in the beautiful yet gloomy lines of Dante—

Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai
La rondinella pressa alla mattina,
Forse a memoria de' suoi primi guai.

The kindly feeling of modern social life has little in common with the political life of the stirring days of the past; our very birds are affected by the change.

In these few specimens of the varied modes in which ornithology is bound up with far different associations, we have said but little on the thousand charms its study affords to a retired domestic life. Perhaps only they who really appreciate country pursuits and country objects can thoroughly enter into the fascination of ornithology. To such an one, on his lawn, on the moor, by the murmuring beck, where the beetling crags are lashed for ever by the sea, in the most solitary or the most crowded places, are his friends. By frequent observation he can become wonderfully familiar with their curious ways. A rookery, or an old tower tenanted by jackdaws and starlings, is a constant source of delight to him. It is quite possible for a city dweller to become an ornithologist, but we prefer to liken him to Wordsworth's poet—

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a shady grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

With the melancholy Jacques his life should be exempt from public haunt, but he should also, like Amiens, be able to

Tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.

He must learn to recognise his feathered friends by their call, their flight, their gait; when this one comes, when that one goes; when this kind ceases to sing, when that family quits the fields for more domestic haunts: such

is the craft in which he must excel. Such an ornithologist as this, besides opening up a vast fund of delight and learning to himself, may also wonderfully enrich our knowledge of birds.

Though much is known of our native birds, ornithology has yet many problems connected

with immigration, abundance or scarcity of particular species during particular years, or at different places, which only the practical ornithologist can ever hope to solve. It is needless to mention how such knowledge would react upon farming and horticulture; to take only the most evident instances, so



The Eagle.

wonderfully are all branches of knowledge connected, that a thoughtful ornithologist may materially benefit mankind by a zealous pursuit of his favourite study. Let him, by all means then, fish with Izaak Walton and gaze at sunset over "the Hanger" with Gilbert White, let him even preach to his finny prey with St. Anthony, or join St. Francis of Assisi

in haranguing "his sisters," the starlings, if he will; let him follow any of those numerous lines of thought or association we have attempted to illustrate in this paper, but let him in all look beyond himself. Ornithology may bring delight to ourselves, but its crowning glory is to bring forth fruits that may benefit the condition of mankind.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LIII. JUDITH'S STORY.

IN the twilight of the winter's evening, in the drawing-room of Lady Jane's house, Frederick Grey was sitting with Lucy Chesney. The removal from Mr. Carlton's that day did not appear to have hurt her, she seemed the stronger for it, and though Judith kept assuring her that she ought to go to her chamber and lie down, Lucy stayed where she was.

The interview was a gloomy one. It was Frederick Grey's farewell visit, for he was going back to London the following day. But the gloom did not arise from that cause, but from another. Lucy had been telling him something, and he grew hot and angry.

The fact was, Lady Jane, in her perplexity and tribulation at finding the deceased lady, Mrs. Crane, to have been Clarice Chesney, had that morning dropped a word in Lucy's hearing to the effect that the discovery might be the means of breaking off the contemplated marriage. Of course, Lucy was making herself very miserable, and her lover was indignant.

"On what grounds?" he chafed, for he had rather a hot temper. "On what grounds?"

"Jane thinks it will not be seemly that we should marry, if the mistake that brought Clarice her death was made by Sir Stephen. The medicine, you know."

"Jane must be getting into her dotage," he angrily exclaimed. "Sir Stephen never did make the mistake. Lucy, my darling, be at ease: we cannot be parted now."

Lucy's tears were dropping fast: she was weak from her recent illness. To marry in opposition to Jane could never be thought of, and Jane was firm when she once took a notion into her head. In the midst of this, Jane came in from her visit to the little dead boy at Tupper's cottage, and Frederick Grey spoke out his mind somewhat warmly. Judith, who entered the room to take her lady's bonnet, stood in surprise and concern: her sympathies were wholly with Frederick Grey and Lucy. He had not observed Judith enter.

"Oh, my lady," she exclaimed, impulsively, "it would not be right to separate them. Should the innocent suffer for the guilty?"

"The guilty? the guilty?" mused Lady Jane. "How are we to know who is guilty?"

Judith stood still, a strange expression of eagerness, blended with indecision, on her white face. She looked at Lady Jane, she looked at

Frederick Grey; and she suddenly threw down the bonnet she held, and lifted her hands.

"I'll speak," she exclaimed. "I'll declare what I know. Ever since last night I have been telling myself I ought to do it. And I wish I had done it years ago!"

They looked at her in astonishment. What had come to quiet, sober Judith?

"My lady, you ask who was guilty—how it is to be known? I think I know who it was: I think it was Mr. Carlton. I could almost have proved it at the time."

"Oh, Judith!" exclaimed Frederick Grey, reproachfully, while Jane dropped her head upon her hand, and Lucy gazed around, wondering if they had all gone scared. "And you have suffered my father to lie under the suspicion all these years!"

"I did not dare to speak," was Judith's answer. "Who was I, a poor humble servant, that I should bring an accusation against a gentleman—a gentleman like Mr. Carlton, thought well of in the place? Nobody would have listened to me, sir. Besides, in spite of my doubts, I could not believe he was guilty. I thought I must have made some strange mistake. And I feared that the tables might have been turned upon me, and I accused."

Whatever she knew, and however long she might have suppressed it, there was no resource but to speak out fully now. She took up her position against the wall, partially hidden by the folds of the crimson curtains from what little light the fire gave. Lucy sat forward on the sofa as one dazed, Lady Jane's face was still shaded by her hand, Frederick Grey stood with his elbow on the mantel-piece.

"I will not be Mr. Carlton's accuser," she began. "No, my lady, I will simply tell what I saw, and let others judge: the impression of his guilt on my mind may have been altogether some great mistake. I—I suppose I must begin at the beginning?"

"You must begin at the beginning and go on to the ending," interposed Frederick Grey, authoritatively.

"And I'll do it," said Judith. "On the Sunday evening when that poor lady, Mrs. Crane, lay ill at the Widow Gould's, I stepped in between eight and nine to wish her good-night. I had a bad face-ache; it was in pain all over; and I wanted to get to bed. The widow and Nurse Pepperfly were at supper in the kitchen; I saw them as I passed the kitchen window,

and I ran up-stairs quietly, not disturbing them. I had no light, and I found the bedroom in darkness, but it was a fine moonlight night. I spoke to Mrs. Crane, but she was asleep, and did not answer, and I sat down by the bed, behind the curtain, and nursed my face for a minute or two. There came a ring at the door-bell, and I heard Mrs. Gould go to answer it, and attend the visitor up-stairs. I thought it might be Mr. Stephen Grey, but as they came into the adjoining sitting-room, I heard Mrs. Gould address him as Mr. Carlton. She went down again, and he came into the chamber, without the light. His coming in awoke Mrs. Crane, for I heard her start and stir, and he approached the bed. 'Clarice,' said he, 'Clarice, how could you be so imprudent, so foolish, as to come to South Wennock?' 'Oh, Lewis, I am so thankful you have returned!' she answered, in a joyful, loving tone, which struck me with amazement. 'Don't be angry with me; we can keep our secret; but I could not bear the thought of being ill so far away. It is such a sweet little boy!' 'It was exceedingly wrong, Clarice,' he went on, in a vexed tone; but I heard no more, for I stole out of the room. I heard Mr. Carlton say 'Who's there?' but I sped down-stairs quietly in my list shoes, for I did not like them to think they had been overheard. As I went by the kitchen Mrs. Gould spoke to me, telling me, I remember, of an accident that had happened to Mr. Carlton that evening in coming from Great Wennock. I ran in home, and went to bed; but what with the pain in my face, and the words I had overheard next door, I could get no rest. It seemed a mystery to me and nothing less, that the young lady should be so intimate with Mr. Carlton, when she had asked about him and spoken of him as a stranger. It came into my mind to wonder whether he could be her husband, but I thought I must be downright foolish to suppose such a thing. However, it was no business of mine, and I knew I could keep my own counsel."

"Go on, Judith," said Lady Jane, for Judith had paused in thought.

"The next day I was anything but well, for I had had no sleep, and the pain in my face worried me. In the afternoon it began to swell, and in the evening, when Mr. Stephen Grey came to see Mrs. Crane, he told me the swelling would make it easier, but that I ought to tie it up. It was just seven when Mr. Stephen came in, and he expected Mr. Carlton; he waited till a quarter past, but Mr. Carlton did not come. He observed that Mrs. Crane was flushed and looked feverish, and he spoke quite sharp to me, and said there had been too much gossiping going on; I replied that the

lady would talk, feeling well, and we could not prevent her. He said he should send in a composing draught: and he left. I returned home to tie my face up, but at first I was puzzled what to tie it with, as my boxes were not at Mrs. Jenkinson's, and a pocket-handkerchief was hardly warm enough. I laid hold of an old piece of black plush, which had covered a bonnet I had worn all the winter, and had unpicked that day. It was not worth much, and I cut it into two, and doubled the pieces together, so that they formed two ears or lappets, fastened them to some black tape, and tied them up round my chin and the sides of my face. I had got on a black cap, being in mourning for my late mistress, and when I saw myself in the glass, I thought I did look a guy. What with my swollen face, which was glazed and puffy and white, and my black eyes, blacker they seemed than usual, and this flossy plush round my face, I was a sight! 'Goodness me!' exclaimed Margaret when I got down-stairs, 'what have you been at with yourself? one would think you had got a pair of sudden-grown whiskers!' and she wasn't far wrong, as appearances went, for the little edge of the black quilled net border close to my face, and the rough plush behind it, made a very good imitation of whiskers. I was dead tired; I felt as if I could sleep; and after sitting awhile with Margaret, I said I'd go in and see if Mrs. Crane wanted anything more that I could do, and then come back and go to bed. Like the previous night, I saw that the nurse and Mrs. Gould were at supper in the kitchen—or rather, sitting at the supper-table, for supper seemed to be over. I went quietly up-stairs; and, knowing those two were down-stairs, I was surprised to hear a movement in the sitting-room. The first thought that struck me was, could Mrs. Crane have been so imprudent as to get out of bed after anything she might want, and I peeped in through the door, which was ajar. It was not Mrs. Crane; she was safe in bed, and the door between the two rooms was shut: it was Mr. Carlton. The light was on the mantelpiece, and he stood sideways at the cheffonier. He had a very, very small bottle in his hand, putting a cork into it, and then he put it into his waistcoat pocket. Next he took up a larger bottle, the size of those which had contained night-draughts for Mrs. Crane; it had been standing close to his hand on the cheffonier, and the cork by it; he hastily put the cork into it, and put it on the little shelf of the cheffonier, in a leaning position in the corner. He turned so quickly to leave the room, that I had not time to get out of the way; I did not know what he had been doing; I did not know it was anything wrong;

but an instinct flashed across me that he would not like to find he had been watched; not that when I peeped in I had thought of doing anything mean or underhanded. I just drew up against the wall on the landing—the worst place I could have got to, for the moonlight came in upon my face—and he saw me. He could see nothing of me but my face; but he looked at me with a sort of frightened glare. My eyes, accustomed to the dark, could just discern his face: he had come from the lighted room. ‘Who and what are you?’ he whispered, but I thought my best plan was not to answer. I did not like to go forward and speak, so I kept still. He wheeled round, and went back to the sitting-room to bring out the light, which gave me the opportunity to slip inside the closet. He——”

“Oh, Judith!” interrupted Lady Jane, “then the man’s face on the stairs, about which so much has been said, was yours!”

“My own and no other’s, my lady. I was afraid to explain so, lest I should be questioned further, and I let it pass. Mr. Carlton brought out the light, but of course he could not see me, and, after he had looked all about, he went down-stairs. I heard him say something to Mrs. Gould about a man up-stairs with black whiskers, and I laughed to myself at the joke. But I did not care that anyone should know I had played it, though it had been unintentionally done, and when Mr. Carlton was gone and the women were shut up in the kitchen again, I stole down-stairs and took off the black plush ears in the yard, and put them in my pocket. I then knocked at the window, as if I had just come in, which startled them both, and Mrs. Gould called me a fool, and asked why I could not come into the house quiet and decent. I said I had come in to wish Mrs. Crane good-night, and I went on up-stairs. Mrs. Crane laughed at my swollen face, saying it looked like a full moon; but I thought how much more she would have laughed had she seen it in the whiskers.”

Frederick Grey, who had stood with his eyes fixed on Judith, listening to every word, interrupted with a question.

“Did you not suspect, did it not occur to you to suspect, that the draught might have been tampered with?”

“Never, sir, for a moment. How was I likely to suspect such a thing? Was not Mr. Carlton a doctor in practice? I did not *know* that he had added anything to the draught, but if I had known it, I should only have supposed it to be some alteration he deemed necessary, as her attendant, to make.”

“Well, go on.”

“I left them, and went in-doors to bed, and

the next morning Margaret told me that Mrs. Crane had died; died the previous night before ten o’clock, through taking the sleeping draught sent her by Mr. Stephen Grey. I don’t know how I felt, I could not tell it if I tried, or the dreadful doubt that came over me, whether or not Mr. Carlton had touched it. I heard of his having smelt poison in the draught when it first came, and I thought then of course the poison must have been in it, that when I saw him all alone with the bottle open, he might only be smelling at it again. Of one thing I felt certain—that Mr. Stephen Grey had not committed the error—and the state of mind, the uncertainty I was in until the inquest, no tongue could tell. I went to the inquest; I wanted to be at ease one way or the other, to have some relief from my perplexity. Young Frederick Grey—I beg your pardon, Mr. Frederick; I had got my thoughts cast back in the past—had whispered to me, that if anybody mixed poison with the draught, it was Mr. Carlton, not his father; and though I would not listen to him, his words made a deep impression on me. At the inquest I heard Mr. Carlton give his evidence, and from that moment I believed him to have been guilty. He swore before the coroner that he neither touched nor saw the draught after he gave it back to Mrs. Pepperfly; that he did not observe or know where she placed it. That I knew to be a falsehood. He did see it and touch it, and took care to replace it in the same position which the old woman had done. He testified that he had told Mrs. Crane not to take the draught, but I felt sure he had told her nothing of the sort. He swore also that he knew nothing of Mrs. Crane, who she was, or where she came from, and *that* I knew was false. An impulse came upon me to step out before the coroner and declare all I had seen and heard, but somehow I did not dare; I feared he might turn round, and set me at defiance by denying it, or even accuse me in his stead—and which of us would have been listened to?—an established gentleman, such as he; or me, an obscure servant? Part of a letter was found before the inquest was over—and, my lady, it was a faithful copy, for I remember every word, of the first part of that letter found last night by Lady Laura. The coroner showed it to Mr. Carlton, and he fenced in his answers; he took the letter to the window, and stood there with his back to the room; the jury thought nothing, but I was sure it was only to collect himself, and gain time to cover his agitation. That letter, which Lady Laura found, was the one written by Mrs. Crane the night of her arrival, for I recognised the envelope again last night; the very letter which Mrs. Gould

got me to carry to Mr. Carlton's. As I came out of the inquest-room, I felt quite sure that he had murdered the lady."

"You ought to have declared it, Judith."

"My lady, I say that people would not have believed me; there was not a jot or tittle of evidence to corroborate my tale, there was no proof at all that he knew her. If declared to them now, they will not, perhaps, believe it."

"It might have saved my sister Laura," murmured Lady Jane.

"I did what little I could to keep her from Mr. Carlton. After I went to live with you, my lady, Pompey let slip a word that Miss Laura—as she was then—used to go in the garden in secret, at the dusk hour, to meet Mr. Carlton. I could not say anything to Mr. Carlton openly. But I thought I might frighten him, and warn Miss Laura. One night that they were there (it was the very night before they went away) I took off my white cap and put on a black, tied on those plush whiskers, which I have kept by me to this day, put a cap of Pompey's on my head, and threw on my master's old cloak. When I got to their meeting-place in the garden Miss Laura was alone; he had gone. It was nearly dark amidst the trees, where I stood; she could get but an imperfect view of me, and I disguised my voice to gruffness, and warned her, in the best way I knew how, against Mr. Carlton. Mr. Carlton saw me as I was stealing back again, and I raised the cap and he saw my face in the moonlight. He looked frightened to death; I suppose he knew it again for the same face he had seen on the landing that night, and I glided amidst the trees until he had gone. I have appeared to him in the same way once or twice since. You may remember, my lady, the night we returned home after my lord's death. When we had left Lady Laura and gone on, you discovered that her dressing-case had been forgotten in the fly. I got out to take it to her, saying I would walk on home afterwards. I left it at the servants' entrance, and in passing the dining-room window, coming away, I saw Mr. Carlton by the light of the fire. I pushed back my bonnet, snatched my black scarf off my neck, tied it down the sides of my face under the chin, and pressed my nose flat against the panes, which naturally made my face look wide. He saw it was the same figure which had so terrified him before, and I heard his cry of amazement as I rushed away, putting my bonnet on as I went."

"How do you account for it, Judith—that your appearance should inspire him with this terror?" interrupted Frederick Grey.

"Sir, in this way. I think that when he first saw me, that night on the staircase, he

must have feared it was somebody who had watched him mix the poison; but when no one could be traced or heard of, as having been in the house, then he doubted whether the appearance might not have been supernatural. I fancy there has been a conflict in his mind all along, sometimes giving way to the fancy that the figure was real, sometimes that it was not; and equally fearing both."

Frederick Grey nodded his head, and Judith continued.

"The years wore on, but somehow I always felt a fear of Mr. Carlton. The feeling that was upon me was—that nobody was safe with him. I daresay it was a foolish feeling, but I could not help it. When Lady Lucy was taken ill with the fever, and Mr. Carlton kept her at his house in what might be called an underhand manner, I grew quite alarmed, wondering whether he intended any ill to her, and the night the lamp went out in the hall I whispered words to him that he did not like; I did it in my fears; and only a night or two ago I put on those plush whiskers again—for I determined to do it, and fetched them from Cedar Lodge—and made myself look altogether as much like I did that first night as I could, and stood in the dusk at the surgery window."

"But it is a strange thing he never recognised you!" interrupted Frederick Grey.

"Not strange, sir. You cannot think how those plush sides and the black border disguise my face. It looks exactly like a man's. Besides, Mr. Carlton has never seen it but in the most imperfect and uncertain light. I think he must have been struck with some faint resemblance, for Lady Laura told me laughingly the other day that there was a look in my face Mr. Carlton could not bear. And all this while, my ladies, I never had the remotest suspicion that the lady who died in Palace Street was connected with the family I serve."

Judith ceased. The tale was told. And she stood motionless within the shade of the crimson curtain in the silence that fell upon the room.

CHAPTER LIV. THE LAWYER'S TELEGRAM.

COULD there be any doubt of the guilt of Mr. Carlton? It was scarcely to be hoped for. Jane Chesney and Frederick Grey remained alone after the revelation of Judith, pondering the question in their own minds, scarcely liking to look in each others' faces. Judith had departed from the room; Lucy was up-stairs, going to rest—if rest she might hope for. Poor Lucy thought she should never leave off shivering. She was younger than they were, more inexperienced in the ways of the world, and utterly unprepared for the disclosure. Never

a doubt had crossed her of Mr. Carlton; she could scarcely believe that she must doubt him now; but she felt sick and faint.

Frederick Grey was the first to break the silence. "Do you remember, Lady Jane, a meeting between me and Mr. Carlton on the Rise, to which you were an accidental listener?" he inquired in a low tone. "Do you remember the purport of the words I said to him?"

She made a gesture in the affirmative. "I have often recalled it, and the accusation you made upon him."

"It tallies with this."

There was another long pause.

"He must have been her husband," resumed Jane, scarcely above a whisper.

"There's no doubt of it. Had she not been his wife, the necessity for putting her out of his way could not have arisen. We must suppose that it was done to enable him to—to—marry another."

The words were spoken hesitatingly in his delicacy of feeling, remembering who that other wife was. Jane groaned aloud; she could not help herself.

"How can Judith have kept that dreadful secret within her all these years?" was her next exclamation.

He took his elbow from the mantelpiece, where he had been so long standing, came forward, and sat down opposite to Jane. "I have been thinking it over, Lady Jane, and I really do not see—looking back—that Judith could have done otherwise. I confess my first impression was a selfish one, a sort of resentful feeling that she should not have declared what she knew, and so cleared my father. Now that I reflect upon it dispassionately, I do not think she could have done it. As she observes, none might have believed her. Think what a strange charge it would have been to bring against a medical man!"

"But if she had disclosed the few words of conversation she heard pass between Mr. Carlton and Clarice at their first greeting? That surely would have established previous relations between them, and been a clue to the rest."

He shook his head. "Yes, had Judith been believed. It would all have lain in that. I think the chances are she would not have been; that Mr. Carlton could have crushed her and triumphed."

"What is to be done now?" wailed Jane.

"Nothing. You would not like to proceed against Mr. Carlton, to bring any public accusation against him. Circumstances bar it."

"Bring a public accusation against Mr. Carlton!" repeated Jane, recoiling in horror from the thought. "And Laura his wife! No, no; I did not allude to that; I did not think

of it. Clarice and Laura stand to me in the same degree, both alike my sisters, and the one dead must remain unavenged for the sake of the one living. I spoke of Laura herself. What is to be done about her? She cannot be suffered to remain with Mr. Carlton."

Frederick Grey drew in his lips. It was too delicate a point for him, and he preferred not to discuss it. "I can't meddle with that, Lady Jane. She has been with him ever since, all these years."

True. Jane saw not her way clear. "How could Mr. Carlton be so foolish as to keep that letter by him?" she said aloud, alluding to the letter found by her sister, and which she had been describing to Frederick Grey.

"Ah, that's inexplicable," was his quick reply. "At least it would be, but that we every day see guilty men commit the most unaccountable mistakes: mistakes that the world can only marvel at. It may be, that some fatal blindness overtakes their minds and judgments, causing them to bring upon themselves their own doom. We have a Latin proverb, Lady Jane: '*Quod Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*'"

But the reader—if he possesses any memory—can explain the fact, in this instance, better than Frederick Grey. Whatever mistakes Mr. Carlton committed in that unhappy business as against his self-preservation, this was not one, for the retention of the letter was unintentional. Do you remember that he searched for the letter and could not find it, and came to the conclusion that he had burnt it with some others, notes and trifles of no consequence? He put one letter away in his iron safe, supposing it to be a note from his father that he wished to preserve; the real fact being that *this* was the letter he put up, the one from his father he burnt. All in a mistake. A chance mistake, people might have said; but how many of these trifling "chances" may be traced in the chain leading to the discovery of some great crime. It happened that Mr. Carlton never had occasion to look at his father's (supposed) letter again, and there it lay forgotten, waiting to do its mission, until it was at length unearthed by the jealous hands of Mr. Carlton's wife. Had he not tried that wife, had he been always loyal to her, the past crime might never have been brought home to him during life.

For it was that letter that led to the final discovery; it was the turning point that drove home the guilt where it was due; and yet it may be said that the chain leading to it was linked by accident, more than by design.

Lady Jane, painfully perplexed, had brought away the letter when she quitted Mr. Carlton's house that morning. She had it in her pocket

at Mrs. Smith's, and after the explanation had taken place, Jane showed her the letter, in the hope that it might lead to some elucidation of who the husband was, to whom it was evidently written. Even then Jane had no suspicion of Mr. Carlton, or if she had, it was only in a secondary sort of degree. She believed that Clarice had married Mr. Crane, and that however Mr. Carlton might have been mixed up in the affair, it had been only as a friend and associate of Mr. Crane's. Jane would have shown the letter to Frederick Grey, but it was not just now in her possession. She described it and he caught the clue at once.

"Ah, yes, it was to her husband she wrote it; Mr. Carlton. But the playful style in which, as you describe, it is written would mislead anyone who has not the key. They would never suppose that the husband spoken of, and the medical man she says she must ask to come to see her, were one and the same. I should like my father to see that letter, Lady Jane."

"Oh yes, he shall see it. You—you are sure Sir Stephen would not use it against him?" she asked quickly.

"Against Mr. Carlton? Oh no. I don't think he would do it in any case, certainly not in this. My father is the kindest man breathing. Lucy will be his daughter-in-law; and Mr. Carlton is her sister's husband. Sir Stephen must lie under suspicion still, for Lucy's sake—perhaps I ought rather to say for Lady Laura's sake. It has not hurt him, Lady Jane, he had out-lived the odium; witness how he was received the other day at South Wennock."

But if Frederick Grey and Lady Jane agreed that the affair altogether, including the letter, must be suppressed, there was another individual who took, unfortunately, just the opposite view of it. That was Mrs. Smith. And at this very moment, while they were so speaking, she was making the first step to publish it.

Chance links, fitting one into the other! chance events, words, trifles in the chain of discovery! From the hour in which Mrs. Smith had found Mr. Carlton searching in her drawers, she had had a sort of suspicion of him, not that he was the husband of Mrs. Crane, but that he held some secret connected with that past time. The little boy, Lewis, had told her he heard Mr. Carlton looking into drawers up-stairs as well as down, and the woman wondered excessively. Like most secretive persons she dwelt much upon it in her own mind; and when the time came—as it did come—that a little fresh evidence bearing on the past met her ears, a half suspicion crept into her mind of the worst, as connected with Mr. Carlton.

You may remember Mrs. Smith's afternoon of levee. You may remember that Judith as

she left the cottage met Mr. Carlton driving up to it; and you may also remember a casual remark to the effect that Mr. Carlton returned home from that visit a little put out with some trifles that had occurred there. Very greatly to his annoyance, the Widow Gould—whom he had not the honour of meeting frequently in private society—brought up the subject of Mrs. Crane. Her tongue was long enough for two, and she had not the least tact. She alluded openly to the fact of Mrs. Smith being the person who took away the child, and persisted in alluding to the past in a manner not at all agreeable to the surgeon. Mrs. Pepperfly (also a visitor) thought no harm in chiming in, now that it was spoken of openly, and the two kept up a duet as long as they had the chance, which was as long as Mr. Carlton was attending to the child, then on Mrs. Smith's lap in the kitchen. The final remark of Mrs. Gould capped it all.

"I could have declared that you was known to her, Mr. Carlton, sir, the very day she first came to South Wennock. It were in this way: Mrs. Crane——"

The surgeon turned round, a sort of glare in his eyes. If looks could enforce silence, the Widow Gould had been silenced then. But she did not understand; she had no tact.

"Mrs. Crane asks who were the doctors here, and I told her the Mr. Greys and Mr. Carlton. Then she writes a note to Mr. Carlton, telling me to send it—as have been known to South Wennock many a day, for I told it out at the inquest. But when I had took the note down-stairs, I saw it had got your Chrissen name outside it, sir, Lewis. Many a time have I wondered how she got at the name. Judy said Mrs. Fitch might have told it, but Mrs. Fitch said she didn't, and——"

"Is it well to have this gossip in the room when your child's so ill?" sternly asked the surgeon of Mrs. Smith. "It is bad for him; it must not be. You might choose a better time, I think, to receive visitors."

The words, the tone, took Mrs. Gould by surprise. She sat a moment with her mouth open, and then seemed to shrink into nothing, too completely checked to offer even a whisper of apology. Mr. Carlton gave a short direction in regard to the child, strode out to his carriage, and was driven away.

"How did I offend him?" breathed the Widow Gould then, questioning the other two with her eyes.

"I wish you'd go on with what you were saying about the Christian name," returned Mrs. Smith. "I never heard this before."

"It's not much to go on with. When I saw the name, Lewis Carlton, Esq., on the let-

ter, I wondered how she knew it was Lewis, and I've wondered since. Judy said his name must have been in the newspaper I had took up to her to read while she had her tea, but I looked in it after she was dead, and I couldn't see it. I saw his name, 'Mr. Carlton,' but I couldn't see 'Lewis.'

"Is Mr. Carlton's name Lewis?"

Mrs. Crane opened her eyes at the question. "I thought all South Wennock knew that."

Perhaps all South Wennock did know it; nevertheless Mrs. Smith did not. It was a singular fact that Mrs. Smith until that hour had remained ignorant of Mr. Carlton's Christian name. She might possibly have heard it before, but if so it had escaped her notice. The plate on his door was no longer "Mr. Lewis Carlton;" it had been changed to "Mr. Carlton" upon his father's death.

This little incident, the revelation of the name and Mr. Carlton's uncalled for anger, had made a great impression on Mrs. Smith. She had always surmised that Lewis must have been the Christian name of Mrs. Crane's husband, and her doubts of Mr. Carlton were certainly aroused. She had said to Lady Jane this present morning that she was trying to "put two and two together," and could not do it. In plain English, had she but spoken out, she would have said she was suspecting Mr. Carlton, but wanted the clue to unite facts with doubts. After she had made this remark, Lady Jane showed her the letter, and she thought Mrs. Smith would never have finished looking at it, which she did in silence, making no comment.

"Would you mind leaving this note with me for an hour or two, my lady?" she then asked. "I should like to think it over when I am alone."

Lady Jane saw no reason why she should not leave the note: she still thought it had been written to Mr. Crane; and after her departure from the cottage, Mrs. Smith sat down, note in hand, and deliberated; not upon whether Mr. Carlton was guilty or not; the letter, which she saw correctly, had completely settled that doubt in her own mind: but upon what her course should be to work it home to him, to bring him to his punishment. Never for a moment had Mrs. Smith wavered in her intention to bring Clarice Beauchamp's destroyer to justice if she succeeded in discovering him, and that she knew she had done now. Lady Jane Chesney in her own home felt not more sure of Mr. Carlton's guilt, now that she had heard Judith's story, than did Mrs. Smith in her home at Tupper's cottage, not having heard it.

"What had I best do?" she communed with herself. "See a magistrate at once, and tell my story; or see a lawyer, and get him

to act? I have not been much in the way of these things, thank Heaven, and I hardly know the right manner to set about it. But I'll do one of the two this blessed night."

When the mind is in this excited, determined frame, action is almost imperative, and Mrs. Smith put on her bonnet to go out. But she found her progress frustrated. The young woman-servant, who had been away all the afternoon, and only came back to the cottage when Lady Jane was leaving it, positively declined to be left alone in the house with the little dead boy.

"You great simpleton!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith in her indignation. "You are old enough to know better. What do you suppose that dead baby would do to you?"

The girl could not say what; had no very defined idea what; but she wholly refused to try. If Mrs. Smith went out, she'd go out too; she'd not dare to stop.

The difficulty was solved by an arrival, that of Mrs. Pepperfly. Never had the old woman been so welcome to Mrs. Smith, and she consented to stay the evening. In point of fact, it was just the intention she had come with.

"Who are the magistrates here?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Magistrates?" repeated Mrs. Pepperfly, looking astonished.

"Are there any living about here? I wanted to see one."

Mrs. Pepperfly could not get over the surprise. Magistrates and their places of domicile were not much in her line of knowledge, and she really could give no information. "If it's to register the boy's death, it ain't a magistrate you must go to," she said. "And you'll want a certificate from Mr. Carlton. Them register men won't do nothing without one."

"It's not to register the death, that's done; it's for something else—a little private matter of my own. Perhaps you can recommend me to a clever lawyer—he might do for me better than a magistrate."

"The cleverest lawyer I know is Mr. Drone, two doors from the Red Lion," returned Mrs. Pepperfly. "He haven't got his equal in the place. Let anybody in a bit o' trouble go to him, and he's safe to pull 'em through it. He's what they call the justices' clerk."

Accepting the recommendation, Mrs. Smith set forth on her night walk. She passed down the Rise, and through the town as far as the Red Lion. Just beyond, on the door of a private house, she read "Mr. Drone, Solicitor;" she rang at the bell, and asked to see him.

Mr. Drone was anything but an exemplification of his name; he was a little man, particularly brisk and active. He came to Mrs.

Smith with a red face ; he had been eating his dinner, and had since been toasting himself over the fire, for it was a cold night.

The fire in the inner office, a small square room, where Mrs. Smith had been shown, was nearly out, but the lawyer cracked it up, and put on some more coal. They sat down, the table covered with the lawyer's papers between them, and Mrs. Smith told her tale from beginning to end, the little lawyer, in his eagerness, interrupting her with perpetual questions.

The story astonished him beyond expression. Again and again he asked whether there could be no mistake. Mr. Carlton, who stood so well in the good graces of his fellow townsmen, the destroyer of that poor Mrs. Crane ! and Mrs. Crane was his wife, and the sister of the Ladies Chesney ? Mr. Drone thought he had never heard so improbable a tale — off the stage.

Mrs. Smith, calm, patient, persistent, went over it again. She spoke of Lady Jane's visit to her that afternoon, she handed him the letter her ladyship had left with her. Mr. Drone began to think there must be something in the story, and he set himself to recall as many particulars as he could of Mrs. Crane's death ; he had been fully cognisant of them at the time, as clerk to the magistrates.

"Does Lady Jane Chesney suspect Mr. Carlton ?" he asked.

"Not she," replied Mrs. Smith. "She has no idea it was Mr. Carlton that was Mrs. Crane's husband. She suspects it was a Mr. Crane who married her, but she does think Mr. Carlton knew of the marriage, for he was a friend of Mr. Crane's. I'm not sure but she fears Mr. Carlton knew more about the death than he'd like to say ; only, however, as Mr. Crane's friend."

"But I can't see why Mr. Carlton should have destroyed this poor young lady ?—allowing that he did do so, as you suspect," urged Mr. Drone.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Smith. "Unless any of his plans were put out by her coming down, and he was afraid it would be found out that she was his wife."

The lawyer pulled at his whiskers, his habit when in thought. "You see there's no certainty that she was his wife—that she was married at all, in fact."

"Then there is, for I'd stake my life upon it," angrily returned Mrs. Smith. "I'm as certain she was married as that I was married myself. You are as bad as my husband, sir ; he'd used to say as much."

"The chief thing would be to get a proof of it," composedly returned the lawyer. "It would supply the motive, you see. I sup-

pose you never obtained the slightest clue as to where the ceremony took place ?"

"N—o," returned Mrs. Smith, hesitating at the word. "I remember once, the winter that she was at my house at Islington, we were talking about churches and marriages and such things, and she said, in a laughing sort of way, that old St. Pancras Church was as good a one to be married in as any. It did not strike me at the time that she meant anything in saying it ; but it's just possible, sir, she was married there."

Mr. Drone's brisk eyes twinkled, and he made a memorandum in his pocket-book. He made other memorandums ; he asked about five hundred questions more than he had already asked. And when Mrs. Smith departed, he stood at the door to watch her away, and then jumped into the omnibus just starting for Great Wennock station, and sent the following telegram to London :

"Henry Drone, South Wennock, to John Friar, Bedford Row.

"Search old St. Pancras register for 1847. Certificate of marriage wanted : Lewis Carlton to Clarice Beauchamp, or perhaps Clarice Chesney. Lose no time ; bribe clerk if necessary, and send special messenger down at once with it, if obtained."

(To be continued.)

GOETHE AND FREDERIKA BRION ;

A PILGRIMAGE TO SESENHEIM.

It was in the spring of 1770 that young Wolfgang Goethe arrived in Strasburg to study Jurisprudence in the then famous University* of Strasburg. During the first six months of his student life in Strasburg he lived merrily, joining heartily in the pleasure parties of his Strasburg friends.

On the twenty-eighth of August of the above-named year young Goethe completed his twenty-first year. Nature had endowed him with uncommon beauty of face and figure, a warm temperament, and a lively imagination. He felt within him a fund of passion and sentiment which yearned for a vent. The surrounding landscape appeared to him a picture which knit itself to his inmost being. There throbbed within him a craving for the pleasurable sensations which woman's love can give. He had already had some experience in love affairs. When a student at Leipzig he had won the heart of Anna Katherine Schönkopf. He had purposely tormented her, and she, after a patient endurance of his cruel sport, had broken loose from him, had conceived a strong dislike

* The university fell to the ground during the troubles of the French Revolution. It is now represented by the Protestant Seminary.

to him, as he himself admits, and had mortified his vanity by betrothing herself to a less brilliant but more trustworthy lover, whom Goethe had introduced to her parents' house.

In freeing herself from Goethe's fascination Miss Schönpf was probably aided by the difference in years between herself and the young poet. She was three years older than he. Perhaps the recollection of this just retribution nettled him and gave an additional stimulus to that yearning for woman's love which was natural in one of his years and warm temperament. Of his life in Strasburg at the period we are speaking of he wrote,—"I have never felt so powerfully as now, as here in Strasburg, what it is to be pleased *without my heart participating in any way therein*. An extended acquaintance among pleasant people, a wide awake cheerful society drives one day after the other past me, leaves me little time for thought and no rest for sentiment, and when we are without sentiment we certainly do not think of our friends. In a word, my present life is perfect as a sledge-drive, glittering and rattling, but as little for the heart as it is much for the eye and the ear."

In the month of October, 1770, a great change was destined to take place in Goethe's life. He was to have another *affaire du cœur*, in some respects the most important one in his life. None was so idyllic in its origin and progress, none so tragic in its termination. According to Mr. Lewes, in his "Biography of Goethe," (which, by the way, is even more highly esteemed on the continent than in England)—"Of all the women who enjoyed the distinction of Goethe's love none seem to me so fascinating as Frederika." The biographer is not alone in this opinion. The meeting of Goethe with the Maid of Sesenheim was brought about in the following way. Weyland, a fellow-student and a native of Northern Alsace, determined to take a holiday and visit some of his relatives and friends in the neighbourhood of Sesenheim. He invited Goethe to accompany him. The invitation was accepted. In Goethe's Autobiography, written more than forty years after the events we are about to allude to, the excursion is represented to have been made on horseback, but one of his biographers, Herr Viehoff, conjectures with much plausibility that in this as in some other respects the memory of the poet was at fault, and that the two students footed it to Sesenheim. In either case their road lay northward from Strasburg, close to the left bank of the Rhine; at about eighteen English miles from the city they would reach Drusenheim, a considerable village, which may be found on any large map of France in the northern part of the department of the Bas

Rhin. About two and a-half miles north of Drusenheim and on the outskirts of the forest of Haguenau lies Sesenheim, then as now a mixed Protestant and Catholic village of about 500 souls, but owned at that time by the Prince de Rohan-Soubise, and still held by the descendants of that Prince's peasants. Notwithstanding the many social changes which have taken place in Alsace since 1770, the physical aspect of Sesenheim and the vicinity has not altered in any material degree. Sesenheim is one of the very numerous pleasant villages which dot the fertile, well-cultivated Alsatian plain. On the east the long line of poplar trees indicates the course of the Rhine. On the west stands a densely-wooded range of hills, studded at its base by more villages, beyond which range rises the imposing chain of the Vosges. On all sides the eye takes in detached villages, standing like islets on the broad hedgeless prairie, and the rural life of Alsace is purely a hamlet life, without isolated houses belonging to the gentry or tenant-farmers to connect one village with another and diversify the landscape.

As they approach Sesenheim Weyland points out the house of the Protestant pastor, which stood then, as the new parsonage stands now, opposite to the only, and that the Lutheran, church in Sesenheim.* The house has a tumble-down aspect. Weyland says to Goethe, "Do not let the ancient external appearance of the house shock you, you will find it only the more young within."

Let us stop at the threshold of the pastor's house and take a survey of the family within. Johann Jakob Brion, the pastor, was a zealous and dogmatical minister of the Gospel, aged fifty-three years. The leading idea of his life was to get the old parsonage rebuilt. He had procured some plans for the projected new house, which were laid before every visitor and tediously discussed. The charm of the house did not lie in this worthy but testy and commonplace functionary. It was the ladies of the humble establishment who invested it with that reputation for a genial and graceful hospitality to which Weyland had made allusion. Madame Maria Magdalena Brion (*née* Schoell) was a native of Strasburg, and she is described by Goethe as a lady of cultivated mind, and of manners at once elegant and dignified. She seems to have been a mother worthy of such a daughter as Frederika. The children of this couple were four in number; three daughters, Maria Salome (called by Goethe Olivia), Frederika, *aged sixteen*, and Sophie, *aged ten years*, and one

* The Catholics, however, use it as well as the Protestants, by virtue of an old law of the time of Louis XIV., which allowed any six Catholics in an Alsatian village the privilege of using the choir of the Protestant church.

son, Christian, who came between the younger daughters. The eldest daughter is described in the Autobiography as a lively warm-hearted girl, but the "Star" was Frederika. She is thus immortalised by Goethe ;—

"At this instant she really entered the door and then truly a most charming Star arose in this rural heaven. Both daughters still wore nothing but 'German,' as they used to call it, and this almost obsolete national costume became Frederika particularly well. The short white full skirt, with the furbelow not so long but that the neatest little feet were visible up to the ankle ; a tight white bodice and a black taffeta apron—thus she stood on the boundary between country girl and city girl. Slender and light, she tripped along as if she had nothing to carry, and her neck seemed almost too delicate for the large fair braids of her elegant little head. From cheerful blue eyes she looked very intelligently around, and her pretty turned-up nose peered as freely into the air as if there could be no care in the world ; her straw hat hung on her arm, and thus at the first glance I had the delight of seeing her and appreciating her at once in all her grace and loveliness."

In another passage he touches upon her moral qualities :—

"I repeated to myself the good qualities she had just unfolded so freely before me ; her circumspect cheerfulness, her naïveté combined with self-consciousness, her hilarity, with foresight—qualities which seem incompatible, but which nevertheless were found together in her, and gave a pleasing character to her outward appearance. * * * There are some women who especially please us in a room, others who look better in the open air—Frederika belonged to the latter. Her whole nature, her form never appeared more charming than when she moved along the elevated foot-path, the grace of her deportment seemed to vie with the flowery earth, and the *indestructible cheerfulness* of her countenance with the blue sky. This refreshing atmosphere which surrounded her she carried home, and it might soon be perceived that she understood how to reconcile difficulties and to obliterate with ease the impression made by little unpleasant contingencies. The purest joy which we can feel with respect to the beloved is to find that she pleases others. Frederika's conduct in society was beneficent to all. In walks she floated about as the animating spirit, and knew how to supply the gaps that might arise here and there. The lightness of her movements we have already commended, and she was most graceful when she ran. As the deer seems exactly to fulfil its destination when it lightly flies over the sprout-

ing corn, so did her peculiar nature seem most plainly to express itself when she ran with light steps over mead and furrow to fetch something which had been lost, to summon a distant couple, or to order something necessary. On these occasions she was never out of breath and always kept her equilibrium."

It is not the object of the writer to recount the idyllic story of the love of Frederika Brion and Wolfgang Goethe. The Autobiography* of Goethe has been long before the English public in an English dress ; moreover, Mr. Lewes has gone over the same ground in artistic style and with sympathising soul. The interest in the Maid of Sesenheim and her family awakened by those two works is, however, not satisfied by them. Having recently made a pilgrimage to Sesenheim and pursued some investigations into the subject, the writer proposes to fill up a portion of the void left in the mind of the reader of those works as to the ulterior destiny of the individuals who composed that highly interesting family group.

After taking his degree, Goethe left Strasburg on the twenty-fifth of August, 1771. He had taken an abrupt leave of the Brions. The recollection of this parting was so painful to him that he has passed hurriedly over it in his narrative. He recalls only the image of Frederika, with tearful eyes, holding out her hand to bid him farewell when he was already in the saddle. To that "indestructible cheerfulness" of hers there was already an end !

After Goethe's return to Frankfort he sent a letter of final adieu to Frederika and received from her a reply which, he says, rent his heart. Neither of these letters has been preserved. So ceased for ever their written communications. The shock of severance brought Frederika to death's door. After her recovery she was wooed by Jacob Lenz, another poet of promise, a fellow-student and friend of Goethe at Strasburg, a translator of Shakspeare and Plautus. It was at the end of May or early in June, 1772, that Lenz left Strasburg for Fort Louis, a French fortress on the Rhine, now in ruins. He carried with him, if not a letter of introduction, at least messages to the Brion family from Actuary Salzmann, a mutual friend in Strasburg. Fort Louis is in the vicinity of Sesenheim, and young Lenz lost no time in paying a visit to the parsonage. In his letters to Salzmann, dated in June 1772, he describes his meeting with Frederika, and

* The Autobiography states that the first visit to Sesenheim only lasted two days, but in a contemporary letter Goethe states that he spent there "several days" (*einige Tage*). In several other respects, the Autobiography is inaccurate. It confounds winter and summer visits, and omits to bring into due relief Goethe's six weeks' sojourn at Sesenheim, in May and June, 1771.—See Viehoff's "Goethe's Leben," vol. i.

the agreeable, nay profound, impression her beauty and grace made upon him.* Lenz, who was the rival of Goethe in poesy, aspired to rival him as a lover. He carried the power of self-delusion so far as to assert that Frederika was as much in love with him as he with her. Poor Lenz, whose extravagances shortly afterwards culminated in insanity, was a passionate student of English literature and admirer of the English character. In proof of the high esteem in which he held our literature of the last century, it may be added that he borrowed from Salzmann for Frederika's personal translation of Fielding's "Tom Jones"! We shall give in its right place Frederika's account, as reported by Goethe, of Lenz's eccentric conduct in Sesenheim.

After Lenz's courtship Frederika had many other offers of marriage, but she refused them all, saying that "the heart which had once been Goethe's should never belong to any one else." The bud which had turned so confidently towards the treacherous sun of Goethe's love refused to unfold its charms beneath other influences. And in this her fate distinguishes itself from that of the other young women whose misfortune as well as "distinction" it was to attract the beautiful, but dangerous, youth. Annette, as we have said, threw him off and married another; Charlotte was virtually, if not formally, plighted before Goethe saw her; there is no reason to suppose that Lili ever suffered much from the rupture with her betrothed: she married happily in Strasburg; but Frederika, by her obstinate celibacy showed how worthy she was to have shared Goethe's fate, and at the same time made the story of her life a tragical protest in behalf of the moral rights of her sex.

How different was Goethe's conduct! After a short period of remorse, which he endeavoured to assuage by melancholy wanderings in the country around Frankfort, he found consolation in new flirtations. In the summer of 1772 we find him making love to Charlotte Buff, of Wetzlar, who, most fortunately for her, was already betrothed, and whose healthy nature, as described in "The Sorrows of Werther," enabled her to resist Goethe's dangerous fascination.† After failing in this attempt to ruin the relation between Charlotte and his friend Kestner, he sailed down the Rhine and in Ehrenbreitstein forgot Charlotte while under the influence of Maximiliana la Roche's bright eyes. By the next year Miss la Roche has

become Madame Brentano of Frankfort, and Goethe, who was so averse to marriage, seems to have taken kindly to an intrigue. In December, 1774, he meets Lili (Elizabeth Schönmann), another young lady of 16 years of age, and is solemnly betrothed to her, but long before 1775 had come to a close, the relation to Lili was capriciously broken off. In Weimar he at last reaches a haven. He sees the Baroness von Stein, a married lady living with her husband on her husband's estate. She is nearly seven years older than Goethe, and has given birth to a numerous progeny. Goethe is received as a guest, and departs as a lover. He is more constant to the mature married lady and woman of the world than to Frederika and Lili. Only in 1788, after his return from Italy and after his acquaintance with the baroness had lasted twelve years, did she appear too old in his eyes. Perhaps, too, he had grown ashamed of the peculiar tie and preferred not to renew it after his return to Weimar. From this time commences his connection with Christiane Vulpius, which, though not worthy of his better nature, contrasts favourably in a moral point of view with that which preceded it. He was not blessed as a father. But one of his children outlived infancy. His only son, though inheriting some of his father's genius, inherited also both his father's and his mother's strong sensual impulses. He lived rakishly and died a rake's death. The great poet outlived his only son. Surely there was a just Nemesis in all this!

As a man of the world, Goethe forgot Frederika soon after he quitted Strasburg, but as a man of letters his memory was truer, his conscience tenderer. In the characters of *Weisslingen* in the drama of "Götz von Berlichingen," and of *Clavigo* in the play of that name, both faithless lovers, he confesses that he represents *himself* in his relation to Frederika. In the drama of the "Geschwister," written in 1776, he puts into the mouth of another unfaithful lover the following plaint:—"Thou liest heavy upon me and art just, retributive Fate! Why dost thou stand there, and thou too, just for the moment. Forgive ye me! Have I not suffered for it? Forgive! It is of long standing! I have suffered immeasurably. I seemed to love ye—I thought I loved ye; with thoughtless attentions I opened your hearts and made you miserable." With these literary penances he thought, doubtless, to make full atonement and quiet his conscience. Most remarkable of all testimonies to his contrition as a man of letters is that of his secretary, Krüntner, to whom, when sixty-three years of age, he dictated the part of the Autobiography which touched upon Frederika. Goethe usually

* These letters are given in August Stöber's interesting title treatise, "Der Dichter Lenz und Frederike von Sesenheim." Balc, 1842.

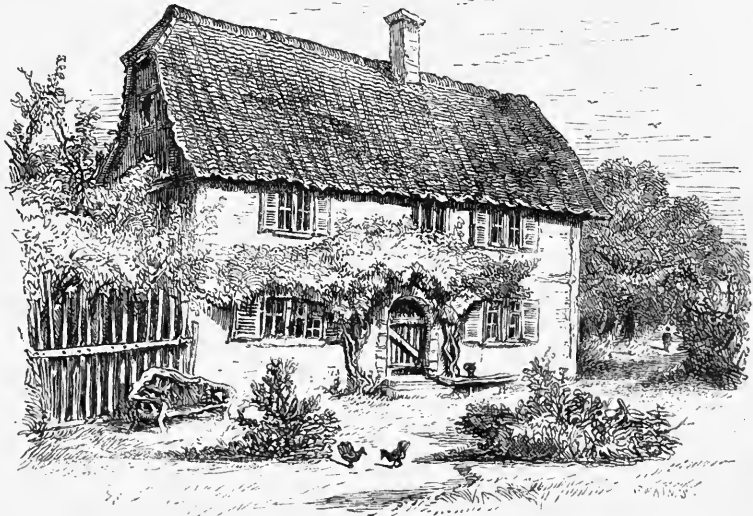
† The passages from Ossian translated by Goethe originally for Frederika, are dedicated to Charlotte by Werther!

dictated walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, but at this episode he often stopped in his walk and paused in his dictation; then after a long silence followed by a deep sigh he continued the narrative in a lower tone.

Goethe and Frederika were to see each other once more. It is in the autumn of 1779. Goethe has become a privy-counsellor and is travelling with his patron the Grand Duke of Weimar to Switzerland. He is now, moreover, the world-famous author of "Götz von Berlichingen" and the "Sorrows of Werther." Surrounded by this double halo of literary glory and social eminence, he was emboldened to "look up" Frederika and Lili. His account of his visit to these two ladies is preserved in a

letter—to the Frau von Stein! We will give his report of his interview with the Brions.

"On the twenty-fifth (September), in the evening, I rode somewhat in an oblique direction to Sesenheim while the others continued their journey, and found there a family group as I had left them eight years previously, and was greeted in a most kind and friendly manner. As I am now as pure and still as the zephyr, the atmosphere of good and quiet people is highly welcome to me. The second daughter of the house had loved me more exquisitely than I deserved, and more than others to whom I have given much passion and fidelity. [This is an allusion to his correspondent!] I was obliged to leave her at a moment when it almost cost her her life. She passed



The old Parsonage at Sesenheim.

lightly over this to tell me of what remained to her of an illness of that time, conducted herself in the most charming manner, with such hearty friendship from the first moment when I unexpectedly came face to face with her on the threshold, that I was quite at my ease. I must also say of her that she did not make the slightest attempt to awaken in my soul the old sensation. She led me into both bowers and I was compelled to sit there, and it gave me pleasure. We had the most beautiful full moon. I enquired after everybody. A neighbour, who had formerly helped us carpenter, was called in and testified that he had asked after me only a week previously. The barber was also invited and came. I found old songs which I had composed, a carriage

which I had painted. We recalled many tricks of that good time, and I found their *souvenirs* of me as lively as if I had only been away six months. The old people were cordial, they thought I had grown younger. I stayed the night there and took leave the next morning at sunrise, saluted by friendly looks, so that I can now once more think with satisfaction on this little corner of the world and live internally in peace with the spirits of these reconciled ones."

A part of the conversation with Frederika related to poor Lenz. Goethe writes in the "Biographische Einzelheiten" as follows:—

"Lenz had introduced himself to the family after my departure and tried to learn concerning me as much as he could, until she (Frederika)

finally became mistrustful in consequence of the very great trouble he gave himself to see and snatch my letters. He had in the meantime in his usual manner become enamoured of the girl, because he thought that was the only way to get at her secrets, and as she, now warned and reserved, declined his visits and withheld herself more, he resorted to the most ridiculous demonstrations of suicide, so that he was looked upon as half mad and sent back to Strasburg."

Goethe, the man of the world, after obtaining this "reconciliation" on certainly very easy terms, never saw Frederika again, and never concerned himself about her fate. Neither incentives nor opportunities were wanting to interest and inform himself about the destiny of the Brion family. Troublous times visited France. In the service of the Duke of Weimar, Goethe accompanied the Prussian army which invaded France in 1792. He was frequently on the Rhine between 1792 and 1797. In 1814 and again in 1815 he took a summer tour through Rhenish Germany. As a man of letters he was, indeed, less neglectful. In his Autobiography he raises a monument to Frederika which interested the whole German people, and through them the civilised world, in her history, and made Sesenheim a sanctuary visited by pilgrims of all nations. This last literary monument indirectly rescued the after history of the Brion family from oblivion.

The first break in the family circle was the death of Madame Brion. Her horizontal tombstone still lies at the foot of her husband's, close to the eastern wall of the Sesenheim church. The epitaph has been worn out by the feet of portive children. The old man died in 1787, aged seventy years and six months. His epitaph is still legible, but will not be so for long. It is to be hoped that the present incumbent will preserve a true copy of it before it is obliterated. The elder sister married a protestant minister named Marx, whose parish was in Meissenheim, in Baden. She died in the middle term of life, leaving an only daughter to Frederika's care. Christian, the other, became a Lutheran minister, and died at Barr, near Strasburg, in 1817. The fate of the two younger sisters, Frederika and Sophie, after the break up of their home at Sesenheim, was a chequered one. They went to live at Rothau in the department of the Vosges, where they set up a small trade in articles of female and children's attire, and, at the same time, boarded and lodged some young girls from Alsace, who were sent to the western side of the Vosges to learn French. In 1794 we hear of Frederika petitioning the local Committee of Public Safety to release from imprisonment a

certain innocuous baker, of whose "civism" she gave satisfactory proof. There is a joint letter of Sophie's and Frederika's still extant in the hands of M. Lucius, the present Lutheran pastor of Sesenheim, which is directed to the father of one of the young ladies whose education she superintended. Sophie's communication comes first and is followed by Frederika's. The latter gives thanks for Christmas presents received, and speaks of the progress of the donor's daughter and the hold she has obtained on Frederika's heart. A facsimile of Frederika's communication is given at the close of M. Albert Grün's drama of "Frederika."* The letter was written in December, 1798, but is dated according to the Republican Calendar then in use in France. From Rothau she removed to Meissenheim, near Offenburg, in Baden, where her elder sister lived. She brought up Marie's only child, and lived to see her married. After the wedding she said to Sophie, "I feel that I shall not live much longer. My time of rest is come. Do, dear sister, remain with me. I feel so lonely." Sophie remained. Frederika's presentiment was correct. She only survived the wedding six weeks. The date of her death was November, 1813, in her fifty-ninth year. It was in 1811 and 1812 that Goethe composed those portions of the Autobiography which were to render her famous. One would like to know whether she read this work, but tradition is silent upon this point. Sophie survived her sister for a quarter of a century, and Goethe for nearly seven years. She died, much esteemed, at Niederbronn (in Northern Alsace, not far from Sesenheim) in December, 1838. She burnt Goethe's letters to Frederika during the Strasburg period (about thirty in number) "because they enraged her." She preserved for many years the original copies of Goethe's Sesenheim songs and of his first translations of Ossian. Finally they were borrowed from her and not returned, but she had taken the precaution to keep copies of the same. Sophie even outlived the old parsonage, which was not taken down and replaced by the existing handsome dwelling until 1834.

The first pilgrim to Sesenheim was Herr Näke, Professor of Philology in one of the Gymnasias of Rhenish Germany, who wended his way thither in 1822 and published an account of his visit. Ever since then the locality has annually attracted to its pleasant precincts a not very numerous but a select and appreciative cortège of tourists, of course chiefly Germans. The same little inn (the "Golden Anchor") that existed in Goethe's time is still the sole hostelry in Sesenheim. The barn and

* Strasburg, Trottet & Würtz, 1859.

the orchard exist almost unchanged. There, too, are still the two historic bowers and the overarching jessamine (a scion of that planted by Frederika's hands) of which visitors generally pluck a branch. Nightingale Grove, the wooded hillock called in the Autobiography "Frederika's Repose," has undergone great changes. The wood has disappeared. The hillock from which Goethe was able to discern the spire of Strasburg Cathedral has been almost levelled to the plain. A gentle ascent still, however, marks the interesting spot, but—start not, romantic reader!—it is a potato field.

And now there only remains for us to discuss the question so warmly debated by the biographers and critics of Goethe—did he under all the circumstances do well to break away from Frederika? The motives which led him to take this resolve were perhaps set forth in the letter of adieu which he sent to Frederika after his return to his native city, but this letter was one of those destroyed by Sophie. The following passage, put into the mouth of *Carlos* in the play of "Clavigo" is generally regarded as throwing light on his conduct on this occasion;—"Marry! marry! just at the time when life first truly comes into action! To settle down domestically, to tie oneself down before one has completed half one's travels, or made half one's conquests!" Goethe's conduct must be viewed in connection with the current of ideas and emotions in the midst of which he lived. The revolt against traditional belief and established laws and customs, which in France broke out in a social convulsion some eighteen years later than the period we are writing of, took place earlier in Germany, but in the narrower circle of men of letters and the students. This intellectual movement gave birth to what is called the "genius" period. Young men of talents set themselves up as "Geniuses" and lived according to the doctrine that Genius was a law unto itself. One might be false to everybody else provided one was true to his Genius. On its good side the agitation of the German "geniuses" was a healthy outburst of individualism which ultimately gave birth to a noble national literature, and which was in itself an aspiration towards a more heroic and free life; but on its bad side it was revolting egotism, unbridled, unscrupulous disregard of the feelings of others. Goethe's defenders say that a betrothal to, and subsequent marriage with, the young Alsatian would have crippled the flight of his genius. But if this were true, was he the only person to be considered? Might not the man be expected to give up a little of his freedom and convenience in order to render the existence of his beloved blissful?

Was it not better to make a slight sacrifice (for a marriage with Frederika would certainly not have been a very crushing calamity) than to blast the budding life of a young girl of the highest grace and promise? Is not the loss of all one's honour greater than the loss of a portion of one's liberty? Is woman's love to be deemed merely as a yoke which man may shuffle off his neck when he pleases?

But we cannot assent to the assumption that Goethe's genius would have suffered by fidelity to Miss Brion. The flight of that genius might, it is true, have taken a different direction. The Sorrows of young Werther (that sensation novel once so much admired and now so nearly forgotten) would never have been written; the "Roman Elegies," those erotic effusions of his middle life, would have never seen the light. Germany must have looked elsewhere for her Propertius. The sensual element in Goethe's character would not have attained the development it actually did attain. But in compensation for these and other losses of kindred nature, who shall say what other noble and enduring fruits Goethe's genius would have produced in their stead? Would so many of his works have been left in a fragmentary condition? Would not his relative productivity have equalled, or even surpassed, that of Schiller, whereas, in point of fact, it fell far below it? We cannot believe that it is advantageous for a young genius to commence life with a guilty conscience, such as stung Goethe to the creation of the character of *Weisslingen*, in his first published work. This frame of mind doubtless favours the growth of a morbid, Byronic, Wertherish, self-torturing literature, but this remorseful mood is surely a poor substitute for that sunny sense of contentedness with oneself and one's fellow creatures, that philosophic composure which contributes as much to enduring literary eminence as to individual and social happiness. We believe that far from suffering from a union with such a creature as Frederika, his genius and his life, wonderful as both are, would have possessed charms in which they are wanting, and have lacked blemishes which diminish their value to humanity. He would have been a happier and better man and not a whit less the Genius. Had he married her, we say in Mr. Lewes' words, "his experience of woman might have been less extensive, but it would assuredly have gained an element it wanted. It would have been deepened. He had experienced and he could paint (no one better) the exquisite devotion of Woman to Man, but he had scarcely ever felt the peculiar tenderness of Man for Woman when that tenderness takes the form of vigilant, protecting fondness."

MAD ANNETTE.

MOST persons have paused for an hour or two on the road between Paris and London to lounge round the quaint old seaport town of Dieppe. We, at least, did give so much time to the port as was necessary to note these its peculiarities before wending our onward way to Paris: and we did even more than this. Securing the guidance of a grey-haired hanger-on of the church, we mounted up many foot-scooped steps, and through an atmosphere containing as much dust as oxygen, to the topmost platform of the roof. The view was worth the trouble. Right below the tower, market men and women, in their blue and red clothes, were hurrying hither and thither over the place, and filling the clear fresh morning air with their chaffering cries. From a thicket of black masts and cordage rose the chimneys of the packet that had carried us over the kindly sea; which sea spread blue and placid till it was lost in the curve of the earth. The tall cones of the castle seemed to belong to another age, and made me think for a moment whether I wore the colours of the Bearnais or of Mayenne—no light matter when to wear the wrong ones was death. But the cicerone recalled me from the past by calling attention to a spick-and-span new house, in a quarter where bright red walls and green shutters were more frequent than the older yellow plaster, and exclaiming, with civic exultation, "See there the house of the Prefect!"

"And look there, Martin," cried one of my companions, "down there between the trees, in that sort of close. There's that crazy woman who was at the porch when we came in. Look! she's walking on in the same absurd way, as if only a patch of ground here and there were good enough for her to put her feet on. See there; she nearly fell in that last stride. Mine is out: may I light up from yours?"

"Ah! it is mad Annette that you regard down there, monsieur. Yes, she is truly droll; but it is sad, it is very sad that, if monsieur knew the history."

"A story! By all means; out with it, old Cockywax!"

"Comment, monsieur?"

"Jack, don't be absurd. If you would have the obligingness to recount the story, it would give us much pleasure to hear."

"But below, monsieur means to say, without doubt."

But we all agreed that we were very well off where we were. The sun was not too hot: we were out of the immediate influence of the smells: each had a preparation of tobacco to consume. So, one sitting on the top step of the stairs, another on a perilous piece of balustrade, and a third on the ancient lead, our guide began his story of the mad woman. I cannot pretend to repeat it with half the vividness of the original narrator. It must lose much in translation; more from want of accent and gesticulation. The old man was really no mean "conteur."

As we had seen, the poor mad woman was not at all dangerous: she never did any harm. There was no reason at all why she should not be allowed the liberty she had. She had a friend—the husband, indeed, of her sister—who was very good to her, and gave her a home and food and clothing. And many were ready to help her, for they knew her sad story. But how did she become mad? Yes, that is the important part of the tale. Twenty years ago she was not mad at all: she was the prettiest, merriest, brightest girl in all Dieppe. And as old Pochon, her father, was one of the most flourishing fishermen in all the Quartier de Pollet, it was hardly necessary to say that Annette and her sister Marie were very popular with all the lads, and were much envied by all those damsels whose eyes were less bright, whose skin was less clear, and whose ear-rings were less massive. Marie was soon disposed of to the worthy Pierre, who had a shop in the town, and who was still the generous maintainer of his afflicted sister. But Annette, much to the confusion of all the sturdy Dieppoises, showed no favour to any one of them. Not that she was inclined to celibacy. There was a certain Bobbe Carreterre (it is all but impossible to suggest the manner of the enunciation of this name) who, I am sorry to say, was an Englishman. This Carreterre was huge of body and strong of limb; and on the occasion of the periodical visits of the brig in which he served to Dieppe, made great havoc among the hearts of the young fisherwomen. At last he paid peculiar and special attentions to Annette Pochon, and met with nothing like a rebuff. The old guide could well remember how he had seen the pair strolling on the beach,—he big and burly, with light brown hair knotted on his round head in thick close-cropped curls, and brown shiny

skin, towering above the smaller race of Frenchmen : she, with little trim figure, fresh and clean in blue woollen skirt and starched cap, with great black eyes that were always meeting the grey ones of the perfidious Briton, and never said anything but "I trust you." He also remembered how once, when Carter's ship was expected in the port, Annette would watch on the quay for hours ; and how, when the good brig was really within a few yards of land, and but for some almost miraculous mishap would in a few moments be safely moored in still water, she ran to her home, and hid herself in the inner room in maiden bashfulness. And now Carter was mate of the brig, and gave his word that when he should next come to Dieppe he must return with Annette as his wife to his own land, and that she should be taken to see his mother and his home, as well as the wonders of London, and that then the locality of their future abode might be decided upon. In three weeks he might be expected in Dieppe again.

Old Pochon affirmed, quite confidently, "That is a man in whom we may put trust : that face cannot be the face of a liar. He says, 'Annette, do you love me with all your heart?' She says, 'Robert, what shall I do to prove my love?' 'When I come to fetch you, shall you be very happy, and shall you be ready to come to me directly?' 'When you come to fetch me, whenever it may be, I will spring forward to meet you, and no one shall ever make me distrust you.'"

If her own father had confidence, what availed the fears of the neighbours? The old guide had never liked that Carreterre, but what was he but a grumbler? Things must take their course without interference. And, in truth, nobody had anything very valid to urge against the match. The bridegroom was English, and Annette ought to have been the mother as well the child of good Dieppois. But everybody does not see things in the same light as his neighbour.

It is not difficult to imagine the excited eagerness with which Annette looked forward to the expiration of the allotted period. Never was there a more joyous bride. No letters passed between the parties ; indeed it was improbable that either of them could write. At the end of the third week, the collier by which Carter was to have travelled as a passenger appeared in the port, but no Carter was on board ; nor had the collier's skipper had any dealings with any man answering to the faithless mate's description. After the first shock, Annette refused to allow that she was in the least degree doubtful. Of course he would come : of course some unforeseen hindrance had kept him from coming

as he had proposed. Her friends were not sanguine, but she would permit no questioning. A week went by : Annette began to look a little sad. Another week : blue lines rose round her dark eyes. A third : and Annette moved and spoke and looked in such a miserable, apathetic, lack-lustre way, that all her friends grew seriously frightened for her health. She would stray up and down the beach and the port for hours and hours together, always declaring that she was looking for her Robert—always quite sure that he would come—only let them give him time : she trusted him. So two months went by. And though, indeed, on the one subject of her faithless lover's return she was then already crazed, no one regarded her state as being worse than one of fresh and unhealed grief—a state remediable by lapse of time and new associations. "Poor girl!" said the neighbours ; and Annette received their pity very kindly and very impassibly, only saying, "I know he will come to fetch me ; and when I see him I shall go to him." And of course Carter never came ; he was never seen or heard of at Dieppe again. And now more than four months had gone by. Annette's wanderings became longer and more dreamy. Nothing done by her father or her friends availed to break her sorrowful stupor. Backwards and forwards on the shore of the much-sounding sea she walked, waiting for the vainly-expected summons of her lover. At first a little cousin was sent to accompany her, for it was supposed that she might harm herself ; but when it was found that she walked always to and fro, gazing out to sea, and men began to know the poor sad figure and its unhappy story, she was allowed to wander pretty much when and where she liked.

Up to this time she could not be said to be mad ; she was only very sorrowful, and very fond of solitude. But now came the remarkable part of the story.

"Messieurs probably know the environs of Dieppe?" said the narrator.

"Never in the place till last night."

"Ah, truly. But you can imagine to yourselves the appearance of the coast which I am about to describe. Along to the west, down there, the beach is shelving shingle and slimy masses of chalk under the cliffs. At low tide, long tracks of rock are discovered stretching out to sea, divided in all directions by wide ragged fissures. Very green and very slippery are those tracks of rock. One day I had occasion to go a little journey in that direction, and, as the tide would serve, I determined to go along the beach. It was a bleak day in December ; the sky was very

black, and I had to walk steadily and briskly to keep out the cold. What did I see as I turned round one of the headlands of the cliff? What but Annette Pochon wandering on like a woman in a dream! Quite slowly, as if she cared nothing for the cold wind."

"Good day, Mademoiselle Annette. It is very cold down here by the sea, is it not?"

"I am not cold, Monsieur Godin."

"For I call myself Godin, messieurs. And she smiled such a sad smile.

"What does mademoiselle seek this morning on the cold beach?"

"Monsieur, I have a rendezvous with a friend."

"Poor girl! I thought; your friend will never come; and you will be very cold and wretched.

"When my affairs were finished, now, I said, I will return along the road on the top of the cliff; that beach is too damp and slippery; so I set off briskly again. Ah, messieurs! I could walk then as I cannot walk now. But, as I have had the honour to tell you, it is nearly twenty years ago. As I was going along the road, with the rising ground that ended soon in the cliff edge on my left hand, I thought on a sudden of Annette. Is she there still? I said to myself. She will be terribly frozen. She should be kept at home: she should not be allowed to go out. I must speak to old Pochon. Now I will mount the edge of the cliff, and see if she is still on the shore. It was just about here that she was when I passed below two hours ago. I turned quickly from the road, messieurs, and in a moment I was on the brink, with the great shelving chalk cliff at my feet. The tide had now quite gone down, and the surf seemed a long way from me. Green rocks, and sand, and pools stretched away for many, many yards. Was Annette there? Yes, sitting on a white fragment of cliff below me. So I stood watching the fair prospect and the sea stretching out as we see it now; not, however, smooth and blue; then it was dark and troubled, and white waves broke on the furthest ledges of rock. As I gaze down at Annette, suddenly she rises: she springs forward with a loud cry as of delight, runs rapidly across the highest bank of shingle and sand, and waits an instant where the rocks begin. What does she see? My thoughts jump directly to the object of her desire. Is there any sign of the coming husband? Is there a craft in sight that the girl recognises? Nothing. Two or three fishing-boats close in shore—boats that I know well—not boats that have come from England. Nobody on the shore, and nothing at sea. If Annette

sees anything, it is in imagination. My eyes are fixed on her. She advances, swiftly making her way towards a tall rock on her right hand. She is agile and sure-footed. She steps over the chasms between the rocks. She stands poised for a moment on a weedy ledge: she is half hidden in a pool. She has fallen. No; she is rushing on again. She has reached the tall rock. With hands and knees she clammers to the summit, throws her arms wide open, gives a loud shriek, and clasps—nothing—nothing but air. She starts again—starts off to the left, messieurs, looking no bigger than the men and women you see in the place down below. I see her, now up, now down; sometimes splashing the water from some rock basin—taking long steps from rock to rock; sometimes falling; on again in a moment. Soon she stands still again, once more opens her arms, gives another loud cry of disappointment, and hurries off, this time direct to the sea. Should I have tried to get down? By the cliff before me, impossible with life. I stood looking—I could not take my eyes off. Before Annette now a ridge of rock rises out of the shore, with an almost straight course along the top, so that where the last rock meets the advancing tide there is a fall of some height. She runs—runs—runs; she is close to the sea; she will stop? No! She falls: I see her no more. She will be hurt by the fall. The tide will mount, and she cannot move: she will be drowned!

"Before I had thought half this, messieurs, I was far on my way to the nearest path that I knew from the cliff to the shore. I ran as fast as Annette. In five minutes I was down and on the rock whence the poor girl had fallen. Ah! it was sad to see. Annette was lying in the moist sand, quite still, as one who is dead, the height of a man below me. And her long black hair was all matted round her beautiful face; and on one of her little brown feet a shell had made a cruel cut, from which the red blood trickled out into the sand; and twice or thrice the harsh waves had crawled over her, and she was all wet and cold. Ah, messieurs, it was sad, sad, sad! What could I do? Was she drowned? I did not know. I lifted her up: I carried her in my arms, poor child! about half a mile to a cottage in the hollow where the cliff sinks down. I tried to run; indeed I made the best haste I could, messieurs. Might not her life depend upon my speed? Under the remedies known to the good woman of the house, the patient gradually recovered. Warmth and life came back together. Then I was very thankful, for I yearned over that poor motherless, miserable child. She came to herself: but no, I cannot

say that—she has never since come to herself. But she lived, and she began to mutter in a low, plaintive voice, ‘Yes, my well-loved, I see thee. Thou art come now to fetch me, and I go to thee without a moment’s delay. Stay for me, my darling ! I am close to thee. What ! thou art farther off ? Only wait, and I will reach thee. Thou becomest : I am coming—I am coming.’ So she went on, *messieurs*, always the same story : and never since has she said anything else.

“I went back to Dieppe ; I informed the old Pochon. For weeks Annette lay in a fever at old mother Callot’s ; for weeks raving (always on the same subject), for weeks more too weak to walk. Since that day she has been quite silly. She never seems to know any one, or to care for anything, except once. Yes, once she did seem to have some feeling of real things : that was when her dead baby was taken away from her. Then she wept for a little time, for a little time, *messieurs*.”

And two big round tears rolled down the old man’s wrinkled cheeks as he spoke.

“What a threnody !” cried Jack ; though I don’t believe he had understood half of it.

“And all that refers to that respectable but eccentric party that we saw down stairs ?”

“And you never heard any more of the man Carter ?”

“Never have I seen him since, sir. He was not likely to come to Dieppe. If I do see him, I will—but what am I, sir ? The good God will punish him. And perhaps Annette may yet be healed.”

“Now, Martin, come along down ; we’ve been up here more than half an hour. What shall we give the old man ?”

We tumbled, and groped, and choked on the narrow stair again, and were soon on the lower earth once more.

Annette was at the porch again.

Looking out on the merry world with a mechanical, meaningless smile, she was seated on a rude stool, under the shadow of the church wall. The old guide touched her hand, and said, “Good day, Annette !” No greeting came in reply. The smile remained, but did not change. As we turned away, a little lad of some half-dozen years, evidently full of importance at “minding” the poor lunatic, came running up, and cried, “Come, my aunt, it is necessary that thou return : my mother awaits you.”

The little hand was suffered to close round the long thin fingers, and to lead away an unresisting and impassible charge.

We passed through the busy market. We settled our hotel bill, drove to the station,

and sank cosily on the comfortable cushions of the railroad running southwards.

About three miles out of Dieppe, Jack broke a long and meditative silence with a remark : “Do you know, you fellows, I believe that sort of thing generally ends in something or other—in something—in something of that sort, you know.”

A NEW ERA IN PORTRAITURE.

EVER since the introduction of photography the votaries of that art have been anxiously awaiting the discovery of some means for reproducing in their natural colours the objects so elaborately pictured by the camera and its co-operative chemical processes. Hitherto the artist’s pencil has had to supply the coveted deficiency, and the photograph so coloured has had to descend from its independent position to fill the subordinate part of a mere outline or sketch. It is a disputed question whether artificial colouring improves photography or not : colouring certainly robs the photograph of its natural purity and accuracy, but on the other hand it bequeaths it a charm and an interest that more than compensate for the integrity so lost. There is, however, good reason to hope that, ere many years have elapsed, the assistance of the artist to add the fascination of colour to the sun picture will be dispensed with, and that the sun, the source of all colour, will condescend to paint the pictures he so faithfully draws. A number of facts and experiences point to the probability of perfecting a process by which this desideratum will be obtained. Every photographer—we allude to the scientific photographer, and not the mere “operator”—is aware that a certain chemically prepared paper exposed to the sun’s rays shining through fragments of variously stained glasses, is impressed more or less distinctly with the particular colour of each glass. In the early history of photography, Herschel and Hunt, in this country, succeeded, by the use of the juices of flowers and various chemical preparations, in producing coloured impressions of the beautiful optical phenomenon known as the solar spectrum : and, in France, M. Becquerel and M. Niepce have made most interesting and satisfactorily resulting experiments in this department of science ; M. Niepce having gone so far as to send to the late International Exhibition specimens of naturally coloured photographs. We cannot therefore endorse the frequently-expressed opinion that the perfection of “*heliochromy*”—for that is the name of the looked-for art—is a dream ; the great bulk of evidence being in favour of the hypothesis, and showing that, instead of being impossible,

it is highly probable that, in course of time, heliochromatypes will become as familiar as the popular monochromatic *cartes de visite*: we would rather put our faith in the prediction of the uncle of the above-mentioned M. Niepce, that one day man would "see himself represented as faithfully on the plate as in a mirror." The contradictory assertion made by an eminent philosopher some years ago, "that it was utterly visionary ever to expect to produce natural colours by any photographic process," reminds us of a similar example of the miscalculation of the rate of inductive research, by an American telegraphist, who, in a treatise on the electric telegraph, written in the year 1852, asserted that "all ideas of connecting Europe and America by lines extending directly across the Atlantic were utterly impracticable and absurd;" yet six years afterwards the Atlantic telegraph became an accomplished fact. Of late years the photographic world has been occasionally startled by reports, from across the Atlantic, of wonderful pictures being produced by the camera, in all the glory of their natural colouring; but these have generally been discovered to have sprung from the hoaxing vagaries so freely indulged in by our transatlantic brethren.*

But photography, for awhile shut out from the domain of the painter, has successfully invaded the territory of the sculptor, and from the fertility of its applications a new art has arisen that threatens to revolutionise, or at least to modify, the existing system of portraiture. The name of this new art is "Photosculpture;" its inventor is M. François Willème, a young sculptor in Paris, and its object is to render photography subservient to the production of busts or statuettes, from living models, in clay, plaster, wood, stone, or metal; the photograph furnishing the accurate resemblance, and a mechanical appliance transferring the flat portraits on the photographic plates to the solid clay or plaster. About three years have elapsed since the first notice of this invention was published, and at that time it was received with ridicule, and its inventor regarded as a dreamer. Since then, however, it has been so far perfected and rendered practicable that an association, established in Paris under the name of the "Société Générale de Photo-Sculpture de France," has been successfully working the process for some months past, and buildings have been erected and arrangements made for carrying it out upon an extensive scale. At the atelier of the "Société" any one can

obtain an accurate bust of himself for the comparatively small cost of a guinea, and with no more trouble to himself than is required to produce an ordinary photograph. The current mania for public companies has led to the formation of an "International Photosculpture Company," for purchasing and working the patent in this country; so we may hope ere long to see a photo-sculpture establishment in London; and, as some curiosity has been excited by the appearance of the advertisements of this company in the columns of our newspapers, as well as by the very beautiful specimens of the art that have been shown at scientific *soirées* and public exhibitions, we will endeavour to give as intelligible a *résumé* as we can of the process by which these specimens are produced.

The sitter to the photo-sculptor is placed exactly in the centre of a circular chamber surmounted by a glass dome, posed upon a circular platform marked round its circumference with twenty-four equal divisions. Around the wall of the chamber are ranged twenty-four photographic cameras, each pointing to the sitter, and each corresponding to one of the numbers of the divisions on the circular platform. These cameras, duly furnished with photographic plates, are all uncovered at the same instant, and twenty-four pictures of the sitter are taken, representing his contour as seen from each of the positions occupied by the cameras. The plates being removed from the cameras, and developed and fixed in the usual manner, the photographic department of the process is finished, and the sitter's attendance is no more required.

The next portion of the process is mechanical, and is dependent upon an ingenious instrument known as the pantograph, and used extensively (before it was in part superseded by photography) for enlarging or reducing, or copying upon the same scale, plans and drawings, maps and diagrams. It consists of a series of bars of wood or metal, jointed together so as to form a system of "similar triangles"; one of the bars carries at its extremity a tracing point or style, and another a pen or pencil, the whole turning freely on a centre carried by a third bar. When the style is guided over the outline of a drawing the pencil moves with a perfectly similar motion over a sheet of paper placed beneath it, and so produces a perfect facsimile of the original. Its application to photosculpture is as follows:—Photograph No. 1 (that is the photograph taken by the camera opposite or corresponding to the division marked 1 on the circular platform beneath the sitter) is placed in a magic lantern, and an enlarged image of it projected upon a

* Apropos of the American propensity for deception, an ingenious citizen of New York has within the last few weeks been trying to hoax astronomers with an elaborately forged observation of a supposed planet, revolving between the orbits of Venus and Mercury.

screen. Near to this screen is a small circular table, turning upon a pivot, and divided round its circumference into twenty-four parts, similar to the large (sitter's) platform. Upon this little table is placed a block of modeller's clay, of sufficient size to allow of a bust or statuette of the required dimensions being cut from it; and between it and the screen is mounted a large pantograph, furnished at one end with the customary style or tracer, but with a sharp tool or cutter occupying the place of the pen or pencil. Photograph, pantograph, and clay block being adjusted to their proper positions, the operator carefully guides the style over the outline of the enlarged photograph, and the cutting tool, exactly following every motion of the style, cuts the clay into a profile exactly corresponding to that of the photograph, and hence exactly similar to the contour of the original model or sitter as seen from the point occupied by camera No. 1. Photograph No. 2 is then substituted for No. 1 in the lantern, the little turntable with the clay block is turned through one of its twenty-four divisions, and the outline of the second photograph similarly traversed by the style and transferred to the clay. Photograph No. 3 is treated in the same manner, and so on until all the photographs have passed in succession through the lantern and been transmuted, in their proper positions to the clay, which, by the end of the operation, stands upon its table an *accurate reproduction of the sitter on the platform!* All that then remains to be done is to smooth down the rough outlines left by the cutter, and the work is finished. This last operation requires the assistance of an artist, and is the only part of the whole process that demands any more skill than is required in the most ordinary mechanical operations. The time occupied is wonderfully short, compared with the tedious process of modelling a bust from the life, to say nothing of the disagreeable operation, often resorted to, of taking a plaster cast of the face to serve as a basis for the sculptor's work. The bust or statuette once obtained can be easily multiplied by the ordinary means in use for producing plaster images, or it may be copied into marble or bronze to suit the taste and purse of its possessor. By varying the mechanical arrangements it may be produced of colossal size, or diminished to an inch in height. By slight modifications of the process, the portrait may be flattened to the proportions of a medallion or bas-relief, or cut into a seal or die, and at the will of the operator may even be distorted to yield a grotesque figure or caricature.

The application of photography to the requirements of the sculptor is not entirely new.

We remember having seen, some years ago, at an exhibition of the Photographic Society, a marble bust executed entirely from photographs; but this was entirely an artist's work, and was exhibited as a curiosity. A Hatton Garden modeller lately assured the writer that he had satisfactorily modelled busts from a single photograph, and offered to produce, at a week's notice, an accurate bust from a good photograph at a cost of thirty shillings, and to supply any number of copies (casts) of it for two shillings per copy. But the photograph in this case would be employed as any other drawing might be, and would not be mechanically connected with the production of the model; and it is this mechanical co-operation of the photograph, ensuring faithful accuracy in the resulting figure, that forms the basis of M. Willème's invention.

At present the price of photo-sculptures, although low in proportion to that of other descriptions of sculpture, is rather too high to allow of their becoming extensively popular; but we may hope that when the process shall have become established in this country, and the demand for cheap productions become general, some means of simplifying the operations, or economising the labour of conducting them, will be devised, and that photo-sculpture will be brought within the reach of all classes. Apart from the beauty and novelty of photo-sculpture, there is one especial reason why we hail with pleasure the generalisation of M. Willème's art. Every one who possesses valuable or precious photographs at times has misgivings as to their permanency. Photographs have acquired a bad name for durability. As we look over our portfolios and albums we see photographs, once forcible and vigorous, becoming pale and bilious-looking; and wherever this is the case it may be safely predicted that such pictures will sooner or later entirely fade. There is nothing in the chemical constitution of the photographic image, formed as it is by the combination of the precious metals, gold and silver, to give rise to any apprehensions as to its permanency; but there is ample room for doubt as to whether the processes of its production are carried on with the requisite care and caution to secure stability. The last process through which a photograph passes (the fixing process) leaves it impregnated with a destructive chemical; and the removal of all traces of this chemical constitutes one of the photographer's worst difficulties. To do it effectually requires the photograph to be soaked for a whole day in a good body of water, which must be constantly agitated and changed. Now we very much fear—and the frequent sight of fading photographs corroborates our suspicions

—that professional photographers do not pay enough attention to this important particular. Doubtless the more scientific and more scrupulous among them—jealous of their personal reputation and that of their art, and knowing the danger of insufficient washing,—are careful to guard against the evil ; but a large proportion, by far the majority, of the horde of “photographic artists,” are totally ignorant of the rationale of their process, and innocent as a child of the nature of the materials they use. From this cause we dare venture to predict that before the lapse of half a dozen years two-thirds of the contents of our much-prized *carte de visite* albums will have lost their beauty, and in many cases have become obliterated altogether. The propensity of a photograph to fade cannot always be detected by its appearance ; for in many cases the presence of the vicious chemical only serves to give additional brilliancy to the picture, just as the germ of a fatal disease suffuses beauty over the countenance of its victim. Photographers have for a long time been seeking for some process of multiplying their works without the use of jeopardising chemicals ; but although several methods have been successfully tried, no one has as yet been able to supersede the process that necessitates their employment. Now, at all events, the difficulties of obtaining a permanent as well as an accurate portrait are overcome ; for if photographs perish, drawings fade, and paintings tarnish with the lapse of years, at least the sculptured portrait will withstand the ravages of devouring Time. The accurate delineation of the photograph will be combined with the durability of the marble statue ; and thus M. Willème's invention will afford us the blessing of “an art that can immortalise.”

J. CARPENTER.

THE CITY COMPANIES.

THE public are now and then informed that some great personage has become a fishmonger. The Prince of Wales became a member of that wet profession not long since ; and people are astonished to find, when any civic election is going on in the City, how many spectacle-makers are among the candidates ; indeed, if we were to judge from their number, we might imagine that Londoners suffered from very imperfect eyesight. It is all very well for princes to play at being tradesmen ; but it is no mere optical delusion that our merchants, ambitious of filling the chair of the first magistrate, can only do so by turning, by name at least, lens-maker, or craftsman of one or other of the City great Companies, which of old represented the trading greatness of the metropolis.

At the present day the City Companies are only shadows of what they were in the past ; indeed they are little better than chartered associations for the distribution of the splendid patronage left to them by past generations, and trustees for almsgiving on a very splendid scale. Out of the eighty-two companies which still struggle to keep their heads above water, there are only a very few that may be termed working companies, or companies still possessing trade privileges. There is the Goldsmiths' Company, which still possess the right of assaying all the gold and silver manufactured, and of stamping on these metals the hall mark ; the Apothecaries, who sell drugs in their hall, and possess the right of entering shops within their jurisdiction and testing for adulterations ; the Stationers, who claim a certain superintendence over the booksellers ; and the Painters, a company at the present moment exhibiting some spasmodic action in the way of an exhibition of works of their craftsmen ; and finally the Gunsmiths, who possess the privilege of trying all the London-made guns. Beyond these, the companies mainly maintain their existence on good dinners, loving cups, and the power of giving good things away, including twelfth-night cakes to themselves annually, handsome fees for attendance, and certain old ceremonies in the manner of the election of their officers, which we shall allude to presently—healthy exercises these, calculated to extend their longevity to an indefinite period. Of course there are very few veritable tradesmen to be found among them ; for instance, the Mercers, that stands first among the twelve great companies, cannot count a single member of the craft among its livery ! What pretence the Bowyers and the Fletchers have had to call themselves a trade, except it be that of toy-makers, since the days of Queen Bess, we cannot tell.

The Pinmakers, thirty years ago, were reduced to two members, who have long since, we suppose, been gathered to their fathers ; the Musicians, the Inn-keepers, and the Masons, indeed all the minor companies who are not supported by large funded property handed down to them, are virtually defunct. The “twelve,” however, will never willingly die so long as they have money in the funds, and the power of distributing it. Their names, and the order in which they stand, are as follows :—The Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers. All of these companies still possess halls, stowed away mostly in narrow streets within the City limits, unknown to fame. Two, however, form con-

spicuous objects—the Fishmongers' Hall, facing London Bridge, and the Goldsmiths' Hall, behind the Post Office. Those who pass Cheapside daily are perhaps aware of a narrow façade hemmed in between old-fashioned brick houses, on which, over an iron gateway, two cherubs, that ought to be subjected to a course of Bantingism, sprawl in a condition of nudity. This is the entrance to the hall of the leading company of Mercers. These halls, like the companies themselves, have lost all their old grandeur and traditional character. The great fire demolished the whole of them, with the exception of the smaller halls of the Leather-sellers, in Bishopsgate Street, and of the Carpenters, at London Wall, which, however, give no indications of the magnificence of those belonging to the great companies in early times. These were fashioned out of the deserted mansions of the nobility. Thus, the Grocers established themselves in the town mansion of the Lords Fitzwalter; the Drapers' hall was the mansion of Lord Cromwell. Both of these halls retain portions of their original fine gardens. The Salters' hall was the town mansion of the Earls of Oxford. After the Reformation many of the companies bought old religious houses, and, with certain modifications, established themselves therein. The Leathersellers located themselves in the nunnery of St. Helen's, and the Pinners occupied the Austin-Friars' hall. These old houses, fitted up with good old halls, or chapels which were convertible into the same purpose, afforded ample room for the famous hospitality these guilds exercised in the old time. Indeed, their magnificence may be judged by the fact, that while they were in existence there was no Mansion House for the chief magistrate, and the lord mayor generally gave his entertainments and kept his state in one or other of them, generally in the one belonging to his own company.

In looking back at the records of the companies, one cannot fail to be struck with the taste of these old worthies for all kinds of festivity, merry-making, and shows. It really seems that the Englishman of the present day is a very different creature from the Englishman of three or four centuries ago.

In the Catholic times, he appears to have been more like the Frenchman or the Italian, wearing his bonnet with a difference, of course; but still possessing a love of pleasure and a fondness for display strangely in contrast with his present character. What with the "ridings out against great personages," the setting of the midsummer watch, the trade pageants, the burials in state of their members, and their endless banquets and festivities, we scarcely know how they got through any business at

all. Looking at them as we do through the haze of time, they all seem to have been more like "noble boys at play" than the discreet sad men they picture themselves to have been.

In the early days, the palmy days of these guilds, The Hall was in truth the centre and heart, as it were, of the craft to which it belonged. The various companies exercised almost despotic power over their members, especially over all matters relating to their trade. They made their rounds and saw that no member was adulterating his goods, or giving short weight or measure. The Drapers, as well as the Merchant Tailors, used to have a standard, or yard measure of silver, with which they visited the city fairs where cloth was principally sold, and measured off every man's bales. The Grocers made the same scrutiny into the shops of their craft, and doubtless prevented the pepper from being dusted, and the sugar from being sanded; they also maintained a strict line of demarcation between different trades. The mercer sold silk mercery, and nothing more; the haberdasher, haberdashery; the vintners, wine; and the beersellers, beer. A man of the latter craft who should have posted up a placard outside of his door "old crusty port at 3s. 9d.," would have been mulcted by his fellowship in a fine; and if he insisted, he would have been turned out of the company. When trades in the old time were mapped out in this way they were also generally carried on pretty much in the same locality. Thus, the fishmongers were to be found in Tower Street and Fish Street Hill, as they are at present; fripperers (old apparel sellers), and upholders, or upholsterers, congregated on Ludgate Hill; the mercers and haberdashers in West Cheape, and the goldsmiths also frequented this great thoroughfare; the brewers kept, as they do now, near the Thames. In reference to the power of the companies with respect to fining for adulterating, it would appear that this power was not wholly possessed by themselves. Numbers of other companies had it in their power to make complaints before the lord mayor of the misdoings of any craft; and the only event civic history relates of the celebrated Richard Whittington is that he was a terror to the brewers, several members of whose craft he prosecuted and punished for giving bad measure. We are sorry to add that it is recorded that the Brewers' Company at length mollified him by a present of two pipes of red wine, costing no less than 7l. 3s. 4d., a large sum in his day. Bribes to powerful persons were quite a matter of course in those days, as we fear they are even now, only given in a more refined and second-hand manner.

In the early times these trade guilds were demi-religious bodies, and all their affairs had an ecclesiastical element in them. They all had their patron saints, who were generally chosen for their associations with their particular craft. Thus, the Fishmongers' was St. Peter; the Drapers', the Virgin Mary, mother of the lamb; the Goldsmiths', St. Dunstan. Upon these saints' days their grand festivals and shows were always held. They kept a mortuary priest, sometimes two, who attended the obits of all deceased members, and they maintained perpetual lights on the different altars erected to their deceased worthies. The estates left to the companies in trust to maintain these altars and chantries formed a very large part of their property; and when they were seized by Edward VI. a very great blow was dealt at their power and consequence, as they had to redeem them by the sale of other property. When any very eminent member of their craft died, the whole livery attended his funeral. All the companies had a state hearse-cloth, or pall, which was used on these grand occasions. The Saddlers' Company still preserve theirs; and the Fishmongers' state pall is one of the famous sights of that great company. It was not a mere cloth of black velvet, such as we now use, although they used such on ordinary occasions, but a splendidly embroidered affair, a description of which will not, perhaps, be here out of place.

"It consists of a centre slip about twelve feet long and two feet and a half wide, and two shorter sides, each eight feet eleven inches long, by one foot four inches wide, and when laid over the coffin must have totally enveloped it; but it is without corner folds, like our modern palls. * * * The pattern of the central part is a sprig or central flower, the latter of which is composed of gold network bordered with red, and the whole whereof reposes on a smooth solid ground of cloth of gold. The end pieces and side borders to this middle slip are worked in different pictures and representations. The end pieces consist of a very rich and massy wrought picture, in gold and silk, of the patron, St. Peter, in *pontificalibus*. He is seated on a superb throne, his head crowned with the papal tiara. One hand holds the keys, and the other is in the posture of giving the benediction. On each side of the saint is a kneeling angel, censuring him with one hand, and holding a sort of golden vase with the other. * * * The angels' wings, according to the old custom in such representations, are composed of peacocks' feathers, in all their natural, vivid colours; the outer robes are gold, raised with crimson; their under vests white, shaded with sky blue; the faces are

finely worked in satin, after nature, and they have long yellow hair. The side pieces are pictures equally elaborately wrought of Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter. The entire pall has a fringe of two inches in depth of gold and purple silk threads."

This pall is supposed to be the last Catholic pall used by the company a short time before the change of faith; hence its splendid condition, and the vividness of its colours. On the burial, in 1524, of Sir Thomas Lovell (who built Lincoln's Inn Gateway), at Holywell Nunnery, Shoreditch, we catch a glimpse of the habit our fathers had of turning events of such solemnity into feasts, for we find that "there was a drynkyng in all the cloisters, the nuns' hall, and parlors of the said place, and everywhere ells for as many as would come, as well the crafts of London as gentlemen of the Inns of Court." This seems to have been the universal practice at the time. At ordinary funerals the bearers were regaled with beer and ale in the churches; and on such grand occasions as the one above noticed the company, after attending the state funeral, always dined together in their hall. These feasts were an odd mixture of strong and delicate meat. Roasted swans—standard swans set upright in the dish,—was a very favourite dish in those days; boar, conger, lampreys, and coney standard, or rabbits set upright, are also continually mentioned; and besides these, we find "sea hog," or porpoise, spoken of in those feasts as a standard dish. These sea hogs must have been a monstrous size sometimes, as we find that when a cart is required to bring them to the kitchen an extra allowance is to be made for carriage. With these grosser dishes, however, we find some lighter courses of a more delicate character, such as white mottrews, leche lombard, great birds with little ones together, fritters, payne puff, frumenty, or wheat boiled in milk, was also a favourite dish, and the drink was some red wine of the claret kind.

Rude as was the magnificence of the grand dinners of these trade guilds, in one respect they far surpassed those of modern days. They admitted the ladies, not to peep at their gross feeding from some far-off gallery, but to sit with them at the best places of the board. Not only were the fair sex invited, but the members were directed to bring them, under penalties for disobedience. In the early times women as well as men were members of these guilds; and every member's betrothed was expected to come, and was considered as good as one of the livery. In the early part of the 17th century the ladies are no longer found gracing the board, but even as late as 1687 we find one very notable exception, when Sir

John Peake, Lord Mayor, was entertained by the Mercers' Company. The coat and crest of this company is a virgin with dishevelled hair, and this virgin and mystery they always made the most of in their trade pageants. The maiden chariot in which she generally rode on these occasions was made of beaten and embossed silver, drawn by nine white Flemish mares, three abreast, in rich trappings of silver and white feathers. The lady was splendidly attired in white satin, adorned with jewels, and was surrounded by young ladies representing all the virtues; but what comes next is the most astounding. The virgin and all her fair bevy of attendants had their table provided for them in the hall, and dined in state on the dais. Imagine the sensation such a bevy of virgins must have made among the younger members of the craft. These ladies were not, however, of doubtful character, such as we imagine would be likely to offer themselves for these public shows; but their respectability was guaranteed by a committee chosen to select them; at least such was the case in 1704, when Sir William Gore was entertained by the Mercers, for we find it recorded that the virgin on that occasion was "a young and beautiful gentlewoman, of good parentage, religious education, and unblemished reputation;" and we must of course suppose that all her handmaidens were to match.

A *reredos* or screen generally ran across these old halls to divide them from the buttery hatch, as we see it now does in the dining-hall of the Middle Temple. In the gallery above this the musicians were posted, and we find it was the custom to "send the hat round" for these worthies, as we see it recorded that at a dinner of the Brewers' Company the clerk collected 20*d.* in the hall for "the harper minstrel." We must suppose that on state occasions a certain staid and sad gravity was maintained; but on ordinary festivals, after dinner, the pageants commenced. This was a much easier matter to manage than may be imagined. The pageant was generally kept in the open timber roof; it was let down with cords, and the simple play began. In the early days it was illustrative of some Scripture passage, such as Noah descending from the ark with his sons, or the sacrifice of Isaac; and our forefathers, after they had had their dinner and wine, were wonderfully tolerant of all shortcomings. Like boys at play, the same old toy afforded them amusement for a very long time. On grand occasions, when they indulged in out-of-door pageants, they threw an air of poetry into these displays. When, for instance, a lord mayor was chosen from their guild, some special entertainment was

made to entertain him in his passage through the streets, or along the river, for there were water pageants as well as land pageants. The land pageants were exhibited on a movable stage. Poets, we are told, were engaged to compose what were called "projects," or arrangements of scenes, with character, song, and dialogue descriptive of the company of the lord mayor elect. In the water spectacle of Sir Thomas Middleton, grocer, in 1613, the pageant consisted of "five islands, artfully garnished with all manner of Indian fruit trees, drugges, spiceries, and the like, the middle island having a faire castle especially beautiful," in allusion to the forts of the newly-established East India Company, which gave an immense impetus to the trade of the company. These islands must have been movable ones, placed on boats. All the other great companies had solemn entertainments on the occasion of having a lord mayor elected from their body; so that with the home plaything kept in the roof of the halls, the royal pageants, when kings entered or returned from the wars (such as those given to Henry V. after Agincourt, and to Henry VII. after Bosworth), and the setting of the midsummer watch,—a kind of civic guard for the protection of the city, in which all the companies vied with each other in the magnificent manner in which they turned out their contingent to this grand middle-ages procession—we may imagine what a merry time those old gentlemen had whose effigies we see on old monuments, the very pictures of sad sedateness and gravity, which, in common with many of our notions of the habits of our forefathers, are wholly delusive.

But if the City Companies knew how to amuse themselves, they also in time of necessity played an important part in the affairs of the country. Henry VII. early saw the value of these bodies as a protection to the crown against the nobility, and he ingratiated himself with them by becoming a member of the Taylors' Company, and sat with them in the open hall, clothed in the livery of their craft. James I. became a member of the Clothworkers' Company, and the grand festival given in honour of the occasion of his inauguration was celebrated by two events. Iuigo Jones arranged the pageant; and in the old hall of the company the glorious anthem, "God Save the King," was first heard, Dr. John Bull having composed it for the occasion. Charles II. and William III. were also members of city companies. But this connection of the companies with royalty was dearly purchased, as they speedily came to be looked upon as milch cows in all cases of state impecuniosities.

Henry VIII., in 1545, first opened their purse-strings by borrowing a sum of 21,263*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* towards carrying on his wars in Scotland. On another occasion, having sent his commissioners to assess the companies, Alderman Richard Read was bold enough to object to it as an arbitrary measure; but he speedily put an end to any attempt at opposition by seizing the alderman, and sending him as a foot soldier to the Scotch wars. The exactions upon the companies went on increasing from this time until that of William III., and the vast riches of the companies were greatly reduced thereby. These bodies gave not only in purse but in person. On the first threat of the Spanish Armada, the government of Elizabeth demanded 10,000 men of the city, fully equipped. These they furnished by impressment, together with thirty-five ships. Several other draughts of soldiers were made upon them; and we all know how boldly the 10,000 train bands served the nation in its time of utmost need, marching to the relief of Gloucester during the civil war, and thereby settling the fate of Charles. They were also foremost in all adventures. They contributed towards the expenses of fitting out Sebastian Cabot's expedition from Bristol, which resulted in the discovery and annexation to the English crown of North America. They helped to settle Virginia, and in doing so we fear they acted in a rather arbitrary manner towards the poor of the city, shipping them off to the new land without particularly consulting their inclination; and they also largely embarked in settling Ulster, under James I., and thereby laid the foundation of those Irish estates which are to this day the best administered in that country. Trade, for the protection of which they had originally been founded, began to struggle against their restrictions as early as the days of the Tudors, and their fate was sealed by the rapid progress which the country was making in mercantile pursuits, before the advent of the Stuarts and the Commonwealth men, who drained their coffers to the dregs, or the great fire of 1666, which destroyed all their halls and melted their plate, with two or three insignificant exceptions, and also their house property in the city; and finally, the destruction of the ancient charters which gave them such special trade powers, by Charles II., dealt them their death blow as powers in the State. But their splendid charities and their great schools founded in ancient times, their exhibitions to our universities, still remain, augmenting in value every year in consequence of the vast increase in the value of the estates. What the value of these estates would have been had the Crown not despoiled

them centuries since, we scarcely like to calculate, seeing that many of them consisted of land now within the limits of the metropolis, and often in positions where ground is valued by the hundred thousand pounds an acre. Perhaps it is well that this property is dispersed, as it has proved to be far too valuable to rest under the governance of any chartered bodies of men.

About the beginning of the Stuart period, perhaps, the companies were in the most flourishing condition. Certainly, the entertainments they gave to princes were magnificent. Their sideboards abounded with curious plate, their halls and gardens were on a scale of great magnificence, and they formed the centre of little communities, to whom they diffused their bounty. The city halls had attached to them granaries, well stored, in case of a dearth of corn in the city—a very common occurrence, as but little was grown in the country, and we had mainly to depend upon that imported from abroad. The corn-metage duties, levied to this day, are a remnant of the privileges attaching to these city granaries. Depôts of coals were also attached to the various halls, to be given in hard seasons to the poor; and, finally, the alms-houses of the craft were assembled around them, in which dwelt their almsmen, who were called upon to swell the pageants of their companies on all grand occasions. The liveries of the crafts, in early days, were so bright that, when the companies turned out, they must have made a sight more like those we read of in Italian history than such as we are accustomed to find among Englishmen now a-days. The very names of the colours used are full of picturesqueness. There were murrey and plunket, and murrey and plunket-colestyne, sanguine, mustard villars, scarlet and puke, &c. These were all bright hues, and the wearers of them must have made up a picture, on grand occasions, worthy of a Carnival of Venice. The great fire swept away all this finery, demolished the grand halls, filled its maw with all the pageants hanging in the roofs, melted the "loving-cups" and "grand salts"—marks of demarcation between the upper and lower ends of the tables,—and finally made an end of most of the elements of the picturesque in the habits of the craftsmen. When the halls were rebuilt—and it is wonderful with what alacrity this was done, all the companies occupying their new houses, and going on as of old, within three years of the calamity which made a clean sweep of the city,—it was done in the ugly and formal style of the period, and there is not one of them now existing, in the many out-of-the-way corners of the city, that in any way recalls

the ancient glories of these famous trading guilds.

Some old customs, however, still linger. The swans that they used to breed for their feasts they still go up the river to "count" on Swanhopping-day—the old state barge, the Maria Wood, until lately, being called into requisition for these occasions. Dogget's "coat and badge," the gift of a member of the Fishmongers' Company, is still rowed for by the London watermen, although what possible use the costume can now be of, we do not know. Lord Mayor's Show continues, shorn of its fair proportions, the water processions in the gay barges having been given up within these last two or three years. The picturesque method of declaring the election of masters and wardens of the companies still remains, however. The real elections are made in secret, some days previous to the election dinners, on which occasions, after the sumptuous banquets, which the companies have by no means foregone, the old masters and wardens enter with garlands on their heads; these are taken off, and there is a great make-believe show of seeing whom among the assistants, who form the executive of the company, these garlands will fit. By some singular coincidence it is at last found that they fit those previously chosen to fill these posts of honour and emolument. These garlands are of velvet, ornamented with the badge of the company. It must certainly look rather odd, to see prosaic Englishmen of the present day, with great red faces, buried in stick-up collars, masquerading after this fashion; but, as they swear to do away with no old custom on these occasions, and ratify their oath by quaffing from the "loving cup," they must be left, we suppose, to their devices, until Parliament, some fine day, makes an end of their customs and their charters together.

UNA, THE MOON-FAY;

OR, THE VISION OF CLANITY.

I.

I, TRISTEM, doughty knight and good,
Loved Una, Lady of the Wood!
And softly on my spirit lies
The dewy sorrow of her eyes,
The piteous pathos and distress
Of her pale face's loveliness;
And in the night when on my knee
I pray before I sleep, and she
Winds arms about me from behind,
I feel the face I cannot see,
And hear a whisper like the wind—
"Tristem, remember me!"
Can I forget? can I forget?
Her piteous eyes are on me yet,
And evermore I know their light
Will open on me night by night,

And chill my heart to stone,
For Una is so fair, so fair,
Fair as a star, and yet (I swear)
Nor flesh nor blood nor bone.

II.

I, Tristem, doughty knight and good,
Loved Una, Lady of the Wood!
For spurring homeward from the fight,
With batter'd helm and falchion bright,
I left the banks where, thro' the dusk,
Glimmer'd the moonlit pools of Usk,
And turn'd to take the path that led
Thro' a great wood grass-carpeted;
When lo, o' sudden, hemm'd me round
Three foemen, waving daggers red,
And struck me, bleeding, to the ground,
And left me there for dead;
And long, with helm and armour cleft,
I lay like one of life bereft,
But, stirring in my perilous swoon,
Saw thro' green boughs the horn'd moon
Walking the heavens alone,
And bending o'er me as I dream'd
Beheld a subtle face that seem'd
Nor flesh nor blood nor bone.

III.

Wildly I gazed, in dreamful mood,
On Una, Lady of the Wood!
She was array'd in wondrous white,
Thro' whose thin film there glimmer'd bright,
With moon-like rays, mesmeric, dim,
The shape of body, breast, and limb;
A woman's height, nor more nor less,
But stooping in her loveliness
To look upon me with a smile,
Stooping to heal me and to bless,
And on my burning cheek the while
I felt a tingling tress;
But ah, her eyes look'd into mine
With subtle witchery divine,
And they disturb'd me to the brain
With balmy thrills that conquer'd pain
And made the quick heart moan,
And ah, that face was fair, so fair,
Fair as a star, and yet (I swear)
Nor flesh nor blood nor bone.

IV.

I were immortal, if I could
Picture that Lady of the Wood!
Ay, most immortal, could I paint
The yellow hair whose tresses faint
Twinkled with rays like diamond dew,
But darken'd when the moon withdrew
Her pallid face behind her veil;
Yet there she stood, a phantom pale,
Her sparkling eyes placed close to mine,
While whispering leaves and murmuring gale
Dropt dead, and in the pale moonshine
I felt my senses fail;
Those haunting eyes, that wondrous face,
The lonely whispers of the place,
Sank down upon my heart like lead
Till senses swoon'd and feeling fled,
And cold I lay as stone,
And o'er me droop'd the vaporous hair
Of that pale lady, form'd (I swear)
Of flesh nor blood nor bone.

V.

Still in my swoon beside me stood
That wondrous Lady of the Wood!

And in my dream I seem'd to feel
 Her fingers with a power to heal,
 And holding herbs of sweetness, prest
 On the red wounds of neck and breast ;
 I felt her breath upon my brain
 Like honeysuckle-scented rain
 Charming my visions as I slept,
 And sudden, strong and free from pain,
 I eagerly upleapt,
 And open'd eyes and gazed around,
 And saw the dews on grassy ground
 Sparkling beneath the dawn, and heard
 The carol of a singing bird
 That piped with summer tone,
 And saw along the forest glade
 Nought of that Lady, fair and made
 Of flesh nor blood nor bone.

VI.

All day I search'd the solitude
 For Una, Lady of the Wood !
 From bower to bower, from glade to glade,
 Peering along the speckled shade,
 Pushing the boughs from place to place,
 All day I ranged with eager face ;
 And, plucking freely, sweetly fed
 On forest berries dropping red,
 And in the running Usk hard by
 Dipt thirsty lips and fever'd head,
 And drank, and watch'd the mirror'd sky
 With tiny clouds bespread ;
 But ah, in vain, in vain, I sought
 Her haunting face ; and yet methought
 The forest leaves, the silver stream,
 Knew my heart's want, and in a dream
 Made answer to my moan,
 And every echo of the shade
 Murmur'd of that pale being made
 Of flesh nor blood nor bone.

VII.

All day I heard the ringdoves brood,
 Seeking the Lady of the Wood !
 But when in dusky brakes of thorn
 The nightingales in quires forlorn
 Troubled the leaves with sad sweet tune,
 And sang awake the gentle moon,
 I sat beneath a greenwood tree,
 My helmless head upon my knee,
 And heard the distant river flow
 With moaning lapse, till suddenly
 I raised my head in pain, and lo !
 Pale-faced and strange to see,
 The Lady stood beside me there,
 With piteous eyes and golden hair,
 And filmy dress that shook like dew
 Beneath the horn'd moon, that thro'
 Grey heaven walk'd alone,
 Ay, still the same, so fair, so fair,
 Fair as a star, and yet (I swear)
 Nor flesh nor blood nor bone.

VIII.

Wildly I gazed, in frenzied mood,
 On Una, Lady of the Wood !
 What time her piteous eyes met mine
 And glitter'd in the cold moonshine,
 And oh, I loved the Lady bright
 With agony of wild delight,
 And, springing up, I unaware
 Leapt wildly at her presence fair,
 With impious arms and eager eye ;
 Nor moved she, but stood gleaming there,
 While grasping at her, with a cry,
 I clutch'd the moonlit air ;

Then, backward sinking, white as death,
 Madly I gazed and gasp'd for breath,
 While, stooping o'er me as I fell,
 Her pallid face ineffable
 Gleam'd fair above my own,
 And to the very core of sense
 I felt her chilly influence
 Of flesh nor blood nor bone.

IX.

Then shriek'd I, while before me stood
 That wondrous Lady of the Wood,—
 "Whoe'er thou art, and surely thine
 Are eyes less earthly than divine,
 Whoe'er thou art, O vision fair,
 By my celestial saint I swear
 I love thee !" Whereupon there came
 A tear-drop like a drop of flame
 From those immortal eyes.
 "I love thee more than men or fame,
 More than my hope of paradise,
 More than my own great name,"
 I cried ; and thro' my thick blood crept
 A troublous knowledge that she wept ;
 And while beneath the greenwood tree
 That wondrous Lady answer'd me,
 And in no human tone,
 I gazed upon her form in awe,
 And loved the more the more I saw
 'Twas flesh nor blood nor bone.

X.

"Nor human drink nor human food
 Nurtures the Lady of the Wood ;
 But nightly from the white moonshine
 I quaff a life unlike to thine ;
 And yet, alas ! all men that see
 Must hate all love but love for me ;
 O Tristem, when you bleeding lay
 Wounded by traitors yesterday,
 I loved thee—loved thee to my woe,
 Loved with a love that mortals may
 Picture in dreams, but never know,
 Till they be purged of clay ;
 And evermore, I feel, thy face
 Will haunt me nightly in this place,
 And ever mine will dawn on thee
 Nightly when thy sad eyes can see
 The moon with starry zone,
 And thou wilt dream in sun and shade
 Of Una, beautiful but made
 Of flesh nor blood nor bone !"

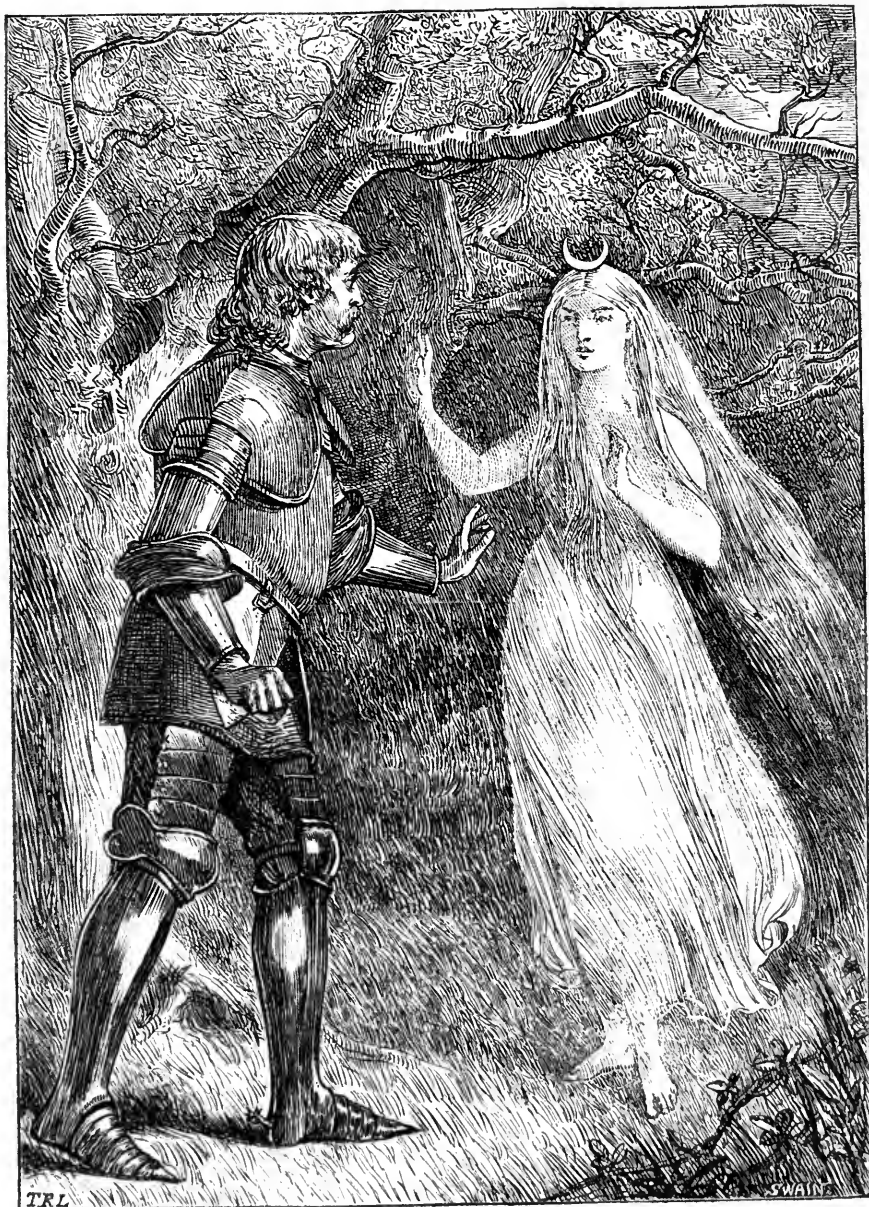
XI.

Pale as my woe, erect I stood—
 "O wondrous Lady of the Wood !
 Is there no hope ?" She answer'd, "Nay !
 Thou, Tristem, art a thing of clay
 While I draw nurture faint but fair
 From this pale glamour of the air ;
 Haste back to human towns and towers,
 Live out awhile thy mortal hours,
 While nightly, as I rise, and pass
 My dreamy life in forest bowers,
 I'll seek thy footsteps on the grass,
 And sprinkle them with flowers !
 And thou, when fleshly tempters cloy
 Thy soul with dreams of impious joy,
 O Tristem, wilt remember me,
 And name my name, and thou wilt be
 Pure as the love I own,
 And turn to me when trouble-wrackt,
 With love more pure because compact
 Of flesh nor blood nor bone !"

XII.

She guards me still, an angel good,
Pale Una, Lady of the Wood !
Still softly on my spirit lies

The dewy sorrow of her eyes,
The piteous pathos and distress
Of her pale face's loveliness ;
And in the night when on my knee
I pray before I sleep, and she



Winds arms about me from behind,
I feel the face I cannot see,
And hear a whisper like the wind—
"Tristram, remember me !"
Can I forget ? can I forget ?
Her gentle eyes are on me yet,

And ay I long to cast away
This cermement of wretched clay
And make her love my own,
And kiss her eyes with night-dews wet,
Under the moon, and quite forget
This flesh and blood and bone.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LV. AN INTERRUPTED LUNCHEON.

MRS. SMITH of Tupper's cottage and Mr. Henry Drone, solicitor, and clerk to the magistrates at South Wennock, were holding a hot argument, almost a fight. With the dawn of the winter's morning, Mrs. Smith had presented herself at that gentleman's office, demanding, and obstinately persisting in the demand, that the case should be laid before the magistrates as soon as they met, and a warrant asked for to apprehend Mr. Carlton. Mr. Drone dissented: he saw no reason for being so precipitate.

"Look here," said he, "if you let this affair get wind before it's ripe, you may defeat your own ends. I am not sure that the magistrates would grant a warrant as the case stands; it's a ticklish thing, mind you, to arrest a gentleman of hitherto good repute; once the case is taken before the court, it will be blazoned from one end of South Wennock to the other, and Mr. Carlton—if he felt so inclined—might find escape facile."

"That's just what I want to prevent," retorted Mrs. Smith. "If the warrant is granted at once, he can't escape."

"But we cannot make sure that they will grant the warrant. I don't know that I would myself if I were one of the bench. I declare I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of the story, it is so strange a one; doubt after doubt of it arose in my mind; and I came to the conclusion, times and again, that there must be some great mistake; that it could not be true."

"And you don't mean to go on with it!" resentfully spoke Mrs. Smith. "I'd not have told you all I have, if I had thought that."

"Softly, ma'am," returned the lawyer, "I have said nothing of the sort. I do mean to go on with it. That is, I'll lay the case before their worships, and they can do as they please in it. What I urge is, don't strike before the iron's hot. When the subject of the accusation is a man like Mr. Carlton, enjoying the confidence of the town, and the husband of a peer's daughter, the bench won't grant a warrant lightly; they must have something beyond mere suspicion."

"And is there nothing here beyond mere suspicion?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"As you put it—yes. And perhaps the magistrates may consider so. But I say we should be at a great deal more certainty if we could get the copy of the marriage certificate

down. I tell you I have telegraphed for it: that is, I have telegraphed for the register at old St. Pancras Church to be searched. If it's found, that copy will be down here in the course of the morning."

"And if it's not found, sir?" rejoined Mrs. Smith in a blaze of anger. "It's quite a wild-goose sort of chase to search for it at all, in my opinion. She might just as well have been married at any other church in London as at that. The remark she made might have meant nothing. If it had meant anything, I should have seen and suspected it at the time."

"I think it likely that it did mean something. We lawyers, ma'am, are apt to suspect these remarks; at any rate, we sometimes think it worth while to discover if, may be, they have a meaning or not."

"Then I'm thankful that I am not a lawyer," was the retort.

Mr. Drone shrugged his shoulders, as taking the words literally. "It's as pleasant a life as any, for what I see. All callings have their annoyances and drawbacks. But what I wished to point out to you was this; that if that certificate comes down and we can produce it to the magistrates, they will have no loop-hole of excuse; they *must* grant the warrant of apprehension. And as I expect the certificate (if it is in existence) will be down this morning, the application had better wait an hour or two."

"Then, sir, I tell you that I'll not wait the hour or two. No, nor a minute. As soon as the court doors are open and the magistrates on the bench, the application shall be made. And if you don't like to appear and make it, I'll do it myself in person."

It was somewhat strange that Mrs. Smith, with her phlegmatic temperament, should put herself into this fever of resolute haste. Did she fear that Mr. Carlton would suspect, and slip away? It may be that she was vexed with herself for not having suspected him before, all the months that he had been visiting, almost daily, at her house. One thing was certain: so entirely was she convinced the past guilt was Mr. Carlton's alone, and so incensed was her feeling against him in consequence, that if she could have genteelly appended the surgeon with one of her silk pocket-handkerchiefs to any convenient beam, she had hastened to do it, and not waited for the delay and intricacies of the law.

Mr. Drone could make nothing of her. Once set upon a thing, perhaps no woman living was more persistently obstinate in having her own way than Mrs. Smith—and that's saying a great deal, you know. The lawyer was not the first man who has had to yield, against his better judgment, to a woman's will; and at eleven o'clock, for the magistrates met late that day, he accompanied her to the court, and requested a private hearing. Their worships granted it, and proceeded to business with closed doors.

Meanwhile Mr. Carlton was going his morning rounds, and chatting amicably with his patients, in complete ignorance of the web that others were tightening round him, utterly unconscious that even then a plot built up by his enemies had begun its operation. Oh, if some pitying spirit would but warn us of our peril, in these hours of danger! Could not one of those, that are said to rap at our tables, come and rap its warning message at our brains? They'd do some good then.

No friendly spirit rapped at Mr. Carlton's. He paid his visits, driving from one house to another, and returned home rather earlier than usual. The sickness was abating in South Wrenock as quickly as it had come on, and the medical men were, comparatively speaking, at leisure again. Mr. Carlton went into the surgery, looked in the visiting book, dotted down a few orders for medicines for Mr. Jefferson to make up when he came in, and at one o'clock went into the dining-room.

Lady Laura was there. It was the first day she had come down-stairs; that is, come regularly to her meals. She was just about to sit down to luncheon, and so very unusual a thing was it for her husband to come in to partake of that meal, that she looked at him in surprise.

"Ah, Laura! Down-stairs to luncheon again! I am glad of it, my dear."

He spoke in a cheery, hearty, loving tone; very, very rarely did he speak in any other to his wife. The time was to come when Laura would remember those tones with remorse, and think how she had requited them.

"You are home early to-day," observed Laura, quitting the chair she had been about to take, and drawing nearer the fire while she talked.

"Earlier than I have been lately. Laura, I shall advertise the practice at once now."

"Advertise the practice!"

"I am beginning to dislike this incessant work. And if I don't make an effort some time we shall never get away. How early you went to bed last night!" continued Mr. Carlton, passing to a different topic.

"I was tired," said Laura, evasively. In point of fact, she had *not* been tired the previous

evening, but angry at Jane's unexplained departure, and had gone to rest early.

"You are letting your luncheon get cold."

Laura gave a side glance at the table and slightly tossed her head. She threw her eyes full at her husband as he stood opposite to her in the cross light of the front and side windows.

"So that child's dead, I hear."

"What child?" repeated Mr. Carlton, really not for the moment comprehending, for he was thinking of other things.

"As if you did not know! The child at Tupper's cottage."

"Oh yes; he died yesterday morning, poor little sufferer. The mother takes on dreadfully," he added, after a pause.

"Will you affirm to me, now that he is lying dead, that the child was nothing to you? You know what I mean."

"No," returned Mr. Carlton with provoking coolness. "I answered you once on the point, and I thought you were satisfied. If you have been calling up the old fancies again, Laura, you must abide by it; I shall not allow them to trouble me."

Thought she was satisfied! Little did Mr. Carlton suspect how far from "satisfied" she had been! What a turmoil of jealousy her mind had become since! Laura resumed.

"The mother 'takes on,' does she!"

"She did yesterday morning. I was up there half-an-hour after the child's death, and I think I never saw grief so passionate as hers was for the moment. I was astonished. But when these cold hard natures yield to emotion, it's apt to be strong. I daresay it spent itself long before the day was over."

"I suppose you soothed it for her."

Mr. Carlton looked quickly at his wife: *was* she bringing up this absurdity again? "Laura?"

"Well?"

"What do you mean?"

Lady Laura's pouting lips and flushed cheeks answered for her, and Mr. Carlton had no need to ask a second time. But the absurdity of the thing, as connected with Mrs. Smith, struck so ludicrously upon Mr. Carlton, that his whole face relaxed into an amused smile.

"Oh Laura! That hard old woman!"

Had he protested for an hour, it could not have opened her eyes to the real absurdity of her doubts more than did those simple words. She looked shyly up at him, her lip quivering. Mr. Carlton laid his hand fondly on her shoulder.

"Need I affirm it to you again, Laura?—that I never had any acquaintance with the woman, on my sacred word of honour. You cannot surely think it necessary that I should

repeat it. What delusion can you have been giving way to?"

In truth Laura hardly knew. Except that it was one that had blinded her judgment and made her miserable. A conviction flashed into her mind that she had been altogether mistaken; and the chief sensation struggling through all the rest was one of shame, mingled with repentance, for having in this instance unjustly wronged him; for having betrayed her jealousy to the world, comprising Lady Jane and Judith; for having picked the lock of Mr. Carlton's hiding-places.

She raised her hand, took his from her shoulder, and left her own within it, the tears trembling on her eyelashes. Mr. Carlton bent his face to hers.

"We will soon begin a new life elsewhere, Laura," he whispered. "It shall not be my fault if clouds come between us then."

Laura wiped her eyes and turned to the luncheon table. Two or three tempting little dishes were laid there. Lady Laura liked good living just as much as the earl had liked it. It was her pleasure not to be waited upon at luncheon, and she seized hold of two of the plates, now nearly cold, and held them to the fire. Mr. Carlton took them from her to hold them himself.

"You'll take a bit with me to-day, Lewis?"

"It must be very little," said he, sitting down. "I always make a good breakfast. What's this? Stewed oysters. I'll try one or two of these. Shall I give you some?"

Laura chose to take some. He had just helped her, and was about to put some on his own plate, when the door opened and Jonathan's head came in. It was rather an unusual fashion for a footman to enter a room, and they both gazed at him. The man looked pale; as one scared.

"What is it, Jonathan?" asked his master.

"You are wanted, if you please, sir."

"In the surgery? I'll come in a minute."

"No, sir; now please," stammered Jonathan, looking more scared with every passing moment.

Mr. Carlton, struck with the servant's manner, rose hastily. The thought which crossed him was, that some accident had been brought to the house. In the hall stood two policemen. Jonathan shut the dining-room door after his master.

Another minute and it was opened again. Lady Laura, curious to know what the wonder was, came to see. The matter-of-fact officers, with their impassive faces, had closed round Mr. Carlton, one of them showing what looked like a piece of paper, as he spoke in an under tone; and the servant Jonathan stood apart, with open

mouth and staring eyes. The moment Mr. Carlton perceived Lady Laura, he drew the policemen into the opposite room and closed the door.

"Jonathan, what's all that?"

"Goodness knows, my lady," replied Jonathan, swallowing down his breath with a gulp.

"What do those policemen want? You are looking frightened. What did they say? What did you hear?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me, please," hesitated the man, in his simple good-nature. "It would not do you good to hear it, my lady."

"How dare you refuse, Jonathan?" she imperiously returned. "Tell me instantly."

"Oh, my lady—I heard something about murder, and taking my master before the magistrates for examination."

She did not believe it; she quite laughed at Jonathan. But at that moment they came out again, and Mr. Carlton advanced to her. There was that in his aspect, which caused his wife to cower against the door-post. Or was it that her own vague fears were frightening her?

"Laura, I am going out on business to the town hall. I shan't be longer than I can help."

Her faint cry resounded through the hall. It seemed such a confirmation of the words spoken by the servant.

"Oh, Lewis, what is it? Jonathan says it is something about murder!"

"Nonsense, nonsense," he peevishly exclaimed. "It is some absurd mistake, which I shall soon set right. Don't be foolish; I shall be home to dinner."

There was no time for more. It seemed but the work of a moment. Mr. Carlton went out and walked up the street, one of the policemen by his side, the other strolling behind.

Utterly bewildered, as much with the suddenness of the affair as anything, Lady Laura gazed around her for some explanation; but all she met was the startled face of Jonathan, not a whit less astounded than that of his mistress. Passionate and impetuous, she dashed out to the front gate, looking after them, as if that would afford her some explanation. It was just what the sailor-earl would have done.

And there Lady Laura became aware of the fact that a genteel mob were attending on the steps of Mr. Carlton and his escorts. The fact was, some version of the affair had got wind in the town, and people were up in arms. More and more astonished, Lady Laura perhaps would have run after them, but she caught sight of Mrs. Pepperfly, who had come into contact with the running mob at the gate, and was not improved in temper thereby. Lady

Laura knew the nurse by sight, had occasionally spoken to her, and she seized hold of her arm.

"Tell me what the matter is!" she panted. "You know!"

Mrs. Pepperfly's first movement was to go as quick as she could inside the house and pull Lady Laura with her. The old woman shut the dining-room door upon them, leaving poor Jonathan alone in the hall.

"If you don't tell me at once, I shall die," came the passionate appeal. "What is it?"

"It's one of them there ways of Providence we hears on when we has time to go to church," was Mrs. Pepperfly's lucid answer. "To think that we should have lived all these years and never suspected Mr. Carlton!—and him attending of the child every day at Tupper's cottage! But murder will out. Yours is hard lines, my poor lady!"

Lady Laura, in her dreadful suspense, her vehement impatience, nearly shook her. Thought is very quick—and it was only that morning she had heard of the child's death.

"Has he been murdered?—That child at Tupper's cottage?"

"He!" responded Mrs. Pepperfly. "Bless your ladyship's dear heart, he went off natural, like a lamb, with his bad knee. It's his unfortunate mother."

"Is she dead?" gasped Lady Laura, still more apprehensive ideas arising to her. "She, the woman?"

"Not her," cried Mrs. Pepperfly, jerking her thumb over her shoulder to indicate the locality of Tupper's cottage. "She warn't his mother at all, as it turns out. It were that——"

"Not his mother!" interrupted Lady Laura; and all the absurdity of her past jealousy seemed to rise up before her in a moment, as it had done just before.

"No more nor me," said Mrs. Pepperfly. "It were that other unfortunate, what I nursed my own self, my lady; she as was cut off by the prussic acid in Palace Street, and they do say it were Mr. Carlton that dropped it in. And her name was—oh dear, but it's hard lines for all your ladyships!"

"Her name was what?" asked Laura, with blanched lips.

"Not Mrs. Crane at all, my lady, but Clarice Chesney. That is, Mrs. Carlton; for they say she was his wife."

Lady Laura sank into a chair, terror-stricken, powerless. Mrs. Pepperfly, who was troubled with no superfluous sensitiveness on her own score and did not suspect that other people were, and who could talk enough for ten if once set going, continued:

"Folks tells of the finger of Fate, and such

like incomprehension, but if Fate's finger haven't been in this here pie, it never were in one yet. It have all come to light through a letter, my lady; a letter of Mr. Carlton's, which they say your ladyship found and got out of a place where it had laid for years, and gave it to my Lady Jane Chesney. And that letter have brought it home to him, and the justices have got it right afore their noses when they give the warrant to take him up."

She sat back in her chair, her eyes dilating, her countenance one living horror. She! That letter! Had her underhand work, her dishonourable treachery against her husband, brought this to pass? Oh, miserable Laura Carlton! Surely the reminiscence would henceforth haunt her for ever!

"Now, poor dear lady, don't take on so! We all have to bear, some in our minds, and some in our bodies; and some in our husbands, and some in having none. There ain't nothing more soothing than a glass of gin-and-water hot," added the sympathising Mrs. Pepperfly, "which can be had in a moment, where the kitchen's got a biler in it, always on the bile."

She turned about her rotund person to see if she could discover any signs of the chief ingredient for compounding that restoring cordial. The interrupted luncheon on the table, cold though it was now, looked tempting, as did the long green bottle, which Mrs. Pepperfly supposed contained some foreign sort of wine. and there was a sideboard with suggestive-looking cupboards in it. The old woman talked on, but Laura seemed dead to hearing, lying back with the same glassy stare, and the look of horror on her white face.

"If your ladyship wouldn't object to my ringing of the bell, and asking for a spoonful of biling water from the servants, I'd soon bring the colour back into your cheeks. What a world this might be, my dear lady, if our minds never met with no upsets! I have been upset too with the news, I have, this morning, and ain't recovered yet. And there was that pest of a crowd I got into outside, a poking in of my ribs and a treading of my shins! A quarter of a tumbler of gin-and-water hot——"

"Come home with me, Laura," interrupted a soft voice, subdued in its grief, "come home with me. Oh, child, this is hard for us all; cruelly hard for you. Let me take you, Laura; my home shall henceforth be yours. Our father seemed to foresee storms for you when he was dying, and left you to me, he said, should they ever come."

Laura rose up, her eye flashing, her face hot with passion, and stood defiantly before Lady Jane.

"Did you denounce him? Did you treacherously show up the letter you took away with you? It was well done, Lady Jane!"

Jane bent her sorrowful face, so calm and good in its pity, upon the raging one. "It is not I who have done it, Laura. Denounce your husband? No, I would have carried the secret with me to the grave, for your sake."

Laura sank down again in the revulsion of feeling, and burst into a flood of tears most distressing to witness. She laid her head on her sister's bosom, and openly avowed the part she had enacted, regarding the safe and the skeleton key. Remorse was taking possession of her. And Mrs. Pepperfly, subdued to meekness in her astonishment, dropped a silent curtsy and retired, cruelly grieving over the hot gin-and-water which might have been so near.

CHAPTER LVI. THE EXAMINATION.

SOMEWHERE about the same hour that the arrest of Mr. Carlton took place, or possibly a trifle later, Lady Grey was sitting at work in her house in Savile Row, when a telegraphic despatch was brought in from Great Wennoek. She did not open it; it was addressed to Sir Stephen; but she believed she knew what the contents must be, and smiled to herself over her sewing.

"Another excuse for a day or two more with Lucy," she said to her husband when he came in, as she handed him the message.

"Then I shall send Mr. Fred a peremptory mandate," returned Sir Stephen, not feeling pleased. "He ought to have been up a week ago. Halloa! what's this?"

"Great Wennoek Station, one o'clock, P.M. Frederick Grey to Sir Stephen Grey, M.D."

"The mystery of the prussic acid is on the point of discovery. Come off at once, if possible. I have heard you say you should like to be present at the clearing. Tell my mother I was right."

Sir Stephen read it twice over and then aloud to his wife. "What a strange thing!" he exclaimed, in the surprise of the moment. "And 'tell my mother I was right!' What on earth does he mean, Mary?"

Lady Grey made no satisfactory answer. She had never spoken of her son's rash and, as she deemed, unjustifiable suspicion of Mr. Carlton, and she would not speak of it now.

"Shall you go, Stephen?"

"This very moment. There's nothing to prevent me to-day, and I'd go to the end of

the world to be proved blameless in the eyes of South Wennoek. I hope I shall just catch a train!"

In point of fact Frederick Grey had been made aware a trifle earlier than the general public, of what was going on before the magistrates, and he had mounted a fleet horse and sent off the telegram to his father. He would not have aided to bring the guilt home to Mr. Carlton; nay, he would have suppressed it had it lain in his power; but if it was to be done, it was well that his father should be present at his clearing.

He rode more leisurely back again; but not very leisurely either, for South Wennoek was in excitement to-day. And he found the examination of Mr. Carlton already begun, everybody connected with it deep in the proceedings.

He might have walked on the people's heads in the vicinity of the court; not a tenth portion could get into the small place designated by the grand name of town hall. Never had South Wennoek been in the like commotion; that which had occurred at those past proceedings, connected with the death of Mrs. Crane, was as nothing to this.

But the crowd recognised his right to a place, as the son of the once accused man, Stephen Grey; the justices did the same; and Frederick was politely offered (providing he could get to the spot) about an inch and a half of room on the bench. His Uncle John occupied a seat on it; people made much of the Greys that day.

Frederick found the examination tolerably advanced. Mrs. Smith had given her evidence in public, declaring all she knew and all she suspected, for, allow me to tell you, you who are not aware of the fact, that a bench of country justices consults its own curiosity as to what it shall and shall not hear, and sometimes has a very indefinite notion indeed of whether such and such evidence can be legally tendered in law. The justices' own opinion stands for law in many places. Judith Ford was under examination when Frederick entered, and the prisoner, as we are compelled to call Mr. Carlton, perpetually interrupted it, and got into hot squabbles with his defender in consequence. This gentleman was a Mr. Billiter, universally called Lawyer Billiter by South Wennoek. He had been sent for in great haste to watch the case for Mr. Carlton, and was exerting himself to the utmost: they had been intimate acquaintances. Mr. Carlton stood his ground with calm equanimity. He was very pale, but nobody in South Wennoek had ever seen him otherwise; and at moments he stirred as if restless. Calm, good-looking,

gentlemanly, he appeared little suited to his position in that court.

"I protest against this going on," he was saying for about the fiftieth time, as Frederick Grey edged himself on to the inch and a half of bench. "I protest against this woman's evidence. I say—as I said at the time—that the person who lay ill was a stranger to me; what interest, then, could I——"

"Now, Carlton, I won't have it," interrupted Lawyer Billiter, wiping his hot face. "I declare, if you do ruin your cause in this manner, I'll leave you to it. You be quiet, and trust to me."

"But I did *not* know her, and I shall say it," persisted the prisoner. "I ask what motive——"

"We cannot hear this, Mr. Carlton," at length interposed the bench, tolerant hitherto, but Mr. Carlton was not an ordinary prisoner. "You can make your defence at the proper period; this is only wasting the time of the bench, and can do you no possible good. You must let the witness give her evidence."

The witness looked rather uncertain what to do, what with the gaze of the crowded court, and Mr. Carlton's interruptions. It was evident that Judith Ford was not a very willing witness.

"Go on, witness," said the magistrate. "You looked into the room, you say, and saw Mr. Carlton. What was he doing?"

"He had a small bottle in his hand, sir," replied Judith; "a very little tiny bottle; but that he held it up, right in the light, I should not have been able to distinguish what it was. He was putting the cork into it, and then he dropped it into his waistcoat pocket. After that he took up the other bottle——"

"What bottle?" interrupted Lawyer Billiter, snapping up Judith.

"The other bottle that stood on the cheffonier, close to his hand; it was a bottle the size of those sent in by Mr. Stephen Grey with the night draughts. The cork lay by it, and he took up the cork very quickly and put it into the bottle——"

"You can't swear that it was the bottle and draught just sent in by Mr. Stephen Grey?"

"No," said Judith, "but I think it was. I could see that it had a label on it, and it was full of medicine. No other bottle in the house, but that, was full that night, as was testified to by the nurse at the inquest."

"But——"

"Go on, witness," interposed the bench, drowning Mr. Carlton's "but."

"When Mr. Carlton had corked it up," resumed the witness, "he placed it in a corner of the shelf of the cheffonier, in a slanting po-

sition, and came out of the room very quickly; so quickly, that I had no time to get away. I went to the side of the landing, and stood against the wall, but——"

"Where he would pass you as he went downstairs?"

"Oh, no, sir, he would not pass me; I was further up, nearer to the bedroom door. He saw me standing there; at least he saw my face, and spoke, asking what I was; but I did not answer, and he looked alarmed. While he went back for the light, I slipped into the broom closet by the bedroom."

"But you were not the dark man with whiskers, to whom allusion has been so often made?" exclaimed one of the astonished magistrates.

"Yes, I was, sir; at least I was what Mr. Carlton took to be a man. I had my cheeks tied up with black plush, on account of the face-ache, a piece on each side, and the plush and the frilled black border of my cap looked just like whiskers in the uncertain light."

"But why did you disguise yourself like that?" was the inquiry of the magistrate, when the surprise had in some degree subsided. "What was your motive?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I had not meant it for any disguise," replied Judith. "I had no thought of such a thing. My face was in great pain and much swollen, and Mr. Stephen Grey had told me I ought to tie it up. I had no other motive in doing it. Had I waited for Mr. Carlton to see me when I brought out the light, he would have known who it was."

"This is a most extraordinary avowal, witness!" struck in Lawyer Billiter, who indeed spoke but in accordance with his own opinion and the general feeling. "Pray had you any knowledge of Mr. Carlton previous to this?"

"Not any," was the reply. "I had seen him passing in the street in his carriage and knew him by sight from that circumstance; but he had never seen me in his life."

"And now, witness, what was your motive for watching Mr. Carlton from the landing on this night, as you tell us you did?"

"Indeed I had no motive," was the earnest reply of the witness; "I did not purposely watch him. When I heard a movement in the room as I got to the top of the stairs, I feared it was Mrs. Crane—as I have stated to you—and I looked in quietly, thinking how very imprudent it was of her. I did not know anybody except Mrs. Crane was up-stairs; I had no idea Mr. Carlton was there. But when I looked in I saw it was Mr. Carlton, and I saw him doing what I have told you. It all happened in an instant, as it were, and he came

out before I could well get away from the door."

"And why did you not avow who you were when he asked, instead of getting away?"

"Again I must say that I had no ill motive in doing it," replied the witness. "I felt like an eaves-dropper, like a peeper into what did not concern me, and I did not like to let Mr. Carlton know I had been there. I declare that I had no other motive. I have wished many a time since, when people have been talking and suspecting the 'man on the stairs,' that I had let myself be seen."

"And you mean to tell us that you could go up these stairs and into this closet without Mr. Carlton's hearing you?"

"Oh yes, I had on my sick-room shoes. They were of list; soles and all."

"Did you suspect, witness, that Mr. Carlton was doing anything wrong with the medicine?" asked one of the magistrates.

"No, sir, I never thought of such a thing. It never occurred to me to think anything wrong at all until the next morning, when I was told Mrs. Crane had died through taking the draught, and that it was found to have been poisoned. I doubted then; I remembered the words of greeting I had heard pass between Mr. Carlton and his patient the former night, proving that they were well acquainted with each other; but still I thought it could not be possible that Mr. Carlton would do anything so wicked. It was only at the inquest when I heard him swear to what I knew was false that I really suspected him."

"It's as good as a play!" ironically spoke Lawyer Billiter. "I hope your worships will have the goodness to take notes of the testimony of this witness. What she says is most extraordinary, most incredible," he continued, looking from one part of the packed audience to another; "in my opinion it is tainted with the gravest suspicion. First of all she deposes to a cock-and-bull story of hearing terms of endearment pass between Mr. Carlton and his patient, to whom he had only then been called in as a medical attendant; and next she tells this equally incredible tale of the bottles! Why should she, above all others, have been seated in the dark in Mrs. Crane's bedroom that first night?—why should she, above all others, have come stealing up the stairs the second night, still in the dark, just at the particular time, the few minutes that Mr. Carlton was there? This by-play amidst the bottles, that she professes to have witnessed, can only be compared to so many conjuring tricks! How was it, if she did so come up, that the landlady of the house, Mrs. Gould, and the nurse, Peppery, did not see her? They——"

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting," said Judith. "They were, both times, at their supper in the kitchen; I saw them as I went by. I have already said so."

"Give me leave to finish, young woman," reproved Lawyer Billiter. "I say," he added, addressing the court collectively, "that this witness's evidence is incomprehensible, it is fraught with the gravest doubt; to a clear judgment it may appear very like pure invention, a tale got up to divert suspicion from herself. It remains yet to be seen whether she was not the tamperer of the draught—if it *was* tampered with—and now seeks to throw the guilt upon another. Have the goodness to answer a question, witness: if you perceived all this committed by Mr. Carlton, how came it that you did not declare it at the time?"

"I have said," replied Judith, in some agitation—"because I feared that I should not be believed. I feared it might be met in the manner that you, sir, are now meeting it. I feared the very suspicion might be turned upon me; as you are now trying to turn it."

"You feared that your unsupported testimony would not weigh against Mr. Carlton?" interposed one of the magistrates.

"Yes, sir," replied Judith. "I did not really suspect Mr. Carlton until after the inquest, and there was a feeling upon me then of not liking to speak as I had not spoken before: people would have asked me why I kept it in. Besides, I never felt *quite* sure that Mr. Carlton had done it: it seemed so impossible to believe it."

"And, confessing this, you now take upon yourself to assert that Mr. Carlton was dropping the prussic acid into the draught while you were squinting at him through the door?" sharply asked Lawyer Billiter.

"I don't assert anything of the kind," returned Judith. "I have only said what I saw him do with the bottles; I have said nothing more."

"Oh," said Lawyer Billiter, "you have said nothing more, haven't you, young woman! I think it must strike everybody that you have insinuated more, if you have not said it. Your worships," he added, turning to the bench, "there is not, as it appears to me, a tittle of evidence that ought to weigh against Mr. Carlton. He tells you that the young lady, Mrs. Crane, came here a stranger to him as she did to all others, and there's not a shade of proof that this is untrue; that he ever knew her before. You cannot condemn a man like Mr. Carlton upon the sole testimony of an obscure witness; a servant girl who comes forward with a confession of things that, if true, should have been declared years ago. With the exception

of certain words she says she heard pass between Mr. Carlton and the sick lady, there's no evidence whatever that they were not strangers to each other——"

"You forget the letter written by the lady to Mr. Carlton the night of her arrival," interrupted one of the magistrates, alluding to the unfortunate letter found by Lady Laura, and which had brought on the trouble.

"Not at all, your worship," undauntedly returned the lawyer. "There's no proof that that letter was addressed to Mr. Carlton—was ever in his possession. The woman Smith's story of its having been handed to her by the Lady Jane Chesney, and that Lady Jane received it from Mr. Carlton's wife, goes for nothing. I might take a letter out of my pocket, and hand it to your worship, saying that the party from whom I received it told me he had had it from the Khan of Tartary; but it mightn't be any the nearer truth for his saying it."

There was a smile in the hall. Mr. Carlton touched his lawyer on the sleeve, and the latter bent to him.

"What letter is it that is in question?"

For it was a positive fact that Mr. Carlton, up to this moment, had heard nothing of the letter. The policeman who arrested him had not mentioned it: and, on his arrival at the Town Hall, the proceedings were commenced in so much haste and confusion that he had but a vague idea of the details of the charge. Lawyer Billiter was sent for afterwards; and he gathered his necessary information from others, more than from the prisoner.

"Don't you know about it?" returned the lawyer, in a whisper. "Haven't you seen the letter? Why, it's that letter that has done three parts of the mischief."

"I have not seen or heard of any letter. Where did it come from?"

"Out of some safe in your cellar,—as I am given to understand. It's an awkward letter, mind you, Carlton," added the lawyer, confidentially, "unless you can explain it away."

"Have they been searching my house?" asked Mr. Carlton, haughtily, answering the only portion of the explanation which had struck him.

"Not at all. I'm not sure that the Bench know how it was obtained yet, except that Lady Jane Chesney lent it to that Mrs. Smith for an hour or two; and her ladyship said she got it from Lady Laura. I met Peppersly——"

"But there was no letter in the safe," interrupted Mr. Carlton, puzzled by the words. "I can't tell what you mean. Can I see the letter?"

Lawyer Billiter asked permission of the

Bench, and the letter was handed to Mr. Carlton. To describe his inward astonishment when he saw the letter that he had thought he had burnt years and years before would be impossible. He turned it about in his hands, just as he had once turned about the torn portion of its copy before the coroner: he read it word by word; he gazed at its faded characters, faded by the hand of Time; and he could not make it out at all. The Court gathered nothing from his aspect, save surprise—surprise that looked genuine.

"I protest—I know nothing of this letter!" he exclaimed. "It is none of mine."

"It was found in your possession, in a safe that you keep locked in your cellar," said the Bench, who were wiser than Mr. Billiter thought.

"It never was found there," returned Mr. Carlton, impressively. "I deny it entirely; I declare that I never had such a letter there as this. I thought some false conspiracy must be at work!"

"Don't you recognise the letter, Mr. Carlton?" inquired the Bench, who were deferent to Mr. Carlton yet, and could not address him or treat him as they did prisoners in ordinary.

"How can I recognise a letter that I never saw before?"

"You have seen part of it before, at any rate. You must remember the portion of a letter produced at the inquest on Mrs. Crane. The inference to be drawn now is, that she abandoned that letter in writing it on account of the blot she made, and began this fresh one. The words in the two are the same."

"Are they the same?" rejoined Mr. Carlton. "I had forgotten; it is a long while ago. But to whom was this letter written?"

"You perceive that it is addressed to you."

"I perceive that my name is on the cover, the envelope. How it got there, or what it all means, I am at a loss to imagine. This letter appears to be written to the lady's husband, not to me, her medical attendant."

"The deduction sought to be drawn from the letter is, that it was written to you as her husband. Of course, that is not yet proved."

"I beg to thank your worship for that admission," volubly spoke Lawyer Billiter. "It is *not* proved. On the contrary, it will not be my client's fault, or mine either, if we do not prove that the whole charge is false, arising, it may be, out of some strange mistake. A more improbable charge was certainly never brought against a medical man. Why should Mr. Carlton deliberately kill a patient—a young lady whom he was called in to attend, a perfect stranger to him? He ——"

"If the greeting, testified to by the witness

Judith Ford, may be believed, she was not a stranger to him, Mr. Billiter."

"True, your worship; but you will scarcely feel inclined, I fancy, to accept that young woman's word before Mr. Carlton's. I repeat, there's not a shadow of proof, if you put that witness's word aside, that Mr. Carlton had any previous acquaintance with Mrs. Crane. All the probabilities tend the other way; and, without that proof, it is impossible to pursue this charge against him. Mrs. Crane herself spoke of Mr. Carlton as a stranger to her, as she did of the Messrs. Grey. The widow Gould ——"

It seemed that Lawyer Billiter's eloquence was fated to be perpetually cut short. A noise at the back of the hall caused him to turn angrily. "What was the cause of the noise?" the magistrates as angrily demanded, and they were answered by their clerk, Mr. Drone.

"Some important evidence has arrived from town, your worships."

Important evidence from town! Their worships gazed in the direction of the commotion; everybody else gazed; the prisoner gazed. But all that could be seen was the blooming person of Mrs. Pepperfly, who was making her appearance late, and not altogether steady on the legs. Some policemen were endeavouring to force a way for her through the dense crowd, for they supposed her testimony would be wanted; but their efforts were useless. A slim figure might have been got through, but Mrs. Pepperfly, never. Groaning, exhausted, a martyr to heat, and dreadfully cross, she commenced a fight with those around her as effectually as her crushed state permitted.

But the stir, while it baffled Mrs. Pepperfly, enabled another to get through the mass: a tall, slim young man, who twisted in and out like an eel, and got to the front at last.

He was the important evidence from town; that is, he had brought it with him. After conferring a few moments with Mr. Drone, he took from his pocket-book a folded paper. Mr. Drone inspected it with curious eyes, and then handed it to the waiting magistrates.

It was a copy of the certificate of a marriage solemnised in London, at St. Pancras Old Church, early in July, 1847, between Lewis Carlton and Clarice Beauchamp.

(To be continued.)

THE POLICE AND MECHANISM OF RAILWAY TRAINS.

THE Press rings with an outcry for safety in railway travelling. Some cry out for communication between driver and guard; others between passengers and guard; others, again, for the patrolling of the guard along the train

by means of outside galleries. It does not seem to enter into their imagination that this outside passage for the guard, even if practicable, would also be very convenient for the thief or murderer to go from one carriage to another. There is a vague notion about the "six foot," or the space between the two lines of rails; but this "six foot" is imaginary. The overhang of the carriages beyond the rails on each line reduces it to two feet, and two guards on two passing trains coming in contact, each at thirty miles per hour, would be, as the Americans call it, "rubbed out" of existence. Nor is it easy to see that in a case of murder a cord to the guard would be of any great use to the victim, as the first act of the would-be murderer would be to cut the cord.

Transit outside the train being impracticable, for reasons before shown, and transit on the roof being impracticable by reason of the overhead bridges, the only remaining thing is transit through the train. But this could only be practicable by sacrificing the centre seats in the first-class carriages. This, again, would not suffice, for the first-class passengers would not give up their privacy. If it were put to the vote of the first-class passengers whether they would ensure absolute safety without privacy or take comparative safety with privacy, there is no doubt that they would choose the latter. They would not vote for the American mode of travelling, with an open passage-way through the train.

There is one arrangement which might, perhaps, be accomplished. Carriages might be built ten feet wide, which would leave one foot in width between the passing trains. This would permit a passage-way two feet in width through the middle of the first-class, leaving cabins for four passengers each, to be partitioned off on either side. They would be provided with the ordinary doors outside, and with sliding doors opening into the passage, and with access at either end of the passage. The Great Western first class have this arrangement, so far as the rows of compartments are concerned, but they open into one another, having no through passage.

There is a vehicle analogous to that which is now proposed—the police van,—which has a central passage through it for the officer, and separate cells for single persons to prevent communication. Make the single cell into a compartment for four, with external and internal doors, and the arrangement would be complete. Only, as the railways have not been made originally for wide carriages, it would be imperative to arrange the windows so that passengers could not protrude their heads. But probably this would be considered a grie-

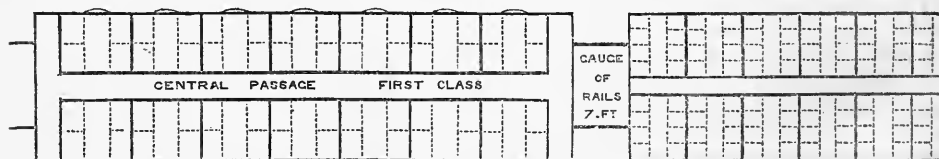
vance still greater than the distant chance of being murdered. During the empire of the late Mr. Macgregor on the South Eastern, large and handsome saloon carriages, nine feet wide by forty-two feet long, were supplied, but the merchants, stockbrokers, and others of the Blackheath aristocracy took great umbrage at it, as exposing them to the company of others less worshipful. They preferred isolated compartments with select companions, where they could talk freely of ships and stocks and shares and "good and bad men" in city parlance. The late Mr. Heald was amongst the most indignant.

Now, supposing the first-class passengers were to consider it an additional advantage to have a guard's passage without infringing on general privacy, what would directors and shareholders say to it? Their first thought would be as to cost. There would be one simple mode of alteration, by abstracting one passenger abreast through the whole length of the carriage and converting the space into a passage, leaving two two-seated, instead of one six-seated, compartments, and so throughout the train.

This would be cheap as regarded alteration, but it would have the effect of lengthening the train considerably,—not an advantage as regards traction, and requiring a lengthening of station-platforms. We therefore come to the consideration of a central passage, like the Americans', but still leaving privacy to the first-class.

This means the widening of the bodies to ten feet, without in any way interfering with the under-frames and wheels. Is it necessary to build new bodies, or can the existing ones be altered? No doubt the new ones would be the most perfect, but the old ones could be altered as easily as a ship is commonly lengthened by cutting her in two parts and supplying a farther central portion. Dividing the bodies down the middle and putting in the two-foot passage would accomplish it.

This would give a decided economy in favour of the company, for it would enable them to carry four passengers abreast in the first-class, and without the middle seats so much disliked. It would also enable them to carry six passengers abreast in the second and third classes, *i.e.*, one more abreast through the whole length of



Section of Train, showing Guard's Passage. First and Second Class.

the train, while on race and review and excursion days, it is probable that passages and all might be filled with a surplus number.

What are the possible objections? First: Sundry pillars might require setting back on the platforms for the increased width. Secondly: Passengers must not project their heads beyond a railed opening at the doors. Thirdly: That the first-class must be provided with end platforms to permit ingress and egress to the off-side passengers without disturbing the near side, which is the difficulty with the present Great Western arrangement. With second and third class, where there is not privacy, this is not required; no platform is needed, but only an arrangement for the guard to step from one platform to another. Fourthly: It may be objected that third and second class passengers might intrude into the carriages of the first-class. This objection is answered by the fact that steerage passengers in steam-vessels do not intrude on the quarter-deck reserved for the first-class, and that sliding doors, glazed, and only to be opened by the guard, might shut them off.

The advantages are,—First: That first-class

passengers, without losing privacy, but rather with increased privacy, can, in case of outrage, obtain immediate access to the guard and to all the neighbouring passengers in other compartments, and screams would be immediately heard. Secondly: An increased number of passengers might be carried without lengthening the train. Thirdly: Two short carriages might be bolted together, forming a long one, with far greater steadiness, and not liable in case of collision to mount on to the adjoining carriage, while less likely to leave the rails, if properly constructed.

On the Great Western line, with its two feet extra width, this experiment might readily be tried. It is marvellous that the rulers of the broad gauge have never yet comprehended its facilities which give them so much advantage over the narrow gauge. Rightly used, with efficiently-constructed mechanism, the loads drawn might be duplicated, and probably carriages twelve feet in width might be applied, if the tunnel be in proportion to the gauge. Much has been said about breadth of gauge, and the superiority of the narrow; but had the broad gauge been laid down between London and

Liverpool, the application of the philosophies of mechanism and commerce by clear brains might soon have demonstrated that the same principles hold good on rails as on the ocean. With unlimited passengers and goods the large ship must beat the small one. With greater facilities, the broad gauge has hitherto done less than the narrow. The Company have laid up their talents in a napkin, and if they persevere in so doing, the time will come that narrow gauge lines will replace the broad gauge, which becomes an obstruction. With Milford Haven for an Atlantic terminus, and a broad gauge rightly used, the Great Western ought to be the main highway from the metropolis to the ocean which leads to the English colonies. It would be quite practicable thereon to have carriages forming saloons forty feet by twelve feet, analogous to the saloons of ocean steamers, and with the facility of passing round the sharpest curves, and the transit of coal from South Wales might be reduced to the minimum. We are but just entering on the possible of railways, and moving blindly to their great future results.

With these carriages on the broad gauge—first, second, and third class—376 passengers may be carried, with very large seat room for the first-class, while on the narrow gauge, with three similar carriages of the same length, only 296 can be carried, or nearly twenty-five per cent. less.

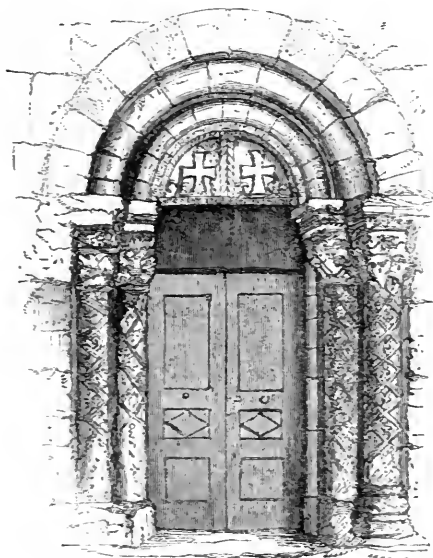
This is the only effective system of patrolling a train without interfering with the privacy of first-class passengers, who should pay a rate of fares proportioned to the cubic space they occupy; the mere lining of the carriage is scarcely a consideration in the cost of transit. By this plan the guard can at all times obtain access to the engine, in case of accident to the driver; and *vice versa*, the fireman or driver can pass along the train in case of accident to the guard.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

WEIBERTREU AND WEINSBERG.

It is an easy walk from ancient Heilbronn-on-the-Neckar to the little town of Weinsberg and the castle-crowned hill of Weibertreu, or 'Woman's Faith.' The country is pretty and hilly, and the hills are covered with vineyards. A footpath through a wood which cuts off a part of the main road passing over an eminence brings in sight this little town and hill fortress, about which cluster so many interesting reminiscences of mediæval history. There are fewer very old houses in Weinsberg than one would expect in so old a place, but as its fame partly rests on the sackings and burnings to which it has been subjected, this is not to be wondered

at. Just enough remains of the walls to show that the town was once fortified, and it was probably connected with the castle, where its feudal lords lived, by a defensible staircase, and perhaps an underground passage. Portions of the church at Weinsberg are of very early date, especially a round arched portal under the tower. The ornamentation of the pillars at the side is curious, and seems to represent the vine of Christianity, with its clusters on the capitals and its tendrils on the shafts, bound together at intervals, to typify the strength of union. The half-moon over the door-way bears two inscriptions in Latin, one over it which must be read backwards, and in which occurs the name Conradus, perhaps that of the first



Church Porch, at Weinsberg.

Hohenstaufen emperor, the other below, in which it is easy to read the words, "O qui terrenis inhias, homo, desipuisti." Of the castle of Weibertreu little remains but crumbled walls, the dungeon, and a kind of chapel of pure Gothic, which is now being provided with a roof to protect it from the weather. From its ruins there is a fine view of the surrounding country. The area of the castle is small. At the base of the hill which it crowns there is a very remarkable quarry, where dark grey horizontal strata are revealed, crossed by perpendicular lines of a whitish crystalline substance resembling alabaster. The quarry-men said that gypsum is dug out there. Weinsberg and Weibertreu are chiefly worth visiting, as they are never mentioned without a just pride by the worthy daughters of Württemberg.

In the year of grace 1138 began, with the somewhat informal election of Conrad III. of Hohenstaufen to the German throne, that famous feud between Welfs and Waiblingens, otherwise Guelphs and Ghibelines, which convulsed Germany and Italy for so long a period. War ensued on the Imperial election between the disappointed pretender, Henry the Proud of Bavaria, and the brothers Conrad and Frederick of Hohenstaufen. While the struggle was still undecided, Henry died, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, being succeeded in his title and estates by a son ten years of age, Henry, afterwards surnamed the Lion. The rights of the minor were, however, usurped by his father's brother, Count Welf the Sixth, who proceeded to make war against Conrad on his own account.

The hostile armies met on the 21st December, 1140, under the walls of Weinsberg, which held with the Welfs, and after a bloody battle, Conrad gained a signal victory. The obstinate defence of Weinsberg exhausted the patience of the monarch, and when at length it was forced to capitulate at discretion, he would only promise a safe conduct to the women; gallantly adding that they might bring away with them out of the gates such of their domestic valuables as each of them might be able to carry on her shoulders. The besiegers formed a lane of armed men. The gates of Weinsberg were opened, and presently appeared a procession of women and girls, bearing each of them on her shoulders a man or a man-child. Wives carried their husbands, maidens their lovers, sisters their brothers, little sisters their little brothers. Probably in those troublous times the female population shut up in the towns was larger than the male, so that the safety of every male was thus provided for. Frederick of Hohenstaufen, when he saw this strange procession, was more angry than amused or gratified by the pious fraud of the Weinsberg ladies, and exclaimed, "That was not the meaning of the word of mercy, the wily women would conquer us by craft;" but Conrad answered, like a king and a gentleman, "The words of a king may not be turned or twisted," and not only gave the men their lives, but let the women go back once more to take away a load of their lesser valuables. Since that time the castle, which looks down on Weinsberg, has been known by the name of *Weibertreu*, or *Woman's Faith*. It is a painful truth that its subsequent history is tarnished by a tale of man's falsehood, which, however, was avenged in the next generation with poetical justice.

In the market place at Heilbronn stands an ancient inn called *The Rose*. At one time it enjoyed a great run of prosperity, and this

prosperity was owing to the marvellous beauty of its *Kellnerin*, an orphan girl who had been brought up and adopted by the landlord and his wife. All the gay cavaliers of the neighbourhood resorted there, and loved to have their wine poured out by the fair Marie, to whose beauty, however, was added a discretion that kept her adorers at a respectful distance. It happened, however, unfortunately for Marie's peace of mind, that Hugo, son of the Count Helfenstein of Weinsberg, who had been absent for some years at the court of Ansbach, came home, and having occasion to go with his father on a visit to the Teutonic Knights, who had a house at Heilbronn, put up at *The Rose*. Young Hugo came, and saw, and conquered. An elopement and a marriage, secret, of course, under the circumstances, was the consequence. Hugo conducted his beautiful bride to Löwenstein, a lonely hunting-castle in the woods, which his father never visited, and for some time was all to her which she could wish a lover and husband to be. After a time, however, he was obliged to absent himself on business with his father and to pay a visit to the Margrave of Ansbach, where he had served as page. Marie, however, was in a measure consoled, as letters and messages for a time were frequent; but when weeks grew into months, and letters dwindled to notes, and became at the same time fewer, colder, and farther between, and at last ceased altogether, and that just at the time when she became a mother, the poor girl could bear the suspense no longer, and as soon as she was able she left the castle secretly with her infant son, her anxiety having been increased nearly to madness by a conversation which she had overheard under the wall of the castle, in which occurred vague expressions relative to a great marriage festivity pending at Weinsberg. When, after a toilsome journey on foot through the woods, she approached the demesne of Weinsberg, a rough forester accosted her and asked her her business. She was rescued from his rudeness by some lads from a friendly mill, but when he was going away with a broken head he called after her contemptuously, "Take my blessing with you, noble countess; I gave it you once before, when I personated the chaplain of Löwenstein, who married you to Count Hugo." She would hardly yet believe her ears, but hastened on her way to see her Hugo face to face and hear the truth, however bitter, from his own lips. So she came at last to the steep winding track which led to the castle of *Weibertreu*, and as she was stopping to take breath a hundred paces from the gate, it opened, and she heard the noise of an approaching cavalcade. First, however, came a servant with a halbert, who

ordered her to get out of the way if she did not wish to be trampled by the horses, as the Herrschaft were coming. But she was rooted to the spot, for there rode her Hugo, who, without looking her way, was pointing out to a gay young lady the landscape under the glories of the setting sun, and comparing it in glowing words with his love, which should last till death. "Hugo, Hugo!" exclaimed poor Marie; "husband, father of my child!" and threw herself in his path.

At these words Count Hugo started and turned pale, as well he might, and the Lady Bertha gazed with astonishment at the female

apparition that barred her way. Hugo, however, soon recovered himself, or seemed to do so, and said blandly, "Do not be afraid; it is only a crazy girl who goes about here, and fancies every young knight is her husband;" and turning to his attendants, he asked them why she had not been put in the madhouse out of harm's way. This heartless conduct roused Marie from the stupor of her anguish, and she uttered a bitter curse on Hugo, praying that his castle might be destroyed till not one stone remained on another, and his first-born son by the proud Bertha might be killed like a dog by the lowest of that rabble whom his race



Weinsberg.

so much despised. Having uttered this curse, he went away with the intention of drowning himself and child in the Neckar, but sank and died at the foot of a willow tree on the way. A shepherd from the neighbourhood was attracted by the wailing of the child, took it home to his wife, and adopted it, and had a stone cross put up at the foot of the willow to commemorate the death of the mother. Whether this story be true or not in all its circumstances, the substance of the curse came to pass. The castle is certainly now a mere heap of stones, and the heir of Helfenstein met his death in the famous War of the Peasants by the hands of the lowest of the people, amongst

whom the story, to make the vengeance perfect, places the son of the despised Marie, who was unknown to his half-brother the count. These events are supposed to have occurred some twenty-five years before 1525, the date of the outbreak of the serfs against their feudal masters. Count Hugo of Helfenstein had broken his neck by a fall from the very horse at whose feet the injured Marie had lain prostrate, and was succeeded by his son by the Countess Bertha, who surpassed his father in pride and luxury, as he was well enabled to do by a marriage with a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian. The lords temporal as well as spiritual of this epoch had reached the

acme of insolence and selfishness, and ground the faces of the unfortunate peasants in the dust with their exactions and oppressions. On one occasion, when the Bishop of Würzburg had a man beheaded for some trifling disobedience, the poor fellow exclaimed, "Only to think that I must die already, and I have only twice in my whole life had a full meal of bread!"

At last the cup was full. Luther preached civil and religious liberty. Several of the great men, as he intended, joined him and protected his new doctrines from the hatred of the clergy; but, as he did not intend, the lower classes also took him at his word, and thought that the time was come to right themselves.

The thunder-clouds of disaffection had been long gathering, and the storm broke at the same time on the lake of Constance, on the banks of the Main, the Rhine, and Neckar. First the abbey of Kempten was attacked and plundered, many discontented monks siding with the people, but this insurrection was speedily put down by Georg von Truchsäss, whom the landlords had chosen as their captain. In the Odenwald the rich abbey of Schöenthal was sacked on the twenty-sixth of March, 1525. The peasants of the Neckar chose as their leader one Jäklin Rohrbach, a drunken vintner of Böckingen. The twelve articles which the peasants prescribed to themselves as their rule of conduct were founded on a literal interpretation of the gospel, and were as comparatively harmlessly worded as the five points of the Charter of the English Chartists, but their choice of leaders and manner of maintaining their doctrines showed that they meant mischief, and they soon made an enemy of Luther himself, who would acknowledge no enemies but the pope and the devil, and always was a staunch conservative at heart. In the meantime, one Melchior, a piper in the service of the Lord of Helfenstein, suffered a deadly outrage at the hands of his master, which he swore to revenge when he had an opportunity, and as the opportunity was offered by the insurrection of the peasants, he undertook to guide them to Weinsberg and Weibertreu, exciting their cupidity by telling of the wealth they contained, and their anger by an account of what he had suffered at the hands of his lord. The mob fell on the town unawares, and the count and his friends were fain to take refuge in the church towers, whence, however, they were soon extracted by the furious insurgents, and thrown into durance. A kind of mock trial was held over them, and they were condemned to die by running the gauntlet through a lane of pikes. When it came to the turn of the Count of Helfenstein,

who met his fate with a scornful courage, his beautiful wife threw herself before Melchior and Jäklin with her child in her arms, begging them for mercy. Jäklin, whose bloated features were seen above a splendid panoply stripped from the count's person, tossed her back with violence, covering her with blood which his pike had drawn from her wounded child, and ordered her to be bound hand and foot and carried away on a dung-cart. According to the story, the piper Melchior was subsequently discovered to be the son of the outraged Mari by the recognition of an amber heart which had been hung round his neck by his mother. So the proud Count of Helfenstein died by the lowest of the people, led on by his unknown half-brother; and the peasants were full avenged on the nobles; but their vengeance overshot its mark, and recoiled on their own heads. Georg von Truchsäss came in due time with his men-at-arms and surprised them in their orgies, and made short work of them with steel and rope. After such wild scenes within and without its walls, it is not to be wondered at that few remains of great antiquity are to be seen in the town of Weinsberg and the castle of Weibertreu. G. C. SWAYNE.

ALBERT DURER.

TRUE artists live within the clouds,
And shadow forth a purer
And fairer life than that of ours :
So lived old Albert Durer.

But lest old Albert should begin
To think him more than human,
God gave him, to subdue his pride,
A very angry woman.

And when he fashion'd angels' heads,
And painted eye and lip, he
Was cured of his too heavenly dreams
By this morose Xantippe.

Within a little room up-stairs
Worked Albert late and early ;
Beneath he heard her supple tongue,
That ceased its rattle rarely.

For, like a kite, he sought the sky,
And soar'd on wing elastic,
Until she pull'd the string, and brought
Him down to cares domestic.

And still within his placid face
You see the sad expression ;—
Poor Albert's story teaches us
A somewhat useful lesson !

For when I envy him his fame—
The critics' fame and furor,
I look at Letty, and am glad
That I'm not Albert Durer !

WILLIAM BLACK.

THE LONG FIRM.

"TALK about Italian brigands, sir," said a keen-looking gentleman to me, as we were sitting before the fire of a commercial room in the midland counties; "why, I tell you they are not half as dangerous as some English scoundrels I know."

"Indeed," said I, wondering what adventure he was going to relate.

"No, sir," replied he, with a shake of his head; "I know a set of scoundrels who prey upon the public, and what's more, the law can't touch 'em, sir. They are safe, sir, from all penalties; they have a patent right to rob, sir; and such a state of things is a disgrace to us."

I confess I was puzzled as to the meaning of my friend, and thinking he was uttering a parable in which hotel-keepers formed the subject, I gave a nod of dubious acquiescence.

"Did you ever hear tell of the Long Firm?" he asked, in a manner which I felt would soon lead to the solution of my doubts.

"No," said I, "who are they; what is their business—where are they located?"

"Ah, sir," said he, "I see you are not in the commercial line, else you would know something about them. Their business, sir, is to rob and plunder the public; and they do it, too, in fine style, and manage to keep out of the jurisdiction of the police."

"But why are they called the Long Firm?" said I, rather more curious to know the history of their name than of their depredations.

"Why, I think it is," replied the commercial, "because there is such a number of them in partnership; half the rogues in the kingdom belong to it: but it may be because they have long heads, or because they ought to have long purses, though, by the way, my experience shows that they are a set of the poorest devils under the sun."

"Oh, then," rejoined I, "you have some personal experience of the firm?"

"Indeed I have," was the reply. "Though, for the matter of that, my experience did not arise from a personal loss, but from a personal investigation, and if you would really like to hear the history of it, I will tell it you with pleasure."

To this offer, so willingly made, I gladly assented, and after a preliminary puff at his cigar, my commercial friend commenced in the manner of all story-tellers, by a reference to a time long past.

"About six years since," he said, "began

my experience of the 'Long Firm,' and to this day I have refreshed my memory and my knowledge by adding to them every little trace of the 'firm's' action that I could lay my hands on. Six years since, however, a friend of mine who lives a little way out of London, and had, I believe still has,—setter dogs of which he is proud, advertised that he had a couple of prime-bred 'uns for sale. Their pedigree was undoubtedly good; they had been shot over, and proved to be cracks; they were tip-top colour, and spots were first-rate; but he had no use for them at that time, and he advertised them for sale—price 20*l.*, with a guarantee. Next post after the advertisement travelled down into the provinces, came a letter from Cottonchester. The gentleman who wrote the letter didn't spell very correctly, neither was his communication written in a business style, but it looked like a country gentleman's fist,—like, in fact, as if it had been written by a man who was fonder of shooting than of reading, and fonder of good dogs than either. 'Send us your dogs down,' says he, 'to such-and-such a station, and I will have my man waiting for 'em.' He went on to say that he had often been disappointed by buying dogs he never saw, otherwise he would send a cheque at once, but the moment he approved my friend's dogs, he said, he would send off the money, and gladly add all expenses into the bargain."

"But," said I, "did your friend really trust a man he had never seen, when his letter itself was such a bad certificate of character? I would at once have set it down as the production of a ticket-of-leave man."

"You would have done nothing of the sort," said he, rather sharply. "My friend was as knowing a fellow as ever breathed, and he fancied the letter smelt of the country squire all over, and to tell the truth so did I, for I saw it."

"Ay, ay," said I, "one's always wise after the event; I knew what was coming, you see, I was anticipating your vexation; but go on with your story, I won't interrupt you again."

"Well, sir, the long and the short of it is, he sent his beauties by rail, and paid the carriage too. They were directed, I think, to 'John Harrison, Esq., of such-and-such a road, Old Hall,' and no doubt 'my man' himself was waiting for them, for my friend subsequently learned that a greasy fellow came and

asked for the dogs, and took them off. Well, the next post came, but no cheque came with it, nor with the next, nor the next, nor indeed for one or two more. Then my friend looked serious, and he wrote down to the superintendent of detectives, telling him the story, and asking for information. In this instance he had not to wait for more than another post, for an answer was returned immediately, and a very brief one it was. It merely said, 'If you value your dogs, come down and look after them ;' the writer added that he would lend every assistance in his power to recover them. My friend was really as much annoyed at being imposed upon, as he was at losing his dogs, and he set off the same day he received his letter. Well, sir, the detective sergeant took him to the Old Hall, which he found to be a cow-house, with a slit in the door for letters left by the postman, but strange to say, it was known by the name of the Old Hall throughout the neighbourhood. You see there was no deceit there, nor was there in the name of the man who inhabited it."

"But did your friend get his dogs, or see the fine, bluff, old country-gentleman who bought them?" said I.

"Oh yes," answered my informant, "he saw them both, and got the dogs back again, after paying as much away in expenses as he offered to sell them for. My friend laughed many a time afterwards at the adventures he underwent, and he used to say to me that he thought he nearly got back his money's worth in fun and experience of life. You may be sure it wasn't at the Old Hall where the dogs were picked up, nor was it till after a little search that the dogs could be found. The detective was a smart fellow, and a very courteous one too, and he took a great deal of trouble to set my friend's mind at ease and to find his dogs. He knew all the haunts of the Long Firm, and he led my friend to the queerest places in the world, but the country squire could not be found. At last they were turning sharply round a corner, out of a not very wholesome street, when the detective stumbled against a red-nosed man who was smoking a short pipe, and almost knocked him down. Red-nose was uttering a growl, when he caught a fair view of the detective, and his savage look changed to a smile directly.

"'Mr. Grabber,' says he, 'you nearly knocked me down there.'

"'Hallo, Tizzy,' answered the detective (I fancy Tizzy was the name my friend said, with an effort to be correct), 'we have been looking for you for two days. You don't rent the Old Hall, now.'

"'Sometimes, Mr. Grabber, I do,' replied

the red-nosed man, 'but I only occupy it as a country mansion.'

"'Just to get the fresh air sometimes, eh, Tizzy?'" inquired the detective. 'Well, now, look here,' continued he, 'I want a pair of setter dogs, and you must let us have them in five minutes, or I'll lock you up.'

"'You're rather sharp, Mr. Grabber,' said the red-nose, coolly ; 'when you know you couldn't keep me longer than to-morrow morning ; but to tell you the truth I couldn't get shot of the dogs at all, and if your friend here, who I think once belonged to them, will stand a quart, he shall have them in ten minutes.'"

"Well," said I, thoroughly amused with the narration, "what did your friend say to that proposal?"

"Why, he laughed heartily at it, said he would stand the quart, and at once bade the red-nose lead the way. You see, sir," said the commercial, in an explanatory sort of manner, "there was something so ludicrous in the whole transaction, that my friend couldn't help laughing, in spite of his vexation. The idea of the old country squire turning out to be a shabby, greasy, dirty loafer, was funny enough ; but the idea of a thief offering, for a quart of beer, to give up to a policeman the property which had been stolen, was still funnier."

"Well, it was ludicrous enough," returned I ; "but I think I should have been inclined to box the fellow's ears or give him into custody."

"You are wrong again, sir," replied my informant ; "and I can see plainly enough you are not a man of the world. If you had boxed the fellow's ears, he would have given you in charge for an assault ; if you had given him in charge, he would have been discharged the next morning, because the transaction was business-like and, so far, above board ; and if you had put him in the county court, you would only have thrown 'good money after bad,' as the saying is. So my friend took the easier course. He went and stood a quart of beer in a low public-house, which smelt strongly of bad tobacco and bad sewage, and there he found his dogs. They had been tied up in a cellar, and the poor brutes looked as if they had never tasted a bite of food since they left his hands."

"And so your friend could do nothing," said I, beginning to feel there was insuperable difficulty in the case.

"Nothing whatever," ejaculated the commercial. "He lost money as it was, and he had no wish to lose more money and time by pursuing Tizzy into a small debts court."

"Well, that is truly an interesting adven-

ture," said I, after a moment's consideration, "and finely illustrative of the legal roguery that our law allows. But have you any other experience of the Long Firm?"

"Oh, yes," rejoined my informant, glad to have an opportunity to tell all he knew; "the next case comes within my own experience, though, as I told you before, I was only in it as an agent; I was too sharp to be done by these rascals. This was the way I got into it; I was in the north on one of my journeys, and in a mixed company I chanced to relate the very story I have now told you. 'By Jove,' says one gentleman in company, 'I believe these fellows have done me out of twenty-five pounds.'

"Indeed," said I, "and how have you been flat enough to trust them?"

"Oh," he said, "I suppose in the same way that your friend with the dogs did. You see, I published a series of valuable engineering plans some time ago, and of course I advertised them. About three months since I got a very well-written letter from one John Peek, I think the name was, but I haven't the letter just now, requesting me to send a set of the plans, and he would send me a cheque by return of post. Never for a moment did I imagine that any rogue could make money out of my plans, and as the sale was rather slow, I was deuced glad to get rid of a set of them. After I sent them away I waited a week for my cheque, but it did not come, and since that time I have written twice every week, threatening a county court summons, but never a scrap have I received."

"Well, but," I interrupted, "that was a funny venture for a rogue to make. What could they do with a set of plans but tear them up to light their pipes with? And in these days of cheap newspapers they couldn't be hard up for spills."

"Why, you see," continued the commercial, "all is fish that goes into their net. Perhaps they wanted to keep their hands in, perhaps they had a customer for the plans; but be that as it may, the plans never saw the light of day again."

"Then you failed to trace them in any way?" I asked.

"Never found a trace of them again," replied the narrator. "I told the gentleman I was going south, and if he chose I would make some inquiry after his plans, and take some trouble to find out what became of them. He accepted my offer directly, and when I got to Cottonchester, I put myself, as they say on the Continent, in communication with the authorities. In the first place, however, I called at the house where John Peek, Esq.,

was supposed to live, and found it a decent-looking place in a fourth or fifth rate street. It was a quiet neighbourhood, with two or three quiet public-houses dotted around at intervals. A rather dirty old woman came to the door when I knocked, and to my question if Mr. Peek lived there, she replied by another question, asking me if I was the gentleman who came from Dublin. Oh ho, thought I, here's another plant, and after a moment's hesitation, I said, Yes. The moment's hesitation put her on her guard. Mr. Peek, she said, had gone from there some time since; he had a warehouse somewhere in the city, but where it was she could not tell, nor could she tell me where I could get the desired information. Well, you see, I was thrown on my beam ends. I might as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay, as for Mr. Peek in Cottonchester, and so I thought I would try another tack. I recollected I had a friend in the city who had something to do with the corporation accounts, and I went off direct to him.

"How are you, Mr. Brown?" said he, the moment he saw me, and there was an air of suspicion in his face when he accosted me; "what wind has blown you here?"

"Why," said I, "I half suspect you know my message," because you see," explained the commercial, "there was a sly twinkle in his eye, and he was a shrewd fellow was Mr. Catty.

"Well, I am glad to see you, whether I am right or wrong in my surmises," said he; "but let's have your story at once."

"Why," said I, "a friend of mine has been fool enough to trust a Mr. Peek——"

"Ah, ha!" Mr. Catty laughed out heartily; "the Long Firm, I see. Ah! I suspected as much."

"You see, sir," explained the commercial, "how readily he took me; so I told him the story as briefly as I could, and asked for his advice.

"I can give you a note to the superintendent of detectives," answered Mr. Catty, "and I am sure he will do all in his power to help you. Perhaps you might manage to get hold of the plans again, always supposing you can find out Mr. Peek's 'warehouse,' but I suspect they have been sold for waste paper before this."

"But, bless me, Mr. Catty," said I, "how do you sharp Cottonchester fellows allow such a state of things among you?"

"Well," said he, laughingly, "if we had a little bit of a despotism here, you know, we might hang them or drown them, or perhaps imprison them for life; but, unfortunately, our laws are very comprehensive, and the legal

adviser of the Long Firm manages to keep himself within their limits."

"'What,' said I, in horror, 'have they really a legal adviser?'"

"'Ay,' said Mr. Catty, coolly, 'a broken-down attorney, who is really the soul of the firm. I believe,' he added, 'he was once a respectable man; but that is a long time since, and his career is one of the romances of thievery.'"

"'Then they are of long standing?' ejaculated I."

"'So long have they carried on their practices,' replied Mr. Catty, 'that I am astonished their handwriting is not as familiar over the whole country as the face of a newspaper. I tell you, sir, as a fact, I believe they have stolen, or "conveyed," as the wise call it, every mortal thing but a white elephant; a black one I believe they *have* had. But this is their position: they get hold of the newspapers, and con over the advertisements with the greatest care; for almost everything of which money can be made they send an order, and scarcely a day passes without one or two successful replies. You see the transaction is a business matter. They give an order with a name and address so near to the truth, that little legal subtlety is required to make the affair the most honest in the world, to all appearance; then, as you may be sure, the rascals are not worth the powder and shot which would bring them down by process of law. Publicity, sir, and greater caution on the part of the business public, are the only means of starving these fellows into honesty.'"

"'You astonish me, Mr. Catty; you do, indeed,' said I; 'and I don't know that there is any use whatever in my making any further inquiries.'"

"'Oh, yes,' he interrupted, 'take this letter to Superintendent Naillem, and if you cannot get your plans again, I promise you you will be interested by his information.'"

"Well, sir, I thanked him for his letter and advice," continued the commercial, "and after a little trouble I found Mr. Naillem, to whom I related my story, after handing him my letter, and very willing I found him either to assist me in my search or give me information."

"I suppose," said I, interrogatively, "Mr. Naillem was as quick to divine your business as Mr. Catty had been?"

"Just so," says the commercial, "but he didn't laugh, he only smiled. Detectives, you see, consider it unprofessional to laugh in the face of a client, as I suppose I might call myself, and Mr. Naillem only smiled gravely, nodded his head, and said 'Ah!'"

"Well, then, did you go on with your researches?" I asked.

"No, we went no further," returned my commercial informant, "because I saw it was useless to do so; but I got intelligence that both startled and amused me."

"You heard something of the plans of the Long Firm, I suppose, if you did not hear of your own plans?" suggested I.

"Indeed I did," replied the narrator; "I asked Mr. Naillem what use the Long Firm could really make of a set of plans that were of no use to any one but engineers or miners, or railroad speculators."

"'Bless you, sir,' says he, 'they take anything, merely for the sake of taking them. They have acquisitiveness very strongly developed, as I have heard a phrenologist say; at the same time, they are remarkably clever in getting quit of whatever they get hold of. Why, sir,' he went on, 'would you believe it? they actually got a pulpit one day, and an omnibus the day after; and they have had cows, geese, sheep, dogs, pigs, poultry,—even an eagle.'"

"Well, now," said the commercial, "it was really my turn to laugh, and laugh I did, very heartily. 'What in the world,' said I to Mr. Naillem, 'did they do with the omnibus, or the pulpit, or the eagle?'"

"'Why,' said he, 'the eagle fell into our hands by an accident. One of our people was at the police station when it arrived, and struck with the sight of the bird, he inquired to whom it was directed. The name he knew at once, and he took the liberty of detaining it until the owner was communicated with. There was an odd thing connected with that eagle,' Mr. Naillem went on to say, with a laugh, 'that amused us for weeks after. We had no place to put it except the coal-cellar, and one of the men, going down one evening to fill a scuttle with coals, the brute flew at him, although it was chained up, and away he scampered, screaming out that the devil was after him. The eagle, however, died before we found out the owner, and then we sold his body to a bird-stuffer, and handed over the proceeds to the owner, after paying the railway fare. As for the pulpit and the omnibus, and the other things,' he continued, 'there is unfortunately a lot of men with money in their possession who are always ready to pick up a cheap bargain, whether it is really an honest one or not; if it were not for these people the Long Firm would starve. They are just as bad, if not worse, than the real rogues, but if the Firm is out of the reach of prosecution, these fellows are one step farther off than they, and they are the men who get

goods at one-twentieth part of their value, after paying their railway expenses.'

"'But do you really mean to say, Mr. Nailem,' said I, 'that there is nothing to be done with these people?'

"'Yes,' says Mr. Nailem, 'the newspapers do a great deal to expose them, but they will always have victims so long as people are stupid enough to give credit to any man who can write a decent letter, and date it from some high-sounding terrace. Why, sir, it is not three weeks since they got 40*l.* worth of pork pies from London.'

"'Here I could no longer contain my laughter, but burst out in a loud guffaw. 'Why they must be living on pork pies yet, Mr. Nailem,' said I.

"'No such thing, sir,' said he; 'they gathered the whole tribe of them together, and for three days they feasted on pork pies and porter. The way the affair came to be known to us was through the immense gathering of familiar hands at a public-house in the city. One of our people saw a score or two of them there one day, and on going into the place he found every man with a pork pie in his hand, and a pot of beer or porter before him. They had sold some of the pies to raise money for the drink, and in three days there was not a vestige of a crust left. The owner of the pies came down from London to seek after them, but his journey was useless. He couldn't find his customer, and if he had, he could only have sued him in the county court.'

"'Has there ever been an attempt made to prosecute any of them?' I asked.

"'Yes, there has,' replied Mr. Nailem, 'but unsuccessfully. An old fellow with scarcely a coat on his back, and nothing more than a table and two chairs in his "sky-parlour," wrote to London for a family carriage, and got it, too. He wrote like a Quaker, headed his letter "Respected Friend," and the carriage came down in due course. He raised sufficient money to pay the railway fare, and afterwards pawned the carriage for 10*l.* There was a prosecution against this man, but it broke down, though it got as far as the assizes: the jury were directed to discharge him, as there was no case against him.'

"'Really,' said I, in astonishment, 'it seems as if these fellows could commit robbery with impunity.'

"'It would indeed appear like it,' said Mr. Nailem, 'if you knew their full history; positively they have succeeded in getting hold of nearly all sorts of things. Rifles they have had several times, and most valuable ones too. They got a horse from Ireland, which they sold in Lincolnshire. They very nearly got a

prize cow from Devonshire. Washing-machines are common things with them. Musical instruments are plentiful. Prize pigs, prize turkeys and fowls, and prize dogs, they have "boned." Fifty tons of oil-cake, a polar bear, a skeleton from a London school of anatomy, nearly a whole cargo of timber, lots of wine,—books they don't seem to have much regard for, but nearly everything else they have had through their fingers. Latterly,' he continued, 'we have managed to choke them off a little. When the railway people get a parcel or lot of goods which they think is not all square, they send a message to one of us directly, and we hang about till one of the Firm comes to make inquiries, and of course we put a stop to the affair at once. Directly we know our customer we send a telegraphic message to the owner of the goods, and the reply immediately is, to stop them leaving the station. Next morning there is a letter; commonly, indeed, a messenger; and we save the public hundreds of pounds' worth of goods in this way. The Firm was always miserably poor, but latterly they must have been near starvation, and probably they will be opening an establishment in some other large town.'

"'Then you can exercise a little wholesome despotism sometimes,' said I to Mr. Nailem. 'Do these precious rascals never attempt to dispute your authority?'

"'Why,' says Mr. Nailem, 'we know our customers pretty well now, you see. When we first attempted this game, they blustered, and perhaps we were rather afraid of burning our fingers; but the names of the members of the Long Firm became so familiar to us, and their persons were so familiar to the police, that we laughed at their threats. They have impudence enough for anything, and perhaps they may try an action some of these days against a detective for detaining their goods.'

"'Why,' continued he, after a little pause, for both of us had run aground, and hardly knew what to say; 'they brought a nobleman's agent to Cottonchester one day to get back some prize pigs, but he didn't succeed. The way was this. The nobleman breeds prize animals of nearly every kind, and he had been taken in with some fellows who "bought" a lot of valuable turkeys from him. The transaction was finished by letter, and he never saw the purchasers, nor their money either. Well, he had some beautiful fowls and a fine dog stolen from his yards, and soon after he had a letter from Cottonchester asking him to sell a prize bull, and you see, he fancied the writer might be the fellow who had stolen his fowls and his dog. Moreover, he had "sold" some prize pigs to another

branch of the firm, and his agent thought he would get them altogether if he came to Cottonchester; but he didn't, and from that day to this, my lord has never seen his animals, nor his animals' worth.'

"Well, sir," continued the commercial gentleman, "I was perfectly satisfied with my inquiry, and, after shaking hands with Mr. Nailem, and thanking him, I left with the impression that the laws of England were made for honest men, not for thieves. If we had a little bit more of police despotism, it would save honest people a lot of vexation and expense."

"I'm afraid," said I, "you gentlemen who cut about the country to sell your goods would be the first to cry out against it. There is no cure," continued I, as I lighted my candle to go to bed, "but publicity and common sense. A tradesman should rather run the risk of losing a customer than of losing his money, and no honest man could complain if a dealer asked from him ready money or a reference on his first transaction."

"You're right, sir; you've about hit the right nail on the head," said the commercial, as he nodded a good night to me.

G. C. B.

L'ANCRESSÉ, GUERNSEY.



Cromlech at L'Ancressé.

ALTHOUGH so much has been said and written descriptive of the beauties of the "Channel Islands," yet, on visiting the hardest trodden paths of the tourist, there is always some little spot to be found which has remained unnoticed, or some incident occurs which gives a special interest to one's own visit—a remark

perfectly free from egotism. Amongst the many pleasant days spent during a *sejour* of three weeks in Guernsey, where art is ably represented by a member of the Old Water Colours, and by an amateur of Boanergian strength and energy, one of the hottest but most agreeable was a pedestrian excursion to

L'Ancrese, where there is to be seen a remarkable cromlech situated on rising ground. It seems formerly to have been buried in the soil, which is now cleared out, so that you descend to enter it, and approaching hardly perceive it until you find yourself upon the upper slabs. Cromlechs are particularly found in Wales and Brittany, the one now alluded to forming an interesting link between the two localities referred to. This is certainly a noble specimen, grand, massive, and unchanging, but desecrated sadly, like many other sweet spots, as giving shelter to broken stout bottles and other remnants of picnic-ing visitors, who bring up these representatives of the firms of

Bass, for pale ale, and Guinness for stout (one of the most disagreeable, though unintentional forms of advertisement, by-the-by). From a neat little inn, which can be distinguished amongst some south-west battered trees nestling below us, standing upon the upper part of the structure, a fine view is obtained—the white specks of the “Caskets”—passing which by sea people are generally too ill to admire them. At one's feet is the Vale church, built about A.D. 1100, a sketch of which we give herewith below; passing to the right is Alderney race—then comes Herm, with its shell-shingle of such infinite variety of colour, and the Percé, or rock with a hole in it;



The Vale Church, Guernsey.

passing round, looking over St. Peter's Port and Castle Cornet, we see the façades of rock rising, so characteristic of Sark, as if nature had intended it for an impregnable fortress; thence to Jersey. A steamer coming over from St. Helier's produced a most beautiful and tender atmospheric effect, which Turner would have delighted in. The steamer approaching was between us and the sun—the black smoke rolling out in vast volumes. Old Phœbus burst merrily from behind a bank of cumulus, illumining one half of the smoke—the other half remaining true coal-black. The reflections of the two were very remarkable, and the contrast most forcible as the shadows

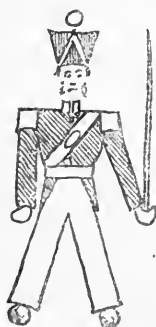
faded away into a sea-green, only to be seen in the finest weather. Having enjoyed the view round by Cobo rocks, and on to the stone quarries, where the white smoke shows they are blasting, we descended under the huge mass, which hangs like a ponderous Druidical portcullis, and enter one large chamber roofed with huge slabs of rock. I was quietly mooding over the scene before me, full of the Druids and their worship and ceremonies, trying to picture to myself their rites and proceedings, and wondering if the real thing were really as fine as Grisi and her Druids in “Norma,” when I was suddenly startled and woke up from my reverie by the

appearance between the slabs of a continuation or ankle and boot of the 19th century, second half—the latter, the “ocrea Balmoralis communis” of the present day with the tab out at the back; the former slightly “gonflée”:—even in this primitive chamber one could not get rid of tourists, but the apparition soon fled, quick as the disappearance of the “coming man” at Wimbledon, and I should have been inclined to have looked upon it as worthy of the Ghost Club, or even of Professor Pepper, but upon emerging from the depths below, I found several fellow-explorers looking about, and frisking as well as their Banting weights would admit, not caring much for the cromlech, but rather waiting only for me to disappear that they might begin lunch, and add their stout bottles to the *débris* already deposited in the cromlech. Whether the sight of a lunch basket was sufficient to produce a reminder that nature must be supported, whether or not, off we started, prepared to enjoy any refreshment the little inn previously alluded to might afford; and fortunate we were in finding, not only good cheer and cleanliness, but some amusement, for on entering the little parlour, was an extravagant drawing of a wonderfully wooden-looking soldier, and under it were these words:—

J'aime la paix,
Mais je suis prêt
Pour la guerre;
I am an officer.

In another part of the room was an effusion more amusing still:—

1839.



S'il venait quelque français
Pour me dire quelque chose
Au contraire de la paix
Je monterez dans mon pommet
De suret, et je leur direz,
Allez-vous-en ou parlons.
Ou bien je vais vous montrez
Qu'est ce que c'est de l'épée
D'un officier.

Fait par Dan. Torode, blacksmith at L'Ancresee.

However strange it may appear to be to find these sentiments expressed in a foreign language, I found, without exception, that they only expressed the general feeling of the whole island. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria visited St. Peter's Port and Castle Cornet a few years ago, every demonstration that could possibly be made was made, every trouble taken that the most devoted loyalty could invent or suggest. The militia of

Guernsey (one of whom the wooden sketch of the blacksmith is intended to portray) has always been well represented except by this blacksmith, its military spirit never flagging. An energetic member of this military body amused me exceedingly one day at the Grand Roques, Cobo Bay, when I went to see the Priaulx cup shot for; he told me in French that their militia were far before any of our English soldiers, for he was told they were only good to tackle three Frenchmen, whilst every man in his company was equal to—how many do you think?—Five: and from the earnest way in which he said it, I came to two conclusions—first, he himself believed it; secondly, he had not had too much beer or ordinaire.

Guernsey is altogether charmingly picturesque, with lovely bays, ferns, zoophytes, caverns and shells—a place much to be enjoyed. Let us be thankful their hearts are so true to us, and long may it be before their loyalty is put to the test, for which they seem prepared.

METEOROLOGY IN 1864.

A SUMMER sunrise is exceedingly suggestive of the present prospects of meteorology. The thick dark bank of clouds in the east (the “high dawn” of modern science), is emblematic of the hazy undefined views held by the weatherwise until lately. Away in the west the soft tints of moonlight still linger over a pearly sky and long tracts of landscape, like the influence lunar theorists have so long exercised on the world. Gradually a fiery rim runs along the ragged edges of the cloud-bank, the glow of morn pervades the eastern sky, the narrow-listed flames change rapidly into molten gold, and the sun upsprings to run its daily course. Just so has the meteorological system of Admiral FitzRoy—the philosophical system, as we must call it—been gradually evolved from clouds of empiricism and delusion, and started, as we hope, to run a beneficent course. Relying mainly on numerous and careful observations, spread over a largely extended field, it marshals these by the resources of the Inductive Method, and then calling to its aid telegraphy, distributes the results far and wide, to snatch seafarers from destruction, and add another flower to the peaceful garland of Britannia.

We need not enter into details on the system, as it must now be well known to all; but we purpose, first, by the aid of Admiral FitzRoy's Report for 1864, recently issued from the Board of Trade, to review the present aspects of meteorology.

Since the establishment of the Meteorologic

Office by the government, ten years ago, its practical results have every year become more certain and are more generally recognised. It seems now scarcely to admit of a doubt that the principles on which the present system of weather forecasting is based are trustworthy. The difficulty is to apply such very broad laws to the multiplicity of differing situations, where so many causes combine to create an apparent exception. Again, the instruments meteorology uses, require long and patient observation; they never err, but their interpreter can easily do so. In spite of all this, Admiral FitzRoy claims to have proved experimentally how winds and weather can be foretold with general accuracy for two days, at least, in advance. To aid the reader in forming a judgment on the value of his weather forecasts, a most interesting table is given in this Report of all the cautionary signals issued by the office from January, 1863, to March, 1864, together with the actual weather that resulted. This table is very convincing to candid minds, especially when we are told that no gales of an extensive character occurred over the British Isles during that time besides those herein specified, all of which were duly foretold.

We must let Admiral FitzRoy speak for himself on the progressive character of modern meteorology.

"It is supposed by many that forecasts of weather and their occasional results, advertisement of strong wind, or, it may be, warning of a tempest, depend only on notices sent from distant places at which a storm has begun. Nothing can now be more fallacious. True it is that in 1861, we began with the belief that by such aid we might do so. But advances have been made day by day, and during the last year or more cautionary notices have often been sent by telegraph to the farthest stations, even most towards the coming storm (or to windward of us), in good time to warn them of the preparation necessary to be made in an exposed seaport, such as Valentia or Aberdeen. As I have said elsewhere on this naturally and very properly *disputed* question, facts are as the ground, telegraph wires are roots, a central office is the trunk, forecasts are branches, and cautionary signals are as fruits of this youngest tree of knowledge." As another proof of the increasing appreciation of his pet science, it is interesting to know that besides the British system of signals, notices of stormy weather are now sent regularly to Paris for the French coasts, and occasionally to Hanover and various places near the North Sea. Signor Manteucci at Turin purposes to organise twenty-six stations in Italy to carry out the system in that country, and it is also in contemplation

to establish it on the Black Sea. Remembering that the electric telegraph now runs direct from London to India, via Constantinople and Kurrachee, and that next year we hope will see the attempt successfully made by the Great Eastern to link the Old and the New Worlds together by a submarine cable, it is not too much to trust, that when civil wars shall have burnt out, a new reign of peace and prosperity will be inaugurated. Then every enterprising mariner, like Ulysses of old, will carry favouring winds with him by applying to the modern *Æolus* of the Board of Trade.

Most people who have lately been at the seaside must have noticed the storm barometers; old salts stared at them when first set up, but now they are highly valued. Eighty "fishery" barometers, specially lent under due control and care, are now set up round our coasts. It is scarcely possible to arrive at any statistical results of the services they have rendered, but the fishermen, we are told, are much influenced by them and very thankful for the boon. Even if only one fishing boat, deterred from putting forth in doubtful weather by consulting an instrument, were to escape the violence of the impending storm, few of us would grudge the expense that it costs the country to warn the owner. Apart from all considerations of profit and loss, over and above the interests of science, or the future of the inductive philosophy itself, this one most important question predominates, as we weigh the utility of the meteorological proceedings of the Board of Trade, "Do these warnings and these instruments save the lives of our brave sailors and fishermen?" If they do, then nice calculations of expense or expediency are unworthy of the country. It is clearly the duty of a good government to provide for the safety of all classes of its subjects; that money is well spent which in the remotest degree contributes to this object. Let the advocates of the Meteorological Department take this high ground, and few will be inclined to attack their position.

The cost of the Department for the financial year 1862-1863 was estimated at 4,600*l*. Those who grumble at this expense consist mainly of interested advocates of other systems, or of men without time or opportunity to weigh the pretensions of the present or government system. Study of the subject alone can remove the ignorance of the latter class, and the former must be left to their prejudices. Plato tells us that a barking cur is always snarling at the heels of philosophy; and every philosophical system of meteorology must be prepared for such annoyances. The lunarists, for instance, are a very old set of theorists,

but their publications show that they are not yet an extinct race. A "forecast" of one of them lies before us, bidding men (to take an example at random of the next year's prophecies), beware in January 1865 of the 3rd, 9th, 16th, 24th, 30th; and if those days prove calm, it adds, naively, that they must distrust the next days, and especially the second days after them. Chronic terror, though unpleasant, is often vague; we may reasonably demand of science more definite information than this, which admits of condensation for people with short memories, into the fact that half the days of that month will be periods of "atmospheric disturbance." The battle of the frogs and mice in old days, or of the guns at the present time, is scarcely less serious than the quarrels of weather prophets.

We will leave this part of the subject by quoting Admiral FitzRoy's latest words on the principles of his system.

"Having no *proof* that our atmosphere reaches above fifteen miles vertically from ocean, and knowing that the depth (or height) of about twelve miles would diminish air pressure (or tension) to very few (if any) inches of mercury, one may treat the whole circum-jacent and concentric volume of atmospheric air as a kind of ocean, exceedingly impressible, but marvellously self-counterpoising by gravitation. This tendency to general equilibrium is the principal clue to meteorologic forecasting."

A second consideration, of much interest not only to meteorologists, but also to everyone fond of outdoor pursuits, is the quantity of rain that falls yearly in the United Kingdom. Mr. G. J. Symons probably knows more about this than any one else, and his annual rain-tables are most useful. Let us consult his synopsis of the rainfall of 1863. Bad, indeed, is the character of last year. "1863 has added one more to the series of years since 1859, in every one of which the rainfall of the whole kingdom has been greater than the average of the preceding ten years." In England, however, the amount is slightly less than usual, though the western counties exceeded even their usual watery bounds. In Scotland, "the rainfall for the fourth successive year has been much above the average," and the same must be added of Ireland. We will extract Mr. Symons's figures of the rainfall in these countries during the last three years:—

	1861.	1862.	1863.
England	29·06	31·78	28·78
Scotland	55·66	52·93	57·00
Ireland	48·60	46·29	47·32
United Kingdom	44·44	43·67	44·37

The general features of British rainfall are seen at a glance to be much as usual. Least rain falls in the district extending from the East Riding of Yorkshire to London, especially at inland stations; the quantity increases for every fifty miles westward, till it culminates on the Devon and Cornish hills, the Welsh mountains and the Lake district. Similar results prevail on the western coasts of Scotland and Ireland: Valentia and Portree, Isle of Skye, are localities especially rainy. Living, as we do, in a district of Great Britain where the annual rainfall is about 20 inches, we are dismayed at the pluvial capacities of this latter place. Do the natives always go about in waterproofs?

	1861.	1862.	1863.
Portree, Isle of Skye.....	139·04	111·19	148·89

But the rainiest place in Her Majesty's British dominions is indisputably Seathwaite, Cumberland. Gentlemen about to set up a rain-gauge should proceed thither to try its powers. Jupiter Pluvius himself must surely reign in some Olympus over Seathwaite.

	1861.	1862.	1863.
Seathwaite.....	182·58	170·03	173·84

Think of these appalling figures, ye poets who speak so contentedly of "the useful trouble of the rain!"

As Admiral FitzRoy is at the head of those who observe winds and atmospheric changes, it is due to Mr. Symons to state, that mainly owing to his activity, with few exceptions no part of the United Kingdom is now twenty miles from a rain-gauge. Instead of the *dilettanti* country gentlemen who every here and there at the beginning of the century collected statistics of rainfall in their own district, by way of supplying themselves with an occupation, an organised corps of observers regularly forward at the present time from every point of Great Britain to Mr. Symons the figures of their respective rain-gauges. Many practical advantages may reasonably be expected from the philosophical consideration of these statistics.

In conclusion, it is worth while noticing the capricious character of the meteorology of this year up to the month of June. January opened with a break up of the soft mild weather which had rendered Christmas so remarkable, that in an exposed locality the previous Sunday we gathered a "Devoniensis" rose in its full beauty of blossom and fragrance. On the night of the sixth the temperature fell to 13½ degrees. After a week's frost and much boisterous weather, the end of the first week of February brought deep snow and a minimum temperature of 20 degrees. Spring was every-

where cold and backward, with a very hot week at the end of April, an indifferent May, and frost on the nights of the first three days of June, unexampled during the present century for severity. Ice was seen in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, and immense damage was done to dahlias, geraniums, and potatoes. So far, 1864 is certainly keeping up the fickle character popularly ascribed to our climate. Well may the farmer tap his glass and consult his weather-wise labourers in such a climate just before his hay is cut or his wheat gathered in. Admiral FitzRoy, however, has not forgotten his interest. In a recent letter to the *Times* he speaks of the anxieties usually entertained at harvest-time,—anxieties, we may add, doubled this year with his horizon darkened by political storms,—and recommends agriculturists to keep a regular tracing of the barometer and thermometer, a chart, so to speak, of the variations of atmospheric density and temperature. This useful plan is fully exemplified in the Appendix of the Report to which we have referred, and as being the latest aid meteorology has given practical men is well worthy of their attention. A glance at such a chart shows the exact course the weather has taken during the last few days, and as most atmospheric changes of an ordinary kind are gradually indicated by the mercury, a correct idea may generally be formed of the state of the weather for a day or two in advance. Its simplicity is one of its greatest recommendations. A plain man need not take into account the procession of the equinoxes, the rotation of the earth, the variable currents of the great atmospheric ocean which envelopes the world; he hates theories, and this useful scheme allows him to do so. It merely asks him at eight o'clock each morning to make a pencil tracing on a ready ruled form from a glance at his barometer and thermometer. It allows him, nay, it calls upon him, to supplement this with all the weather-wisdom of rustic out-door life, and then (more especially if he takes a look at the "forecasts" published in his daily paper) he is put in possession of all that human ingenuity and foresight can do at present towards solving that difficult problem of every-day occurrence, "Is it going to rain?"

ARETHUSA.

From the deep silence of her mountain home,
A desolation of eternal snow,
Far off, with reluctant steps she came—
She came from islands full of wind-swept reeds,
And the faint music of the sighing sedge,
And yellow-kirtled bees in bells of thyme—
From billy crofts, and wild and starproof glades,

Leaving the myrtle-bushes on the height,
And the green lizard in the grass, she came!
A thing of beauty rare, at whose command
The banks displayed their foison, and the earth
To her sweet effluence gave its emerald sheen;
And ever in the light of her bright hair,
And in the traces of her glistering feet,
Alpheus followed still, the river-god,
Crowned with fair offerings of lush eglantine,
Of blue-bells, daisies, and all starry flowers;
And still she fled—beneath the ocean stream,
Whose briny waters touched her not, and still
Beneath the willows and the pine roof, where
The wild wind hung in deepest hush to hear
The whispered murmur of her weltering tide;
And fast Alpheus followed, faster while
She danced by tith and grange and fallow bare,
And gardens ripening into brighter bloom,
Like a fond youth before a woman's smile;
And nearer still Alpheus came when she
Reached Enna's valley, where the drooping flags,
Their velvet leaves besprent with amber meal,
Were mirrored in the crystal; there at last
With kisses of most sweet communion,
Thrilling his inmost depths with bliss divine,
His troubled waters broke their continent,
And in fruition of expected joy,
Only more perfect by its long delay,
Blended with hers, and trembled into one,
Tasting without end of satiety,
In the intermixture of each tiny wave,
A golden immortality of love.

And so, beneath the sunlight and the shade,
For ever one, inseparable now,
Or tumbling down a precipice of spray,
Or spreading molten silver on the plain,
They floated onward in their pilgrimage,
Beneath the grey gloom of the westering day,
The fleecy night-rack and its trembling stars,
And through the dark of interlunar night
To their last sleep within the Dorian sea.

FOSSIL MAN.

"Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return," says the Book of Books. This undoubtedly is the ultimate end of every created being; the question in dispute is whether or not certain fragments of human beings which have been discovered are remains of human beings who lived on this earth of ours ages and ages anterior to the time when man is commonly supposed to have made his first appearance. To the majority of mankind the question may appear of very trivial importance, but there is a large section who on religious or scientific grounds take a warm interest in the subject, and who will be glad to know what further discoveries have been made at Abbeville since the jawbone was found in the Moulin-Quignon Quarry.

It will be remembered that about a year ago there was a great controversy with respect to this discovery; some asserted that the fragment was put where it was found by the workmen in the hope of receiving a reward, others that it had fallen there

through a fissure in the ground, and M. Elie de Beaumont denied that the diluvium in which it was found is of anything like the antiquity which the generality of geologists assign to it. The last objection may be left to the consideration of those who make it their special study, the two former seem to be settled by the recent researches of the indefatigable explorer, M. Boucher de Perthes.

Taking advantage of a time when the quarry was lying idle, and therefore when no workmen were present who might have been suspected of fraud, he proceeded to the spot, and with his own hands sought for proofs which might convince the most incredulous. He had long before observed what he considered to be bony remains among sandy agglomerations, to which he had called the attention of the men working in the quarry; but these were, of course, unable to give an opinion as to whether the lumps of earth to which he directed their attention were originally bones or not; they had found a good deal of it in the course of their work, and they had given it the name of rotten-stone. Anatomists, whom he consulted on the point, gave it as their opinion that it was organic remains of some kind, but declined to commit themselves to the statement that it was the remains of bones. The discovery of the celebrated jawbone convinced him that he was right in his supposition, and encouraged him to go on with his search, which he has continued from that time down to the present, with the following results, according to a report published in the *Abbevilleois*, the same journal which gave the account of the proceedings last year.

At distances varying from six feet to fourteen feet below the upper surface he found in earth which had never been disturbed, in which there had been no slip, nor fissure, a number of fragments of bones, some of which he considered to be human, and the rest to have belonged to animals. Having been so far successful to his own satisfaction, he was naturally anxious that no opportunity should be given to the most suspicious person to hint that he had aided his desire by any unfair means. The first person whom he invited to join him was a M. Dubois, a doctor at the hospital at Abbeville, who went to work with him very cheerfully. The first discoveries were sundry rounded fragments of bones, too small to be defined; these were found between six and seven feet below the surface. At about two feet lower down Dubois saw, still lying in its original position, a bone, which on being released from the earth which adhered to it, he at once

recognised to be a human *os sacrum*. After this discovery they crossed to another part of the quarry, where there was a layer of yellowish-grey sand cutting the brown layer. This layer was so hard that the fingers were no longer capable of raking it out, and they were obliged to have recourse to the pickaxe. In this operation they partly exposed a human tooth, which M. de Perthes removed together with the silex in which it was partially embedded.

On a subsequent day the same gentlemen resumed their search, and in a layer of ferruginous earth on the right of the quarry, at a depth of about seven feet, they found three pieces of a skull, much damaged, but assumed to be in all probability human. They also found in the course of the same day, in the grey layer on the left of the quarry, several fragments of bones, which as yet they have been unable to pronounce human, and a piece of a human tooth. On a later occasion the proprietor of the quarry was a spectator of their labours, and desired to be allowed to take a share in them. At a depth of seven feet he saw embedded in the strata, and removed with his own hand, a portion of a human skull. A few days later M. de Perthes was assisted by M. Martin, priest of St. Gilles, and formerly professor of rhetoric and geology in the seminary of St. Riquier, who is described as a man of undoubted ability, and the Abbé Dergny, a member of the Society of Emulation. Their search on this occasion was a success. First of all they examined the strata they were about to operate on to ascertain if it had been disturbed. Having satisfied themselves that it had not, they searched the loose fragments which had fallen away previous to their arrival, and then proceeded to rake out the fresh earth. After working for some time they came upon a bone, which they saw while still occupying its original position; and this bone on being carefully removed, and cleaned from a portion of the earth which adhered to it, they found to be the skull of a human being. Its appearance was rather remarkable on account of the depression of its upper part; its edges were much rounded by friction, and the conclusion they came to was that it had been there ever since the formation of the bank.

The next search was made by a commission composed of the assistant of the Mayor of Abbeville, the Mayor of Laviers, an advocate, the librarian and conservator of the museum, and M. Dubois, all members of the Society of Emulation. Their combined search was likewise fruitful in the discovery of several fragments of bone. The same commission made another examination, in which they were joined by M.

Buteux, who has recently been decorated with the Legion of Honour in acknowledgment of his geological labours; M. de Mercey, a well-known geologist; Baron Varicourt, the King of Bavaria's chamberlain; M. Girot, professor of physics and geology at the college of Abbeville, and several other persons. The examination on this occasion extended down to the chalk, and they were rewarded by the discovery of numerous bones both of men and animals, one of the former being in actual contact with the chalk. This was on the 16th of July, and it is said that there have been since discovered two fragments of an upper jaw, and a nearly perfect lower jaw, all of which are of human origin, and were found within five-and-twenty yards of the spot where that which caused so much controversy last year was found.

Portions of these bones, consisting of fragments of the bones of the arm, hip, backbone, &c., have been sent to the Académie des Sciences, together with a detailed statement of every circumstance connected with their discovery, and so forth; and will doubtless give rise to some unusually animated discussions.

G. L.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT VITUS.

To Cairo city one hot afternoon,
In the mid summer, came an anchorite,
Pale, shrunk as any corpse, thin, lean, and blanched,
From dwelling in the tombs deep from the light:
Tall, gaunt, and wan, across the desert sand
He strode, trampling on avarice; by his side,
Licking his hands, two dappled panthers paced,
With lolling tongues, and dark and tawny hide.

The gilded domes of Cairo blazed and shone,
The minarets arose like long keen spears
Planted around a sleeping Arab's tent.
The Saint's attendants pricked their spotted ears
When the Muezzin, with his droning cry,
Summoned to prayers, and frightened vultures
screamed,

Swooping from the gilt roof that glitter'd in the sky,
And the tall parapet that o'er it gleamed.

The hermit came to where the traders sat,
Grave turbaned men, weighing out heaps of pearls,
Around a splashing fountain; wafts of myrrh
Rose to the curtained roof in wreathing curls,
And Abyssinian slaves, with sword and bow,
Watched at the doorway, while a dervish danced
In giddy circles, chanting Allah's name,
With long lean arms outstretched and eyes entranced.

St. Vitus spurned the gold and pearls away,
And struck the Dervish silent with a blow
That loosened half his teeth (the infidel!),
And tossed the censers fiercely to and fro;
Then sang, defiant of the angry men,—
"How long, O Lord, how long?" and raised his eyes
To the high Heaven, praying God to send
Some proof to them from out those burning skies.

And when their knives flew out, and eunuchs ran,
With steel and bowstring, swift to choke and bleed,
The Saint drew forth from underneath his robe
A Nubian flute, carved from a yellow reed;
He put it to his lips, and music rose,
So wild and wayward that, on either hand,
Straightway, perforce, the turbaned men began
To whirl and circle like the wind-tossed sand.

And so the Saint passed on, until he reached
A mosque, with many domes and cupolas,
And roof hung thick with lamps and ostrich-eggs,
And round the walls a belt of crescent stars.
Towards the Mecca niche the worshippers
Bent altogether in a turbaned row;
So, seeing this idolatry, the Saint
Struck the chief-reader twice a sturdy blow.

Then they howled all at once, and many flew,
With sabres drawn, upon the holy man,
To toss him to the dogs. The panthers now
Kept them at bay, until the Saint began
Upon his flute to breathe his magic tune,
Such as the sergent-charmers use to charm
The sand-asps forth, and straightway priests and
flock
Began to circle round; and free from harm

He glided forth unto the Caliph's house,
Where in divan he and the Vizier were,
Girt with the council of the rich and wise,
And all the Mullahs who his secrets share.
There he raised up the crucifix on high,
Spat on the Koran, cursed Mohammed's name,
Took the proud Caliph's turban from his head,
And threw it to his panthers. Fire and flame

Broke forth around him, as when in a mine
The candle comes unguarded, swords flashed out
By twenties, and from inner court to court
Ran the alarm, the clamour, and the shout.
The Saint, unmoved, drew forth his magic flute
(It was the greatest miracle of all).
And, lo! the soldiers, counsellors, and slaves
Swept dancing, fever-stricken, round the hall.

Round went the Caliph with his shaven head,
Round went the Vizier, raging as he danced.
Round went the archers, and the sable crew
Tore round in circles, every one entranced
By that sweet mystic music Heaven sent;
Round, round in ceaseless circles, swifter still,—
Down dropt each sword, down dropped each bow
unbent.

And then the Saint once more into the street
Glided unhurt, and sought the market-place,
Where dates rolled forth from baskets, and the figs
Were purple ripe, and every swarthy face
Was hot with wrangling, and he cursed Mahound
Loud in the midst, and set up there his cross,
O'er the mosque-gate, and wailed aloud a psalm,—
"Let God arise, and all His foes confound."

But the fierce rabble hissed, and throwing stones,
Shouted, "Slay, slay the wretch!" and "Kill, kill,
kill!"

And some seized palm-tree staves and jagged shards;
In every eye there was a murderous will,
Until the Saint drew forth again his flute,
And all the people drove to the mad dance,
With nodding heads and never wearying feet,
And leaden eyes fixed in a magic trance.



And so he left them dancing : one by one
 They fell in swoons and fevers, worn and spent.
 Then the stern anchorite took his magic flute,
 And broke it o'er his knee, and homeward went,
 Tossing the useless tube, now split and rent,

Upon the sand ; then through the desert-gate
 Passed, with his panthers ever him beside ;
 And, raised his hands to heaven, and shouted
 forth,—
 “ Amen, amen ! God's name be glorified ! ”

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LVII.—THE REMAND.

THE copy of the certificate of a marriage solemnised at St. Pancras Old Church early in the month of July, 1847, between Lewis Carlton and Clarice Beauchamp.

The magistrates gazed on the document as they sat on the bench, and handed it about from one to another, and glanced at Mr. Carlton. Even so. It was that gentleman's marriage certificate with the unhappy lady of whom he had denied all knowledge, whom—there could be no doubt now—he had destroyed.

The magistrates glanced at Mr. Carlton. A change had come over his face, as much change as could come over so impassive a one, and a fanciful observer might have said that he cowered. He knew that all was over, that any attempt to struggle against his fate and the condemning facts heaping themselves one after another upon his head, would be utterly futile. Nevertheless, he rallied his spirits after the first moment's shock, and raised himself to his full height—cold, uncompromising, ready to hold out to the last. Of the sea of eyes bent upon him from every part of the crowded hall, he disliked most to meet those of Frederick Grey; he remembered the boy's open, honest accusation of him in the years gone by.

The gentleman who had brought the paper into the hall was called forward and sworn. His name was James Chesterton, he said; he had been articled clerk to Mr. Friar, the solicitor, of Bedford Row, and was with him still, though the term of his articles had expired. In consequence of a telegram received the previous night from Mr. Drone, he had gone the first thing that morning to search the register of Old St. Pancras Church, and found in it the marriage-entry of which that certificate was a copy.

"You certify that this is a true copy?" asked the chief magistrate.

"A true copy," replied the witness, "exact in every particular. The clerk who was with me when I copied it said he was present when the marriage took place, and remembered the parties quite well. He had a suspicion that it was a stolen marriage, and that caused him to observe them particularly. The lady——"

"And pray what cause had he to suspect that it was a stolen marriage?" sharply interrupted Lawyer Billiter.

"I asked him the same question," quietly answered the witness. "He said that the parties came to the church quite alone, and the young lady was dressed in every-day clothes. He could not help looking at her, he said, she was so beautiful."

"And that was the clerk, you say?"

"I supposed him to be the clerk; if not the actual clerk, some deputy acting for him.

Lawyer Billiter fired up. He was about to deny that the Lewis Carlton then present was obliged to have been that bridegroom, when he was silenced by the bench. The chief magistrate read the certificate aloud for Mr. Carlton's benefit, and then turned to him.

"Prisoner," said he,—and it was the first time they had called him prisoner—"what have you to say to this?"

"I shall not say anything," returned the prisoner. "If evidence is to be brought against me about which I know nothing, how can I be prepared to refute it?"

"You cannot say that you know nothing of the marriage to which this certificate refers. Can you still deny that the unfortunate young lady was your wife?"

There was a pause. It is possible that a gleam of doubt was passing through Mr. Carlton's mind as to whether he could still deny that fact. If so, it might be abandoned as useless. There were certain officials connected with St. Pancras Church still—and he knew it—who could swear to his person.

"If she was my wife, that does not prove that I—poisoned her," he returned, making the pause in the sentence, as put.

"It goes some way towards it, though," said the magistrate, forgetting official reticence in the moment's heat.

The words were swallowed up in a loud murmur that burst simultaneously from many parts of the hall, and bore an unpleasant sound. It was not unlike a threatening of popular opinion, boding no good feeling to the prisoner. John Bull is apt to be on occasions inconveniently impulsive, and Mr. Carlton was losing his ground.

"Silence!" shouted the chairman, in his anger. "Prisoner," he added, turning to Mr. Carlton as the sounds died away, "if my memory serves me right, you swore before the Coroner at the inquest that you knew nothing of this letter or of its handwriting. What do you say now?"

What could he say, with that certificate lying there? In spite of the high tone he assumed, he stood there a sorry picture of convicted guilt. Just at that moment, however, the fact of the production of the letter was occupying his mind more than anything else, for he believed its resuscitation to be nothing short of a miracle.

"I do know nothing of the letter," replied the prisoner, in answer to the chairman's question. "Some conspiracy must have been got up against me, and I am the victim: it may be cleared yet."

That was the most reasonable acknowledgement they could get from him; but, of course, plain as the proofs were, he was not bound to criminate himself. Lawyer Billiter, whose zeal rose with the danger and the necessity for exertion in his client's cause, talked himself hoarse in the throat, and twisted the evidence of the witnesses into various plausible contortions. All in vain. The case, with the production of that marriage-certificate, had assumed altogether a different complexion, and the deferent leniency with which the justices of South Wennock had been at first inclined to treat Mr. Carlton, was exchanged for uncompromising official firmness.

The examination lasted until dark, when candles were brought in; the twilight of a winter's evening steals upon us all too quickly. The town hall had not yet been improved by gas or lamps—South Wennock was but a slow country place—and there were no means of lighting it, if lights were required, save by candles. Four of them were brought, to be stuck in any place convenient: Mr. Drone's clerk got one on his desk, the acting beadle held another in his hand, and the other two were disposed of where they could be. The hall—or court, as South Wennock was wont to call it—presented a strange view in that vague and glimmering light: the densely packed crowd and their lifted faces, the excited aspect of those taking part in the proceedings, the hot defiance of Lawyer Billiter's countenance, and the calmly impassive countenance of the prisoner.

But it was shortly found not practicable to conclude the examination that day, and the magistrates remanded it until the morrow. That would be the close, and there was not a shadow of doubt on any mind present, including the zealous one of Lawyer Billiter, that Lewis Carlton would then be committed to the county jail to take his trial for the wilful murder of Clarice Beauchamp, otherwise Clarice Beauchamp Chesney, otherwise Clarice Beauchamp Carlton. The various names were being bandied about the court in an undertone in disquisition, carping spirits had already

mooted the question—could the young lady have been his real wife in point of law, as she had not been married in the name of Chesney?

"The prisoner is remanded, and the magistrates will meet at ten o'clock to-morrow," came forth the announcement after the Bench had conferred together for a few moments.

"Of course your worships will take bail," said Lawyer Billiter, boldly.

"Bail!" repeated the magistrates, wondering whether the like demand in a parallel case had ever been made before to a bench in its senses. "Not if the whole town were to offer it."

The whole town apparently had no intention of doing anything of the sort. Rather the contrary. A certain portion of it—not the most respectable, you may be sure—were anticipating the pleasure of escorting Mr. Carlton to his place of lodging for the night, and in a manner more emphatic than agreeable.

"Let them get off first, the unwashed ruffians," whispered Lawyer Billiter to Mr. Carlton. "You shall stop here until the coast's clear."

The hall was emptying itself. Gentlemen, whether magistrates, audience, or lawyers, stood in groups to say a word on the disclosed marvels of that day. They were indeed scarcely believable, and half South Wennock had a latent impression, lying deep in the bottom of their minds, that they should wake up in the morning and find the charge against Mr. Carlton to have been nothing more than a dream. One of that audience, however, gave himself no time to say a word to anybody: he got away with all the speed he could, dashed into the Red Lion, and nearly into the arms of its landlady, who was as excited as anybody.

"Has the omnibus started, Mrs. Fitch?"

"This ten minutes ago, sir."

"There! I feared it would be so. Well, you must let me have a conveyance of some sort, a gig or carriage, anything that will go quick."

"Surely you are not going away to London to-night, Mr. Frederick?"

"Not I. I shall stay now to see this unhappy play out. No, I'll tell you a secret, but don't you go and let it out to the town. I have telegraphed for my father, and expect he will be down by the seven o'clock train. It will be something, won't it, to be cleared in the eyes of South Wennock."

"You expect Sir Stephen down!" she exclaimed, in excitement. "I should think you do want a carriage for him. He shan't come into the town obscurely on a joyful occasion like this—joyful to him. You shall

have out that new barouche and pair, Mr. Frederick, and if I had got four horses——”

“Just do be sensible,” interrupted Frederick with a laugh. “A barouche and four ! you’d not get Sir Stephen into it. Look here, Mrs. Fitch,” he added, gravely. “If Sir Stephen has cause to rejoice at his own clearing, think how sad the news will be to him for the sake of others !—how intimate he is with some of the Chesney family.”

“True, true ; soon to be connected with them,” murmured Mrs. Fitch. “Well, you shall have the barouche out soberly, Mr. Frederick. And indeed it comes to that, or nothing, this evening, for every other vehicle I’ve got is in use.”

Whether this was quite true, might he questioned. Mrs. Fitch hurried off, and the barouche, with a pair of post horses, came out. Too impatient to care much how he got to Great Wennock, provided he did get there, Frederick Grey jumped in, and was driven off. He would not for the world have missed being the first to impart the tidings to his father.

The train came in, and Sir Stephen with it. “You are grand !” he exclaimed, surveying the barouche and pair as his son hurried him to it.

“Mrs. Fitch had no other conveyance at liberty. At least she said so. Get in, sir.”

“And what have you got to say for yourself, young gentleman—hindering so much time down here ?” inquired Sir Stephen, as they drove back.

“I was coming up to-day, but for something that has happened,” returned Frederick. “I’ll go back when you go, if you like, sir.”

“And what’s the business you have brought me down upon ? What has turned up ?”

“Your exoneration, sir, for one thing, has turned up. I hope the town won’t eat you, but it is on its wild stilts to-night. And next, the true delinquent has turned up ; if that’s not Irish, considering that he has never been turned down, but has been close at hand all the while. He who dropped the prussic acid into your wholesome mixture.”

“Dropped it purposely ?”

“Purposely, there’s no doubt ; intending, I fear, to kill Mrs. Crane.”

“And where was it done ?” again interrupted Sir Stephen, too eager to listen patiently. “Dick was not waylaid, surely, after all his protestations to the contrary !”

“Dick delivered the medicine safely, and what was added to it was added to it after it was in the house ; while the bottle waited in the room adjoining the sick chamber.”

“That face on the stairs !” exclaimed Sir Stephen in excitement. “I knew it was no

illusion. A matter-of-fact, common-sense man, like Carlton, could not have fancied such a thing. It was her husband, I suppose ?”

“It was her husband, sure enough, who tampered with the medicine ; but that person on the stairs, a living, breathing person, was not her husband. Father, I know I shall shock you. He who was, it’s to be feared, guilty—the husband—was Lewis Carlton.”

Sir Stephen roused himself from his corner of the barouche, and stared at his son’s face, as well as he could in the starry night.

“What nonsense are you talking now, Frederick ?”

“I wish it was nonsense, sir, for the sake of our common humanity. If this tale is true, one can’t help feeling that Carlton is a disgrace to it.”

“Let me hear the grounds of suspicion,” said Sir Stephen, when he recovered his breath. “It will take strong proof, I can tell you, Fred, before I shall believe this of Carlton.”

Frederick Grey told the story as circumstantially as he knew how. It was scarcely ended when they reached South Wennock. Sir Stephen, whether he believed it or not, was most profoundly struck with it ; it excited him in no common degree. It was only fit for a romance, he remarked, not for an episode of real life.

“One of the most remarkable features in it, Frederick, assuming the guilt of Mr. Carlton, is that he should never once have been suspected by anybody !”

“I suspected him,” was the answer.

“You ? Nonsense !”

“I did, indeed,” said Frederick, in a low tone. “A suspicion of him arose in my mind at the moment when we stood around Mrs. Crane as she lay dead. And he saw that I doubted him, too ! Do you remember that he wanted to get me out of the room that night ; but Uncle John spoke up and said I might be trusted ?”

“Good gracious !” cried Sir Stephen, in his simple way, “I can’t understand all this. What did you suspect him of ?”

“I don’t know. I did not know at the time. What I felt sure of was, that he was not *true* in the matter ; that he knew more about it than he would say. I saw it in his manner ; I heard it in his voice ; I was sure of it when he gave his evidence afterwards at the inquest. I told my mother this ; but she wouldn’t listen to me.”

“You must have been a strange sort of young gentleman, Frederick !”

“So Mr. Carlton thought, when I told him. You know when he laid that cane about my shoulders, and you assured me, by way of con-

solation, that I must have brought it upon myself by some insolence? In one sense I had; for I had been telling him that I suspected him of having something to do with Mrs. Crane's death. Lady Jane Chesney heard me say it, for the encounter took place at her garden gate, and she happened to be there. No wonder he caned me. The only marvel to me now is, looking back, that he did not three parts kill me. I know I was too insolent. But there's something worse than all behind, that I have not yet spoken of."

"What's that?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Well, it's very dreadful: not altogether pleasant to talk about. That first wife, that poor Mrs. Crane, turns out to have been the lost daughter of the Earl of Oakburn."

Sir Stephen felt confounded. "My boy! what is it that you are telling me?"

"Nothing but the miserable truth. She was Clarice Chesney. You may guess what this discovery is, altogether, for Lady Jane. So far, however, Mr. Carlton must be exonerated. From what can be gleaned, it would appear that he never knew she was connected with them,—never knew her for a Chesney,—only as Miss Beauchamp, and she married him under that name alone."

"I never heard anything so painful in my life," exclaimed Sir Stephen. "But why should—Frederick, what in the world's all this?"

He might well exclaim! They had turned into the street at South Wennock, and found themselves in the midst of a dense and shouting crowd. The fact was, Mrs. Fitch, who was no more capable of keeping a secret than are ladies in general, had spread the news abroad amidst the public that Sir Stephen Grey was coming in, in a barouche and pair; and she hoped they'd cheer him.

The recommendation was needless. Gathered there to wait for the carriage, the mob broke out with one loud shout of acclamation when it came in sight. "Long live Sir Stephen Grey! Would he ever pardon them for having suspected him?—they'd never forgive themselves. Health, and joy, and long life to Sir Stephen Grey!"

They pressed round the barouche as they shouted. Sir Stephen was not eaten, but his hands were pretty nearly shaken off. And before he was at all aware of what the mob were about, they had unharnessed the horses, sent them away by the post-boy, and were harnessing themselves to the carriage, squabbling and fighting which and how many should enjoy the honour. In this manner, shouting, hurrahing, and gesticulating, they commenced drawing Sir Stephen towards his brother's.

Frederick did not admire being made much of. He opened the door to leap out, but with that dense mob, extending for some yards round about, it could not be done without danger. He remonstrated, and Sir Stephen remonstrated, but only to draw forth fresh cheers and an increased rate of speed in the transit; so they were obliged, perforce, to resign themselves to their fate, the good-humoured Sir Stephen laughing and bowing incessantly.

Suddenly there was a halt, a stoppage, a summary check to the triumphal car. The mob had come in contact with another mob, who had been waiting all that while round the town hall for Mr. Carlton to emerge from it. That gentleman, escorted by the whole force of the South Wennock police, consisting of about six, was in front, with the attendant mob dancing around. The two mobs joined voice, and the shouts for Sir Stephen Grey changed into yells of anger.

They were close abreast, the barouche and the prisoner, and neither could stir one road or the other, for the mob had it all their own way. The few policemen were quite powerless.

"Down with him! Let's seize him! Let's have lynch law over here for once! What right had he, that Carlton, knowing what he'd done, to come into our houses, a-doctoring of our wives and children? Let's serve him out, as he served out her! Here goes!"

Another moment, and Mr. Carlton would have been in their hands, at their cruel mercy, but Sir Stephen Grey rose up to the rescue. He stood on the seat of the carriage and bared his head while he addressed the excited mob; the flaring gas light from a butcher's shop shining full on his face.

"If you touch Mr. Carlton by so much as a finger, you are not my fellow townsmen, my own dear old neighbours of South Wennock, and I will never again meet you as such. I thought you were Englishmen! If Mr. Carlton be accused of crime, is there not the law of his country to judge him? You are not the law; you are not his accusers; he has not injured you. My friends, in this moment, when you have made me so happy by your welcome, don't do anything to mar it; don't make me ashamed of you!"

"It was he druv you from the town, Sir Stephen; it was he, with his canting lies again you, made us think ill of you, and turn our backs upon the truest friend we ever had."

"That's not your affair; that's mine; he did not drive you from it. If I forgive and forget the past, surely you can do it. Carlton," he impulsively said, "I do forgive you heartily for any wrong they think you may

have done me, and I wish you well, and I hope you'll get off—that is, if you can feel that you ought to," Sir Stephen added, unpleasant reminiscences of what his son had said intruding into his frank good nature. "I wish you no ill, I'm sure; I wish you hearty good luck. And, my men, as you have undertaken to escort me to my brother's, I desire that you'll go on with me, that I may wish *you* no ill. Come! don't keep me here, perched in the cold."

His half-careless, half-authoritative, and wholly kind tone had the desired effect; the barouche was dragged on again, and the mob, to a man, followed after it, setting up their cheers again.

"Thank you, Sir Stephen," said Mr. Carlton, throwing back the words as he resumed his walk between the policemen.

A minute more, and there was another interruption; of sound, at any rate. A band, whence hunted up on the spur of the moment, the excited South Wennock natives, or perhaps Mrs. Fitch, alone could tell, came into sight and hearing, to welcome Sir Stephen to his own town.

"A band!" he groaned, sinking into the corner of the carriage. "For me! What on earth do they take me for. People must have gone mad to-night."

Frederick could not stand that. He had had enough, as it was. Jumping out at the risk of all consequences, he got away with a laugh, leaving Sir Stephen to make the best of it.

But the band had not come to a proper understanding with itself. In point of fact, it had been enjoying a sharp quarrel. The one half of it being of opinion that the welcoming strains to Sir Stephen should be of a personal character and significance, such as "See the Conquering Hero comes," the other half holding that the music should partake more of a national nature, and suggested "Rule Britannia." As neither side would give way, each played its own tune, a convenient way of showing independence. The result, as Sir Stephen's ears testified, was unique; the more especially as each division played its loudest, hoping to drown the noise of the adversary.

And thus, amidst cheering, shouting, running, laughing, and remonstrating, Sir Stephen Grey was drawn in state to the house of his brother—Sir Stephen, who had been hunted from the town but a few short years before.

And Mr. Carlton, who had been the original cause of it all, and had certainly done his part in the hunting, was conducted by his attendants to his house of sojourn for the night; a

strong place, popularly called in South Wennock the Lock-up.

CHAPTER LVIII. MR. POLICEMAN BOWLER'S SELF-DOUBT.

THE lock-up in South Wennock was one of the institutions of the days gone by. The new police station—new, speaking by comparison—was a small, confined place, and remanded prisoners were still conveyed to the lock-up until they should be consigned to the county prison. The lock-up, on the contrary, was a good-sized habitation, containing five or six rooms—one of them an ugly cell enough—and all on the ground floor; for it was built somewhat after the manner of a huge barn, which had been divided into compartments afterwards. The building had never had any other name than Lock-up in the memory of South Wennock, and it was situated at the end of the town, near Mr. Carlton's residence.

He, Mr. Carlton, was conducted to this place. In the days gone by he had occasionally been called into it to visit sick prisoners; from his proximity to the spot he was nearly always sent for when a doctor was required, in preference to Mr. Grey, who lived farther off. What a contrast, that time and this! The police, deferent to Mr. Carlton yet, but feeling their responsibility, marshalled him into the identical cell spoken of, and bowed to him as he went in. Mr. Carlton knew the room, and drew in his lips, but he said nothing. None but criminals accused of very heinous crimes were ever put into it; it was called the strong room, and was supposed to be a security against any chance of escape, from the fact of its possessing no windows. In fact, once locked into this compartment, there was no chance of it whatever.

The first thing the police did was to search Mr. Carlton, apologising as they did so for its being the "custom." He offered no resistance; he seemed rather inclined to joke than otherwise. Barely was this done, when Lawyer Billiter arrived, and was allowed to be closeted with the prisoner.

"And now," said Mr. Carlton, beginning upon the subject that, to his mind, was the greatest puzzle of all, as he sat down on the only chair the room contained, and the lawyer made himself content with the edge of the iron bedstead, "be so good as tell me, the first thing, where that letter came from."

"I did tell you when we were in the hall; it was found in your iron safe."

"That's impossible," returned Mr. Carlton; "it never was in the safe."

"Look here, Carlton," returned the lawyer; "it's of no good mincing matters to me. I can

never pull a client out of any mess whatever, if I am kept in the dark."

"It is I who am kept in the dark," said Mr. Carlton. "I am telling you the truth when I say that the letter never was in my safe at all, and that its production is to me utterly incomprehensible."

"But it was in your safe," persisted Lawyer Billiter. "If you did not know of it, that's another matter: it was certainly there; your wife, Lady Laura, got it out of it."

"Lady Laura!"

"The tale is this," said the lawyer, speaking without any reserve, for he could not divest himself of the idea that Mr. Carlton did know the facts. "Her ladyship has had some jealous feeling upon her lately with regard to —; but I needn't go into that. She suspected you of some escapade or other, it seems, and thought she should like to see what you kept in that safe; and she went down one night—only a night or so ago—and got it open, and fished out this letter, and recognised it for the handwriting of her lost sister Clarice. She had no idea of its meaning; she supposed it had got into one of your envelopes by some unaccountable mistake; but she showed it to Lady Jane Chesney, and Lady Jane showed it to the woman Smith. And she, Smith, it is who has done all the mischief."

Mr. Carlton gazed with open eyes, in which there was now more of speculative reminiscence than of wonder. For the first time it had occurred to him that there was a possibility of his having put up the wrong letter that long past night; that he might have burnt the letter from his father, and kept the dangerous one. A strange sort of pang shot through his heart. Was it his *wife*, then, who had been the traitor?—his wife whom he had, in his fashion, certainly loved.

"And Lady Laura made the letter public!" he exclaimed, breaking a long pause; and Mr. Billiter could not help remarking the tone of bitter pain in which the words were spoken.

"Not intending to injure you. She had no idea what the letter could mean; and, as I say, thought it had got into your possession by some mistake. She showed it to Lady Jane only because it was the handwriting of her sister Clarice."

"I never knew it," he said, in a dreamy tone; "I never knew it." But whether he meant that he never knew Clarice was her sister, or that he never knew that the letter was amidst his papers, must be left to conjecture. Mr. Billiter resumed.

"Nothing would have been known of the precise manner in which the letter came to light, but for Lady Laura's self-reproach when

she found the letter had led to your arrest. Just after you were taken to-day, Mother Pepperfly was at your house—by what accident I'm sure I don't know—and Lady Jane Chesney entered while she was there. Lady Laura broke into a storm of self-reproach in her sister's arms, confessing how she had procured a skeleton key, and picked the lock of your safe, and so found the letter. The fat old woman heard it all, and came forth with it. I met her, and she told me; and it seems the next she met was one of the police, and she told him, and he went straight up to Drone, and imparted it to him: and that's how it got to the ears of the magistrates. It seems as if the hand of Fate had been at work over the letter," concluded Lawyer Billiter, somewhat irascibly.

Perhaps the "hand of Fate" had been at work with the letter, though in a different way from what Mr. Billiter meant. He had but spoken in the carelessness of the moment's vexation. What would he have said, had he known how strangely the letter had been preserved, when Mr. Carlton had all along thought it was destroyed?

Nothing more could be done until the morning, and Mr. Billiter wished his client good night. Some gentlemen—former acquaintances—called to see Mr. Carlton: he was not yet abandoned; but the officials declined to admit any one to his presence, save his lawyer, civilly saying it was not the custom at the lock-up. Mr. Carlton was asked what he would like for supper; but he said he preferred not to take any supper, and requested the use of writing materials. They were supplied him, together with a small table to write upon, and the further use of the lamp, which latter favour would most likely not have been accorded to a prisoner of less account. In fact, the police could not all at once learn to treat Mr. Carlton as a prisoner; and perhaps it might be excused to them, considering the position he had, up to the last twelve hours, held at South Wennock, and that he was as yet only under remand.

There was a youngish man who had rather lately joined the force. His name was Bowler. Mr. Carlton had attended him in an illness since, and been very kind to him, and Bowler was now especially inclined to be deferent and attentive to the prisoner. He entered the room quite late at night, the last thing, to inquire whether the prisoner wanted anything, and saw on the table a letter addressed to the Lady Laura Carlton.

"Did you want it delivered to her ladyship to-night, sir?" asked the man.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Carlton; "to-morrow

morning will do. Let it be sent the first thing, Bowler."

So the man left him for the night, double-locking and barring the door, after civilly wishing him good rest: which, under the circumstances, might perhaps be regarded as a superfluous compliment.

It was this same attentive official—and the man really did wish to be attentive to Mr. Carlton, and to soothe his incarceration by any means not strictly illegitimate—who was the first to enter the cell in the morning. He was coming with an offer of early coffee; but the prisoner seemed to be in a fast sleep.

"No cause to wake him up just yet," thought Bowler; "he can have another hour of it. Perhaps he haven't long got to sleep."

He was silently stealing out of the cell again when he remembered the letter for Lady Laura which Mr. Carlton had wished delivered early. The man turned, took it from the table, where it still lay, and carried it to an officer, older and more responsible than himself.

"I suppose I may go with it?" said he, showing the letter. "Mr. Carlton said he wanted it took the first thing in the morning. He ain't awake yet."

The older one laid hold of the letter, and turned it over and over. Every little matter connected with such a prisoner as Mr. Carlton bore an interest even for these policemen. The envelope was securely fastened down with its gum. If a thought crossed the officer that he should like to unfasten it, and see what was written there,—if an idea arose that it might be in his duty to examine any letter of the prisoner's before sending it out, he did not act upon it.

"You may take it at once," he said.

But policemen, however favourably they may be disposed to prisoners under their charge, are very rarely inclined to forego the comfort of their own meals, where there's a possibility of getting them; and Bowler thought he might just as well eat his roll and drink his coffee before he started, as not. This accomplished over the stove of the lock-up, he went out of that unpopular building, asking a question as he went.

"Am I to wait and bring back any answer?"

"Yes, if there is one. You can inquire."

Mr. Bowler went down the street, stoically self-possessed to appearance, but full of importance inwardly at being the porter of the letter which was hidden from the gaze of public curiosity in a safe pocket. It was a regular winter's morning, a little frosty, the sky dull and cloudy, with a patch of blue here and there. South Wrenock street was already alive with early bustle: every soul in the place had re-

solved to obtain a footing inside the town hall that day, however unsuccessful they might have been the previous one; and they probably thought that the earlier they got up, the more chance there was of their accomplishing it.

Mr. Bowler went through Mr. Carlton's gate and gave two knocks and a ring at his front door, after the manner of the London postmen. The servant who answered it was Jonathan.

"Can I see Lady Laura Carlton?"

"No," said Jonathan, and shook his head.

With so uncompromising a denial, Mr. Bowler did not see his way quite clear to get to her ladyship and to gratify his own self-importance by answering any questions she might put to him. "Could this be give to her at once then?" said he; "and say if there's any answer I shall be happy to take it back to Mr. Carlton."

"My lady's not here," said the man. "She's at Cedar Lodge. She went there yesterday evening with Lady Jane."

Mr. Bowler stood a moment while he digested the news. He then returned the letter to its hiding-place, preparatory to proceeding to Cedar Lodge. Jonathan arrested him as he was turning away.

"I say, Mr. Bowler, will it turn bad again master, do you think?" he asked, with an anxious face. "If you don't mind saying?"

Mr. Bowler condescendingly replied that it might or it mightn't: these charges was always ticklish, though folks did sometimes come out of them triumphant.

With that, he resumed his march to Cedar Lodge, where Lady Laura was. He told his business to Judith, and was admitted to the presence of her mistress. Jane was in the breakfast-room, doing what Mr. Bowler had recently done—drinking a cup of coffee. She had not been in bed, for Laura had remained in a state of excitement all night; now bewailing her husband and reproaching herself as the cause of all this misery; now casting hard words to him for his treachery in the days gone by. There was one advantage in this excitement: that it would spend itself the sooner. Passion with Laura, of whatever nature, was hot and uncontrollable while it lasted, but it never lasted very long.

Calm, gentle, pale, her manner subdued even more than usual with the dark distress that was upon them, what a contrast Jane presented to her impulsive sister! As Mr. Bowler spoke to her, he seemed to have entered into a calmer world. Half that night had been passed, by Jane, with One who can give tranquillity in the darkest moments.

"Mr. Carlton desired that it should be sent to Lady Laura the first thing this morning, my

lady," said the man, standing with his glazed hat in his hand. "So I came off with it at once."

Jane received the letter from him and looked at its address. "Is—is Mr. Carlton pretty well this morning?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Mr. Carlton's not awake yet, my lady. He seemed very well last night."

"Not awake!" involuntarily exclaimed Jane, scarcely believing it within the range of possibility that Mr. Carlton could sleep at all with that dreadful charge upon him.

"Leastways, he wasn't awake when I come out of the lock-up," returned Bowler, somewhat qualifying his words. "We often do find our prisoners sleep late in the morning, my lady; some of them only gets to sleep when they ought to be awaking."

Jane could not resist another question. In spite of her long-rooted and unaccountable dislike to Mr. Carlton, in spite of this dreadful discovery, she pitied him from her heart, as a humane Christian woman must pity such criminals.

"Does he—appear to feel it very much, Bowler?" she asked, in a low tone. "To be overwhelmed by the thought of his position?"

"We didn't notice nothing of that, my lady," was the man's answer—and it may as well be remarked that he had been engaged in a little matter of business with Lady Jane Chesney some three or four months before: the son of a poor woman in whom she was interested having got into trouble concerning certain tempting apples in a garden on the Rise. "He was quite brisk yesterday evening when he come in, my lady: there didn't seem no difference in him at all from ord'nary. Of course it have got to be proved yet whether he did it or not."

Jane sighed, and left him to carry the letter to Laura, telling him she would bring back the answer if there was any. She had hesitated for a moment whether to give it to her at all, lest it might add to her state of excitement. But she felt that she had no right to keep it back. Who, in a case like this, the law excepted, could intercept a communication between a husband and wife?

Laura—it might be that she had heard the policeman in the house, was sitting up in bed in a dressing-gown, with wild dark eyes and a crimson face. Jane would have broken the news to her gently—that there was a letter from Mr. Carlton—and so have prepared her to receive it; but Laura snatched the letter from Jane's hand and tore it open.

"Forgive me, Laura, for the disgrace and wretchedness this trouble will entail upon you.

Full of perplexity and doubt as this moment is, it is of you I think, more than of myself. Whatever I may have done wrong in the past, as connected with this matter, I did it for your sake. With the production of the certificate brought forward to-day, it would seem to be useless of me to deny that I married Clarice Beauchamp. But mind! whatever confession I may make to you, I make none to the world; let them fight out the truth for themselves if they can. I never knew her but as Clarice Beauchamp; I never knew that she had claim to a higher position in life than that of a governess. She was always utterly silent to me on the subject of her family and connections, and I assumed that she was an orphan. I admired Miss Beauchamp; I was foolish enough to marry her secretly; and not until I was afterwards introduced to you, did I find out that I had mistaken admiration for love.

"How passionately I grew to love you, I leave you to remember: you have not forgotten it. I was already scheming in my heart the ways and means by which my hasty marriage might be dissolved, when she forced herself down to South Wenlock. The news came upon me like a thunderbolt; the same spot contained her and you, and in the dread of discovery, the fear that you might come to know I had already a wife, I went mad. Laura, hear me! it is the honest truth, so far as I have ever since, looking back, believed—that I went mad in my desperation.

"And there's the whole. When my senses came to me—and they came the same night—I awoke from what seemed an impossible dream. All that could be done then was to guard, if I might, the secret, and to put on an armour against the whole human race, a case of steel to stand between myself and the outer world.

"It is you, Laura, who have at length brought discovery upon me. Oh, why could you not have trusted me wholly? Whatever clouds there might have been in our married life, I declare upon my honour that they had passed, and any late suspicions you may have entertained were utterly groundless. Had you come honestly to me and said 'I want to see what you keep in that safe in the drug-room,' I would have given you the key heartily. There was nothing in the safe, so far as I know, that you and all the world might not have seen; nothing that could work me harm; for this letter, that it seems you found, I had thought burnt long ago. But, having found the letter, why did you not bring it to me and ask an explanation, rather than give it to Lady Jane? surely a husband should stand nearer than a sister! I might not have told you the truth; it is not likely that I should; but I should

have explained sufficient to satisfy you, and on my part I should have learnt the inconceivable fact, that Clarice Beauchamp was Clarice Chesney. Now and then there has been something in Lucy's face—ay, and in yours—that has put me in mind of her.

"But, my darling, if I allude to this—your finding of the letter—I do it not to reproach you. On the contrary, I write only to give you my full and free forgiveness. The betrayal of me, I am certain, was not intentional, and I know that you are feeling it keenly. I forgive you, Laura, with all my loving heart.

"I could not go to rest without this word of explanation. Think of me with as little harshness as you can, Laura.

"Your unhappy husband,
"L. C."

Lady Jane returned to the policeman. There was no answer then, she said; but bade him tell Mr. Carlton that Lady Laura would write to him in the course of the day.

Mr. Policeman Bowler recommenced his promenade back again. Inclining his head with gracious condescension from side to side when the public greeted him, as it was incumbent on an officer confidentially engaged in so important a cause to do. Half a hundred would have assailed him with questions and remarks, but Mr. Bowler knew his dignity better than to respond, and bore on, his blue body erect, and his glazed head in the air.

Little Wilkes the barber was standing at his shop door and ran up to him; the two were on terms of private friendship, and Mr. Bowler was sometimes regaling himself surreptitiously with supper in the barber's back parlour when he was supposed to be on zealous duty. "I say, Bowler, do tell! Is the hour ten or eleven that the case is coming on?"

"Ten, sharp," replied Bowler. "I'll get you a place if you are there an hour beforehand."

As he spoke the last words, and went on, a slight turning in the street brought him in view of the lock-up. And there appeared to be some sort of stir going on within that official building. A hum of voices could be heard even at this distance, and three or four persons were dashing out of it in a state of commotion.

"What's up?" cried Mr. Bowler to himself, as he increased his speed. "What's up?" he repeated aloud, catching hold of the first runner he met.

"It's something about Mr. Carlton," was the answer. "They are saying he has escaped. There seems a fine hubbub in the lock-up."

Escaped! Mr. Carlton escaped! Mr.

Policeman Bowler did the least sensible thing he could have done while a prisoner was escaping: he stood still and stared. A question was rushing wildly through his mind: could he—he himself, have left by misadventure the strong room unbarred?

(To be concluded in our next.)

PIERCING THE ALPS.

HANNIBAL, according to various authors, "broke through the peaks, and cleft the mountain with vinegar." Modern sceptics have ventured to question this statement, or at any rate to explain it away. Certainly, though the difficulty of a supply of the corrosive fluid adequate to the demand of engineering operations on a large scale might be obviated by the use of "vin du pays," much of which is an excellent substitute for vinegar, the story does seem to smack of an age of showers of blood, speaking oxen, and those other marvels, which adorn the pages of the older chroniclers. However, be the truth in this case what it may, at no great distance from the probable scene of the Carthaginian's passage, "restless labour" is now engaged in piercing the watershed of Europe; so that what Louis XIV. rashly asserted of the Pyrenees may soon be truly said of it—"the Alps are no more."

As my wanderings among the mountains had led me over most of the great roads across the main chain, I was naturally anxious to visit a work which will so effectually elude the dangers of the storm and the avalanche, and open in summer and winter alike "a way to friend and foe." This desire was gratified during the summer of 1863, and before describing my excursion a few words on the exact position and construction of the tunnel will not be out of place. The popular voice has named it the "Tunnel under the Mont Cénis," a title about as incorrect as it well can be, as the following bit of geography will show:—

Almost due west of Turin there is a large re-entering angle pointing westward in the contour of the principal chain of the Alps; a peak, Mont Tabor by name, stands at the apex of this angle and sends out a long spur towards the west, separating the valley of the Arc from those of the Romanche and Durance. The great road of the Mont Cénis, after ascending along the river in the first of these to within about twenty miles of the glaciers, whence it rises, scales by six long zigzags the northern slope of the watershed, crosses the level plateau among the hills at the top, and descends at once upon Susa, in the valley of the Dora Riparia. This river has now passed over some thirty miles or more since it left its humble source on

the eastern slopes of the Mont Genève, a pass leading into the head of the Durance valley in France. About half way between Susa and the first rise of this pass, is the opening of the valley enclosed by the sides of the above-named angle, a tributary hardly inferior to the main valley; down it will lie the course of the railroad, when it returns to the light of day after its subterranean excursion. Hence, not only does the tunnel lie some fifteen miles to the west of the Mont Cénis pass, but also the railway on the eastern side of the Alps will descend to Susa by a valley entirely distinct from that now traversed by the high road. The Mont Tabor tunnel would be a far less incorrect designation, but in reality the line followed runs very nearly under a pass called the Col de Freyjus. The northern mouth of the tunnel is about a mile below the little town of Modane (on the Cénis road), the southern near the village of Bardonnèche.

We reached the latter place one evening in August, after a pleasant day's walk. Leaving Monétier in the morning, after a last look from the Col de Buffère upon the crags and glaciers of Dauphiné, among which we had been wandering for a week, we had descended into the smiling Val Clairée; from this we had climbed the slopes of the main watershed, and then reached the Val Étroite by the steep, slippery steps of Les Écheltes de Planpinet. This pass, 5873 feet above the sea, is, I believe, the lowest notch in the backbone of the Alps between the Genève and the Splügen. Evening was closing in as we approached Bardonnèche, picturesquely situated at the junction of three glens. Unluckily it was the fête of the Assumption of the Virgin, the village was full and the streets thronged.* Fiddling, dancing, and rustic sports are no doubt welcome to the inquiring traveller, but any one who has had experience of the yells, howls, and other maddening noises by which this festival is celebrated in the Alpine recesses, dreads its very name. Our party, six strong, with knapsacks, ropes, axes, and other mountain gear, created some little sensation as it made its way to the chief inn. This was reported to be full. Others, smaller, but noisier, were tried; still the same answer. Not a bed, not a barn, not a truss of hay or straw was to be had. Matters began to look serious. A night in the streets of a drunken town is a less pleasant prospect than a bivouac among the rocks on the quiet mountain side. The people were stupid, and no one seemed willing to help us, so in despair we betook ourselves to the curé. His house was also full, but he sent us back to the inn which

we had visited at first, telling us to use his name there. A small room was then discovered for us, and a barn somewhere in the neighbourhood for our guides. The night was hot, and our chamber like a black-hole; the boards hard, and the fleas hungry; so that my recollections of that night are less pleasant than those of a bathe in a little rill at early dawn.

Breakfast ended, we set off for the tunnel, the mouth of which is about half a mile from the village, at the opening of one of the above-named glens. Entering a yard full of sheds, carriages, pieces of machinery, and all the odds and ends that mark the neighbourhood of a great work, we came to a large building containing the apparatus employed in making the tunnel, and prepare for action.

The honour of proposing the scheme of the tunnel is due to the late M. Medail,† of Bardonnèche, who, after long and carefully examining the district, recommended this as the most suitable line. The northern opening is 3904 feet above the sea level, the southern 4344. Between these points the tunnel rises from the north end by a gradient of 1 in 45½ to a height of 4377 feet, whence it descends by a gradient of 1 in 2000 to Bardonnèche.

The usual method of excavating at several points along the line of the work by means of vertical shafts was, of course, impossible in this undertaking, owing to the height of the mountains above, and consequently it was at first supposed that the tunnel could not be completed under thirty-six years. The chief obstacles to a more rapid advance, insufficient ventilation and the small number of men who could be employed together in boring mines in the face of the rock, have been overcome by the machines now in use, which have been constructed by MM. Sommeiller et Cie. The principle of these is very simple: powerful engines, worked by water-power, drive compressed air into a long tube communicating with the drills at the end of the excavation: the confined air by its elastic force works them, just as steam would, and, on being freed from its prison, ventilates the tunnel and removes the smoke. A torrent, diverted from its natural bed, and falling down a cascade about sixty-five feet high, supplies the motive power. The drills are fitted with a number of "jumpers," or chisels—that at Modane has twelve, the other not so many,—which revolve as they strike. By means of adjustments they can be applied to different places on the face of the rock. The excavation advances by stages: first comes the drill, which clears a gallery some

* From 1200 to 1400 workmen are employed upon the works at Bardonnèche from 1100 to 1200 at Modane.

† For many of the numbers here given, the author is indebted to a paper on the "Tunnel," read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, by T. Sopwith, Feb. 16, 1864.

ten feet broad and high ; then comes a gang of workmen, who enlarge this opening sideways and upwards ; and these are followed by a third, who complete the work and build up the vaulting.

We enter the engine-house, cool, clean, and airy, resounding with the monstrous beat of the pistons, the clank of the machinery, and the surging rush of the torrent as it bubbles up from below the cylinders when its work is done. A description of the apparatus would be unintelligible without drawings, so I will not attempt it. Leaving the house, we pass the walls of the vaulted gallery, 277 feet long, which is to be a kind of vestibule to the tunnel, and arrive at the entrance, where we are joined by a boy carrying an oil lamp, and we step into the dark vault.

The form of the excavation is nearly a semi-circle, being 25 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., measured along the ground, 26 ft. $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. at the widest part, 24 ft. 7 in. in height at Modane, and 25 ft. $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. at Bardonnèche. The whole is lined with masonry, the walls being of stone, the vaulting brick. The roadway for some distance is tolerably finished, and we walk rapidly after our guide ; presently it becomes rougher, and no little care is needed in picking our steps by the flickering light of the lamp. Balks of timber or piles of rubbish are strewn about ; here and there a black chasm yawns between the rails, suggestive of unfathomed depths in the bowels of the earth, in reality only unfinished portions of the great culvert for draining the tunnel. Presently, however, we pass a larger gulf, wherein a number of workmen are hewing away at the rock. Here ends the culvert ; henceforth we shall have no pitfalls to fear, but plenty of mud and water instead. We come soon to the end of the vaulting, and before long find the water nearly ankle deep in every part of the works : we make our way as best we can, now clinging to the rocky side of the tunnel as we step from knob to knob, now balancing ourselves on a rail or climbing over an empty train of ballast waggons—long, low cradles, like magnified horse troughs,—gathering dirt plentifully on hands and clothes, and now and then slipping with a splash into the muddy pools. The excavation contracts, the air becomes closer and laden with the fumes of gunpowder, lights gleam fitfully a-head through the fog, and a hissing and a tapping are more and more distinctly heard. Soon we pass a strong door, the shield to protect the workmen and the machine from the explosion of the mines ; figures are seen moving through the smoke, the rocky roof of the vault seems almost to touch our heads, and we reach the drill, a long carriage, all wheels and bars, with the

attendant sprites crouched beside and below, more like dusky gnomes than human beings. Crawling cautiously along by the side, we peer forward and catch a sight of the chisels, pertinaciously stabbing the hard, black slate, streaked here and there with white veins of quartz. The heat and noise do not tempt us to prolong our stay, and we are not sorry to struggle back to a purer atmosphere, after a journey of 1640 yards into the heart of the mountain. The light gleaming far a-head is a welcome sight as we turn our backs on this scene of toil, with sincere pity for those whose lot compels them to labour so far away from the bright Italian sun and pure mountain air. In due course we emerge from the vault, bearing with us much dirt and a few specimens of rock gathered as memorials of our excursion.

The experiences of the past night had not made us anxious for a repetition of its pleasures, so, finding ourselves without hope of better quarters in Bardonnèche, we determined to push on to Modane. Between these places are two routes ; one by the Col de Freyjus, a walk of some five hours, the shorter, but rougher, path ; the other by the Col de la Roue, a good mule track, but requiring about two hours more. As our knapsacks were rather heavy, we chose the latter, and hired a mule to carry them up to the top of the pass. A quick walk of two hours and a half up a glen, itself rather barren, but commanding fine views downwards towards Oulx and the valley of the Dora, brought us to the Col de la Roue, a bleak ridge 8334 feet above the sea. Looking southward, a grand rocky peak, the Viso, as we believed, towered up above the subordinate ranges, and to the west of it the distant and almost unknown summits overhanging the Val de Maurin gleamed in the sunshine. North of us, stern and cold beneath the gathering clouds, rose the glaciers and serrate teeth of the nameless mountain mass west of the Col de Chavière, and further to the east the Pointe de Massa. A small snow bed lay just below the Col, and poles marked the descent over the pastures for some distance. A rapid walk of rather more than an hour brought us into a beautiful glen. Here, among rocks dappled with moss, spangled with lichens, and shaded by hoary spruce firs and lofty pines, the bilberry, the rhododendron, the fern, with countless Alpine flowers, flourish in unchecked luxuriance, the juniper thrusts its writhing branches snake-like among the boulders, and the torrent chafes and foams, now beside the path, now far below in the ravine. In spots like these most of all the traveller is tempted to linger, even though night and the storm be near.

After quitting this glen and crossing some

open pastures, we entered a pine forest. Here we presently arrived at a curious place; the road crosses a narrow gorge by a bridge which spans the rift far above the torrent. Against the rock, close by the bridge, and partly over the road, is a little chapel with a house adjoining, and on it is the inscription "*Columba mea in foraminibus petrae.*" It is evidently a favourite resort of pilgrims, as the road hence to Modane is wide and well-paved. On leaving the wood we made our way across the fields to that town, reaching the "*Lion d'Or*" after about five hours and three quarters quick walking. Here, though the accommodation is by no means proportionate to the charges, we fared better than at Bardonnèche.

The northern opening of the tunnel is on the steep hill side, 328 feet above the valley, near the village of Fourneaux, rather more than a mile below Modane. As at Bardonnèche, so here are large workshops and a machine for compressing the air, worked by a waterfall; but the contractors are now erecting an apparatus close to the Arc, which will be moved by large water-wheels, turned by the stream. As the river is fed by glaciers, there is no danger of the supply failing during a drought. Places were constructed for six wheels, but at the time of our visit only two were in working order; each was furnished with a pair of condensing cylinders. Once a fortnight they cease from work in the tunnel, so that the engineers may take observations to prevent any deviation from the right direction. This is managed in the following manner: before beginning the work the exact direction that the tunnel would follow was laid down by a series of signal-posts over the mountain. Two small observatories were then erected, one opposite to each opening, and in each of them was placed a transit instrument. A lamp is hung against the rock, exactly in the middle of the excavation, the telescope is pointed at one of the signal posts, and then turned (of course always in the same vertical plane) until it looks into the tunnel; if the lamp is seen exactly in the middle of the field of view, all is well; if to the right or left, they are going wrong.

We were furnished with an introduction to the resident engineer, who most courteously walked with us to the end of the tunnel; as it was the day for the observations, we had the place all to ourselves. The rock above is a dark slate, resembling very much that seen at Bardonnèche, but harder; still the tunnel is vaulted along nearly the whole length, but with stone instead of brick. The supply of water on this side is less abundant, so that we walked to the end with little trouble. At that time they had reached a distance of 1244 yards

from the entrance. Owing to the hardness of the rock it was found at first that the mines were liable to explode like cannon, without shattering it; this difficulty is overcome as follows: a number of holes very near together are first bored in the middle of the face of the rock; then a number of others, arranged in a ring, are made all round at a greater distance. The mines in the centre are first fired, blowing a sort of pit in the rock; then, when the outer mines are exploded, it yields at the weakest part, namely, on the sides of this pit, and so the required effect is produced. The miners were advancing at the rate of a little more than a yard a day at each end; in this way they would complete the undertaking in twelve years. They hoped, however, soon nearly to double their rate, and to finish in about seven. If hand labour alone had been used the average advance would have only been about one and a half feet a day.

The benefit that this stupendous work will bring to France and Italy will be very great. To say nothing of the increased passenger traffic, goods will then be sent from the one country to the other easily and rapidly, avoiding the long and laborious passage of the Mont Cénis as well as unloading and reloading at St. Michel and Susa. When, regardless of snow-storm or avalanche, the train in less than half an hour passes under the Alps, it will indeed be a change from the time when the Carthaginian troops toiled painfully over the chain, and, after winning their way through treacherous foes, perished by snow-drift and precipice before they could reach the sunny plains on which they had gazed from the ridges above the plateau of the Mont Cénis.*

THE CASE OF MONS. D'EGVILLE.

THIS remarkable case of circumstantial evidence, though generally known to the curious in such matters who have searched into West Indian records, is as yet, we believe, entirely new to the English public. The details, however, might never have been laid before them had not the original papers been recently discovered in the Provost-marshal's office in Barbadoes, and copied and forwarded to the writer. Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to the story itself as a mere anecdote, there is the object of adding another instance to the list of

* The example of France and Italy seems likely to be followed by Switzerland. A proposition for constructing a railway over the Simplon Pass has been seriously discussed. In this, however, the tunnel would neither be so long nor so far below the surface as the one which we have been describing. In the *Mechanics' Magazine*, Jan. 8, 1864, we further read an account of a locomotive, designed by Mr. J. B. Fell, for ascending steep inclines. It has been tried on a gradient of 1 in 12, the same as that on the Mont Cénis road, and seems to have succeeded very well.

executions carried out upon the evidence of circumstance alone, and of exhibiting some of the strong as well as the weak points which characterise this peculiar form of judgment. Perhaps a close and careful comparison of numerous instances of circumstantial evidence might assist in moulding into something like a system the various and sometimes almost contradictory inferences deduced during trials of this character, and in bringing them under a legal form which might be applied when similar occasions required. At present it is well known that the law of circumstantial evidence is very uncertain, and the story before us is a most conspicuous instance.

In the year 1824, Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, resident in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, dancing-master, was brought up before the local June Sessions charged with having caused the death of his wife by administering to her poison in the form of arsenic.

The name of D'Egville has been always famous as the title of a family of dancing-masters and mistresses : there were some of the family, I believe, in Cheltenham when I was a boy, and I certainly was instructed in the art by a D'Egville, though whether the name was assumed as a recommendation or not I cannot say. The unhappy man of whom I write had, though a Frenchman, migrated to Barbadoes with the view of teaching dancing, and was, it is reported, very successful. After a somewhat long residence in the island, he married a lady whose family name was Llewellyn, though whether maid or widow at the time of her union with D'Egville is not shown. The Frenchman was not a man of good character : he was addicted to debauched society and to drink. In many of his tipsy fits he was wont to strike and ill use his wife, though he never seemed to cherish the least ill feeling towards her. He was not therefore malicious, though he was quarrelsome in his cups. Still, his ill usage of Mrs. D'Egville was so continuous and excessive that the long-suffering wife determined upon a separation. This was effected without any scene of violence or recrimination between the parties ; and while the dissolute husband pursued at uncertain intervals his profession of dancing master, the relieved wife lived at some distance, out of his and harm's way, as was supposed. It is to be particularly noticed that, though separated from each other, no ill feeling was to be discerned between Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville ; on the contrary, the wife was in the habit of sending to her depraved partner little attentions in the form of dainties, such as she knew he was attached to, as for instance, fruit, soup, rare fish, &c., &c. D'Egville recognised these

attentions, and (occasionally) returned them, though the fluctuation of his gains at times prohibited an equivalent interchange of gifts. Now D'Egville was aware that his wife had not only signified her intention of leaving to him a sum of money at her death, but had actually executed the instrument by which he was to be entitled at her demise to a bequest of 500*l.* old Barbadoes currency, *i.e.*, about 330*l.* sterling.

It was proved that D'Egville had bought arsenic some few days previously at a druggist's shop, and being asked if it was required for rats, said, "Yes! *and I shouldn't care much if they were two-legged ones!*" Observe, that to be in the possession of arsenic was nothing of itself, for there generally was a supply in every house in the island for the extermination of rats and wood-ants ; indeed, I can vouch for the fact of my grandfather keeping a very large quantity in the medicine chest for periodical poisonings of wood-ants which infested one of the mills on his estates, so that no stress can be laid on the mere purchase of the arsenic.

Mrs. D'Egville was particularly fond of toasted cheese, and at times of the year cheese was a very scarce article in the island. However, things had been prosperous with the Frenchman of late ; for he purchased a piece, had it prepared, and sent it to his wife by the hands of a little mulatto boy, with these instructions :—"Tell her to eat it *herself*, and not to give any of it to Miss Llewellyn." This was Mrs. D'Egville's sister, who lived in the same house with her.

Mrs. D'Egville was found dead in her bed next morning ; Miss Llewellyn was dead also, and two or three of the negro servants were ill, though they ultimately recovered.

An inquest was immediately held, and Dr. Cutting tested the contents of the stomachs of the deceased, the rejected matter from the negroes who were suffering at the time, and the remainder of the cheese which was left in the dish. In all was arsenic found.

D'Egville was arrested, and brought up at the June sessions in 1824. It was the interim between the death of the late Attorney-General Beckles and the appointment of his successor, and Mr. Coulthurst (acting attorney-general) prosecuted. Mr. Hinds defended the prisoner, resting his defence on the fact that a link in the chain of evidence was wanting. This meant of course the evidence of the little mulatto boy who had carried the cheese to Mrs. D'Egville, for negro evidence could not be received in court at that time.

The jury, after long consultation, came into court and said that it was impossible that they could ever agree, nine of their number being for an acquittal and three for a verdict of

"Guilty;" so they were discharged, and the prisoner remanded to the next sessions. Meantime, Samuel Hinds was appointed Attorney-General. When the sessions arrived (December, 1824), Mr. Hinds declined to prosecute, on the ground of having formerly defended the prisoner, so the prosecution devolved upon Mr. Solicitor-General Griffith. The jury were empanelled, the evidence and all other proceedings carried on from the last sessions were read over to them, and after a short deliberation they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Extract from the minute-book of the Court of Grand Sessions held Dec. 17th, 1824:—

Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville was then brought up and set to the bar to receive judgment; when, upon being asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he delivered in a paper writing, signed by himself and Mr. Moore, as his counsel, protesting, alleging, and pleading that he, the said D'Egville, was put on his trial at a former sessions for the same offence, and, therefore, prayed that judgment might be arrested and stayed against him. Mr. Attorney-General Hinds objected to the same, on the ground that the former trial was not complete, inasmuch as no verdict was rendered, and inasmuch as the prisoner had on the present trial pleaded "not guilty," and put himself upon the country, he was by that plea barred from any other. The opinion of the court being taken, the said paper writing was rejected, but the court declared themselves ready to hear anything, by way of reasons in arrest, which the prisoner or his counsel might think proper to offer, when Mr. Moore moved that the judgment in the cause of the "King v. M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville" be arrested, on the following reasons, namely,—because it appears by the proceedings of the last Court of Grand Sessions, holden for the body of this island, in the month of June last, in the Town Hall, in Bridgetown, in the said Island of Barbadoes, that the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville was arraigned on an indictment preferred against him by our Sovereign Lord the King for the murder by poison of his wife Susanna D'Egville, whereto he pleaded "not guilty," and that a jury of twelve men was empanelled, sworn, and charged to try, and he, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, was actually put on his trial on the said indictment for the said offence, and whereto he, by his counsel, entered upon, disclosed, and made his defence; and further, because that the said jury, so sworn, empanelled, and charged to try him, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, afterwards actually retired and went out to the petit jury-room, and remained several hours deliberating on their verdict; and further, because the offence wherof he hath been tried at the present sessions, and the offence for which he was put on trial, as before mentioned, at the Second Court of Grand Sessions, in the month of June last, are one and the same offence, and not divers, which said reasons being taken into the serious consideration of the court, were rejected, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced.

This extract shows the procedure of the court (which was acting upon the condemnatory evidence alone) to have been crippled by the absence of the one link in the evidence exculpatory, viz., the testimony of the mulatto boy who had been entrusted with the cheese. The common precaution of inquiry into the conduct

and motives of the person through whose hands the poisoned cheese had last passed was thus cast aside, and this being not received, the poor dancing-master returned to prison without a hope.

Here is a copy of his death warrant.

GEORGE THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

To our Provost-Marshall of our said Island of Barbadoes, or his lawful deputy, greeting:

WHEREAS Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, late of the parish of St. Michael, in the island aforesaid, yeoman, now detained in your custody in our gaol of our said island, was, at a Court of Grand Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, General Gaol Delivery, and General Sessions of the Peace, held for the body of our said island, and begun on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and so continued and held by special adjournment *de die in diem*, on the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth days of the said month, at the Town Hall, in the parish of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, indicted and arraigned for the murder of Susanna D'Egville, and thereupon was tried, convicted, and, in due form of law attainted, and now stands adjudged unto death, of which judgment execution remains to be done. We therefore command, and by these presents firmly enjoin you, that in and upon Monday the fourteenth day of this instant February, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon of the same day, you carry the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to the place of execution within the gaol yard, in the town of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, and there cause him the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that this you fail not to do upon peril thereon to ensue.

Witness.—His Excellency Sir Henry Warde, K.C.B., &c., his Majesty's Captain-General and Governor, Commander-in-Chief, &c., of this island, &c., at Government House, this seventh day of February, in the sixth year of our reign.

(Signed) HENRY WARDE.

This warrant was duly carried into effect.

Some years afterwards, when D'Egville's name was forgotten, a negro man who had been a slave in the possession of Mrs. D'Egville, and who was, by her father's will, to receive his manumission, confessed that he had received the cheese from the mulatto boy and had put in the arsenic, as he was aware that his freedom was to follow upon his mistress's death. The link wanting (as the learned counsel observed), namely, what had passed between the time the cheese was put out of D'Egville's hands and its delivery into those of his wife, was now supplied. The negro's name was Christian, and he went, as was usual, by the family name of Llewellyn. All this he confessed upon his death-bed, to the great discomfiture of those who had condemned the wretched dancing-master, and to the shame of the system of refusing any evidence, though from negro lips, in a trial where life and death depended upon evidence alone.

R. REECE, Jun.

THE SHRINE OF ST. ELOI.

BEFORE St. Eloi rose to saintship, and while he still lived in the flesh, he was much like the rest of the world, save and except that he was very honest; his integrity, in fact, was the origin of his greatness. In those days he was a working jeweller, and won the attention of Clotaire the Second, King of France, by his honesty in respect to a certain lot of gold and precious stones which had been intrusted to his care. Clotaire knew the value of such a man, and forthwith made him his minister. The office of premier is not generally the stepping-stone to saintship, but Eloi did his duty as best he could in those troublous times, and the world recognised a good man even then, and set him up as an example to his fellows. Had his influence obtained earlier, he would probably have prevented the king from taking such savage vengeance on Brunhilda, the enemy of his mother and his house. This unfortunate woman, whose loves and crimes are detailed in the "Nibelungenlied," was subjected to the cruellest tortures for three days; after which, she was tied to the tail of a wild horse, and her wretched carcass torn to pieces in the presence of the soldiers of the army. Society at this time was a chaos of savage virtues and fierce vices, of warring creeds and superstitious ignorance; the dominating effect of brute force threatened the world with a return to barbarism; but, undaunted by the mass of evil, there were some good men and true, who, like Eloi, sought to maintain right against might. He framed a code of laws, which, if well administered, would have averted from the throne of France the misfortunes which were brought about by the encroachment of the nobles and the weakness of the kings.

Clotaire died in 628, and Eloi, now become a churchman, turned his thoughts to proselytising; and accordingly he went to that part of the country which is called in the map of France the Département du Nord, but better known as French Flanders. In the early times we speak of there were vast forests in Flanders, where robbers and wild beasts took refuge. The more peaceable inhabitants of the country desired to be quit of these plagues, and prayed the King of France to aid them in their dire distress. A quaint old volume of local history by Faulconner, printed at Bruges, relates that in the year 618, Clotaire, who then governed the Low Countries, instituted the order of Foresters, whose duty it was to exterminate the robbers, of which, says the

historian, "the thick woods were full." Other chroniclers mention that these wild places were also infested by "fierce bears." Under these adverse influences the power of Christianity waned, and men sought to propitiate the spirit of evil, the visible ruler of the world,—religion itself partook of the darkness of the age. No parish in the east of London was ever more in need of missionary efforts than this district, to which the good St. Eloi turned his steps. The wildest superstitions were rife in the country, successive conquests had indiscriminately united the races of north and south, and the fables of diverse nations were confounded in one common sink of ignorance and superstition. The mysterious rites of the Druids still obtained a partial observance, while the cruel demi-gods of Scandinavia divided with Baal and Jupiter the credit of ruling human destinies and of directing the powers of nature. Mingled in this rude and savage mass were remnants of a higher civilisation, relics of the Roman possession. Nor was Christianity itself utterly without its witnesses; a goodly heaven had been left by the early missionaries of the Gospel, who had visited this country in the time of Constantine.

St. Eloi most probably had helped to institute the order of Foresters, whose duty it was to assist the inhabitants of the Dunes in suppressing the brigandage of their day. Defended by this band of rural police, they began to re-establish themselves in bourgs and villages, and resumed their agricultural pursuits, not forgetting that in the old time the hams and geese from this part of the world had been sent to Rome, and had been voted exquisite by the very gourmands at the Imperial table.

In the days of which we speak the configuration of this sandy track was not exactly as it is now, it has suffered a sea change; moreover, in the old time the inland parts were covered with woods and marshes, the *moëres* have been drained and the forests cut down, giving place to one of the most industrial departments of France. The waste places of creation were St. Eloi's special charge, and armed with the gospel and the authority of the Pope, he came to convert the people. The fishermen on the coast listened with avidity to the preaching of the bishop, and flocked to be baptised. St. Eloi, greatly rejoiced at his success, forthwith commenced building a church on the Dune, in the language of the time, *Duyn kerk*, hence the modern Dunkerque, notable in our own

debtor and creditor accounts in the reign of Charles the Second.

One of the first sermons which St. Eloi preached in the church of the Dunes has been preserved, and is of great historical interest, as it forms a very curious picture of the superstitions of the time,—superstitions which were so deeply rooted in the minds of the people that they may still be traced in the customs and observances of the Dunkerquois. St. Eloi begins his homily by charging the newly baptised to abstain from the sacrilegious customs of the pagans. "Do not," he says, "in any case of sickness consult enchanterers or wonder workers, pay no regard to auguries or to divers ways of sneezing; do not draw indications of the future from the songs of birds; do not be careful about days, for all days are for the work of God; do not wait for such and such phase of the moon; do not take any part in the diabolical songs and dances practised on St. John's day towards the epoch of the solstice; do not invoke the name of the Devil, Neptune, Pluto, or Diana; do not stand idly with your hands before you on Thursday; you must not light lamps on the ruins of pagan temples, neither at fountains, nor at the meeting of four cross roads; nor consecrate your beasts to demons by making them pass through excavations in the earth. Women must not hang round their necks pieces of amber in pronouncing the name of Minerva; if the moon hides herself do not call her back by cries, do not swear by sun or moon; if any infirmity attacks you, you must not run to magicians or enchanterers, nor demand help from fountains, trees, or roads that cross; do not suffer any one to put images of feet in the cross ways, if you find them throw them in the fire, and cut down the trees which the pagans have called sacred." Who does not recognise in many of these things the origin of the lucky and unlucky omens of our day? It is curious to observe how superstitions are retained in the symbolic belief of nations; names and words are changed, but the thought has often an older root than its received history. The highly poetical idea among the Scandinavian races, that the great ash tree Yggdrasil represented the universe, has been singularly interwoven with some of the mediæval traditions. This tree of the world was supposed to rise high above the hall of the triple Norns, under its roots was the cold land of Hela, the place of torture where dwelt the frost giants; the middle earth was the land of men; the far-seeing eagle sits at the top, and Ratatosk the squirrel runs up and down, the messenger of the eagle to the everlasting worm at the abyss. That this idea has become mixed up with

the Christian symbol of the tree of life and the tree of the cross, may be proved by attentively examining the emblems used in the carved pulpits of the Low Countries, especially at Brussels and Louvain. The eagle and the squirrel retain their fabled position, and the tree of life itself, from whose roots the serpent issues, closely resembles the ash. The population amongst which St. Eloi worked were evidently peculiarly impressionable, as sea-going people always are: witness the frequency of the ex-voto offerings in the pilgrimage and other chapels specially used by the maritime classes. The Christianity of this early period lent itself to the necessities of its new converts; the old beliefs would not yield entirely to the pure teachings of St. Eloi, but perpetuated themselves in curious mediæval customs, some of which are still retained, such as the annual procession at Furnes, near Dunkerque. And, showing the permanence of tradition, there is at the latter place, at the time of the carnival, an exhibition kept up representing a gigantic figure called the *Reuse*, who is supposed to have fought for long years against the *Karles*. The people dance round the *Reuse*, and salute him in mockery; he is represented as devouring incredible quantities of food, and to be furious if the people do not supply his inordinate wants. This very probably expresses the long sustained struggles between the nobles and the commons.

The first effects of Christianity in those ages were of infinite importance to the people. Society was then composed of two elements, the strong and the weak, the conqueror and the conquered, the master and the serf, the oppressor and the oppressed. Between these essentially hostile parties the Church interposed. Violence itself was stayed in the presence of the altar or before the tomb of a saint, the church became a sanctuary, a very help in the time of trouble, a power which rescued the weak, and put down the mighty from their seats. Under the shelter of the sacred roof the poor hid the gatherings of their scanty harvests; it was their common barn, where "the hungry were filled with good things."

The relics of the saints, together with the leechcraft of the monks, cured many of the "ills that flesh is heir to." The *angelica*, the *herba benedicta*, and the *vervain*, sacred to the Druids, were all cultivated with care by the priests, who thus made themselves the trustees of Nature's secrets, and became a help to the helpless. The sight of the toe-nail of St. Nicholas, together with a decoction of blessed herbs, has cooled the fevered lips of many a one. The shadow of the church had power to

stay even the heavy arm of justice, and the still heavier arm of lawless cruelty. When St. Eloi built his church on the Duues, he raised a sanctuary, round which his new converts gladly gathered; he taught them, moreover, to make the best of this world, and instructed them in many useful things, the art of cutting precious stones, and of working in gold and silver. He had agricultural theories, and some practical knowledge as a corrective; hence it can be proved that there were substantial reasons for the love and reverence which made the good St. Eloi the titular saint of Dunkerque.

Let us turn to history, and see how the place and people fared during the twelve centuries of his guardianship.

Hardly were the people settled in their new faith, when the Normans came down upon the coast, pillaging the bourgs and desolating the country. The Liturgy of the day included this prayer, "From the fury of the Normans, deliver us, good Lord."

In the tenth century the churches were destroyed and the monasteries reduced to ashes, but the recollection of St. Eloi's teachings kept the faithful together; they made chapels underground, and worshipped there to avoid the Northern pagans. At length the Marquis of Flanders built a wall round the church and the town which had grown up near it. And from this time the history of the place became identified with the church; all the notable events, civil, religious, or military, were in one way or another associated with the shrine of St. Eloi. The flags for twenty-seven ships destined for the Crusades were blessed at this altar, and their crews made up of the sturdy fishermen of the port.

It would have been well for Christendom if there had always been a common enemy, but national antipathies began to arise. According to Froissart, Spencer, Bishop of Norwich, conducted an attack upon Dunkerque in the time of Richard the Third. He is reported to have said "that there could not be better pleasure and profit than taking the rich town of Dunkerque." But the Flemish hated the French worse than the English, for an old proverb says, "If all the Flemish were dead, their bones would gather together against the French." The Church associated itself with every popular movement, and whether it was St. Bernard preaching the Crusade, or whether it was a gathering of townsfolk against some neighbouring bourg, the consecrated banner was lifted on high, and crowds rushed together singing the "Kyrie eleison," which even now forms the refrain of every Flemish song. The line is:—

Christ ons gemade—Kyrie eleison.
(Christ have pity on us.)

At Dunkerque and the neighbourhood it is still the custom at the funeral of a young girl to accompany her remains to their last resting-place, singing the following words, partly in Flemish, partly in Latin and Hebrew:

In Heaven is a fête,

Allelulia.

The choir of virgins are ready for her,

Let us praise God,

Allelulia.

A saint enters her home,

Let us praise God,

Allelulia.

Thus singing, her young companions walk with measured steps through the streets, holding the blue and white pall emblematic of the Virgin. For a brief space the whirl of busy traffic is stopped, and with uncovered heads the passers-by listen to the ringing strain, which has all that wild sad charm of mediæval music, the mingling of bitterness with triumph, the wail of sorrow lost in infinite sweetness, that something vague, nameless and penetrating, which once heard comes back to us again and again, as the echo from another world than ours.

In 1440 the Dunkerquois built St. Eloi a new church. Since the time when the good saint was with them in the flesh, the fishermen had agreed to keep a net which should be called the "holy net;" the produce of this was always devoted to repairing the church; hence it came about, that notwithstanding the devastations of those terrible English, and the rapine and wrong of nearer neighbours, the shrine of St. Eloi always maintained its material importance.

"*Les Dunkerquois avaient eu tant de maîtres, qu'ils croyaient appartenir à tout le monde,*" says one of their historians. And if we call up in review before us the personages who have knelt in succession before the high altar of St. Eloi's shrine, it will form a most curious panorama of change and mutation.

In the time of the Austrian possession, Philip le beau came to Dunkerque to receive the ambassadors of Henry the Seventh of England; and later, the church doors open to welcome the gorgeous pageant which attends Charles the Fifth; the streets are planted with trees, under whose shadow pass the vast assemblage of German and Flemish lords, of public functionaries, cannoniers, archers, cross-bowmen, priests, monks, and nuns, bearing the relics of each convent.

But evil days followed. In 1558 Count Egmont comes to the rescue of the Dunkerquois, who had fallen into the hands of the

French soldiery, "who," says the chronicler, "regarded neither the prayers of the people nor the sanctity of the holy places." Even St. Eloi's shrine was pillaged, the church furniture destroyed, and the bells carried off. However, peace was restored to Dunkerque by the issue of the battle of Gravelines. In 1588 the imposing ceremony of blessing the flags for a portion of the "Invincible Armada" took place at St. Eloi's shrine; for the faithful it was a grand spectacle, but this time the saint's blessing availed but little. Some material help was given by Dunkerque in the shape of two pilots, who conducted the shattered remnants of the Armada back to Spain.

The fleeting years pass on, and none but St. Eloi and the dear God who loveth

All things both great and small

hath taken note of the tears that have been shed and the vows that were breathed day by day before that altar; like the leaves of the forest are the generations of men! Only when some misfortune befalls a people does the great scene painter History give us a picture, and here is one. Early in the seventeenth century the church doors are flung wide open to admit a penitential procession; this is no gay pageant, no welcome to king or kaiser; they come wailing and weeping, in sad and solemn guise invoking St. Eloi to stay that terrible scourge, the pest, which is desolating their town. But time passes, the children who followed on the skirts of this wailing crowd are grown old and feeble, and are hurrying to the church tower; they look down to see how fares it with their sons, who are fighting the Battle of the Dunes. Marshal Turenne, reinforced by Cromwell's men under Lockhart, was opposed to 25,000 Spaniards. A looker-on exclaims, "the French fight like angels, the English like demons." The result of the battle is told in the following characteristic note which Turenne writes to his wife on the evening of that memorable day:—

The enemy came to us. We have beaten them. God be praised. Rather tired—Good night. I'm off to bed.

Our Cromwell, too, had a terse style of writing, not unworthy of imitation in these days. When it transpired that the French wanted to keep Dunkerque for themselves, he informed the French ambassador that if the town was not given up an hour after it was taken, they should see Lockhart himself, with an English army, at the gates of Paris. The Grand Monarque bowed with infinite grace, quite in the old court manner, and gave up the town. Dunkerque is a solitary instance of a place belonging to three different powers in one day

Spanish in the morning, French at noon, and English at night.

It does not appear that Cromwell and St. Eloi ever hit it off well together, though there was much civil talking between their followers of liberty of conscience. A group of surly Puritans stood by the altar while the representative Dunkerquois swore to be faithful to his Serene Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of the Republic of England, and his successors, etc. We shall see further on that the Dunkerquois had great powers of swearing and praising God for new masters. The restoration of the Stuarts was duly celebrated by a "Te Deum" at Dunkerque, and still greater rejoicings took place two years later, when Charles the Second basely sold the place for French gold.

These were palmy days for saintship and township. Louis the Fourteenth completed the fortifications, and thrice within a few years he knelt in great state before St. Eloi's altar. Jean Bart, sometime captain of this nest of pirates, but now Admiral of the Fleet, is by his side; a Viking of the old stamp was this said Jean Bart, a picture of whose statue I only wish I could transfer into these pages. He and James the Second reviewed together on Dunkerque quay the fleet which was intended to reconquer the exile's throne. "But," says the historian, "the tempests always seem at the command of the English." A worthier member of kingcraft is the next of the notables seen at Dunkerque. Peter the Great goes to hear mass at the church, but he gets this matter quickly over, for his thoughts are far away with the ships and the fortifications.

During the next fifty years or so, the royal marriages and christenings of the House of Bourbon were duly celebrated. There were special rejoicings at the birth of the Dauphin, son of Louis the Sixteenth, but the shouts of "*Vive le Roi*" had hardly died away when other sounds arose, and the walls of the church were placarded with complaints against the public functionaries, violent invectives about the state of the national finances, and much general discontent not understood at the time, but now known as the precursor of an earthquake.

The air becomes more and more dense, and what is it now we see? A vast crowd congregated before the altar, the national guard, the municipality, the clergy, the *sans-culottes*, together taking an oath by "*Dieu, Patrie, Fraternité*," to do something the world has never done before. There is much excitement; it is the 29th of September, 1791, a "Te Deum" is being sung in honour of the constitution authorised by Louis the Sixteenth. Mark well this "Te Deum," listen to the

strains of holy music, remember the perfume of the incense, look your last upon the sacred emblems ; many there be will die of famine, of the sword, of natural decay, and some will grow from infancy to man's estate, ere God's name shall again be praised or his aid invoked. This was the last religious ceremony performed before St. Eloi's shrine for many a long year. Political convictions in France are spasmodic. Almost on the very morrow the church is deserted, the priests not daring to officiate ; moderatism denounced, royalty prescribed, the "declaration of the rights of man" nailed upon the altar. There are to be no more kings, no more saints, Eloi must pack off and be gone,—his lease is out, his guardianship over. The old name he gave to the place is an offence to reason, *Dunkerque* no longer, but *Dune libre* say the patriots. The Iconoclasts proceeded to break the images of the saints and to destroy all the registers. The carved wood of the altar was burnt, the sacerdotal vestments were sold to the lenders of costumes for the carnival, rare works of art, pictures of their kings and saints, were rent, burnt, and scattered to the winds. A meeting was convened in the church to abolish then and for ever the religion of their forefathers ; the past was to be annihilated. They danced the Carmagnole before the altar, and the wild shrieks of the maddened populace made the roof ring again. It was ordered by the authorities that the church of St. Eloi should be made a corn market. It was dedicated to the Goddess of Reason, and the busts of Voltaire and Marat adorned the altar ; the orators of the clubs spoke from the pulpit. The *Bénitiers* no longer supplied holy water for the sign of the cross ; they were replaced by a lion's mouth called the *Bouche de fer*, into which were dropped denunciations against aristocrats and others.

Thus for ten long years the good saint's shrine was desecrated. But in 1801, when the First Consul concluded a concordat with the Pope, St. Eloi was re-established in all honour and reverence, and is still looked upon as the spiritual father of the place.

CORNELIA A. H. CROSSE.

LAMENT OF ANNE BOLEYN ON THE EVE OF EXECUTION.

To-morrow morn ! To-morrow morn !
How strangely near it draws !
Not even for such grief as mine
Will Time one moment pause !
Nor would I that he should—oh no !
Another day to me,
Would but so much of added pain,
Of idle longing be !

Of pain ? Perchance, their words were sooth ;
My love was all too great
For worldly pleasures and delights,
For worldly pomp and state !
It is not courage that I lack,
Regret I feel, not fear !
Until to-night—my last on earth !
Life never seemed so dear !

Methinks I should not care so much,
If nought I had to leave ;—
But mothers, dying happily,
Still for their offspring grieve ;
And mine, above whose infant head,
Suspended, hangs a crown ;
Oh ! would to God, with mine, she might
Her little life lay down !

But no ! What fate may be my babe's
It is not mine to see ;
I only pray they may not make
Her hate the thought of me ;
I only ask that God will grant
That wisdom to my child,
Which I forgot to seek for when
The world upon me smiled !

It smiled on me ! Oh ! who would think,
To see me lying here,
That courtly men had knelt to me ;
A monarch held me dear !
O'er English land, an English Queen,
My star had shone so fair ;
'Tis the *desertion*, not the *death*,
That is so hard to bear !

Oh ! sin-stain'd world, which God made good !
Oh ! world, which looked so bright !
Oh ! happy hours I have known,
Which took such rapid flight !
Oh ! little troop of gallant friends,
Who never from me fell !
Oh ! king and husband, won from me !
I bid you all farewell !

Methinks I could die happy, now,
If but I knew that she,
Who will be queen, would to my child
A loving mother be ;
I could forgive—I do !—To whom
Dare I relentless be,
When I remember all I trust
My God's forgiven me ?

To Thee I pray, Whose Son, for us,
Went down into the tomb ;
Teach them Thy truth, whose lying lips
Have brought me to my doom !
Grant, for His sake, they may have cast
Their burdens at Thy feet,
Ere face to face, they come with me
Before Thy Judgment Seat !

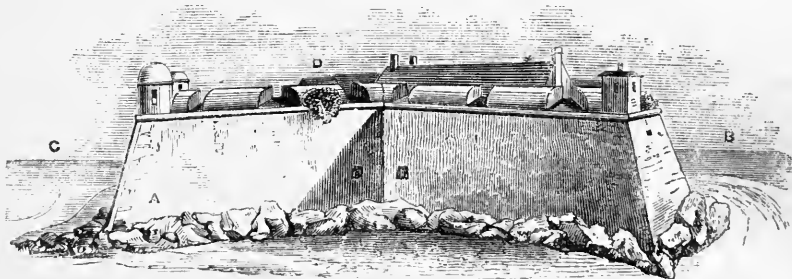
A MOORISH MARTYR.

PAYING a visit lately to my friend Madame B——, just returned from her Algerian home, I listlessly, during a pause in our conversation, turned over a number of photographs lying upon a table near which we sat. These photographs chiefly represented dark-visaged, dark-bearded, white-garmented Arabs, posed in various picturesque attitudes, warlike or re-

poseful, as the case might be. I glanced over these portraits of the sons of the desert, I confess, with a careless indifference, perceiving them with the physical, but, so to speak, perceiving them *not* with the mental, eye.

Gradually, however, I became sensible that I was attracted to one especial photograph, a small one of the *carte-de-visite* size, and that my imagination was busied in speculation regarding it. This photograph represented a sculptured bust, the countenance bearing the unmistakable Moorish type. Even through the somewhat imperfect medium which I held in my hand, I could recognise that the modelling of the bust was remarkably delicate, that every minute curve and line, the very texture of the hair and skin, were rendered with pre-Raphaelite truthfulness of delineation, whilst the breadth of outline irresistibly reminded me of the masterpieces of antique sculpture. Who was the sculptor who had wrought this

work? And who had been the Moor whom the great skill of this sculptor had embodied before me? The longer I gazed upon the photograph, the deeper did my interest become. "Who was this man?" I continued mentally to ask. What did he achieve or suffer, so to distinguish himself above his fellow Moors as to have caused a great sculptor to seek to immortalise his features? It was evident that through the attraction of no special physical beauty had the artist's eye sought him out, and the artist's hand delineated his features. It must therefore have been through the sculptor's recognition of some great beauty of mind or soul possessed by this man that he had chosen him as his model; and in very truth it seemed to me, that the spirit of some such interior beauty impressed by the artist upon his work now spoke audibly, strangely touching my imagination. I continued my contemplation of the photograph



Fort of the Twenty-four Hours.

A. Spot where the Skeleton was found; B. Arsenal of Artillery C. Fortifications; D. A fig-tree.

and my mental questioning. How plaintive was the expression in the falling lines of the firmly-set, full Moorish lips, in those raised eyes, yet with closed lids! Had he been blind? I seemed to read a searching look beneath those closed eyelids. How was it? Did I perhaps behold the countenance of some Moorish Homer, of some Arab Milton? Was it the unalterable yearning, yet resignation, of some mighty genius imprisoned in its blind tabernacle of clay that lent such deep pathos to the work of art before me, illuminating the strange, physically, almost uncouth countenance before me with a dignity awe-inspiring?

Upon the bust's square pedestal I perceived delineated in relief the representation of a Moorish Fort, beneath which stood the dates, 1569—1853.

"What is the history of this singular work of art?" asked I abruptly of Madame

B—. "There is a strange pathos in its expression, a something which troubles my imagination. To what blind Arab hero or poet did these features belong? And who was the sculptor?"

"And you fancy that you see something remarkable in that photograph?" observed my friend with a smile. "Most people wonder why I possess such a thing, and call it hideous, frightful, and so on. But *you* recognise an indescribable pathos in those features; think that they have been wrought by the hand of some great sculptor? You have indeed seen truly, and thought truly. That face was the face of a Christian martyr, and the hand that sculptured it was the hand of the great sculptor, Nature—nay, if you can accept it, the hand of the Special Providence of God."

"You are laughing at my fancies," said I, looking up, surprised by my friend's words;

"or you speak in enigmas. What do you really mean me to understand by your words?"

"The simple truth," returned Madame B——; "the statement, however, of a remarkable fact. With such an expression as you see depicted in that photograph, died a martyr for the sake of Christ, in the year 1569; and this, his dying expression, has, through the providence of God, been faithfully preserved to us. How frequently have we pictured to ourselves the countenance of a dying martyr: its gaze, expressive of calm, holy trust in God, of conquest through Him over the weaknesses of the flesh! Realise, now, such a countenance; for its literal transcript is before you! This martyr, a Moor, named Geronymo, was buried alive in the mud



wall of a fort in Algiers. In the year 1853 the fort was destroyed, and the martyr's bones brought to light. The photograph which you hold in your hand was made from a cast taken from the mould of the entire face and figure of the buried man left in the mud, in the same manner that casts have lately been taken at Pompeii from the impression left by the dead discovered there. The history of this noble Geronymo has always touched me profoundly, and I have learnt all that lay in my power concerning him. My husband was present at the disinterment of the bones. I will lend you a little book which relates the whole history. The author of the book is M. A. Berbrugger, President of the *Société Historique Algérienne*, a friend of ours. You will read this brochure with deep interest. The prophetic spirit, which years before the discovery

of the martyr's sepulchre, induced M. A. Berbrugger to interest himself about Geronymo, and make his fate and probable resting-place known to his countrymen, you will find not the least noteworthy portion of this singular history." Upon this Madame B—— placed in my hand a small book, the most remarkable contents of which, in a somewhat condensed form, through M. A. Berbrugger's kind permission, I will now introduce to English readers.

M. Berbrugger commences by observing that it is above a dozen years since he procured with much trouble and read with lively interest the very rare and valuable work of the Spanish Benedictine monk Haedo, which bears the modest title of "*Topografia de Argel*," published at Valladolid in 1612. Together with a very exact topographical description of Ancient Algiers, and curious details regarding the manners of the inhabitants, this book contains the history of the thirty first Pachas of the Regency, as well as three dialogues,—one regarding the captivity of the Christians, a second regarding the martyrs, and a third regarding the Marabouts; the interlocutors being slaves repurchased by Don Diego de Haedo, Archbishop of Palermo, who furnished their benefactor with various kinds of information which they had collected during a captivity which, to some of them, had been of considerable length.

The Benedictine Haedo, doubtless a relative of the archbishop, at all events his chaplain, edited and arranged this mass of information, thereby composing his remarkable book.

"Reading the second dialogue," observes M. Berbrugger, "I felt myself especially touched and attracted by the recital of the death of Geronymo. A vague hope to aid in discovering some day his place of sepulchre by giving publicity to the record of the martyrdom, decided me to have a faithful analysis of the relation, as given by Haedo, published in the "*Akbar*" of October 5th, 1847. This simple extract had, through rendering popular the name of the holy victim, the result which I anticipated, namely, that of drawing public attention towards the presumed place of interment, the Fort of the Twenty-Four Hours, which also was the scene of his martyrdom."

In order that the English reader may the more fully realise the interest attaching to the history of Geronymo, as chronicled by Haedo, I will here insert a translation from the Spanish monk's dialogue, in order, later, with greater perspicuity to the reader, to carry on M. Berbrugger's account of the ultimate discovery of the martyr's buried remains.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MARTYR GERONYMO
AS GIVEN BY HAEDO.

"In a predatory expedition of the Spanish garrison of Oran, about the year 1540, the soldiers seized in the enemy's country, amongst other slaves, a young Arab, almost a child, possessed of an agreeable person and gentle manners. When the prizes thus made were sold, in order that their value should be divided amongst the captors, as was the custom at Oran, this poor child was bought by the licentiate Juan Caro, then vicar, and at the present time vicar-general of this city and garrison. Thanks to his wholesome education, the little Mussulman soon became a Christian, and received in baptism the name of Geronymo.

"Shortly after he had passed the age of eight years, a pestilence breaking forth at Oran, the population were forced to quit the city and dwell under tents in the country. In this situation, vigilance being somewhat relaxed over the captive Arabs, certain of them fled during the night, carrying off with them young Geronymo, whom they restored to his relatives.

"The child, once more amidst his own people, soon resumed the faith and customs of his nation, and thus he lived until about the age of five-and-twenty. But in the year of our Lord 1559, moved by the Holy Ghost, who called him to accomplish his mission, he of his own will returned to Oran, with the intention of dwelling there in the faith of our Divine Saviour.

"It was with great satisfaction that the vicar-general saw Geronymo, grown to man's estate, re-enter his doors. Informed of his good intention, and having received his expression of repentance for his sins, he reconciled him with our holy mother Church, and with much love received him beneath his roof.

"As Geronymo was a grown man and of a brave disposition,—a quality which he had already displayed upon certain occasions,—he caused him to enter the rural squadrons, where he served to the satisfaction of all persons. Besides which, in order to please him, the vicar-general married him to a young Christian in his own household, of the Moorish nation, his slave, and treated them both as though they were his own children.

"Geronymo having thus passed ten years in the service of the Lord, to his great satisfaction, in the month of May, 1569, Anton de Palma was authorised by Don Martin de Cordova, Marquis of Cortes, who was and still is, general of Oran and of its garrison,

to go in a boat with some soldiers to attack certain Arabs who, according to information received, would be met with at a particular spot a few leagues from the coast. Anton de Palma received permission to embark with nine companions, a number which appeared to him sufficient. Amongst them was Geronymo.

"At length one morning, having reached the appointed spot, they were beginning to disembark, when they beheld two brigantines approaching from Tetuan. Perceiving that the newly-arrived were Moors, they, the Christians, being so few in number, and unable to conceal themselves as they would have desired, sought to save themselves by rowing away as swiftly as possible. The Mussulmans, who on their side had recognised the Christians, immediately commenced following them, and gained upon them so surely that the Christians, for want of other means of escape, ran ashore. This proved but of little service to them, for already the prow-beaks of the two brigantines were upon their boat, in such wise, that the moment that the fugitives leapt on land, their enemies did the same, and took them prisoners, all alive, although Geronymo was severely wounded by an arrow in the arm, and certain others of his comrades were also wounded in various parts of their bodies. Anton de Palma escaped from the enemy, having gained the interior of the country by a rapid flight. Nevertheless, he did not escape, ere long falling into the hands of certain Arabs of those parts. But he was redeemed later on.

"The captors, well satisfied, set off for Algiers with their nine prisoners. As it is customary that the Pachas take for themselves two of every ten Christians made captive, Geronymo and a companion fell to the lot of their governor, who was Euldj-Ali, a Calabrian renegade, at the present day admiral of the Grand Turk.

"Thus Geronymo, finding himself amongst the slaves of the Pacha, was immediately conducted to the bath, which answers the purpose of a prison. The devil, who is ever ready to employ every means for the annoyance of the good, within a very few days made known the origin of Geronymo, how that by birth he was an Arab, and the reason and manner of his having become a Christian. Upon this the keepers of the prison loaded him with a heavy chain, and no longer permitted him to go forth even to labour, as did each day his companions in misfortune.

"Various Mussulmans, especially certain of their learned men and Marabouts, having learnt what Geronymo had been in his childhood, imagined that it would be easy to bring

him back to their faith and sect. Thus many of these personages, influenced by this belief, went continually to the bath, labouring—some by argument, others by promises, and some even by menaces—to pervert Geronymo.

"All their trouble, all their efforts, were utterly lost, since this good Geronymo, animated by a lively and constant faith, alone replied by exhorting them to cease their exertions, saying that nothing in the world, neither terrors nor menaces, would cause him to abandon Christianity.

"Sometimes, importuned beyond endurance by these visitors, he bade them depart in the keeping of God. Then rejoining the Christians, one of whom related the fact to me, he added, speaking of the Mussulmans who had just gone forth, 'Do those miserable men imagine that they will make a Mussulman again of me? No, I shall never again become one, even were I to lose my life for it!'

"The Moors finding themselves thus disappointed, and perceiving that their exhortations led to nothing, had recourse to rigorous acts. They related to the Pacha Euldj-Ali all that had occurred, laying great stress upon the importance of the matter. According to them, the holy constancy of this servant of Jesus Christ was simply an obstinate disposition. They demanded for him, in any case, such chastisement as would most efficaciously serve as an example to the others.

"The Pacha hearing these things fell into a great anger, and consoled the complainants with gracious words. From that time an ardent desire arose in his heart to cause the destruction of the servant of God through some form of death remarkable for its cruelty. Occupied with this thought, he went to inspect the progress of a fortress erecting without the gate Bab-el-Oued, towards the west, for the defence of a certain place of embarkation, which upon this side is near to the city. He examined for a long time the work, and at the moment of returning to his palace, called to one of the Christian slaves, Master-mason Michael, from Navarre, the chief of certain men occupied in making mud for the forts, and said to him as follows:—

"'Michael, thou seest that frame,' pointing with his finger towards the planks which were set up to make a block of mud-cement, but between which as yet no earth was thrown. 'Do not fill it up yet, for I wish to bury alive this dog of Oran who refuses to return to Islam!'

"Having said these words, he returned to his palace.

"Master Michael did that which he was ordered to do, and shortly afterwards, the day

being ended, for it was already late, he returned to the bath with the other slaves, who, like himself, belonged to the sovereign.

"Upon reaching the bath, Michael, much affected by the thought of the evil which the Pacha wished to bring about, immediately sought out Geronymo, and with sorrow related to him the orders issued by Euldj-Ali, supplicating him to receive this trial in patience, and exhorting him to prepare like a good Christian for that death which was verily certain, since he, Michael, had just prepared his place of sepulchre with his own hands.

"Hearing these tidings, the good Geronymo in no wise lost courage, but with a resolute spirit replied: 'Blessed be God for everything! Do these miserable men think to terrify me by the prospect of this death of torment, or yet to make me abandon Christianity? May our Lord only deign to remember my soul and pardon my sins!'

"Certain of the Christians, particularly his friends, upon hearing these his words, surrounded him, consoling him as well as they might, encouraging him to receive this death in patience for the love of God. He replied to them with much energy:—

"'I have confidence in the Lord, who, by His grace, will give me strength to die for His holy name. But I ask you all to recommend me to God by your prayers.'

"Wishing, after this declaration, to prepare himself like a good Christian for the struggle that stood before him, Geronymo called a priest who was amongst the Pacha's captives, and prayed him to hear his confession. The ecclesiastic willingly listened to him, and entering with him into the church, which for some long time the Christians possessed in the bath, he heard his confession at full length, consoling him, and encouraging him to meet his martyrdom with fortitude.

"After this, it being already night, Geronymo retired to his chamber, where he remained in prayer until morning, recommending himself with all his heart to our Lord, beseeching Him to pardon his sins, and to aid him by His grace. A little before dawn he returned to the church, where the priest who had confessed him had already arrived. After the mass, which he heard with much devotion, the priest administered to him the Communion and the *Viaticum* of the holy body of our Redeemer Jesus Christ.

"Thus armed with these spiritual and invincible weapons, the happy servant of Christ, confident in their power, awaited the moment when Satan's ministers should conduct him to death.

"It was scarcely three o'clock, or nine, according to the Spaniards' mode of reckoning, when three or four guards of the Pacha entered the bath and inquired for Geronymo, who was still in the church recommending himself to God. He came forth towards these men, who, as soon as they perceived him, commenced, according to their custom, to overwhelm him furiously with insulting language. The servant of God replied not a single word.

"The guards having placed him in their midst, directed their steps towards the fort, of which we have already spoken, where the Pacha awaited him, and which was destined to be the scene of his glorious death. Geronymo having arrived in the presence of the governor, who was accompanied by many renegades and Turks, Euldj-Ali addressed him in these words:—

"*Bre, juppe!*" which means in Turkish: 'Hallo, dog!' wherefore wilt thou not be a Mussulman?"

"I will not be one in anything," replied the martyr of God. 'I am a Christian, and I shall remain a Christian.'

"Ah, well," replied the Pacha, 'if thou wilt not become a Mussulman—look there!' and he showed him the mould for the block of mud. 'Look there: I will bury thee alive there!'

"Do what thou wilt," returned the holy man, with admirable courage. 'I am prepared for all things. The aspect of death will not make me abandon the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Euldj-Ali, perceiving his grand resolution, ordered the chain upon his leg to be struck off, and his feet and hands to be bound together; also that he should be placed at the bottom of the mud-mould which he had had prepared the previous day, and after this was done, that he should be forthwith buried alive there.

"The guards immediately executed his orders; and Geronymo, his limbs bound, was placed between the planks. A Spanish renegade of the house of Haulji-Mourad, known in Christendom under the name of Tamango, and by the Turks under that of Djafar, who had been taken at the defeat of Mostaganem with the Count d'Alcaudete, jumped with both feet upon the martyr of God, and seizing in his hand one of the rammers lying near, called out that they should at once bring him earth. Accordingly, earth was brought and spread over this holy one of God, who spake not one word, opened not his mouth, being like a gentle lamb before his shearers. Then began Tamango to ram down the earth with both his

hands and all his strength, multiplying his furious and cruel blows.

"Seeing this, other renegades from the numerous troop of refugees from the true faith, which surrounded the Pacha, wished also to exhibit themselves as good Mussulmans and accomplished Turks, and seizing other rammers, and ramming down the earth which they brought to the spot, accomplished the death of this glorious martyr of Christ.

"The spirit of Geronymo, we must believe, according to our holy faith, was received by our Lord amongst the number of his saints in Heaven, the martyr obtaining the crown and recompense of his holy and glorious death.

"All being thus ended, and the body of the holy man being covered up in his noble sepulchre, Euldj-Ali returned to the palace, remarking upon the way, that in truth he had not expected this Christian would have received death with so much courage.

"This occurred in the middle of September of the year 1569, upon the 18th, a day which will remain a perpetual remembrance to those who love the glory of Jesus Christ our Lord.

"The Christians who were labouring at the fort Bal-el-Oued, deliberated whether they should remove from thence the body of the saint; but this did not appear possible, since they would have been seen by the Turks and Moors who guarded them. Besides, such a removal would not have been desirable, seeing that the memory of this most happy martyr, and his glorious death and courage, would be best preserved if he remained interred there, on the spot where he suffered, fully in sight not only of the Christians, but of the blind Turks and Moors, and, above all, by the renegades, who, regarding so excellent a martyr of God, would feel themselves confounded, and would suffer regret for their sin.

"If the fort be looked at towards the north, in order to discover the spot where the holy corpse is interred, it may be clearly recognised in the wall, since upon this side there is a block broken up, and, as it were, disturbed. The reason being that the flesh having, in the lapse of time, been consumed from the bones, the earth of this block has sunk,—a movement which is very remarkable.

"We await through the Divine Goodness the arrival of a day when Geronymo shall be drawn forth from this place, and when his body shall be united to those of many other holy martyrs of Christ whose blood and most happy deaths have consecrated this country, in order to be laid together in a more honourable and suitable place, to the glory of the Lord, who has left to us captives such saints and such examples.

"The most happy martyr Geronymo, according to appearance at the moment of his glorious death, might have reached the age of five-and-thirty years. He was spare and small of stature; his face was thin and his complexion very brown, such as is that mostly of the Moors of this country of Barbary."

At the time of the publication in the "Akbar" by M. Berbrugger of the foregoing narrative, there was a prospect of the demolition of the "Fort of the Twenty-Four Hours,"*—the fort clearly indicated in Haedo's history as the scene of the martyr's sufferings and of his entombment. "It was," says M. Berbrugger, "even believed that its destruction would be confided to private enterprise. Happily however," he continues, "the hand of Providence, so conspicuous throughout the whole affair, brought about a favourable combination of circumstances for the search. In the year 1852 the business of demolishing the fort was confided to a young captain of artillery, M. Suzzoni, who, having heard speak of my article upon the martyr Geronymo, requested from me all needful information in prosecuting a search, which henceforth was carried on with persistent ardour."

The work was commenced on the northern front, that which the text of Haedo appears especially to designate as containing the sacred remains. Nothing being however for some time discovered, fears were entertained that during the repairs in former years, of which there were evident traces upon the surface of the wall, the precious relics had perished. These fears vanished upon more careful observation, the lower portion of the building, in which, according to the Spanish narrative, Geronymo had been interred, being found to have escaped repair.

There was no need, however, to have been disheartened. The indication of Haedo had been given to him by slaves, mostly men without education, who doubtless neither possessed instruments for scientific observation, nor yet the habit of exactitude in description. They will simply have remarked that the north-eastern projection of the fort where Geronymo reposed was in the prolongation of the gate Bab-el-Oued, through which you passed if you wished to go towards the north, as well as towards the east, and this will have served as the basis of the approximate indication which they have given.

* The European name of the Fort of the Four-and-Twenty Hours (*Fort des Vingt-Quatre-Heures*), observes M. Berbrugger, has caused considerable speculation regarding its origin; and he would suggest whether this mysterious designation may not have reference to the tragedy acted out in September, 1599, during its erection, and of which the duration from beginning to end was twenty-four hours; that is, from the time when the Pacha was informed that Geronymo would not abjure his faith, to the time when his martyrdom was accomplished.

But, besides this remarkable clue in the Spanish narrative, there is also an expression which very clearly defined the position of the spot sought for. It is where Haedo remarks that the side of the rampart where the martyr reposes is *a place in sight not only of the Christians, but of the Turks and renegades*. This supposes, without question, that the spot was open to a public road. Now the high road, which leads from the gate Bab-el-Oued, passed then, as now, before the front of the fort, where, in fact, ultimately the skeleton of Geronymo was found. The great thoroughfare ran parallel with this wall; whilst the other sides of the fort, alone commanding a view of the small paths of a cemetery, which was no place of thoroughfare, in no way answered the description given by Haedo.

The whole matter was, however, soon set at rest by the discovery made on Tuesday, December 27th, 1853.

The official paper of the colony, the "Moniteur Algérien," has given, December 30th, the following account of the event:—

"A very affecting discovery has just been made at the foot of the 'Four-and-Twenty Hours,' a little after noonday on Tuesday last. The soldiers employed in the demolition of the rampart facing the road, perceived, upon removal of the rubbish produced by the explosion of one of the mines, extending lengthways within a block of mud, an excavation inclosing a human skeleton, which was visible from the occipital region to the articulation of the tibia with the femur. In short, excepting the upper portion of the head and the lower portions of the legs, the whole body was quite visible.

"M. Suzzoni, captain of artillery, superintendent of the demolition of the fort, was immediately informed of the discovery. A rapid examination led him at once to the conclusion that he saw before him the precious remains of the martyr Geronymo. He hastened to communicate the tidings of this happy discovery to Monseigneur Pavy, Bishop of Algiers; and our venerable prelate, accompanied by a number of clergy, hastened to the spot. Also, M. le Préfet and numbers of gentlemen belonging to the army, to the administration, and to the population at large, came to visit the remains.

"The skeleton is extended upon its face, the legs lying very closely together. The position of the bones of the fore-arm, and a cord still attached to the spot corresponding with the wrists upon the side of the mould left by the impression of the body of the martyr in the mud, before the decay of the fleshy portions, lead to the belief that the vic-

tim's hands had been fastened behind his back. It appears also probable, judging from the juxtaposition of the leg-bones, that the legs also had been bound.

"The garments, which consist of a short shirt and a *haik* or a *gandoura*, have been found adhering to the sides of the mould, where their slightest folds, and the least detail of their texture, may be perfectly well recognised. Geronymo having been taken captive in May, 1569, remained a little more than three months in the bath of Algiers, until the 18th September of the same year, the day of his martyrdom. No doubt, during this time he had been made to assume the dress of the slaves, described by Aranda, and which was of the simplest character, since it had to be fashioned and sewn by the slave himself out of the five ells of coarse stuff delivered by the Beylik to each of the captives.

"A detailed report relating to this valuable discovery has been drawn up by M. le Capitaine Suzzoni, and signed by all the witnesses, addressed to M. le Colonel D'Alayrac, director of the artillery. A commission, composed of doctors, civil and military, charged with the examination of the skeleton, will give their opinion regarding the question of sex, age, and race."

The "Akbar" and the "Moniteur Algérien" reprinted the entire article which M. Berbrugger had published in the "Akbar" in October 1847, regarding Geronymo; and so great was the public interest excited by the discovery, that every extra number of these papers was sold on the day of publication.

In fact, public interest continuing ever on the increase, M. Berbrugger was induced to publish the little book which I have now the pleasure of introducing to my readers. Proud indeed must the day have been to the author, when his religious enthusiasm, and his indefatigable historic faith and research were rewarded almost beyond his own expectation by the disinterment of these affecting memorials of Christian fortitude. M. Berbrugger himself observes:—"It was difficult to preserve a calm aspect at the sight of the eager and respectful crowd, composed of all that is distinguished by social or official position in our city, mingled with the poor and humble, and with the representatives of the most opposing religious faiths, all without exception returning deeply moved by the indescribable spectacle which they had just beheld."

The limits of this article will only permit me a slight reference to the remaining contents of M. Berbrugger's volume, in which he brings before his readers much curious and valuable historic information regarding both Haedo

the historian and Haedo the archbishop, his patron, and regarding the condition and sufferings of the slaves in Algiers. Suffice it to say that the further Haedo's narrative is investigated with reference to the martyrdom, and that the further the discovered remains have been examined with reference to Haedo's account, the more perfectly do the two tally.

For instance, according to the Spanish monk's narrative, we learn that when Geronymo fell with his face prostrate upon the earth at the bottom of the frame prepared to receive the mud, a Spanish renegade leapt upon his body and called upon the bystanders to bring earth with which to bury the martyr; and also that the earth was brought. Now it is a remarkable fact that in the mud-block containing the discovered skeleton, the lower portion of it, that in which the skeleton lay, is simply composed of *pure earth*, whilst all other blocks are made of *earth mixed with lime*. Also, it is especially noted in the medical report upon the discovery of the skeleton, that the greater portion of the ribs are broken; and this circumstance is in entire accordance with the description given by Haedo of the furious treatment accorded by the regenades to their prostrate victim.

M. Berbrugger concludes his volume by an "Epilogue," in which he relates how Monseigneur de Pavy, Bishop of Algiers, visited Rome, there to lay before the Holy See an account of the discovery of the martyr's bones. His mission appears to have been eminently successful, and the bones of the poor Moorish slave to have been regarded with great favour by his Holiness, for the Bishop thus writes in his pastoral letter:—

"We are charged in the name of the Holy See to commence apostolic proceedings (with reference to Geronymo). We are permitted to transport the remains of this servant of God to the interior of our cathedral to place them there above-ground, with an inscription recording the tradition of the martyrdom and the discovery of his remains; we are permitted to surmount the remains with the martyr's portrait; we are permitted to distribute his relics," &c.

The Holy See had already pronounced Geronymo worthy to bear the name of "the Venerable." Three stages in the process of canonization, however, remained unfulfilled; the last process dependent upon the lapse of a stated number of years, during which it is to be proved whether the holy relics possess the power of miracle-working; and not until this period has arrived, bringing with it assurance of miraculous power of Geronymo, will he bear the title of Blessed.

Nevertheless, great were the demonstrations

of earthly honour paid by church and state to the bones of the poor Moorish slave, already raised into the state of veneration, if not as yet of beatification.

In a letter addressed to MM. the Presidents of the Councils of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons and Paris regarding the Venerable Geronymo, the Bishop of Algiers describes the magnificent ceremonial of the removal of the remains to the cathedral, which took place upon the 28th of May, 1854. This ceremony immediately followed the benediction of the first stone laid of the *Parc d'Artillerie*, commenced near the site of the demolished fort. Monseigneur de Pavy writes:—"After the benediction, we mounted the rock of the Twenty-Four Hours and arrived in the presence of the remains of Geronymo. There it became once more my duty to verify their identity, and I called forward as witnesses all the persons who had assisted at the various previous inquiries. Each one of these witnesses, having examined the bones and affirmed their identity, signed upon the spot the declaration to be sent to the Congregation of Rites. I made use of this opportunity solemnly to return public thanks to the authors of this precious discovery,—to M. Berbrugger, who, through his anterior publications, so to speak, was its prophet; and to M. le Capitaine Suzzoni, who had been, as it were, the evangelist, through the zeal with which he had brought the relics to light."

The *cortège* reached its destination—the cathedral, passing through an immense concourse of respectful people.

Monseigneur de Pavy goes on to say: "We placed (on arrival) the shrine, together with the precious bones which it contained, in a small sacristy, of which I kept the key. On the morrow, the block was placed in a chapel devoted to the Venerable Geronymo. I shall place therein, as I have been authorised to do, the precious remains, in the same state in which they were found, so soon as the work of encasing the block (in marble) is at an end, which will be within a few days."

"Thus," truly observes M. Berbrugger, "have been verified the prophetic words of the historian Hædo, written above two centuries and a half ago."

"We await through the Divine Goodness the arrival of a day when Geronymo shall be drawn forth from the spot, to be laid in a more honourable and suitable place, to the glory of the Lord!"

ANNA MARY HOWITT WATTS.

LOST SYRINX.

(B.C. 100.)

PAN was old, and bleared, and wan,
Bent with the weight of thousands of years,
We peasants had long ceased worshipping him,
Or bringing him kids, or lambs, or steers;
No turf was now piled for such offerings,
On down, or in forest, by pools or springs.

Yet still, where the kingfisher flitted and dived,
Down by the rippling pebbly shallows,
He sat, still watching the bulrushes bow
To a spectral line of half-starved willows,
From under a chapp'd and dodder'd tree,
Racked with old age and with penury.

The yellow flag flowers knee-deep spread,
All in bloom and so golden bright,
The swallows were weaving over the pools,
The east was flushing with crimson light;
The bees were in the wild rose sipping,
The fawns down every dell were tripping.

The shepherds piped from the distant hill,
The wild notes rang through the sloping copse,
And all the hyacinth bells began
To chime together, as through the tops
Of the myrtle bushes a whisper came,
Breathing a well-remember'd name.

For it was Spring, and the earth was glad,
The blue sky laugh'd with the dimpling cloud,
The streams ran fast, and the birds began
Their songs, as merry as they were loud,
And every leaf on the aspen-tree
Seem'd to be dancing in ecstasy.

With feeble eye, and a languid ear,
The old god listen'd, as soft there rang
The song of a thrush, from the ilex top,
Fluting the name that it ever sang—
It was Syrinx' soul that had come to see
Pan in his age and his misery.

The herdsmen shouted, but still that bird,
High on the topmost ilex spray,
Told of love and hope and the golden age
Blent in one innocent roundelay.
'Twas strange, that where Pan sat, thickest grew
A little flower of the heaven's own hne.

"Forget-me-not" they call that flower;
And Pan, when the breeze stole through the reeds
Arose and cul'd the tallest tube
That in the soft ooze thirsty feeds,
And fashion'd a pipe, then, under a fir,
Sat and sang all that day of her.

He play'd! and the deep notes gurgling came,
As from the throat of a nightingale,
With his youthful skill his fingers sped,
And the music flow'd through the wooded vale,
The wild goat rested beside the spring,
The birds were all silent listening.

He sang of the better, earlier world,
Ere Astræa pass'd away,
Of the syrens and satyrs, and dryads and nymphs
That in sea and in forest play,
And, last of all, of that maid so fair,
Who wore no crown but her golden hair.

Syrinx, whom Jove, in his anger, changed
To those tall, green, wavering, trembling reeds,
That, down where yon tide flows broad and deep,

Are watching their shadows, till steers and steeds,
Coming to drink at the ford hard by,
Tread them to death so heedlessly.



At eve Pan rose, and that little blue flower,
The Forget-me-not, he pluck'd with care,
And placed on his bosom, in memory
Of Syrinx, and love that she would not share ;
Then into the depth of the forest strode,
Careless of path and heedless of road.

Whither he went no Greek can tell ;
But, in April evenings and autumn eves
We sometimes hear, or think we hear,
His feeble song ooze through the leaves,
For the old, old Pan, still brooding, stays,
Lamenting these lingering latter days.

T. W.

LORD OAKBURN'S DAUGHTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER LIX. ESCAPED.

WHEN South Wennock awoke on that eventful morning, dawning on the remand of Mr. Carlton, the chief thought that occupied people's minds was, how they could best secure a place in the town-hall, by fighting, bribery, or stratagem, to hear the conclusion of that gentleman's examination. Vague reports had floated about the town on the previous evening, of the witnesses likely to be examined; and the name of Mr. Carlton's wife was mentioned for one, as touching the finding of the letter. Half the town scouted the idea; but at least it served to add to the ferment; and as a matter of course everybody rose with the lark, and got their breakfast over by candle-light. It was, you are aware, in the dead of winter, when the days are at the shortest.

Perhaps, of all South Wennock, the one to think most of the prisoner in pitying humanity, was Sir Stephen Grey. Few men were possessed of the milk of human kindness as was he. He dwelt not on the past dark story, its guilt and its strategy; he thought of the unhappy detected prisoner, alone in his solitary cell: and he longed to soothe, if possible, his disgrace and suffering by any means in his power. So the first thing Sir Stephen did, after snatching a hasty breakfast at his brother's table, was to put on his hat and go down to the lock-up. This was just at that precise time when Mr. Policeman Bowler was marching home in all self-importance from his errand to Cedar Lodge.

As Stephen Grey gained the lock-up from one quarter, Lawyer Billiter was observed approaching it from another; and the policeman in charge, seeing these visitors, began to think he ought to have aroused his prisoner earlier. He sent one of his staff to do it now."

"Let him get up at once; and you come back and take his breakfast in," were the orders. "And tell him Lawyer Billiter's coming down the street. Good morning, Sir Stephen."

"Well, Jones?" cried Sir Stephen, in his free and affable manner—for the man had been one of the police staff in the old days, and Stephen Grey had known him well, "how are you? A cold morning! And how's Mr. Carlton?"

"He's all right, sir, thank you. I've just sent in to waken him."

"What, is he not awake yet?" cried Sir Stephen, rather wondering.

"Not yet, sir. Unless he has woken since Bowler was in, and that's about three-quarters of an hour ago. Good morning, Mr. Billiter!" added the policeman in a parenthesis, as the lawyer entered. "Mr. Carlton, he wrote a letter to his wife last night, and Bowler has stepped down with it. But what he's stopping for I can't make out, unless she's writing a long an——"

"Then you had no business to let Bowler step down with it," interrupted the lawyer sharply. "You should have kept it till I came. Didn't I tell you I should be here the first thing, Jones? You are no more to be trusted than a child!"

"Where's the harm of sending it?" asked Jones, rather taken aback at this rebuff. "It mayn't be quite strict practice to let letters go out unopened, but one stretches a point for Mr. Carlton."

"The harm may be more than you think for," returned the lawyer as hotly as he had spoken the previous day in the hall. "He will do things of his own head and try to conduct his case with his own hands. Look at the fight I had to keep him quiet yesterday!"

"He wrote the letter last night, and asked that it should be taken to her ladyship the first thing this morning," returned the man in an injured tone.

"And if he did write it, and ask it, you needn't have sent it. You might have brought the letter out here and kept it till I came. Who's to know what dangerous admission he may have made in it? I can see what it is: between you all, I shan't find a loop-hole of escape for him."

"Do you think he will escape?" asked Sir Stephen, interrupting the angry lawyer.

"Well, no I don't, to speak the truth," was the candid admission. "But that's no reason why I shouldn't be let do my best for it. If he does escape ——"

Lawyer Billiter was interrupted. The man sent into Mr. Carlton's cell made his appearance in a rather strange condition. He came bounding in, and stood with the door in his hand, mouth and eyes alike open, and struggling for breath and words. Mr. Jones saw there was something wrong, and rushed to the strong room.

Two minutes, and he was back again, his

face very pale. Yes, even the hardened face (in one sense of the word) of Mr. Policeman Jones.

"Mr. Carlton *has* escaped, gentlemen. In spite of us and the law."

And Lawyer Billiter, in his impulse, ran to the cell to regale his eyes with its emptiness, and two or three underlings, having caught the word "escaped," rushed forth from the lock-up, partly as a vent to their feelings, partly from a vague idea of pursuing the prisoner. Sir Stephen Grey followed Jones and the lawyer to the cell.

Yes, the prisoner had escaped. Not escaped in the ordinary acceptation of that word, as it was just then agitating the crowd outside the lock-up, and raising the horrified hair of Mr. Policeman Bowler; but in a different manner. Mr. Carlton had escaped by death.

On the rude bed in the cell lay the inanimate remains of what was once Lewis Carlton, the active, moving, accountable human being. Accountable for the actions done in the body, whether they had been good or whether they had been evil.

The place was forthwith in a commotion; a far greater one than when the escape was assumed to have been of a different nature. The natural conclusion jumped to was "poison," that he must have had poison of some subtle nature concealed upon his person, and had taken it. The route of the runners was changed; and instead of galloping up by-lanes and other obscure outlets from the town, in chase of the fugitive, they rushed to the house of Mr. John Grey, forgetting that the London physician, Sir Stephen, was already present.

No doctor, however, could avail with Mr. Carlton. He had been dead for several hours. He must have been long dead and cold when Mr. Policeman Bowler had stood in his cell and concluded he was fast asleep; and Mr. Policeman Bowler never overcame the dreadful regret that attacked him for not having been the first to find it out, and so have secured notoriety for himself for ever.

The most cut-up of anybody, to use a familiar term, was Mr. Jones. That functionary stood against the pallet looking down at what lay on it, his countenance more chap-fallen than any policeman's was ever seen yet. Curious to say, that while Bowler took the blame to himself when it was thought Mr. Carlton had escaped by flight, Jones was taking it now.

"To think I should have been so green as to let him deceive me in that way!" he burst forth at length. "'You needn't be particular, Jones,' he says to me with a sort of laugh

when I was searching him; 'I've got nothing about me that you want.' Well, I *am* a fool!"

"And didn't you search him?" cried Lawyer Billiter.

"Yes, I did search him. But perhaps I wasn't quite so particular over it as I might have been; it was his easy manner threw me off my guard. At any rate, I'll vow there was no poison in his pockets: I *did* effectually search them."

Sir Stephen Grey rose up from his examination of the prisoner, over whom he had been bent. "I don't think you need torment yourself, Jones," he said. "I see no trace of poison here. My belief is, that the death has been a natural one."

"No!" exclaimed Mr. Jones with revived hope. "You don't say so, sir, do you?"

"It is impossible to speak with any certainty yet," replied Sir Stephen, "but I can detect no appearance whatever of poison. One thing appears certain; that he must have died in his sleep. See his calm countenance."

A calmer countenance in death it was not well possible to see. The wonder was, that a man lying under the accusation of such a crime could show a face so outwardly calm. The eyes were closed, the brow was smooth, there was a faint smile upon the lips. No signs of struggle, whether physical or mental, was there, no trace of any parting battle between the body and the spirit. Lewis Carlton looked entirely at rest.

"I fancy it must have been the heart," remarked Sir Stephen. "I remember years ago, just before I left South Wrenock, I met Carlton at a *post-mortem* examination. It was over that poor fellow, that milkman who dropped down dead in the road; you must recollect, Jones. And, in talking of things, Carlton casually remarked to me that he had some doubts about his own heart being sound. How strange that it should occur to me now; I had quite forgotten it; and how more than strange that I should be the one, of all others, first to examine *him*!"

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Lawyer Billiter, gazing on the still countenance. "There's something very awful in these sudden deaths, Sir Stephen, whether they proceed from—from one cause or another."

Sir Stephen bowed his head. They quitted the cell, locking the door. Mr. Jones proceeded to deal with the intruders filling the outer room, and Sir Stephen went up to carry the news to Cedar Lodge. Bowler had said that Lady Laura was there.

The first to come to Sir Stephen was Lucy. Weak with her recent illness, the shock of this

dreadful business was unnaturally great ; since the night of Judith's narrative she had been in a sad state of excitement ; and she fell sobbing into Sir Stephen's arms.

"Hush, child, hush ! This is hard for you. Brighter days may be in store, Lucy."

"But think what it is for Laura ! And for Mr. Carlton himself. Laura has had a letter from him, and he says he was mad when he did it. He must have been, you know ; and we can't help pitying him !"

How like Laura Carlton ! how like the impulsive openness of the dead sailor-earl ! Who else would have made *any* of the contents of that letter public ? Laura had relieved her feelings by a storm of passionate sobs after reading it, and had then lifted up her head from her wet pillow to speak its information aloud.

Jane came in. "I heard you were at South Wennock," she faltered, as she shook hands with Sir Stephen. "What a dreadful blow this is to us ! And—the consequences have to come," she added, dropping her voice. "If the worst supervenes, Laura will surely never live through the disgrace."

He knew to what she alluded. Sir Stephen leaned towards her. "There will be no further disgrace, Lady Jane," he whispered. "I have come up to tell you."

She paused a moment, supposing Sir Stephen did not understand. "He will be committed—as we hear—to-day for trial, Sir Stephen. And the result of that trial—we, of course, know only too well what it may be. Nothing can save him from standing his trial."

"One thing can, my dear lady. Nay—no, I was not meaning his escape by flight, as was first assumed down there"—nodding his head in the imaginary direction of the lock-up ; "in these days of security that escape is next to impracticable. There is another sort of escape over which human laws have no control."

Jane sat breathless ; silent ; half divining what he had to tell.

"I am a bad one at preparing people for ill tidings," cried Sir Stephen ; "my brother John and Frederick are worth ten of me. But—always setting his poor, unhappy self aside—my news must be good for you and Lady Laura, harsh and cruel as it may seem to say it. Mr. Carlton is dead, Lady Jane."

"Dead !" she repeated, as the dread fear of what its cause might be arose to her, and every vestige of colour forsook her trembling lips.

"No, I don't think there's any fear of that, I don't, indeed ; I can find no trace whatever of any cause, and therefore I fancy it must have been heart disease. Violent mental emo-

tion will bring that on, you know, Lady Jane, where there's a predisposition to it."

"Yes," she answered, mechanically, hearing nothing, seeing nothing still, but the one great fear. Had Mr. Carlton been her husband, Jane would have passed out her future life in praying for him.

"Do you know whether he suspected, of late years, that he might be subject to it ?"

"To what ?" she asked, striving to collect herself.

"Any affection of the heart."

"I never heard of it ; never. If it was so, I should think Laura would know of it."

Poor Laura ! How were they to break the tidings to her ? She was the most uncertain woman in existence. One moment her mood was of intense bitterness towards Mr. Carlton, the next it had changed, and she was weeping for him, bewailing him with loving words, reproaching herself as the cause of all the present misery. Jane went in, wishing anybody else had to undertake the task. Laura's frantic attacks—and she was sure to have one now—were so painful to her. She found Laura in bed still ; her head buried in the pillow, her sobs choking her, and Mr. Carlton's dying letter—it might surely be called such—clutched in her hand. Jane sat down by her side in silence, until calmness should supervene ; it would be better to break the news when Laura was physically exhausted, and Jane waited,—her own heart aching. Sir Stephen would not quit the house until the news was broken.

Jane Chesney had always been of a thoughtful nature, striving to do her duty in whatsoever line it lay before her ; and, though she had not been without her trials—sore trials—she had earned that great boon, a peaceful conscience : she had learnt that far greater boon, better than any other that can be found on earth—perfect trust in God.

Later in the day the official medical examination was made of the remains of Mr. Carlton ; and, strange to say, the cause of death continued to be unknown. No sign of poison of any nature whatever could be traced ; no symptom of anything amiss with the heart. If he had really taken poison, it was of too subtle a nature to be discovered ; if he had died from natural causes, nothing remained of them to show. It might be possible that mental excitement had suddenly snapped the chord of life. If so, it was a singular fact ; but the problem was one that would never be set at rest.

The first startling shock of the death subsided, South Wennock awoke to the fact that it was a particularly ill-used place, in being cut

off from all future revelation on the past affairs of Mrs. Crane—as we may as well call her to the end. That second day's examination at the police court, and the subsequent trial, had been looked forward to by South Wenlock as a very boon in life's dull romance; and for Mr. Carlton to go off in the sudden manner he had done, balked their curiosity nearly beyond bearing. There were so many points in the past history that would never now be cleared up.

They could not be cleared up for others who owned a nearer interest in them than South Wenlock. There was one particular that would remain a puzzle to Jane Chesney for ever—why Clarice had not married in her full name. She could understand her keeping the marriage a secret from her family, knowing their prejudices on the score of birth, and that Mr. Carlton was then not even well established in practice, and was scarcely justified in marrying at all; but she could not understand why Clarice should have concealed her true name and family from her husband. It was impossible, of course, that the slightest doubt could have occurred to her of its affecting the legality of the marriage; but what reason was there for suppressing her name at all? Jane could only come to one solution, and that a poor one: that Clarice thought it best to suppress it in all ways until Mr. Carlton should be doing well, then she would say to him, I was not Miss Beauchamp, I was Miss Chesney, grandniece to the Earl of Oakburn, and we will go and declare ourselves. It might have been so, for Clarice had a world of romance within her. Again, there was that oath she took, in a moment of wildness, not to tell her name; was it possible that she deemed it binding upon her for ever? Mr. Carlton's motive for concealing his marriage will have been gathered from certain passages at the commencement of the history: he stood in awe of his father. Mr. Carlton the elder had set his face entirely against his son's marrying, and Lewis was dependent upon him. Men do not in general—at least, educated men, like Mr. Carlton—plunge into crime all at once. When Mr. Carlton grew to think of a marriage with Miss Beauchamp, he sounded his father on the subject, stating at the same time that the lady, though every inch a lady, was only a governess. Had Mr. Carlton the elder lent a favourable ear, all the dark future might have been avoided; for the marriage would have taken place openly. But he did not. Whether the word governess offended him, certain it was that he was unnecessarily austere and bitter, quietly assuring his son that he should disinherit him; and Mr. Carlton knew only too

well that his father was one to keep his word. Once married, of course there was every necessity for their keeping the fact a secret; and Clarice Carlton seconded her husband. How little did either of them foresee what it would lead to! Link the first link in a chain in deceit, and no living being can tell to what length it will go, or how it will end.

Some slight compensation to South Wenlock was afforded by the funeral of the little boy. For the excitement attendant on that ceremony was so great as to operate as a sort of balm to the previously disappointed feelings. Everybody turned out to witness it. All who had had anything to do in the remotest degree with the past tragedy deemed themselves possessed of a right to follow the coffin at a short or at a long distance. Mrs. Pepperfly; Mrs. Gould, even Dick, Mr. Grey's surgery boy of yore, now converted into a rising market gardener, nearly six foot high, were amidst the uninvited attendants. It was a fine morning, the day of his burial; the air clear and cold. Mrs. Smith walked next the coffin; for she would resign that place to none. Lady Jane Chesney had intimated a wish to bury the child—that is, to be at the expense; and had that lady intimated a wish to bury *her*, Mrs. Smith could not have shown herself more aggrieved. The child had been as her own all its life, she resentfully said, and, at least, she thought she had earned the right of buying him his grave. Jane acquiesced, with an apology, and felt sorry she had spoken. The funeral moved down the Rise from Blister Lane, passing Mr. Carlton's residence, where all that remained of him lay, having been removed there from the lock-up, until he should be interred. The Law had not cared to keep possession of his body when the spirit had flown. Yes; they carried the little coffin past the house where the dead lay; carried it to St. Mark's Churchyard, to the side of the ill-fated mother, who had lain there so long in its quiet corner, and they buried the child by his right name, Lewis George Carlton.

Sir Stephen Grey and his son returned to London together. Lady Grey knew nothing of the events recently enacted, and they imparted them to her. She could not overget her shock of astonishment.

"What do you say to my boyish fancy, now, mother?" asked Frederick. "Did I wrong Carlton?"

"Hush!" she said. "It seems to me to savour of that faculty told of as pertaining to Scotland—second sight. "Oh, Frederick, how could Mr. Carlton *live*, knowing what he had done?"

"Poor fellow!" spoke Frederick, as impul-

sively as Sir Stephen himself could have said it. "Rely upon it, he must have paid the penalty of the crime over and over again. He could not have existed but in the constant dread of discovery; he was not without a conscience. And what must that have been to him, with the scarlet letter 'M' ever eating into his breast?"

CHAPTER LX. THE TURBULENT WAVES LAID TO REST.

THE time rolled on. Another year was in, and its months glided away until the autumn. It had been no eventful year, this; rather too much of event had been crowded into the preceding one, and this was calm—so calm, as to be almost monotonous. The storm had spent itself, the turbulent waves had laid themselves to rest.

Lady Oakburn had returned from the Continent as soon as she heard of the trouble connected with Mr. Carlton, travelling in the dead of winter; and Lucy Chesney quitted South Wennock for her own home. The marriage with Frederick Grey had been postponed; it was to have taken place in the spring, but all parties united in agreeing that it might be more seemly to delay it until the autumn.

Laura had remained with Jane. Lady Oakburn had asked her to come to her, and make her house her home. Many friends had stepped forward, and pressed her to come and pay them as long a visit as she liked; but Laura had chosen to stay with Jane, very much, it must be confessed, to Jane's own surprise. For a few short weeks Laura's grief had been excessive, which grief was intermixed, as before, with moments of anger against Mr. Carlton for the disgrace he had brought upon himself; but all that wore away, and Laura gradually grew very much her old self again, and worried Judith nearly to death with her caprice, mostly as touching the ornaments and trimmings of her black dresses.

They sat together, Jane and her sister, on a bright morning in September. Laura was in a petulant mood. Her pretty foot, peeping from underneath the crape of her dress, tapping the carpet impatiently; her widow's cap, a very marvel of tasty arrangement, was just lodged on the back of her head. The recent bugbear of Lady Laura's life had been this very article of widow's attire—the cap; it was the cause of the present moment's rebellion. Laura had grown to hate the cap beyond everything: not from any association with the past it might be supposed to call up, but simply as a matter of personal adornment; and she believed Jane to be her greatest enemy, because she held to it that Laura could not, and must not, throw the

cap off until a twelvemonth had elapsed from the death of Mr. Carlton.

And yet Laura need not have been afraid of the cap; a more lovely face than hers, as it looked now, with her rich hair braided, and the white crape lappets thrown back, it is impossible to conceive. The present trouble was this: Laura would not go up to Lucy's wedding, now about to take place, unless she could leave the odious caps behind her. Jane assured her it would not be proper to appear without them.

"Then I will not go at all," Laura was saying with pouting lips. "If I can't appear before people but as a guy, I'll stay where I am. How would you like being made into an old woman, Jane, if you were as young as I am? Why don't you take to the caps yourself, if you are so fond of them?"

"I am not a widow," said Jane.

"I wish you were! you'd know what the caps are, then. They never could have been invented for anybody on this side fifty. And their heat is enough to give one brain-fever."

"Only three months longer, Laura," said Jane soothingly, "and the twelvemonth will have expired. I am *sure* you would not like to leave them off sooner yourself."

"Where's the good of them?" sharply asked Laura. "They don't make me regret my—my husband either more or less. I can mourn him if I please without the cap as much as I can with it; and they are ruin to the hair! Everybody says it is most unhealthy to keep the head covered."

"But you don't cover yours," Jane ventured to remark, as she glanced at the gossamer article perched on the knot of hair behind.

"No, but you'd like me to. Why should you hold out for the wretched things, Jane? My belief is, you are jealous of me. It's not my fault if you are not handsome."

Jane took it all meekly. When Laura got into this temper, it was best to let her say what she would. And Jane thought she talked more for the sake of opposition than anything, for she believed that Laura herself was sufficiently sensitive to appearances *not* to quit the caps before the year had gone by.

But the result was, that Lady Laura did not go to London to the wedding. Perhaps she had never intended to go. Judith thought so, and privately said so to her mistress. The following year Laura was to spend with Lady Oakburn, the heavy widow's silks and the offending caps left behind her at South Wennock; and Judith felt nearly sure that Lady Laura had not meant to show herself in town until she was divested of these unbecoming appendages.

So Jane went alone. Getting there on the day only before the wedding. Judith as usual was with her—and this was another grievance for Laura; to be left without a maid. In a fit of caprice—it must be called such—Lady Laura had discharged her own maid, Stiffing, at the time of Mr. Carlton's death, protesting that old faces about her only put her in mind of the past, and Judith had waited upon her since.

The rest of Mr. Carlton's establishment had been broken up with the home. But Lady Jane would not go to town without Judith, and my Lady Laura had to do the best she could. It may as well here be mentioned that the money left to Clarice by the Earl of Oakburn, and which had since been accumulating, Jane had made over in equal portions to Laura and Lucy, herself taking none of it.

It was a cloudless day, that of the wedding, cloudless in all senses of the word. The September sky was blue and bright, the guests bidden to the ceremony were old and true friends. Portland Place was gay with spectators; carriages dashed about; and Lady Jane seemed to be in one maze of whirl and confusion until she was quietly seated at the breakfast-table.

Man and wife for ever! They had stood at the altar side by side and sworn it faithfully, earnestly, with a full and steadfast purpose in their hearts and on their lips. Not until they were alone together in the chariot, returning home again, could Frederick Grey realise the fact that she was his, as she sat beside him in her young beauty, her true affection, every pulse of her heart beating for him.

There was nothing in the least grand about the wedding—unless it was Jane's new pearl silk of amazing rustle and richness, and a gentleman in a flaxen wig and a very screwed-in waist, who sat at Lady Oakburn's right hand at the table. He was Lord Something, a tenth cousin or so of the late earl's, and he had condescended to come out of his retirement and gout, to which disorder he was a martyr—it ran in the Oakburn family—to give Lucy away. John Grey and his wife were up, and the Reverend Mr. Lyeett, now the incumbent of St. Mark's Church at South Wrenock, had come to read the marriage ceremony—they were all visiting Sir Stephen and Lady Grey.

It was the first time Jane had seen Sir Stephen since the previous December. She thought he looked worn and ill, as if his health were failing; she thought, as she looked at him, that there might be a fear the young M.D. opposite to her by Lucy's side might become Sir Frederick sooner than he ought to do in the natural course of age. But Sir Stephen made light of his ailments, and told Jane that he was only

knocked up with too much work. He was merry as ever; and said, now that Frederick was making himself into a respectable member of married society, he should turn over the chief worry of the patients to him, and nurse himself into a young man again. "Do you know," he cried in a whisper, in Jane's ear, his merry tone changing, "I'm glad Lady Laura did not come. The sight of her face here to-day would have put me too much in mind of poor Carlton."

Of course the chief personage at the table was the young Earl of Oakburn. The young earl had planted himself in the seat next to Lucy, and wholly declined to quit it for any other. There, with Pompey behind his chair, who was a verier slave to the young gentleman than ever he had been to Captain Chesney, and his hand in Lucy's, he made himself at home.

"I am so glad to see how Frank improves!" Jane remarked to Sir Stephen. "He looks very much stronger."

"Stronger!" returned Sir Stephen, "he's as strong as a little lion. And would have been so long ago but for his mamma and Lucy's having coddled him. Mind, Lucy! if you attempt to coddle your own boys when they come, as you and my lady have coddled Frank, I shall put a summary stop to it. I shall; and so I give you fair warning."

Sir Stephen had not thought it necessary to lower his voice. On the contrary it was considerably raised, as he bent his face forward towards Lucy on the opposite side of the table. A fair picture, she; with her flowing white robes, her bridal veil and wreath, and the pretty gold ring upon her finger. One startled glance at Sir Stephen, as he spoke, and then she sat motionless, her eyelids drooping on her crimsoned cheeks. Frederick, by her side, threw his eyes at his father, half amused, half indignant.

"You may look, Dr. Grey, but you won't look me out of it," nodded Sir Stephen. "I shall claim as much right in the young Turks as you and Lucy, and I promise you they shan't be coddled."

"Meanwhile, Sir Stephen," interposed the countess, with a laugh, "Lady Jane is sitting by you with nothing to eat."

"I beg Lady Jane's pardon," said Sir Stephen, gaily. "But they'll want keeping in order, those two, and it is well to let them know there's somebody to undertake it. What do you say you want, Frank?"

"I want a piece of wedding cake," responded Frank.

"Now I do protest against that. You must eat some meat first, Frank, and the cake afterwards. I know how it is when cake is begun

upon: there's no room left for good strengthening meat. Cakes, and sweets, and trash! all that comes of coddling. Mind, Lucy, I will not allow cakes or——"

"I am not coddled," interrupted Frank opportunely. "And mamma says I shall soon go to Eton."

"The very best place for you," cried Sir Stephen. "I hope it's true."

"Oh, it's true," said Lady Oakburn. "He is strong enough for it already, Sir Stephen: in spite of the coddling," she added with a smile.

"Thanks to me, my lady, for keeping the coddling within bounds. Judith! that's never you in that white topknot!"

Judith laughed, turned, and curtsied. The white satin bow on her cap was as large as the coachmen's favours. Judith was waiting at the chocolate table, her hands encased, perhaps for the first time in Judith's life, in delicate white kid gloves.

"Why can't Lucy come back to-night?" suddenly demanded the young earl, appealing to the table generally.

"Because Lucy's mine now, and I can't spare her," whispered Frederick Grey, leaning behind Lucy to speak.

An indignant pause. "She's not yours."

"Indeed she is."

"You have not bought her!"

"Yes I have. I bought her with the gold ring that is upon her finger."

Lord Oakburn had seen the ring put on, and sundry disagreeable convictions arose within him. "Is she quite bought?" he asked.

"Quite. She can't ever be sold back again."

"But why need she go away? Can't you let her stop here?"

"I am afraid I can't, Frank. She shall come and see you soon."

Upon which his lordship burst into a cry and rubbed his wet cheeks until he was a sight to be seen. Pompey surreptitiously filled his ears with soothing words, and his hands with wedding cake and bon-bons.

About ten days after this, Frederick Grey and his wife were at South Wenlock. It had been arranged that they should pay Jane a short visit before returning to town to take possession of their new home.

There had not been many changes at South Wenlock. The greatest perhaps was at the late house of Mr. and Lady Laura Carlton. It had been converted into a "Ladies' College," and the old surgery side-door had got a large brass plate on its middle, "Pupils' Entrance." The Widow Gould flourished still, and had not yet ceased talking about the events of the previous

December; and Mrs. Pepperfly was decidedly more robust than ever, and had been in very great request this year from her near connection with the events which had brought to light the tragedy. Mrs. Smith had gone back to Scotland. She had a tie there, she said—her husband's grave.

Just as they had been sitting, nearly a fortnight before, so they were sitting now, the ladies Jane and Laura. Laura, in spite of her cap and her widowhood, had contrived to make herself look very charming, almost as much so as the fair young bride, who ran in to them from the carriage, her face radiant with happiness.

But Lucy's gaiety, and her husband's also, faded down to a sort of timid reserve at the sight of Laura. It was the first time they had met since the enacting of the cruel trouble, and it was impossible but that their minds should go back to it. Laura noted the change of manner, and resented it according to her hasty fashion, taking some idea into her head that they considered she ought to be treated with grave sobriety in her character of widow; while she did not think so at all.

They had arrived in time for a late dinner, and in the evening Frederick said he would just run down as far as his uncle's. Somehow it had been a dull dinner; try as Frederick and Lucy would, they could *not* divest themselves of the impression left by the past, in this first interview with Mr. Carlton's wife. Laura, in a pet, went up-stairs early.

"Jane, how well Laura is looking!" were Lucy's first words. "I had not expected to see her half so well; and all her old light manner has returned. Has she forgotten Mr. Carlton?"

"Quite sufficiently to marry again," replied Jane, somewhat heedlessly. These words shocked Lucy.

"Oh, Jane! *Marry again—yet!*"

Jane looked up and smiled at the mistake. "I did not mean that, Lucy; of course not. But I should think it an event not unlikely to happen with time. She said one day that she would give a great deal to be able to put away the tarnished name of Carlton. She is young enough still, very good-looking, of good birth, and upon *her*, personally, there rests no slur; altogether, it has struck me as being probable. Next year, which she is to pass with Lady Oakburn, she will be in her element—the world."

"Jane," said Lucy, awaking from a reverie, "I wonder *you* never married."

A tinge of red came into Jane Chesney's cheeks, and her drooping eyelids were not raised.

"I think it must have been your own fault."

"You are right, Lucy," said Jane, rallying; "I was so near being married once that the wedding-day was fixed. I afterwards broke it off."

"Whatever for?" exclaimed Lucy, in impulsive curiosity, as the thought occurred to her how very grievous a catastrophe it would have been had *her own* wedding been broken off.

"We were attached to each other too," resumed Jane, in the tone of abstraction which proved her mind had gone back to the past and was absorbed in it. "He was of good family, as good as ours, but he was not rich, and he was hoping for a Government appointment. We were to have married, however, on what he had, and the wedding-day was fixed. Then came mamma's illness and death, which, of course, caused the marriage to be postponed. Afterwards he got his appointment, it was in India; and then, Lucy, came the bitter trial of choosing between him and my father. My mother had said to me on her death-bed, 'Stay always with your father, Jane; he will be lost without you when I am gone,' and I promised. She did not know William would be going abroad."

"And you gave him up to remain?"

"Yes, I thought it my duty; and I loved papa almost as well, in another way, as I loved him. There was a little creature in my care also, besides: you, Lucy."

"Oh, I am so sorry," exclaimed Lucy, clasping her hands; "you should not have minded me."

Jane smiled. "I got over it after a time; and, Lucy, do you know, I think it likely that I am best as I am."

"Where is he now, Jane? Perhaps he may come home yet and marry you!" And Jane laughed outright, Lucy's tone was so eager.

"He has had a wife a great many years, and I don't know how many children. Lucy, dear, my romance wore itself out long ago."

"But it must be so dreadful a thing to have your marriage broken off," said Lucy, in a half whisper; "I think it would have killed me, Jane."

"Very dreadful indeed it must seem to you no doubt, in these early days," said Jane; "but, my dear, people don't die so easily as that."

Lucy had turned scarlet: was Jane laughing at her? She began to speak of something else.

"Jane," she said, dropping her voice, "was it not a singular thing that you and papa—

and myself a little—took that strange dislike to Mr. Carlton?"

"It must have been instinct, as I believe."

"While Laura and—I suppose—Clarice became so greatly attracted by him. It strikes me as being very strange. Oh, what an unhappy thing it was that Clarice ever went away from home."

"All the regret in the world will not mend it now; I strive not to think of it. I never—as a matter of course, Laura being here—talk of the past. Lucy," she added, drawing her young sister to her; "I can see that you are happy."

A bright smile and a brighter blush answered the words.

"My child, take a caution from me," proceeded Jane; "have no concealments from your husband, and never disobey him."

"There is no need to tell me, Jane," said Lucy, with some surprise; "how could I do either?"

"No, I believe there is none; but we cannot forget, my dear, that concealment or disobedience, following on their rebellious marriages, brought the ill upon Laura and Clarice. Had not Clarice come to South Wennock, in all probability her tragical end would never have occurred, and she came in direct disobedience to the will and command of her husband. Had Laura not gone in dishonourable secrecy, forcing her husband's private locks, the awful disclosure might never have burst upon her. Be you cautious, Lucy; love, reverence, and obey your husband."

A conscious smile played around Lucy's lips, and at that moment Judith came in. Lady Laura wanted her sister Jane.

"It does not seem like the old room, Judith," Lucy said, as her sister quitted it; "I should scarcely have known it again."

For it was a very smart drawing-room now, and somewhat inconveniently crowded with ornaments and furniture. Laura's handsome grand piano took up a good portion of it.

"True, my lady," was Judith's answer; "when the sale took place at Mr. Carlton's after his death, Lady Laura reserved a great many of the things, and they had to be brought here."

"Where's Stiffing?" asked Lucy.

"She soon found a place after Lady Laura discharged her, but she did not remain in it, and she has left South Wennock. She got mobbed one evening," added Judith, dropping her voice.

"Got mobbed!" echoed Lucy, staring at Judith.

"It was in this way, my lady: the news

got abroad somehow that it was Stiffing who fetched the skeleton key for Lady Laura, that—that black night, and a number of rude boys set upon Stiffing one spring evening; they hooted her and pelted her and chased her, called her a skeleton, and altogether behaved very badly.”

“But if she did fetch the key, Lady Laura sent her for it.”

“Oh yes, but boys and men, when they set upon a body like that, my lady, they only think of the victim before them. Stiffing wouldn’t stop in South Wennock after that, but gave up her place.”

“How shamefully unjust!” exclaimed Lucy.

Her indignation had scarcely spent itself when Frederick Grey entered, and Judith retired.

“Did you think I was lost, Lucy?”

“No, I began to think you were long; I suppose you could not get away?”

“That’s how it was. John’s young ones hid my hat, in fact; and Charles Lycett and his wife were spending the evening there. I don’t know what good wishes for luck they don’t send to Lady Lucy Grey,” he added, drawing her before him, and keeping his hands on her waist.

Lucy laughed.

“What brings you alone?” he asked. “Where are they?”

“Laura went up-stairs to bed, and just now she called Jane. Frederick, Jane has been giving me a lecture.”

“What about?”

“She bade me love and reverence you always,” she whispered, lifting her eyes momentarily to his. “I told her the injunction was not needed: do you think it is?”

He snatched her closer to him: he covered her face with his warm kisses.

“Once, in this room—I have never told you, Frederick—I passed some miserable hours. It was the night following the examination of Mr. Carlton; of course it was altogether miserable enough then, but I had a fear on my own score, from which the others were free: I thought the disgrace would cause you—not to have me.”

“Oh, you foolish child! you thorough goose! Lucy, my darling,” he continued, in an altered tone, “you could not really have feared it. Had disgrace attached itself to every relative you possessed in the world, there would only have been the greater happiness for me in shielding you. My wife, you know it.”

She looked at him with the prettiest smile and blush ever seen, and he released her suddenly, for Jane came in.

There is no more to tell. And I thank you, my readers, for your interest in coming with me thus far. It is well to break off when the sky is sunny: better to leave sunshine on the memory than storm.

(Conclusion.)

MY GRANDFATHER’S NARROW ESCAPE.

A STORY OF “OBEAH.”

“FIRST of all,” said my grandfather, “do any of you happen to know what an Obeah-man is?”

Only one or two of those present had heard anything about “Obeah” or its professors.

“I thought not,” mused my grandfather.

“Well, you won’t enter into the interest of my story unless I give you some explanation beforehand of this remarkable negro superstition. The Africans indulge in a sort of Arimanic philosophy, and conceive that the world is under the dominion of a demon, whose destructive tastes must be propitiated by offerings and prayers, much as the Eumenides were wont to be appeased by euphemistic titles and worship. This demon, whose name is ‘Obeah’ or ‘Obi’—the latter spelling is, I assume, the more correct—exhibits his malignity chiefly in bewitching his unfortunate victim, who pines away under this fiendish influence and miserably dies, unless Obeah’s wrath be turned aside by the intervention and mediation of one of his inspired priests and prophets. These ‘mediums’ are called ‘Obeah-men’ and their functions are not confined, by any means, to the merciful interference between the demon and his victim to which I have just alluded. These idle dreamers are not unfrequently employed by revengeful negroes to ‘bewitch’ some enemy; and, such is the superstitious dread of, and belief in, the communicated power of the Obeah priest, that the person bewitched wastes away and dies, as I have often seen, sometimes from credulous fear, and sometimes from secret poisoning. The only English equivalent superstition is, I fancy, what country folks call the ‘evil-eye.’ And the effects of Obeah influence are very similar to those which have occasionally been noticed in people supposed to be ‘bewitched’ in this country. Of course, where this parallel can be drawn, we must understand that the person influenced is merely affected by credulous dread, and not by secret foul-play. The juggling Obeah-prophet is nothing without his professional apparatus, and whenever his aid, propitiatory or offensive, is invoked, he is careful to present himself in as strikingly hideous an exterior as can be produced by paint, feathers, and grease in various combinations. When he has disfigured himself

sufficiently by these appliances, he arms himself with his 'wand' and issues forth aggressively or mediatorially according to order. This potent 'wand' is nothing more than a calabash, or small gourd, mounted upon a short bamboo stick, and filled with beans or shells, the rattling of which inside their receptacle is the 'patent safety' against Obeah's malevolence. If the patient be merely one sick of a natural disorder, the Obeah-priest, who is received by the sorrowing relatives of the invalid with great reverence and awe, proceeds to exorcise the evil spirit by frightening him out of the dwelling he is presumed to invest. This process, which is accompanied by the most diabolical howlings, yelling, and rattling of beans, is prolonged in proportion as the case be urgent or only in its first stage. The Obeah-man, however, is seldom prevailed upon to exercise his art until he has made himself pretty well certain of the result of the disease he is to oppose. If he perceives it is most likely that the patient will shortly die, he abridges his exorcisms, and declares that Obeah will not be propitiated. This announcement of itself tends to hasten the sick man's dissolution, and the priest gets the merit due to his craftiness. Should it be apparent that recovery will ensue, the priest exerts himself, and when he perceives the critical point to have been turned, pronounces his verdict for health accordingly. If the question of life or death be very doubtful, the Obeah-man will shriek, and howl, and dance, and rattle his calabash night and day till the case is determined; if the patient dies, the priest will say that Obeah would not be appeased; if he lives, there is the great triumph of Obeah-craft! The satisfied priest will descend from the tree where he has been perched all night making its hours hideous by his devilish incantations, which are always conducted 'fortissimo,' and fanning himself as if exhausted (and no wonder) by his struggle with the fiend, will strut up and down in professional importance, exclaiming, with Molière's mock doctor, 'This cure has cost me infinite trouble!'

"Of course, on these triumphant occasions, the Obeah-craft receives a new impetus, and its fame and creed are more than ever established. This propitiatory process is, however, the picturesque side of Obeah-worship: very different is the obverse. The priests are an idle, ill-conditioned, and depraved class, and seek an occasional addition to the income which is derivable from the exercise of their priestly functions only, by hiring out their services to revengeful blacks, and supplying poisons to those who would be rid of an obnoxious wife, child, friend, or master. It is seldom, however, that the aid of poison is called in when

the person to be influenced is a negro; for, as a general rule, the tidings that so-and-so has bewitched him is enough to affect fatally any black man's health. Such intense horror have the negroes of Obeah, that my son has effectually preserved his fowl-house from depredations by calling his negroes together and making them witness the following dark proceeding. Taking each fowl from the hand of some by-standing servant, my son will pluck a feather from its plumage, and, when all the birds have been submitted to this process, the little heaps of feathers are publicly interred; the trembling negroes being further impressed by hearing this awful incantation pronounced over the buried spoil,—

Croft Deletok Abaneb Exafna Tembybe Cyrutz.

Which hexameter is no more nor less than the first line of Gray's 'Memoria Technica,' and has reference to various historical events of importance, beginning with the creation of the world. This stupendous line, however, when delivered *ore rotundo* and with becoming solemnity, never fails to ensure safety to my son's fowl-house, while those of less ingenious owners suffer considerably. It has often amused me,' said my grandfather, addressing me, 'to watch the means your father sometimes devises for keeping the black servants in awe and order on his estates. Occasionally he will address an offender in some foreign language, at the same time stretching out his hand as if in denouncement; he generally recites a few lines of Homer as being heavy and sonorous, and the wretched negro will retire, petrified and alarmed, to take counsel of a friend, in something after this manner,— 'Hi! budda (brother), what come to young massa now? he cuss me in French.' Only the other day, your father, in his hurry, could not recall his favourite Greek denunciation, and supplied the deficiency by a ridiculous string of anatomical names. The recipient of this mysterious abuse vanished at once, but was overheard soon after in the following conversation with a friend:— 'Hi! I nebber hear such cuss!' 'What he say?' 'I ain't know what he say!' 'Man, he must have cussed you down you troat.' 'Ah, I ain't like for any-one cuss me in my inside.' And so on; for a negro hates nothing so much as being addressed in language which he doesn't understand. In these mysterious words lurk Obeah; Obeah is everywhere, around and about him, and Obeah is to be avoided. Well, now you know something about Obeah and Obeah men,' resumed my grandfather, 'I will hasten on to tell you of a narrow escape I had many years ago from the machinations of an Obeah priest. While I was manager of Newton Estate in the

parish of Christchurch, Barbados, my duties extended to the occasional supervision of the various 'gangs' or droves of negro workmen employed in agriculture. The estate of which I was manager belonged to a Mr. Lane, my generous and considerate patron, who, besides my board and lodging, gave me a Poet Laureate's remuneration of three hundred a year and a *cash of wine*; my position, therefore, was no inferior one. Offences of all sorts which were committed on the estate were put before me regularly, and I dispensed justice accordingly. On one occasion, I remember, a negro, named Theophilus, was brought up to me by the watchman of the estate, charged with some theft or assault—I forget now what the particular offence was,—and I was called upon to sentence him. He was a large man, with more daring and 'fierté' in his manner than was usually observable in slaves. I inquired who and what he was.

"He was 'driver' of a gang, and carried a whip of authority over some eight or ten workmen.

"I took measure of the man, and bethought me of a fitting punishment for him. I soon decided. 'Take his whip away from him,' I said, 'and give him a hoe like the rest of the gang.' This was done immediately, and a successor to Theophilus was soon appointed. I had not very long to wait for an opportunity of seeing the effects of my too well-judged punishment. Shortly after this occurred I was elected to serve as one of the three local magistrates for the parish of Christchurch, and assumed my dignity in due form, without, however, throwing up my post of manager at Newton. One day an Obeah-man was brought before myself and my colleagues, charged with a variety of offences, amongst which the count of suspected murder figured most threateningly. It appeared that he had 'bewitched' sundry cattle, sheep, and poultry, thereby causing their death; and, moreover, it was rumoured that the decease of one or two of the negroes in the parish was attributable to his evil influence. This was the grave accusation; and as we discussed the evidence for and against him, matters began to look very black indeed for the priest. My two colleagues seemed to have already decided on his guilt, and the jury looked to the judgment to be given in condemnation. I was not so certain of the bearing of the evidence, and, fancying that there was a weak point somewhere, went very carefully through the evidence before me. This second reading persuaded me that there was not sufficient evidence to hang the Obeah-man, and, when judgment was called for, I dissented from the opinion of Mr. Harding and my other

colleague. Hope brightened up the face of the wretched priest, and I could perceive his nervousness and agony of suspense while I recapitulated the evidence, and explained that I could not give judgment against the man, when to my mind the required proofs of his guilt were not satisfactory. I therefore stood out, and ultimately prevailed in getting my colleagues to remit the sentence of death, and dismiss the charge of murder; for I was, myself, fully persuaded that there was not sufficient legal evidence to justify a capital sentence. You will now hear how I had cause not to regret my carefulness in this matter. Some weeks after this affair of the Obeah priest had occurred, I was driving to Newton from Bridgetown, where I had been engaged in making some purchases for the estate, and my road led between two large plantations, in which the sugar-canes were standing to the height of eight or ten feet, forming a wall on either side of my gig. I was hastening to pass through this spot, for I knew well enough that such places as these, where retreat whilst on horseback or in a vehicle was impracticable, were usually selected by ill-spirited negroes for attack. Rapidly, but with caution, therefore, I was driving on, when suddenly a man leapt out of the cane-piece some twenty yards in front of me, and cried out,—'Stop, sir! stop massa! I beg you stop!' I made up my mind to drive on at all hazards; and hastily seizing a pistol out of the front pocket of the gig, I slackened the reins and touched my horse smartly with the whip. In another minute I should be upon him, over him, or past him. The man, perceiving his danger, darted into the cane-piece again, and, as I passed him, one glance satisfied me that my supposed assailant was no other than the Obeah-man whose life I had been the means of saving a short time previously, as I have told you. No sooner had I swept by than the priest leapt out into the path again, and cried out as before. 'Stop, young massa! stop! I want you!' I couldn't refrain from throwing a glance behind me, and I instantly perceived that my pursuer was unarmed. This, at first, reassured me, but in another moment I reflected that probably there were others concealed near me who only waited for my gig to be stopped, on any pretext, in order to attack me with greater impunity; and I should have soon got clear of this road and my supposed danger had not the Obeah-man cried out again,—'Stop! young massa, stop! I want to save you life!' This staggered me, and caused me to draw rein. The Obeah-man came at full speed after me, reiterating his former cry, with this startling last addition. I hesitated a moment, and then, with mingled doubts and fears, pulled up.

'Surely,' I thought, 'the service I have so lately done to this creature must be remembered by him in my favour—perhaps he tells the truth—perhaps I am running into danger of which he is aware, and would, in gratitude, give me warning.' Before I had done with my conjectures the Obeah priest was standing panting and out of breath by the side of my gig. 'What is it?' I asked; 'why do you stop me?' 'Massa,' answered the man, with difficulty speaking, so exhausted was he by his long run; 'massa, you save my life once, I now save you life.' 'What do you mean?' I asked in some trepidation. 'I mean I will save you life as you save mine. Take me wid you, I tell you all about it as you go along. I save you life myself' (he kept on repeating this phrase incessantly) 'as you save mine.' 'What am I to do?' said I, looking earnestly at the priest as I spoke to see if he flinched, as negroes often will at the fixed gaze of a white man, who suspects them. He confronted my gaze and replied, 'Take me wid you, massa, and write down what I got to tell you; take me wid you, and I save you life.' As he still kept to this request, I acceded at last, and permitted him to join me in the gig. We soon reached Newton, and when pen, ink, and paper had been procured, and the witnesses he desired had been called for, the Obeah-man disclosed the secret to me. I won't trouble you with an account in his own words, but will briefly give the purport of what I took down from his dictation. It seems that Theophilus, the driver whom I had degraded, had never forgiven the author of his punishment, and after long brooding over various methods of obtaining his revenge, had called in the aid of the all-powerful Obeah priest. Most fortunately for me the man whose services he sought to obtain against me was no other than the priest whose life had been spared at my intervention and by my vote. Gain, however, being prominent with this man, he agreed to supply Theophilus with a poison which should make away with me, and offered to show his employer how to mix the powder in the jug of water, to which I always used to apply in the evening, before quitting the manager's house for my own. He accordingly received his reward, and in return handed Theophilus a paper of powder, with full directions as to how, when, and where to administer it to me. Theophilus took the powder, and in due course mixed it with the water which used to stand in a jug by my side. Then, at a safe distance, he watched till he saw me raise the jug to my lips and drink its contents. He must have been disappointed at seeing no ill effects following upon my drinking the water; but had he known what the contents of the

paper were which the Obeah-man had given him for my destruction, he would have been still more disconcerted. I didn't die, for the powder which had been dissolved in the water was simply *arrowroot*. The poor wretch in whose behalf my interference had been so fortunately and, I must say, justly urged, had too much gratitude in his heart to conspire against my life. So he substituted arrowroot for something more deadly, and saved my life in return for his own acquittal."

"What," interrupted one of my grandfather's hearers, "became of the murderer—Theophilus?"

"Ah," said my grandfather, "here comes the most wonderful part of my story. Long before the law had time to complete his punishment, he died miserably in prison—swollen, bloated, and diseased—a victim to the Obeah priest's influence. Not content with saving me, he 'bewitched' my enemy."

R. REECE, Jun.

A N A.

POISONING BY TOBACCO.—A very curious case of poisoning by the absorption of tobacco through the skin was mentioned, at a recent meeting of the Académie des Sciences, by M. Cl. Bernard, who received the information from a M. Namias. A smuggler had placed a quantity of unmanufactured tobacco next his skin, and the heat and perspiration produced by walking caused the poisonous properties of the tobacco to enter the system, the consequences of which were very serious.

HOUNDS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—One of the earliest packs of fox-hounds on record was that kept by the then Lord Arundell of Wardour, between the years 1690 and 1700; and the family are in possession of memoranda proving that they occasionally hunted then from Wardour Castle, in Wiltshire, and at Breamore, near Salisbury, now the seat of Sir Edward Hulse, but then the occasional residence of Lord Arundell. These hounds were kept by the Arundells until about the year 1745, when the sixth Lord Arundell died. After his decease they were kept by his nephew, the Earl of Castlehaven, by whom and his successors they were hunted until the death of the last Earl of that name, about the year 1782. The pack was then sold to the celebrated Hugo Meynell, Esq., of Quorndon Hall, Leicestershire; and it is probable that they contributed largely to the establishment of that gentleman's fox-hunting fame, and have been the progenitors of some of the Quorn hounds of the present day.

NO GHOST.



I DON'T know how people feel who have seen a ghost ; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick ; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, man or woman I know not, five years ago, when I was lodging in the second-floor of a house in Bloomsbury Street, and within a few doors of Oxford Street. There were at that time unfurnished rooms to be let on the second floor of the opposite house. The blinds were not drawn down, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of these empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The great bill,

TO LET, UNFURNISHED,

was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and grey with dirt, and it was

hanging in a hopeless and impotent manner by a single wafer when the rooms were taken : at least I concluded that they were taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor, so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognise if it was that of man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbours, for I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after the lodgers came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning, when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the ante-room oppo-

site, wrapped, as it seemed, in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a cowl, so that, although the person was looking out of window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms, which were crossed, were also tightly covered by the sheet. For a few seconds it paused at the window, and I, sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. Then it entered the inner room, into which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

And here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been intensified, and has received an added horror, from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without allowing this horror to creep in, and yet, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attraction and interest; and a half surprise that any one should dress up and play the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure, as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for some time quite motionless by the bed-side. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head, still covered by the sheet, was bent downwards; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was the strangest change: the figure started, gave a wild bound, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed, standing with outstretched arms for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful rapidity that it was impossible to follow every movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, again they pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in bitter mockery, to the bed, and then the body swayed and bent backwards, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could hear the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I remember my surprise at finding that it had left the bedroom, and was again standing at the window of the ante-room. From thence it passed out into the passage, and I saw no more of it.

The bed was, as usual, occupied, but I do not remember noticing any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work, and sat at the window to watch the sun, as, like a solitary eye of fire glowing through mist and smoke with a dim angry light, it sank down into the heart of the

great city. The blinds of the rooms opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning. But in the evening, as I watched from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They stopped at the house opposite, and carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the white window blinds, for some one went first, carrying a candle.

And then I knew that there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day, had mocked at the dying or the dead.

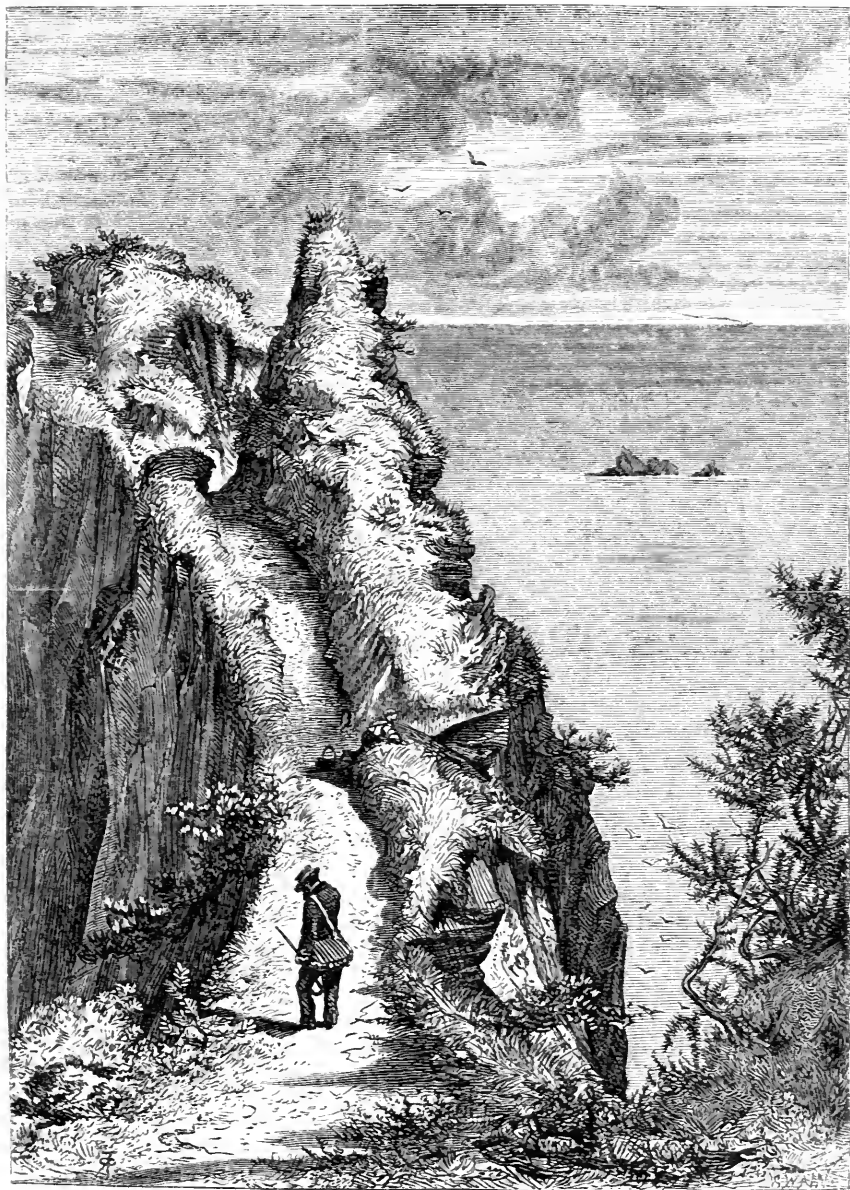
The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down-stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by a street cab, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home, I saw that the bed had been removed, the windows were wide open, and there were new bills, announcing that the rooms were "To Let, Unfurnished."

THE MECHANICAL SEMPSTRESS.

OUR readers will doubtless remember that in a recent number of *ONCE A WEEK*, that of August 20th, there appeared a paper under the above title, in which the comparative merits of certain sewing machines and their application were discussed. There was no intention on the part of either Editor or writer to show any invidious preference for any particular machine beyond that which facts and the best information warranted, and subsequent inquiry has only confirmed the conviction of both of them that the statements made in this particular article were mainly and substantially just. It is necessary that the Editor should state this in declining to insert a controversial letter on the same subject in which the statements of the original paper are questioned, or rather qualified, and which would entitle the writer of the latter to an equally lengthy reply. There are obvious limits to which we can open our pages to such discussions, and we see no reason to go beyond them on the present occasion.

ED. O. A W.

SARK.



The Coupée, Sark.

If you want to be quiet, take the necessaries of life with you and go to Sark. It is one of the few places where a traveller desirous of retirement may safely count upon it, save and except when some excursion "raid" is made

in very favourable weather from Jersey or Guernsey; then visitors are in a hurry to get back, for fear the wind should change, and they be obliged to remain in the tight little island for a week; for talk as you will of the

glorious uncertainty of "cricket," or the law, the uncertainty of getting back from Sark is far greater.

Approaching Sark for the first time by steamer, it seems hopeless to try to land. The sea is deep, clear, and green, close up to the foot of rocks, which, like the fiords of Norway, of precipitous granite, rise before us; their height is grand to a degree; their form grander still. A heavy sea dashing against them, as it wrings and twists the seaweed clinging to their bases—the water itself effervescent, foaming, and boiling—seems to defy us; at length, on the south-west side of the island, we found the boats were being lowered from the out-turned davits, and a certain bustle on deck suggested landing,—but where? At last a small heap of stones was pointed out at the foot of some of the rocks, called the harbour. And how puny man's handywork seemed in the midst of such natural grandeur! What a contrast to the majesty of the unhewn rock! But getting into the boats and landing, we find ourselves on a very small piece of shingle; and then, how to get out or up? Through a small natural arch, called the Creux, is the way up to the Heights. The tail-piece to this article is a sketch taken from inside, looking towards the shingle landing place. This is the only entrance to the island. Happily for human nature, no human voice, recommending tea-gardens, shrimps, or hot water at twopence per head, "salutes the ear:" not even the simple luxury of a sanded floor at a little road-side public-house is there to welcome the stranger. This is indeed a treat, a place to be taken note of. One thing in going you must do, *take your own lunch*. Having obtained some information previously about the place, we immediately started for that part of the island called the "Coupée." A ground plan of Sark would be somewhat like an hour-glass in shape, with the western lobe smaller than the eastern. The road in the narrow neck connecting the peninsulas is about 434 feet high, width at base 300 feet, top 20 feet or 30 feet; and certainly when it blows fresh—really fresh—it takes one's best sea-legs, with cricket spikes or Tyrolean "crampons," to keep up against it. And it then takes, I should say, the nerves of a member of the Alpine Club to walk across it. It was once crossed under the most remarkable circumstances. A young lady stopping in the island, was out for a ride, when something frightened the horse, which, starting off, ran away with her, and made for the Coupée. The marvel was that they were not both dashed to pieces; but the horse kept his feet, the girl her seat, and the moment they arrived on the opposite side, she swooned and fell off. Knowing the difficulty

of the passage, I should not have mentioned this, but as it is known to be a fact, and one which can be quoted with good authority, I thought it would add interest; besides, every place of this sort has some tradition or tale, or legend attached to it. The Rocher Bayard on the Meuse, for instance, affords a good instance.

Whilst gazing at the Coupée, one cannot but wonder that the sea has not undermined this thin-waisted natural wall-way, producing a huge freshwater-gate as a bridge between the two parts of Sark. Down on the left hand of the Coupée is an ocean cauldron, generally known as the "Pot," which Neptune seems to keep boiling; to judge from the spoon-drift and spray which come up when the sea rushes madly into concave rocks, and swells round and round, lashing itself into foam and froth till it makes itself heard as one of the roaring lions of the place. Great and majestic as this scene was, the subtlety of its beauty and grandeur was unfortunately far beyond the reach of art: although it fills the spectator with admiration, delight, and a certain awe, yet it convinces him of the very finite power he has of representing to others phases of nature which he perhaps most deeply feels himself. Working round the island to the Guernsey side we come to more fantastic forms of rocks—some, like the Needles at the Isle of Wight, but larger, are very striking; and then passing on still more to the eastward we arrive at Les Boutiques. What a horrible name for caverns. Surely they must have been christened by some ironical Frenchman, who thought it the best name for a series of caverns which belong to a nation of shopkeepers.

The rock scenery, or rockscapes, as our Transatlantic friends would call it, is certainly most varied and grand, but the great difficulty is in getting down to the shore, and if once there to get back again.

The island of Sark lies about midway between Guernsey, Jersey, and Cape Rose on the Coast of Normandy, but rather nearer to the islands than to the mainland; and though small in size, it is far from being inconsiderable. In its shape it is nearly oval, and it has another and smaller island attached to it by a narrow isthmus; but the two together are not above three miles in breadth. Sark rises high above the sea, and may be said to be regularly fortified by a rampart of steep impenetrable cliffs, so that it has but one access, which, though in itself easy and commodious, might be rendered impervious to invasion, let the enemy's force be what it will.

In point of climate this island is equal to any of the group, and the soil is so fertile that it produces more corn than sufficient for its

consumption, as also grass enough for the support of the black cattle, sheep, and horses, with which it is extremely well stocked.

Though this island was peopled so early as the sixth century, when St. Magloire, or, as he is commonly called, St. Manlier, built a

convent here, yet it was afterwards deserted, and in that state was seized by the French in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and recovered by surprise (for by force it could not have been taken) in that of Queen Mary. The surprise was effected in this manner:—Leave being obtained



The Creux, Sark.

to bury a person, a coffin full of arms was sent on shore, which served to arm the attendants, who had been carefully searched on their landing. Part of the small garrison was allured on ship-board, and detained there under pretence of sending some provisions on shore, till those who had landed recovered the island.

In the succeeding reign, to prevent any future accident of this kind, it was granted to Hellier de Carteret, seigneur de St. Ouen, in the island of Jersey, by whom it was settled, but has passed since into other hands, and is now in a state of gradual improvement.

P. T. R.

CHILDE ROLAND.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

I.

KING KARL sat feasting with his lords,
His busy varlets crowning
With fowl and fish the bending boards,
And thirst in red wine drowning;
And golden goblets' ruddy blaze
Glowed bright around the rainbow-rays
Of precious jewels shining.

II.

Then out spake Karl, the King,—“I ween
This splendour naught avails us;
The brightest gem the world has seen—
Shame on you!—ever fails us:
The gem that, gleaming like the sun,
The giant wears his shield upon,
In Ardennes' leafy fastness.”

III.

The nobles will not brook to hear
 Their royal master's taunting,
 And knight and bishop, prince and peer,
 Their might and prowess vaunting,
 Cry out for buckler and for brand
 And steel-clad steed to seek the land
 Where lurks the giant hiding.

IV.

Earl Milo's son, then, Roland hight,
 Cried "O my father, hear me ;
 Thou deemest me too young to fight,
 Or see the foeman near me ;
 Yet am I old enough to bear
 Thy goodly shield and pointed spear,
 As thine esquire behind thee !"

V.

Six warriors, riding side by side,
 Towards Ardennes' forest started ;
 But when they reached the woodland wide
 They one from other parted :
 Still Roland rode behind his sire,
 And pointed spear like trusty squire,
 And mighty buckler carried.

VI.

'Neath sun and moon the seekers rode,
 Of danger all defiant ;
 But, riding on thro' rock and wood,
 They lit not on the giant.
 Four times the sun had led the day,
 When fast asleep earl Milo lay,
 Beneath an oak recumbent.

VII.

Young Roland in the distance spied
 A shining and a flashing,
 And through the woodland, far and wide,
 The frighten'd roebuck dashing !
 He saw a light from out a shield
 A grisly monster-man did wield,
 Adown the steep descending.

VIII.

The thought sprung up in Roland's breast,
 What is there here to scare me ?
 Shall I break through my father's rest
 Because the foe is near me ?
 Here wake and watch both sword and spear,
 And shield and steel-clad horse, and here
 Childe Roland wakes and watches.

IX.

He buckles on the trusty brand
 That by his sire is lying,
 He lifts the long lance in his hand,
 And, thus the foe defying,
 His father's charger he bestrides,
 And softly through the firs he rides,
 The while the earl is sleeping.

X.

As Roland to the steep draws near,
 The giant, laughing loudly,
 Asks, "Wherefore comes yon youngster hert,
 On charger mounted proudly ?
 His spear will pull him from his seat,—
 His shield will crush him at my feet,—
 He's half his sword's length only !"

XI.

"Come out and fight," young Roland cried,
 "No child's-play thou shalt find it ;
 The shield I bear is tall and wide,
 The safer I behind it ;
 The man is weak, the steed is strong,
 The arm is short, the lance is long,
 The sword is sharp—thou'lt feel it !"

XII.

The giant struck a mighty blow
 As Roland thus defied him ;
 But Roland swerved, and, bending low,
 The club fell vain beside him.
 Then forth his pointed spear he flung,
 But from the charmed shield it sprung,
 On Roland back rebounding.

XIII.

Then Roland deftly raised his blade,
 Both hands the hilt held tightly ;
 The giant his to lift essayed,
 But could not wield it lightly ;
 Then Roland struck a cunning blow ;
 He clove the wrist the shield below,
 And hand and shield dropped quickly.

XIV.

The giant's heart was high no more,
 His arm no more the stronger ;
 The gem that in the shield he bore
 Could lend him might no longer.
 He reached to raise again the shield,
 But Roland's spear-point made him yield,
 And fall before the victor.

XV.

Then Roland seized his hair, and through
 His drooping neck divided ;
 And far along the vale below
 A stream of life-blood glided ;
 And Roland wrenched the radiant stone
 From out the shield his arm had won,
 And in its splendour gloried.

XVI.

He hid the gem, and in the flood
 That at his feet was flowing,
 He cleansed the stains of dust and blood
 His coat and sword were shewing ;
 Back Roland rode apace, and found
 His sire still laid along the ground,
 Beneath the oak-tree sleeping.

XVII.

He laid him at his father's side,
 And soon was soundly sleeping ;
 Then in the cool of evening-tide
 The earl, erect upheaving,
 Cried, "Rouse thee, Roland, seize thy spear,
 'Tis late that we should linger here,
 Nor ride the giant seeking."

XVIII.

With haste the two their steeds bestrode,
 With thoughts of deeds of daring :
 Behind his sire young Roland rode,
 The spear and buckler bearing.
 And soon they reach'd the battle-ground
 Whereon the giant death had found,
 And where his corse was lying.

XIX.

Scarce Roland now can trust his eyes,
The sight his wit defying;
The hand and head, his good blade's prize,
No longer, there are lying.
Both spear and sword and arms are gone,
And shield whereon the jewel shone,
The trunk alone remaining.

XX.

Earl Milo gazed upon the dead,
And at the huge corse wonder'd.
"A lengthy log without the head,—
How tall before 'twas sunder'd!
Here lies the foe; asleep! ah, shame!
I've lost both victory and fame,
And live for aye dishonour'd!"

XXI.

King Karl came out before his hall,
His trusty peers expecting,
Afraid lest harm might them befall;
Then forth his gaze directing,
"Say, see I aught? Aye, by my crown,
Duke Haimon's riding through the town,
His spear the foe's head bearing."

XXII.

Duke Haimon came in cheerless mood,
His lance was lowly drooping;
The giant's head, all red with blood,
He lower'd, humbly stooping.
"I found it in the wood," he said,
And fifty steps beyond the head
The headless trunk was lying."

XXIII.

The bishop soon was seen to bear
The giant's glove steel-woven;
The stiff and stark hand still was there
That Roland's sword had cloven.
"A relic of great price!" he cried;
"I found it in the woodland wide,
Cut from the arm that own'd it!"

XXIV.

Next came the bold Bavarian duke,
The giant's spear-shaft dragging.
"I found it in the forest, look!
No wonder I come lagging;
With sweat and toil I've brought the spear;
A cup of my Bavarian beer
Right gladly I'd be drinking!"

XXV.

Count Richard next approach'd his lord,
Beside his charger striding,
Upon the steed the giant's sword
And heavy harness riding.
"Who will," he said, "among the trees,
May find more arms as big as these,
Far more than I could carry."

XXVI.

Then Count Garin the king spies,
The giant's buckler swinging.
"He has the shield—his is the prize,
He comes the jewel bringing."
"The shield I have; the gem is gone;
Another hand has won the stone,
And wrenched it from its setting."

XXVII.

Earl Milo next came t'wards the hall,
In sorrow slowly riding;
He let his old head lowly fall,
His shamed visage hiding.
Still Roland rode behind his sire,
The pointed spear, like trusty squire,
And heavy buckler bearing.

XXVIII.

They near'd the hall; he nothing spoke;
The gate about to enter,
His father's shield he turn'd, and broke
The boss from out the centre;
The giant's gem he set thereon;
With dazzling sheen the jewel shone,
As shines the sun of summer.

XXIX.

And when the king the light descried
In Milo's buckler glowing,
"Tis Milo slew the foe," he cried;
"He comes the token shewing;
'Tis Milo smote the giant dead,
And lopped off hand, and lopped off head,
The priceless jewel taking."

XXX.

The earl beheld the gem that blazed:
His eyes could scarce believe it;
"Say, stripling," cried he, all amazed,
"Of whom didst thou receive it?"
"Chide not, my sire; God gave me might,
I slew the giant in the fight;
The while you slept I won it!"

B. J.

HORSES AND HORSE COPERS.

EVERY now and then some question comes on for public discussion in the most mysterious manner; it rises by imperceptible gradations, and gradually involves the newspaper and literary press in its discussion. Of late the question of the day has been that of horses. Have horses deteriorated? Is our system of handicapping leading to the production of worthless weedy animals? Is Ireland losing all her best blood? The vehemence with which these questions have been discussed shows the interest the national mind takes in them, and the wonderful diversity of opinion that is entertained upon them.

Whilst, therefore, the public attention is thus directed to the noble animal, we may perhaps be permitted to say a few words respecting them without touching the more prominent points in dispute. The Londoner, whether his avocation lies among horseflesh or not, believes he knows something about the matter, and perhaps with some reason,—for is there not a permanent horse-show in Hyde Park every season, where he sees finer specimens of the animal, and in greater numbers, than the world can show besides? Yet if you test the Londoners' knowledge of horses,

you soon discover that it is entirely superficial. Where they come from, how they are trained, what are their really valuable points or otherwise, are questions respecting which they are in entire ignorance. England has so long maintained a superiority in the matter of horse-flesh, that the public are apt to smile with derision when the efforts of other nations in the same direction are mentioned; and the shock, therefore, is proportionately great when we find that success is not always denied to them. During the last racing season, to wit, our best horses have been beaten by Frenchmen—our Derby winners have come in second to comparatively unknown animals on a French race-course—we have had one or two falls in contests with our American cousins, and some of us are beginning to rub our eyes, and ask how all this comes about. It is at least consolatory to know that in every case it is English blood that has beaten us. We sell our best stock openly to all nations, and we must not be surprised, therefore, at finding that stock has not deteriorated by change of air, and by the superior training they get abroad. The extent to which foreigners are draining us of our best equine blood is little known; neither do we imagine the British public is prepared to find that we import so many horses as we do at present from the Continent.

In the year 1853, we sold abroad 1902 horses, of the declared value of 85,967*l*. This was just before the Crimean war. In the year 1863, the number had increased to 4348, of the declared value of 270,611*l*. The greater portion of these horses were to mount foreign cavalry; and a speculative mind may perhaps be tempted to imagine that this demand on the part of continental governments was not made without a due regard to the mettle of our cavalry, as exhibited in the famous ride of the "Five Hundred." Our imports have fallen off, as we find that in 1853 they were 1978, against 1819 in 1862; but they were of a very different kind from those that left our shores. We sent away a class of animal such as we use in omnibuses, many of which are employed to mount officers; whilst we received in return a coarse agricultural animal from North Germany, and our own best blood, educated by the Prussians. We are apt to contemplate with great pride the noble animals we see curvetting and prancing upon the soft tan in Rotten Row, and to imagine that the world cannot, in this article at least, compete with us. If the park-lounger were to express such sentiments aloud, he would probably excite a curl of contempt on the moustache of the foreign gentleman

with the military air close to him, and with reason. These high-bred horses, whose action attracts the merest novice, are not English horses at all: they are born and bred in Prussia, but are of English blood. These horses are trained by the cavalry officers of that country, with a delicacy and an intelligence our rough-riders know nothing about; and this education of our own stock we know how to appreciate and to pay for. Cavalry officers in Prussia are particularly fond of the *ménage*. They are allowed by their Government to keep three horses, and they employ their idle time in breaking and elevating the colts of English blood; and our dealers, ever on the look-out for such animals, are always ready to purchase. What more significant comment could we possibly make upon the superiority of foreign to home horse-breaking and training?

It is at least consolatory to our national pride to find that it is only the park-horse that receives any value from the management of the foreigner. Our racing stud is entirely our own, if we make the admission that it has been elevated to its present proud position by the infusion of Arab blood it received at a comparatively early date; but this infusion would have been of little value if grafted on a less promising stock. It must be conceded that the indigenous British horse was admirable from the earliest times. Caesar says as much in his Commentaries, for he admits that the Ancient Britons in their chariots were more than a match for him at times. We are apt to think that the aboriginal British horse was a mere pony—represented by the animals that ran wild on Exmoor some half a century ago; but it is quite clear that such animals would not have been capable of working the scythe chariots used in war by the Britons, as these must have been heavy, besides having to carry the charioteer and the fighting-man. No under-sized animals would have been up to this work, and no other than high-couraged horses could have charged as they did, right into the midst of the enemy. Blood and substance must, therefore, be conceded to our original stock. When this stock was crossed with the pure Arabian blood, the produce at once took the first place among the horseflesh of Europe.

It must not be supposed, however, that even in the element of swiftness, the English blood derived much advantage from the Arabian or Barb blood. As long back as the latter end of the sixteenth century we have the unobjectionable testimony to this fact, of Gervase Markham, that complete sportsman, who has left us the best account of the character of

early English horses. Speaking of a trial between the foreign blood and our own in his day, he says—"Now for their inward goodness; first, for their valure and endurance in the wars, I have seene them suffer and execute as much and more than ever I noted in any other forraigne creation. For swiftness, what nation hath brought forth that horse which hath the English? for proove whereof we have this example: when the best Barbaries that ever were in my remembrance, were in their prime, I saw them overrunne by a black hobbie (Irish horse) at Salisburie, of Maister Carlton's, and yet the hobbie was more overrunne by a horse of Maister Blackstone's, called 'Valentine,' which Valentine, neither in hunting nor running, was ever equalled, yet was a plaine-bred English horse both by syre and dam."

That the Arabian did not bring us swiftness as its main gift, has been proved over and over again, when the best horses of that country have been matched against even second-class English horses, and have been beaten always over a short course. That the Arabians and Barbs, however, brought us other great qualities of endurance and courage—in other words, breed—there can be no doubt; for our great racers have been the produce of Arabian sires.

The admixture of this blood during the early part of the last century was very great. The sires of this country have indeed, in a large measure, influenced the whole of our racing animals up to the present time. Darley's Arabian, the first of this blood of great note, made the earliest impression upon our English stock. Flying Childers, foaled in 1715, was his son; and this horse is said to have been the fastest that ever ran. Dodsworth was another Barb of pure quality; and then came Godolphin, an Arabian, whose descendant, Eclipse, has long been a name in the Racing Calendar familiar to every Englishman. Within the present century, pure Arab sires are rarely employed; yet the influence of the old stock is most certainly not worn out. Whatever effect the practice of racing under present conditions in this country may have upon our horses' powers of endurance, one thing is quite certain—it has had no ill effect upon their speed. Flying Childers—reputed the fastest horse that has ever appeared in England—although said to have run a mile within a minute, never did anything of the kind. In the record of his performance over the Broad Course at Newmarket, the length of which was three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, he is said to have done it in six minutes and forty seconds, or at the rate of one minute

and forty-six seconds the mile; about the rate of running of a first-class racer of the present day, and much higher than the performances of the Arab racers to be found in the modern stud-book. It is equally questionable whether they have fallen off in powers of endurance. This is not the first time the same complaint has been made with respect to our horseflesh. In every age we look back to impossible horses in the past, just as we look back to impossible men. If it had not been for the Eglintoun tournament, the old story of the degeneration of the Englishman would have been still fully believed; but when it was proved, on that occasion, that we could not get into the iron clothes of other days, nothing more was to be said.

It may be a question whether we are not wearing out our blood by sacrificing everything to speed at a very early age, and whether the old style of races, for long distances and with heavy weights, may not be resorted to with advantage in some of the matches for the Queen's plates; but that is a matter which our racing-men must decide.

If we turn from the ride to the drive, we shall certainly do so with unmixed pleasure; when we look upon the splendid carriage-horses which pass us in such endless procession, we can do so without the slightest chance of hearing that their race has degenerated, or that our equipages are worse horsed than were our ancestors. We have not the ponderous Flemish mares that once dragged the gilded coaches round the ring; but we have something that is infinitely better. For "Majesty" alone, on state occasions, is the solemn, pompous, slow animal of old maintained; and on grand occasions, when the eight cream-coloured long-tailed horses make their appearance, we may realise to ourselves a very improved style of animal to that which paced Hyde Park in the days of Queen Anne and the early Georges.

The fine horses of sixteen hands to be seen in the carriages of our nobility, are of pure Yorkshire breed; but are procurable only through the London dealers. They are purchased by them at Howden and Horncastle fairs, and by them only, as the traders will not sell to strangers unless they will take them in lots of all sizes and colours. This the London dealer can afford to do, sorting them afterwards according to the requirements of his customers. An individual wishing to pick a pair for his own use, would find himself shut out of the market by this practice.

A perfect match of these Yorkshire carriage-horses, of a bright bay colour mottled with black, is looked upon by the London dealer

just as a fine diamond or a pure pearl would be by the precious-stone dealer. They know their value, and that ultimately they will be purchased; hence the perfect indifference they evince towards the general purchaser who may happen to see them in his stable. Such men look upon a pair of such horses, if they are lucky enough to obtain them, as the great advertisement of their lives. We question if they would sell them at any price to a mere millionaire without position in society. He must have money, it is true; but he also wants position for his horses. His ambition is, that they shall form part of the establishment of a leader of *ton*, because he knows that their beauty will then be seen by the best class of people, and that his reputation will thereby be established. Such horses—and we see many such in the drive—are often sold as high as a thousand guineas the pair. Of old, as we have said, the run was all upon Flemish horses—it is now wholly upon English animals; and in this the public taste of Europe has decidedly shown a vast improvement. In Paris and Vienna we often see equipages that are second to none, even in England; but, upon inquiry, we invariably find that they are imported from this country. As fortunes, however, are not so great in France as in England, it often happens that these equipages flourish only for a brief season, when the horses fall again into the hands of the English dealer, who is invariably looking out for first-class animals: but not to sell again to other Parisians, as horses once well known do not change hands in Paris—the leaders of the fashion there considering it not the thing to purchase of each other.

It will be thought very naturally that the finest stud of all classes of horses is to be found in the Queen's stables. And probably in the days of George IV. this was the case, but at present the sovereign's tastes do not include horseflesh. Probably the influence of Prince Albert had a great deal to do with the neglect into which the royal stables have fallen. His Royal Highness neither knew nor cared anything about horseflesh, and the consequence is, that at the present moment there is scarcely a horse in the Buckingham Palace stables that can be considered first-rate, and many of them are shocking jades. The public had an opportunity of witnessing the second-rate character of the animals sent to convey the Princess Alexandra into London—animals that our leading nobility would not have in their stables. The riding-horses are of an inferior nature still; with one exception, those used by the Prince of Wales. Perhaps the best horses in the possession of Her

Majesty are the dappled grey ponies used for the Highland excursions of herself and family; and apparently the Prince of Wales has taken up the taste, as we find him driving the same class of grey cobs—models of their kind. There are certain horses in the royal stud, however, which are unique; for instance, the cream-coloured horses which are employed on state occasions by the sovereign. These animals, first introduced by the Hanoverian kings, are a special product of Hanover and the adjacent countries. The breed is kept up most religiously in this country at the Hampton Court establishment. These horses look small in contrast with the great gilt coach they draw, but in reality they are tall, scarcely one of them being less than sixteen and a-half hands, and they are proportionately strong, as the state harness for each horse, with all its furniture, does not weigh less than two hundredweight. These Hanoverians are, in fact, the last representatives of the old Flemish horses, once so fashionable. They are slow and pompous in their action, as befits horses destined to serve royalty on state occasions. Some of them, still in use, are upwards of twenty years old; but they take life easily, airing themselves in the riding-school in the mornings, and once a-year or so doing the heavy work of taking the old gilded coach with its august burden from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament and back, and then relapsing for a twelvemonth into laziness and oats. The preparation of the royal equipage for a grand state occasion is a real sight. The tails of all the royal steeds being properly adjusted (why should not horses of fashion, like their mistresses, wear false hair?), they are with some little trouble harnessed, for many of them are entire animals, and their mode of life inclines them to wax fat, and kick against the pricks. And now comes the important operation of mounting the state coachman on his box: this is by no means done by a spring and a jump; on the contrary, it is a very solemn and laborious affair. There must be no haste, no jerking, otherwise the magnificent posy in his button-hole will be displaced, and all the powder shaken out of the prim curls in his periwig. A ladder is procured, and he mounts to his seat at the top of the large vehicle, and there he sits, a perfect "bright poker" of a coachman, the postillions being really in command of the animals, in conjunction with the state grooms who walk beside them. It would certainly be a curious thing to estimate the cost of these annual promenades as far as horseflesh is concerned; what their keep and stabling and exercising comes to,—the whole stud we mean,

out of which the eight are selected for the two hours' annual work. Certainly that short jaunt must cost something like 1000*l.* an hour. At the Hampton Court establishment all the Arab and other horses presented by Eastern princes to Her Majesty are kept. It really is almost as expensive as presenting elephants to the sovereign to send her these noble breeds: it is not etiquette even to give them away, and they are never put to any use, or killed when getting old. Theirs is a true life of ease, they are served by the most experienced grooms, have every want attended to, and live on in the full enjoyment of life until they are called away to the bourn from which no quadruped returns.

What a contrast these noble brutes present in their lives to the meaner animals which are constantly passing through the hands of many masters! a horse, for example, that has some slight blemish, or fault of temper, or perhaps some disease which is ignorantly put down to the score of vice. These are the animals that suffer a martyrdom through life, and are yet worked as remorselessly as though they were all the time shamming. In nine cases out of ten, when any one has the misfortune to possess an animal so afflicted with temper or disease, he immediately gets rid of him, and leaves the purchaser to find out what is the matter. It has always been a mystery how it happens that the most honourable men, whose integrity in other matters is beyond reproach, cannot resist taking in even their dearest friend in the matter of horseflesh. It cannot be that they feel it less culpable to deal fraudulently in this article than they would in the matter of a house, or an estate, or a piece of merchandise; there must be, therefore, some difference in kind between the different articles under negotiation, which goes in the former case to their conscience, and we think that difference lies in the fact of a horse's similarity to man in his humour, tricks, and vices. The nearest approach to the laxity of morals with respect to giving a character to a horse, is that which obtains in giving a character to a servant. If a man parts with his groom because he has been saucy, or idle, or ill-tempered, or obstinate, he by no means, as a matter of course, says as much when asked to give his candid opinion respecting him by his new master; on the contrary, he charitably takes a part of the blame upon himself. He will say, "Well, perhaps I was a little hasty myself," or "I spoke too sharp to him, knowing his hot temper; possibly his next master will be more considerate, and they will work well together." We are convinced that when a man gets rid of his horse for some supposed

fault, the reason of his keeping back his motive for doing so arises in many cases from the same cause. "He bolted with me, it is true, but I was always a careless rider," or "he reared and nearly did for me, but the bit was too sharp." We make allowances for the horse as we do for the man, and believe that in new hands he will do well enough. This is a different thing from committing a deliberate fraud which must inevitably entail loss upon the next possessor—from passing bad money, for instance, or from issuing a forged cheque, or even from passing off wooden nutmegs or wooden hams for real and genuine articles.

In these latter cases there can be no doubt of fraud; but when we consider how largely the equine race shares with us our good and bad qualities—how very similar, in fact, they are sometimes in their whims and caprices—there may be permitted a very wide margin for dispute as to who shall be debited with the real fault, the horse or his master; and as in this case the master has some interest in doing so, he liberally debits himself with the fault, and very often rightly. We say so much in explanation of what is termed the ordinary loose morality which exists between even the best friends in horse-dealing, because it is made an excuse for the dishonest practices of what are termed horse-copers, a set of clever vagabonds who live by swindling. The profession of horse-coping requires so much ability, and such a profound knowledge of human nature on the part of the adepts in the art, that it really is a pity that its professors don't find a higher field for their exertions.

In a former paper* we have given the reader some insight into the professional London horse-coper, who works his trade by means of advertisements in the Times, drawing attention to some astounding prodigy of horseflesh to be sold, for next to nothing. There is another branch of the fraternity who attend fairs, and manage to gull the Queen's lieges in quite as clever, though not perhaps in so refined a manner. Their business is to buy good-looking screws and old horses, and so to do them up as to take in that class of person who is a thorough believer in his own superior knowledge of horseflesh.

The ability with which these rogues will operate on old animals, and turn them into showy-looking steeds fit for any gentleman to ride, is really very great, and it would make their fortunes if they would only turn their attention to the getting up of the rich old dandies of the bygone era of George IV. The class of horse they are in the habit of

* See page 2.

operating upon is known by the slang term of "the Adam," an aged individual of some blood, but sadly showing the marks of age. Thus, for instance, his teeth will slant outward at a most acute angle—a well-known sign of equine senility. He will have deep depressions over the eyes, which also give a very ancient appearance; and finally, he will show white hairs all over his coat. To get rid of these signs of going down the hill the coper has his respective dodges. By means of a file he speedily reduces the teeth to the length of those of a five-year-old, and by a clever process called "Bishopping" he manages to imitate the dark marks or cavities which are to be found on the biting edges of all young horses' teeth. This is done by means of a hot iron, which burns out a cavity in the tooth, which, to the uninitiated or the casual observer, looks very like the real thing. The white hairs are reduced to the prevailing colour of the coat by using a hair-dye. Do not old bachelors attempt to hide their hoary locks in a similar manner, and sometimes with the same design of taking in some eligible fair one? The third process of "gypping," or "puffing the glims," as it is termed, is done in this manner:—The loose skin which falls in over the aged horse's eye, is punctured; the coper then applies his lips to the place, and blows into the cavity; the punctures close, and the depression is obliterated, and in its place a smooth brow is seen. The effect in restoring the youthful looks of an aged horse is very remarkable—as striking, in fact, as the filling up of a nut-cracker jaw by the introduction of a set of false teeth.

All these attempts to renew the old Adam, however, are of a very transitory nature. The purchaser, proud of his animal, which he flatters himself he has bought at a very reasonable rate, puts him into his stable over night, and by the time he has been well groomed in the morning, a dozen winters appear to have passed over his head. The truth is out, and the mortified dupe is only too glad to get rid of his bargain at any sacrifice. The dealer has decamped, of course, and his warranty as to age, &c., is worth the paper it is written upon, and no more; but he has left a confederate, who manages to buy back again the "Adam," which is led forth to some distant horse-fair to undergo a similar process of being restored to youth, and of being palmed off as a horse in the very prime of life.

There is another class of unsound horse which copers are much in the habit of "working with," as it is termed. Many fine-looking

horses are afflicted with a disease of the vertebral column, which is not apparent as long as they are run up and down the yard by the groom, but which immediately exhibits itself upon the animal's being mounted. This horse is termed the "Bobby," and more perhaps is done by the copers with this animal than with any other. He generally has splendid action when being trotted up and down the yard, and he is generally gingered beforehand to give him fire and spirit; in fact, no animal is more likely to take in a purchaser who goes upon mere appearances. The knowing ones would pinch him up and down the spine until the sore place was discovered; but the copers know very well that the knowing ones are not likely to buy of them, and if they discover the unsoundness by chance, a "tip" easily buys their silence respecting it.

There is still another class of animal with which the horse-coper tempts flats, and this is what is termed the "knock," or lame horse, an animal afflicted with shoulder lameness. The "coper" is no believer in the saying that "two wrongs do not make a right," in appearances at least, for he proceeds to cure the lameness of one leg by producing a corresponding lameness in the sound one. This he does by taking off the shoe, and inserting a bean between it and the foot, and nailing it on again. The horse now appears to go all right, in consequence of the lameness being equal in each leg. This trick, however, is good for only a very short time, but generally long enough to suit the coper's purpose, who, immediately on selling the doctored animal, decamps with all speed from the neighbourhood, and when wanting, is not, of course, to be found.

There is some one left, however, to pick up the discarded animal, which is sure to be sold by the gull for an old song, and then the confederate, with his "property," as actors would say, is off to join the coper in some distant scene of operation. Thus the game is carried on from year to year, and we question whether the coper with a string of screws doesn't make a better bag than the honest dealer.

The moral to be drawn, after all, from our little story is, never to delude yourself with the idea that you can buy an Arab off a cab-stand; in other words, that you can, without any knowledge, pick up a great bargain either at a fair or at a London horse-repository. If you attempt it, the chances are that you are only taking a bait most cunningly placed in your way by a horse-coper, who laughs at you as a greenhorn whilst he is fleecing you of your cash.

A. W.

TWO LIVES IN ONE.

I AM old now. My life has been as placid and uneventful as I could have wished ; but there is one memory I possess, known to but few, which my family wish me to put before the world. In my old age I learn to submit to younger judgments, even as in my youth I submitted to my elders. In some cases extremes meet. I ask attention to my story only because it is true. Whether it is strange or not, I hardly know : it is strange enough to me.

More than fifty years ago my brother Stephen and I lived together in a village about ten miles south of London, where he was in practice as a surgeon. Stephen was thirty-two, I eighteen. We had no relations, but a sister, five or six years older than myself, and well married in London. Stephen was a solitary and studious man, living somewhat apart from his neighbours, and standing almost in a fatherly position towards me. Through the years we had lived together no one had thought of his marrying. Thus it was when the events I have to tell began. The house next to ours was taken by a Mr. Cameron, a feeble-looking man, rather past middle age, with one daughter, Marion by name. How shall I describe her, the most beautiful creature I ever saw ? She was perhaps twenty years old ; I never knew precisely. A tall, slight form, fair complexion, dark chestnut eyes and hair, and an expression more like that of an angel than a human being. Though I was much struck with her appearance, Stephen did not seem to notice it ; and we might have remained unacquainted with them for ever, but that he was required to help Mr. Cameron over an awkward stile opposite our house. Acquaintance once made, they soon grew familiar ; for they had two feelings in common, a love of tobacco and Swedenborgianism. Many a summer evening did they pass, smoking the one and talking the other, Marion sometimes joining in, for she generally walked with them, while my chest, which was weak at that time, kept me at home. One day they quitted Stephen at the gate, and as he entered the door I said to him,

"How lovely Marion is ! I am never tired of looking at her."

"Look at her while you may," said he ; "she has not three years to live."

It was only too true. She had some dreadful complaint—aneurism, I think it was—which must carry her off in the flower of her days. Stephen told me that he had consulted the most eminent doctors without getting any hope ; and the emotion, rare enough in him, that he displayed, told me he loved Marion.

I said no word to him about it, I knew better ; but I saw with what dreadful doubts he was perplexed. Excitement might shorten Marion's life—such an excitement as a declaration of love from him might be of material injury ; and even if it did not prove so, how could he condemn himself to the prolonged torture of seeing the life of a beloved wife ebb away day by day ? Besides, he did not think she cared for him. I, who had watched her ceaselessly, knew that she loved him with her whole heart. He struggled with himself fiercely ; but he won the fight. He left home for some weeks and returned, looking older and paler ; but he had learned to mention her name without his voice quivering, and to touch her hand without holding his breath hard. She was pining away under the influence of his changed manner, and I dared not help my two darlings to be happy. An unexpected aid soon came. Mr. Cameron, who was in bad health when we first saw him, died suddenly. Poor Marion's grief was terrible to see. Her father was dead, Stephen, as she thought, estranged ; and there was no one else in the world who cared whether she lived or died, except myself. I brought her home with me, and was with her hourly till Mr. Cameron's funeral. How we got through that time I hardly know. Then came the necessary inquiry into his affairs. He had died, not altogether poor, but in reduced circumstances, leaving Marion an annuity that would scarcely give her the luxuries her state of health required. And where was she to live, and what to do ? Stephen was the sole executor, the one adviser to whom she could look. He took two days and nights to consider, and then offered her his hand and home. At first she could not believe that his offer arose from anything but pity and compassion ; but when he had told her the story of the last few months, and called me to bear witness to it, a great light seemed to come into her eyes, and a wonderful glow of love, such as I had never seen, over her face. I left them to themselves that evening, till Stephen tapped at the door of my room and told me all—nothing, in fact, but what I knew long before. In their case there was little cause for delay. Trousseaux were not the important matters in my day that they are in my grandchildren's ; and Marion was married to Stephen, in her black gown, within a month of her father's funeral.

The next few months were a happy time for all of us. Marion's health improved greatly. The worried, frightened look she used to wear left her face as she recovered from the depression caused by her constant anxiety about her father, and the loss of rest she suffered in attending upon him at night. It seemed as if

she was entirely recovering ; and Stephen, if he did not lose his fears, at least was not constantly occupied with them. How happily we used to look forward to the future, for Stephen was beginning to save money ; and how many were our day-dreams about professional eminence for him, and fashionable life in London, partly for Marion, but mostly for me. I have tried fashionable life in London since, but I never found it so happy as our days in that dear old Surrey village.

Well, our happy time did not last long. Marion caught a cough and cold as the winter came on, and was soon so ill as to be taken to London for advice. Stephen came back alone, with a weary, deathly-looking face. Marion had broken a small blood-vessel on the journey—not anything serious in itself, but ominous enough. They were to go at once to a warmer climate—not a day to be lost. Sorrowfully I packed up the necessary things, and went with Stephen to London the next day to say good-bye to Marion, who had been forbidden to go home. The same afternoon they were on board a trading vessel bound to Leghorn. Luckily, Marion was a good sailor and well used to ships, for she had made more than one voyage to Madeira with her father. Much as I wished to go with them, and much as they wished it too, it was out of the question. Stephen had saved but little money, and could hardly see how he and Marion were to live, unless he could make himself a practice somewhere among the English abroad, and his taking me also was not to be thought of. I was to live for the present with my married sister. It was very sore to part with Stephen, with whom I had lived all my life ; it was almost sorer still to part with Marion, who had been more than a sister to me ever since I saw her. Stephen and I were nearly overcome with emotion ; but she was calm and silent, with an intent, wistful look about her lovely face that has haunted me all my life since. I can see it now when I shut my eyes, though it is fifty years ago. Need I say that I never saw her again ?

I went to my sister's house, and began the fashionable life I used to wish for. It was not all that I pictured it, though it was pleasant enough to occupy me in the daytime ; but at night I longed sadly for my darlings.

Stephen wrote letters full of hope, and talked of returning after spending two years in Italy. Marion, too, wrote favourably of herself, and my anxiety began to lessen. There was another reason for this at the same time—my late husband, the friend and partner of my sister's husband, was at that time beginning to pay his addresses to me ; and the tender troubles of my own case made me careless of others. Sum-

mer came round again ; and one day as I was half wishing for my country home again, a letter arrived from Stephen. Marion's complaint was at a crisis, and a great change would take place, one way or the other, in a few days. I was to go home, put the place in order, and be ready to receive them. I did not know till afterwards that Marion had begged to be allowed to die at home, if the change were for the worse ; if it had been for the better, there would have been no reason for her staying abroad.

Well, I went home, arranged everything, and waited for them. Three weeks passed (the usual interval) and no letter ; a month, and I supposed they were travelling slowly to avoid fatigue. On the day five weeks after I had received the last letter I was sitting alone, rather late in the evening, when a quick step sounded in the road outside, and Stephen came to the gate, opened it, entered the house, and sat down in silence. He was dressed as usual, and looked tired and travel-stained ; but there was no sorrow in his face, and I felt sure that Marion must be safe. I asked him where she was. He said she was not with him.

"Have you left her in Italy?" I asked.

"She is dead," he answered, without a shadow of emotion.

"How? Where?" I was beginning to question him, but he stopped me.

"Give me something to eat and drink," he said. "I have walked from London, and I want to sleep."

I brought him what he wanted. He bade me good night ; and as I saw he wished it, I left him and went to bed, full of grief, but even more of wonder that he, who truly loved his wife if ever man did, could speak of her not a month after her death without his voice faltering or his face changing in the least. "Tomorrow will solve the question," I said to myself as, weary with crying, I felt sleep coming over me. But to-morrow did not solve the question. He told me as before, without emotion, what he wished me to know, and from that moment we spoke no more on the subject. In every respect but this he was my own Stephen of old,—as kind and thoughtful as ever, only altered by a rather absent and abstracted manner. I thought at first that he was stunned by his loss, and would realise it most painfully afterwards ; but months passed on without a change. He used Marion's chair, or things of her work, or sat opposite to her drawings without seeming to notice them ; indeed, it was as if she had dropped out of his life entirely, and left him as he was before he knew her. The only difference was, that he, naturally a man of sedentary habits, took a

great deal of exercise, and I knew that he kept laudanum in his bedroom.

At this time my lover was pressing me to marry him, and with much difficulty I consented to tell Stephen about it, though I had no intention of leaving him. To my surprise he seemed pleased. I told him that I would never leave him alone, not for all the husbands in the world; but he would not hear me.

"I think it is your duty to marry him, Margaret," he said. "You love him, and have taught him to love you, and you have no right to sacrifice him to me."

"My first duty is to you, Stephen. I will not leave you alone."

"I see that I must explain to you," he said, after a pause. "When you leave me I shall not be alone."

"Who will be with you?" I asked, wondering.

"Marion."

I started as if I had been shot, for I thought he must surely be mad; but he continued, quite calmly and as usual, without emotion,—

"She died at mid-day. Till night I do not know what I did. I felt stunned and broken and dying myself; but at last, worn out as I was with watching and sitting up, I fell asleep; and by God's mercy she came to me in my dreams, and told me to be comforted. The next night she came again, and from that time to this has never failed me. Then I felt that it was my duty to live; that if my life was valueless to myself, it was not so to you, so I came home. I daresay it is only a freak of my imagination. Perhaps I even produce an illusion by an effort of my will; but however that is, it has saved me from going mad or killing myself. How does she come? Always as she was in that first summer that we spent here, or in our early time in Italy; always cheerful and beautiful, always alone, always dressed as she used to dress, talking as she used to talk,—not an angel, but herself. Sometimes we go through a whole day of pleasure, sometimes she only comes and goes; but no night has ever yet been without her; and indeed I think that her visits are longer and dearer as I draw nearer to her side again. I sometimes ask myself which of my two lives is the real one. I ask myself now, and cannot answer. I should think that the other was, if it were not that while I am in this I recollect the other, and while I am in the other I know nothing beyond. And this is why my sorrow is not like that of others in my position. I know that no night will pass without my seeing her; for my health is good enough, and I never fail to sleep. Sleeplessness is the only earthly evil I dread, now you are provided for. Do not think me hard to you in not having told you of this be-

fore. It is too sacred a thing to be spoken of without necessity. Now write to your husband that is to be, and tell him to come here."

I did so, and the preparations for my marriage began. Stephen was very kind; but his thoughts wandered further and further day by day. I spoke to a doctor, a friend of his, about him, but it seemed that nothing really ailed him. I longed, almost to pain, to ask him more about Marion; but he never gave me an opportunity. If I approached the subject he turned the talk in another direction, and my old habits of submission to him prevented me from going on. Then came my wedding-day. Stephen gave me away, and sat by my side at the breakfast. He seemed to hang over me more tenderly than ever, as he put me into the carriage and took leave of me.

The last thing I did as I leaned out of the carriage window was to tell him to be sure to be my first visitor in my own home.

"No, Margaret," he said, with a sad smile. "Say good-by to me now; my work is done."

Scarcely understanding what he said, I bade him good-by; and it was not till my husband asked me what he meant that I remembered his strange look and accent. I then felt half frightened about him; but the novelty of my first visit abroad made me forget my fears.

The rest is soon told. The first letter I received from England said that on the very morning after my marriage he had been found dead and cold in his bed. He had died without pain, the doctor said, with his right hand clasping his left arm above the wrist, and holding firmly, even in death, a circlet of Marion's hair.

ANA.

If I remember rightly it was at Strasburg that the following scene took place. A company of French players were giving one of Racine's plays, in which it became necessary to have a number of German soldiers on the stage to represent the Greek army. Not one of these men understood the French language, with the exception of a non-commissioned officer, who knew it a little, and was therefore appointed to interpret the prompter's orders. At the most solemn part of the tragedy the prompter gave the order to go off. "Sortez," said he, but the German serjeant, knowing nothing of the play, mistook the word for "*Sauter*," whereupon all the soldiers began dancing forthwith, to the astonishment as well as mirth of the audience, and, it is to be presumed, to the disgust of the actors, who saw their efforts to move their auditors to tears rendered abortive by the blunder.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAGGS," &C.



CHAPTER I. GOING TO TIPPERARY.

"My dear Richard, are you really to go to Ireland?" asked my mother, with some concern, as I flung down the letter I had just received from Colonel Fulham.

"Yes, and my destination is——" I hesitated to finish the sentence.

"Is what? Some frightfully savage spot, I suppose."

"One of the Irish cities, formerly a royal seat."

"That does not sound so bad ; but what is the name of the place ?"

"Cashel," I replied, courageously.

"Cashel !" repeated my mother, musingly, "what part of the country is it in ?"

"The south—the province of Munster."

"And the county ?"

It was some minutes before I ventured to answer that last question, but at length I said "Tipperary," with as much *sang froid* as possible.

"Tipperary !" exclaimed my mother, opening her eyes. "My dear boy, this is dreadful !"

"Not in the least, mother. I shall quite enjoy being among strange people in a strange land."

"But such a monstrous county—so barbarous !" said my anxious parent. "Had you been ordered to any other place in the world I would not have murmured at the command, but Tipperary is too bad."

As well as I could I endeavoured to console my mother under the heavy blow she received in learning that my regiment had been sent to the most lawless part of the fair land of Erin. I had never been in Ireland yet. Familiar as I was with many a foreign country, in all my early love of wandering I had never thought of visiting England's sister isle, and I knew as little about this then new region as I did of Japan. I was just twenty-three, and had been in the army five years—quartered during that period at Malta, Gibraltar, and Canada. Before obtaining my commission I had travelled for a year abroad under the guidance of a tutor, and had visited many a classic land. Latterly I had spent more than two months of leave on the Continent, and on my return to England for a short visit home I received the announcement that my regiment had been sent to Tipperary—head-quarters Templemore, detachment at Cashel, where my company was now stationed. I had only a few days to loiter over my preparations for departure to Ireland, and it was with no small degree of curiosity that I contemplated a sojourn in the heart of a proverbially dangerous *locale*. I got out the map of Ireland, learned the geography of the province of Munster, discovered Cashel almost in the centre of Tipperary, and trusted to the future to enlighten me further. In those days, reader, travelling was not so expeditious and comfortable as now-a-days. Railroads had not penetrated far through Ireland, and many of the principal towns were as unapproachable as they had been fifty years before. Cashel was in this respect better off than many of its compeers, and after reaching Dublin, I had the good fortune to be conveyed as far as Maryborough by railway, where I exchanged my comfortable

seat in the train for a fusty, dingy, rickety coach, that was to penetrate to the remote region of Cork, dropping me on the way at Cashel.

"Will you have room for my luggage on that conveyance ?" I demanded, in a tone of authority and doubt, as I looked at the already heavily-laden vehicle that stood awaiting the arrival of passengers from the train.

"What weight of luggage have you ?" asked the guard, screwing up his eyes as he glanced at a somewhat inordinate quantity of boxes and packages near me.

"All this," I answered, with military promptness and fierceness, pointing to my possessions.

"No room for the half of it," coolly observed the fellow, without looking at me.

"And what is to be done ?—have you got no other mode of carrying luggage than that small coach ?"

While I was speaking I observed that a travelling chaise had emerged from the train and was now being attached to four well-conditioned horses ; while the owner, a good-looking man, about six or seven and twenty, of gentlemanly appearance, watched the process of harnessing composedly, supporting on his arm a very pretty girl, who I fancied was looking now and then at myself while I stormed about my luggage. One or two glances from her soft blue eyes disarmed my wrath almost instantly : I felt ashamed of having betrayed such violence.

"Sir Denis has engaged nearly all the spare room for his luggage, sir," said the coachman ; "we'd accommodate you with pleasure, but you can't expect impossibilities ; see, there's the lady's-maid putting up two more band-boxes ! Perhaps Sir Denis might consent to let some of his trunks wait till Friday if you're in an out-and-out hurry with yours. I'll just step over and ask him." And before I had time to reply he advanced to the gentleman standing beside the chaise, speaking a few words to him which I did not hear as he occasionally pointed in my direction.

"Oh ! I should regret putting you to inconvenience," said the gentleman, now coming towards me, while he dropped the arm of his fair companion, who stood in the background ; "I will take some of our luggage on the carriage if you have no room for yours on the coach."

I bowed, coloured probably, and said a few civil things—thanks and all that.

"You are going to Cork, I presume ?" said Sir Denis.

"No ; Cashel is my destination."

"Indeed ! you belong to the 32nd then ?" observed the gentleman, pleasantly.

"Yes, that is my regiment."

"Is Colonel Fulham at Cashel?"

"No; our head-quarters are at Templemore; my company is detached at Cashel."

"Take down the large portmanteau," said Sir Denis, now giving orders for the removal of a part of his ponderous supply of luggage from the coach roof.

"And the largest bandbox, Denis, if you like," I heard a sweet voice say in a low tone; "we can manage with it inside the carriage very well."

A sharp-faced abigail who had all along eyed me with ferocity here interposed about the young lady's part of the luggage, declaring that there would be no room on or in the chaise for more packages than were already stowed in it; but the lady, who I concluded was Sir Denis's wife, held out to support me, and I had the felicity of seeing the most necessary portion of my traps hoisted at length to the roof of the lumbering coach. Somehow I had by this time got into such good humour that I would scarcely have grumbled had I been obliged to mount the coach minus even my dressing-case; and though still under the necessity of leaving behind a considerable portion of my effects, I did not give way to any further outburst of impatience. Sir Denis, whose surname was still a mystery to me, chatted a little while before his carriage was in readiness, and then left me, murmuring something about hoping to have the pleasure of calling on me at Cashel, which lay within eight miles of his residence.

As soon as I was fairly mounted beside the coachman and had beheld the private travelling chaise of my new friend winding along before the more heavily laden and less aristocratic conveyance on which I was seated, I began of course to question those around me as to who Sir Denis was, where he lived, and what the amount of his property was.

"He's Sir Denis Barnett, of Knockgriffin House," replied the coachman.

"Is he married?"

"No, sir."

"And who is the lady with him now?" I asked, after a pause.

"His sister, sir. They live together at Knockgriffin."

"Alone?"

"There's only themselves—two in family—now. Old Sir Denis was shot five years ago, and Lady Barnett died shortly after that."

"Was he shot by accident or in a duel?"

"Oh! no. It isn't known who shot him; it was one day he was riding towards Golden, and he was killed on the road."

"That wasn't Sir Denis—that was Mr.

Scully, of Ardfinn," corrected a passenger sitting near. "Sir Denis was fired at coming home from a ball at Clonmel."

"Ay, so he was; I confounded the two."

"Wasn't it just before that old Jemmy Armstrong was shot in the arm, and had the wonderful escape of his life?"

"I don't recollect; maybe it was; he'll be pipped some day outright."

"Oh, no doubt; he can't expect a second escape."

I wondered considerably while listening to this kind of conversation, which was carried on in a sleepy, indifferent manner, as though the speakers were discussing some sport that they had no inclination to take part in, though slightly interested in it.

"Tom Brennan got a notice yesterday, I hear, threatening him with certain death if he'd attempt to ask for the arrears that's due these three years on the Moyglislands," was the next observation I heard.

"Ay, I always knew the Ryans was plucky," answered somebody, taking a pipe out of his mouth. "It was they put the last agent out of the way undoubtedly."

"Brennan had better leave them alone, that's all."

"You don't seem to think much of human life here," I remarked at length.

"Why, sir?" asked the coachman.

"You don't appear to mind how many people are shot by assassins. I have heard you mention half a dozen murders almost in a breath."

"They weren't what you call *murders*, captain," said the speaker who seemed to know so much about the particulars of the different threats and assassinations that had come off lately. "They were lives destroyed for revenge—nothing more. We have very few downright regular murders about here."

"And you don't call it murder to shoot a man from behind a hedge while he is passing over a lonely road unsuspectingly."

"There isn't many a one goes unsuspecting over the roads in Tipperary," said the fellow, with a chuckle. "Every landlord that acts contrary to justice generally knows beforehand what he's to expect; but we don't meddle with the soldier officers, except when they come down for ejections or the like, and then we fight them openly. We're fond of the regular built military; it's only the peelers we can't bear."

This was consolatory as far as I was concerned myself, but already I had learned enough to believe fully that the blood-stained reputation of Tipperary was but too well earned. As the day passed I listened to many a thrilling story

of assassination and hanging narrated without apology or comment of any sort, and by the time the coach penetrated the boundary of Tipperary felt that report had not belied its character in the least. We drove by Templemore with its grim barracks, and advanced in the dusk of evening towards Thurles. It was lovely weather in the middle of May, and the face of the country, fresh and verdant, was pleasant to the eye. The meadows struck me as being of a peculiarly rich green colour; the roads were narrow and winding, flanked on either side by thick hedges, seldom neatly trimmed. At Thurles the coach on halting was surrounded immediately by idlers, who made comments freely on the passengers, betraying a certain degree of independence and lawlessness that could not fail to strike a stranger with surprise. The night air growing sharp at this time, I buttoned my coat to the chin, and with folded arms awaited the continuance of my journey. Somehow as the moon came forth shining mildly in the clear sky I found myself ever and anon thinking of the fair face of Sir Denis Barnett's sister, and she was strangely mixed up in my mind with other feelings as I beheld my first sight of the beautiful ruin of Holycross Abbey, which the coach passed closely, its ivy-covered walls and Gothic windows glancing weirdly in the bright moonlight.

"We haven't far to go now, sir," said the coachman, when the abbey was left behind, and we plunged into more narrow roads with abrupt turnings. "There, you can see already the Rock of Cashel standing right opposite you."

I gazed eagerly in the direction pointed out, and beheld distinctly the outline of the steep eminence crowned by the finest of Ireland's ecclesiastical ruins standing clear and sharp against the moonlit sky. A fine sight it was, that perpendicular rock, with its pile of ancient relics, its dilapidated palace, cathedral and chapel, and well-preserved round tower standing so mutely above the surrounding country, telling of kings and priests long gone. Brave old rock! To this day I can recall my first glimpse of you, dear as you have since become to me from memories associated with yourself and your surroundings! No matter what direction we took now, the "rock" always was visible, and I kept my eyes upon it with a sort of fascination that it was impossible to withstand.

Late in the evening we arrived at Cashel, and I took my leave of the Cork Mail, the coachman telling me complacently that he expected to reach his final destination next morning at six o'clock.

CHAPTER II. CASHEL. KNOCKGRIFFIN HOUSE.

IMAGINE the most wretched of tumble-down barracks, reader, situated in the most wretched part of a wretched country town, and you will form some idea of my quarters in the City of the Kings at this time in company with two or three other victims of military chance and change. The "city," consisting then of about eight or nine hundred houses, three fourths of which were thatched, had an aspect of age and misery that was inexpressibly dreary to my English eye. There was one good street, wide and well built, but the lanes and alleys branching from it were terrible to contemplate. The few gentry living in the town had chiefly betaken themselves to the watering-places of Kilkee or Tramore. For some months we had few visitors at the barracks. We heard wonderful stories of former gay times in the neighbourhood of our present pilgrimage, but nothing came to give us an idea of Irish hospitality. The pleasantest inhabitant of the city, with whom we chatted frequently, was good old Mrs. Conan, who supplied the requisites for our mess, and who charged a most exorbitant price for the very worst wine that anybody ever drank. She retailed all the gossip of the county for our benefit as we lounged in dishabille over her counter or round her shop door, told us the names of the people who came into town on market days, and obtained pardon for her depredations on our pockets in consideration of her useful and amusing information. Indeed, I do not know what we should have done only for Mrs. Conan's shop and her pleasant chat. She was a fat, elderly woman, with a red face and a roguish eye, full of fun and drollery, yet in spite of her general good-nature and cheerfulness we were all a little afraid of her. She had a keen wit and much observation, and her ideas of what a gentleman owed to himself and the world were somewhat exacting, especially with reference to his expenditure. I fear she had a great contempt for poor or economical members of the army. She spoke in terms of strong disapprobation against the miserly propensities of certain regiments, and in glowing language of those corps who had dashed away their money in a becoming manner.

For the first fortnight of my stay at Cashel I found enough to amuse me to prevent my getting into despair. I had discovered all the eligible walks round the neighbourhood, and explored different strange regions; I had made myself familiar with the famous rock and its ruined castle, insomuch that I would have made a much better guide for the visitors coming to see it than the individual who filled the office

in those days. Many an evening stroll I have had round this relic of the past, treading upon the soft green grass that grew over innumerable graves, reading the inscriptions on quaint tombstones, or wandering through the ruins of the venerable cathedral, with its nave, transepts, and choir, admiring the beautiful decorations of Cormac's Chapel; or watching the strange effect of the outward light falling through the apertures at the top of the lofty round tower as I looked upwards through the mysterious pile. Being a pretty good draughtsman, I drew sketches of the rock from all points, and, as I said before, passed a fortnight of tolerable patience; then I became restless, began to flirt with the niece of the old woman who kept the only cake shop in the city, and was thinking of quarrelling with Mrs. Conan about the poisonous wine she supplied our miserable mess with, when I was restored to reason and good humour by learning that Sir Denis Barnett had left his card for myself and my companions at the barracks. Our detachment at Cashel consisted merely of three officers, your humble servant being chief over a couple of subalterns—Lieutenant Travers and Ensign Fletcher, one of whom was engaged to a girl in England, and considerably occupied in writing and reading love-letters; the other a shy, unfledged boy of seventeen, devoted to study and sober pursuits, with a considerable dread of ladies' society, which was fortunate for him as far as our Cashel sojourn was concerned, for there was at that time scarcely a young lady residing in the ancient city.

About a week after Sir Denis Barnett had called upon us I considered it to be my duty to return his visit, and asked Travers and Fletcher to accompany me in a ride to Knockgriffin, but both declined doing so, begging me to leave their cards for the baronet with all due respect. To tell the truth, I was not sorry to take that ride alone; my frame of mind was rather sentimental, and I preferred musing to talking. It was one of the loveliest June days that ever man mounted a horse on, and perhaps the country I passed over was the richest I had ever seen, though from the want of trees losing much of a picturesque effect. Many a time as I rode along I paused on an eminence to look around me, taking note of the wide range of mountains within view, or wondering at the deserted state of the roads I travelled over. Perhaps, reader, I did not regret that I was not a wealthy landowner of the county Tipperary as I slowly rode onwards, free of all anxiety, and by no means in expectation of a shot from behind any hedge however thick or high. Once or twice I stopped at a cabin by the wayside to ask the direction of Knockgriffin, and

was always answered with civility and without exciting curiosity. All along the route I found myself dwelling upon the beauty of the fair girl I had seen with Sir Denis on leaving the train at Maryborough, and by the time I reached the fine old gateway of the place I was bound for I was excited to a pitch of admiration and enthusiasm impossible to describe. My heart beat quick, then slow, as I rode up the broad, well-gravelled avenue, bounded on either side by wide sweeps of smoothly-shaven lawn, dotted here and there by handsome trees, and flanked in the distance by dark woods, through which the eye could catch glimpses of a silvery river, part of the Suir, as I afterwards learned, winding in and out. "Surely," thought I, "England could not boast a prettier spot than this, or a better kept country seat." There appeared nothing of carelessness or want of neatness in the appointments I saw around me. The park and pleasure-grounds of Knockgriffin were all kept in perfect order. Approaching the house I beheld a massive, antique mansion, with castellated towers of imposing aspect. I sighed as I gazed at its extent and beauty: my own fortune, reader, was very moderate. For years I had been considered the heir of a bachelor uncle with twelve thousand a-year—a baronet, who took it into his head to marry in his old age, and at sixty-nine became the husband of a lady thirty years his junior, who presented him with a son and heir, thus cutting off my long-established expectations of inheriting the baronetcy and family estate. At present I had only four hundred a-year besides my pay as captain in the army, and as I dismounted to ring the hall door bell at Knockgriffin I was fully conscious that Sir Denis Barnett's sister would think very little of such an income as mine.

"Heigh ho!" thought I; "perhaps it would be better for me to ride back again to Cashel without asking to gain admittance here. This may turn out the most disastrous visit of my life!" While I cogitated thus the door opened, and I learned that Sir Denis was at home. I thereupon followed the servant, who admitted me through a lofty square hall, furnished handsomely, and passed on to one of the drawing-rooms, where I was ushered in as Captain Stapleton, my name being fortunately pronounced all correctly for a wonder. For some moments I did not know that the large drawing-room contained any occupant but myself, but in a short time I was aware that a female form was approaching from one of the windows at the farthest end of the apartment. It was that of Miss Barnett—more graceful, more lovely in figure and face than even I had before believed her to be. Slightly above the

middle height, and exquisitely proportioned, with a head and face that might have served as a model for a sculptor, she was truly a beautiful creature; fair, with very little colour, and hair of a pale brown hue, braided tastefully and falling low on her neck behind. Though Irish thoroughly, without a tinge of other blood in her veins, this young girl struck me as being very unlike the idea I had previously formed of the women of her country. She was neither boisterous nor particularly animated; she did not talk loudly about hunting or horse-racing, nor put one to the blush by cutting jokes and merciless quizzing. She was precisely like a well-bred lady of any civilised society; her accent not quite English, but only tinged sufficiently with that of her own country to give a peculiar charm to her tones. She advanced towards me with a winning smile, gave me her hand in an easy, graceful manner, and entered at once into a conversation which served to dispel the embarrassment that I felt overcoming me as I entered the house. We talked for some time before Sir Denis made his appearance, and from him I received a cordial welcome to Knockgriffin. He was a fine specimen of a Tipperary man—frank, good-looking, and of agreeable manners. Both sister and brother had travelled a good deal abroad, and were acquainted with many friends of my own. They were intimate with London and Parisian society, as well as with members of the higher circles of their own metropolis. I had never passed a pleasanter half hour than that of this morning call; and when on my departure Sir Denis expressed an indefinite sort of wish that I would join a party of visitors, whom he expected to remain for a few days at Knockgriffin, my delight was extreme. To be for a week perhaps domiciled under the same roof as that which sheltered the enchanting form of the most charming girl I had ever seen! It was a happiness almost too great to believe in.

I rode home in a dreamy frame of mind, more intensely sentimental than before, and decidedly very deeply in love. I had passed out of the demesne and was going over one of the narrow tortuous roads bounded by the thick green hedges I have mentioned as peculiar to Tipperary when a somewhat remarkable occurrence took place. I was buried in profound thought, grasping the reins somewhat loosely, and allowing my horse to go on as he pleased, when he gave a sudden start that roused me, and I beheld a man's head peering curiously through the hedge, the eyes fixed intently on myself.

"Good day, Sir Denis," said the fellow, after we had exchanged a scrutinising stare.

"Good day," replied I, "but you have mistaken me. I am not Sir Denis Barnett, only a visitor coming from his place."

"All right then," observed the man, pulling his head back, and retreating without saying anything further. I watched him, however, as he cut swiftly across the fields on the left of the road, and observed that he carried a musket, which posed me a good deal. Should I put spurs to my horse and follow the fellow to demand what he wanted with Sir Denis or where he was going with firearms? was the question that rose to my mind while I observed him hurrying off in the distance. My first impulse was to do so, my next to let the matter pass unheeded. I never could expect to discover the truth from him, and nothing could be gained by a mere suspicion. Somehow the incident made a curious impression on me, after all I had read and heard of Tipperary morality, and I did not cease to ponder upon it when I reached my quarters at Cashel.

(To be continued.)

PILCHARDS.

THE fish which form the subject of this short paper are not so well-known in most of our large inland towns and cities as in the sea-port towns where the fishery is carried on, and a few words, therefore, concerning them may be not out of place in these columns.

The pilchard, though a smaller fish than the herring, bears a considerable resemblance to the latter in shape, general appearance, and habits, and may be fairly considered one of the most important of the family of "Clupeidæ." It is more plentiful on the coasts of Devon and Cornwall than in any other of our counties, and forms a large item in the revenues of Cornish men especially. To the pilchard fishermen "a good season" is synonymous with a full cupboard and prosperity, and a bad one equivalent to ruin and discomfort. The apparatus for taking pilchards is certainly an expensive one, and requires the outlay of a good deal of capital, as these fish are mostly caught in the "seine net," which, as it is generally used, necessitates the services of three boats. The "seine" net is floated by corks, as are the herring-nets, and is leaded at the bottom in the same fashion as the casting-net used in fresh water for taking small fish to serve as baits for anglers. Of the three boats used, the first one carries the larger net, about ten fathoms deep, and any length that is required, whilst the second one carries a smaller "seine" as regards length, but nearly double the depth. The third boat is much smaller than either of

the others, and acts as a kind of attendant to ascertain the position of a shoal of fish, and when it is desirable to "shoot," i.e., lower the nets. The ends of the larger net are warped together in a circle by the two biggest boats, thus inclosing the pilchards in a gradually diminishing space, whilst the third boat endeavours to prevent the escape of the fish during the time the ends of the seine net are being brought together. After this is accomplished, and the fish are in a limited inclosed circle, the smaller and deeper net carried by the second boat is "shot" within the boundaries of the circle, and the pilchards thus finally entrapped. I have endeavoured to make the process as clear as possible to the uninitiated reader, avoiding strictly the use of all professional and technical expressions, but the proceeding is a somewhat complicated one, and to be thoroughly appreciated should be witnessed. Herrings are usually caught with the hanging net, each fish being held fast by the gills in a mesh, but the "seine" is sometimes employed for them, and is largely used for mackerel. Sometimes flat fish get inclosed in the seine, and during the mackerel fishing a salmon is occasionally taken.

Pilchards may be, and *are*, used fresh for the table, but the great trade in them is principally in a cured state, salted in casks for home and foreign consumption. Of late the trade has, we believe, greatly fallen off, but it is still considerable, and furnishes employment to many hundreds of hands in Cornwall, which is the chief pilchard mart, indeed, quite the head-quarters of the fishermen. The fishermen of the Land's End take also enormous quantities of congers, skate, &c., &c., but although they themselves eat the conger occasionally, they do not esteem the skate at all. Skate on the Cornish coast run to a very great size, often exceeding a hundred-weight. These are the great black species. Very fine ling are also taken there. Cornish men have an idea that they are the most skilled fishermen in the world, and in this they are not far wrong, as there is really scarcely any fish with which the inhabitants of the sea-side towns of Cornwall are not familiar, the ground from the Land's End to the Scilly Islands being very prolific in all sorts of fish, especially ling, cod, congers, skate, gurnards, and hake. In this deep water enormous congers abound, and the blue shark is frequently taken from six to ten feet in length.

The pilchard-fishermen often experience great drawbacks from the destructiveness of the conger and hake, which tear their nets desperately in the effort to get at the pilchards glittering within like a heap of newly-coined

silver. The value of the nets being several hundred pounds it is no slight loss to the owners when they are seriously injured, to say nothing of the waste of time occasioned by the delay in mending and repairing. The crew of the pilchard boats are usually employed by a master who takes the risk, paying his men regular wages, whether successful or not. Of course, this is a speculation. Sometimes the men receive no wages, but take a share of the profits. The pilchard fishing is usually so profitable that, during the regular season, many other classes of men besides the skilled hands,—such, for example, as labourers and mechanics,—engage in it, and find it answer their purpose.

Pilchards, like sprats, are extremely oily fish, and are richer and better tasted, in my opinion, than the herring. They are mostly sold by the cran of about 42 gallons, and, when cured, by the cask. The Norwegians are good patrons of the pilchard, and the Dutch also. The Dutch pilchards are much esteemed, and, indeed, the inhabitants of the Low Countries are very successful in catching and curing all sorts of fish, the supply of which from the North Sea is inexhaustible. The Dutch cure red-herrings better than any other nation under the sun, and cure them so well that they are usually eaten without cooking, the smoking being deemed a sufficient preparation. In Scotland herring-curing is also carried to great perfection. Herrings there are sold fresh by the cran to the curers. In England they are sold by the last, which is 10,000 fish-merchant-measure. The fishermen, however, sell to the curers 132 fish to the hundred, so that a fisherman's last is over 13,000 fish, and consequently a buyer gets 3,000 fish in, on which to make an extra profit.

An old notion prevailed that pilchards were in best season when barberries were also in, and the fish, from this idea, were often served fresh with a sauce of that fruit. Mention is made by some old chronicler, whose name we cannot call to mind, that Queen Elizabeth, in one of her periodical "progresses" or visitations throughout her kingdom, was "mightily pleased with a dish of pickled pilchards, whereof her majesty ate heartily." For many centuries Cornwall, in addition to its tin and copper mines, has been celebrated for its pilchards, and in the "arms" of the county a figure of this fish is conspicuous. But good as they are, the Cornish cured pilchards do not come up to the standard of those barrelled in Holland. Almost all the pilchards supplied to the London market are cured, and it is comparatively rare to see fresh pilchards either at a fishmonger's or in Billingsgate itself.

The head-quarters of the pilchard in the United Kingdom are, as we have said, the Cornish sea-ports. The usual buyers of pilchards are the curers, who purchase sometimes by the cran, but more frequently by the hoghead. The fish, after the curing process, are packed in brine in casks, or dried and barrelled in the same way as red-herrings, according to the state of the market. In some instances they are smoked to keep only a short time, and sold like bloaters, but this is not a very usual or remunerative proceeding. The fish, as we have stated, have become scarcer of late years, but the same may be said of all sea-fish, and the scarcity is, no doubt, caused by the want of sufficient regulations for their protection during their spawning season, a protection which is afforded to all fresh-water fish. Sea-fish have innumerable enemies, and whilst the destruction, by millions, of herrings and mackerel in full roe is permitted and even encouraged by law, it is unreasonable to expect the stock of sea-fish to increase. For every female herring or mackerel destroyed whilst in roe, 500,000 ova perish, and whilst the salmon, trout, perch, and all fresh-water fish are protected by act of parliament, there is no protection whatever for our sea-fisheries. The remedy is very simple. Let it be made illegal to destroy sea-fish whilst breeding, that is, give them a couple of months' immunity, and the supply of a good wholesome article of food for the poor man will be increased a hundred-fold, and fish will be procurable in the London market at a tenth part of the present price. The subject is well worth the attention of the legislature, and he will deserve well of the nation who shall first call the attention of Parliament to so important a matter, and one in which there is room for such a vast improvement.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

MANY years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of adventure was strong upon him, and all he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for subsistence, strong and healthy in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for anatomical study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, as the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit the body of any one connected with him to examin-

ation, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to obtain, at no small risk, bodies, generally those of the newly-buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrection men," has died out, since there is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the profession, availed himself of their services, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dread burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young, men, women, and children, all in turn lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skilful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard-hearted, it was not unnatural that in time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his "subjects" as to feel nothing but a momentary pity as he put aside the clustering curls of infancy, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Astley took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and colour in the pale lips and cheeks, could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table—were long and perfectly shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to lay it on her breast, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shroud, very straitly made, through which scanty drapery the outline of her slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to

him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the men who had brought it might be bribed to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful *thing* before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and locking the door of communication between his bedroom and the room in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that it glided in through the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside; and now the dream was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it; and finally, he woke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room, and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the table. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead face, and when he did so he saw with wonder, not unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. He could not tell what it might be; the deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously. Surely a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at length colour returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and now sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale, that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance

from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he cried out for her to awake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and re-assure her when she woke bewildered to find herself so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and re-assuring than an infant too young to know its mother from any other woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost infantine, and her eye resting upon Astley, she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and neither anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was this beautiful woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember anything which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot all the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an Englishwoman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learnt the English language; but if so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapt round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression, that was touching in its helplessness. "I must call her something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak, "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghostly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a childlike smile, and laying

it open upon her knees, began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good heavens!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and taking her by the hand, he said:

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, and to-morrow——"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and how were they to be procured without taking some one into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident then that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must be a woman in whom he confided, as he required practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The morning dawned before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore she should remain in his house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but whose return he was expecting that very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she failed to keep it, why—at any rate he was in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman returned early in the day, and Astley at once told all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unhappy girl, and a few arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had been dressed like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned, and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a gradual growth from infancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, blank vacancy of expression at Astley's approach,

and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother devotes herself to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and to write. She learned also to sew, and was not unskilful in such woman's craft; but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was much like other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory of anything before her trance. Astley told her the whole story, and urged her to try to recall something of the time before, but it was in vain, her memory was clean gone. And the present time was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life she owed to his care, and loved him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to be very happy; and the mystery of the bond between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before; her husband and his love sufficed for everything, and she shrank from entering a world of which she knew nothing. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his society undesirable, and had fallen off one by one, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skilful, and his practice was a large one; his spare hours were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary differed now in nothing from other women, save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Her memory of that time never returned. She lived entirely within doors; Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the streets had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

At times a longing to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of deceit, which it would involve, combined with her extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought as dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his departure from England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially

given and willingly accepted, and thinking to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, picturing to himself what his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The colour left his face for a moment, and then returning violently dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgment were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Recovering his composure by a strong effort he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was ended, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse that had induced him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as was possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I were dead."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her over here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost such a wife as Mary.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three days' journey, leaving her in perfect health, and I returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left Lima the following day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now, after these years I find your wife so like her in every feature and every look, that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

Astley started up and laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak," he shouted; "she is my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly while I can hear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me!"

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He stood blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

Holt came to himself before long, and rising up haggard and wild, repeated his demand that Astley should tell him where he had met his wife.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by the body-snatchers as a subject; that she had lain as dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you dared——" burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, gently; he had softened as he thought of that restoration. "Will you come with me to the grave, that we may be very sure?"

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I can bear no more. It is as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of the men was the most to be pitied?

There were some moments of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"Ask Edith to come here. Surely she cannot have forgotten me."

"Mary—I call her Mary. It will only distress her. I give you my word of honour she has no memory of anything before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best for his sake that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved

voice, and glided into the room, looking like an angel of peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and set with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms round his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love," Holt's eyes flashed fire at the tender words and tones, "tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember anything in your life before you awoke from your trance in this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it," cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Edith! have you forgotten me, your husband, David Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send him away! What does he mean? Send him away!" She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go," shouted Holt, "or by——"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on.

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I saved her life!" The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though he tried with all his will to steady it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night."

"I do not know," she said; "I cannot remember."

"But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I cannot understand," she repeated. "I have no recollection of anything before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife," said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand it, she will believe it when you tell it to her." The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but misery had made him cruel, and he scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words. She looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I cannot recollect; and oh, Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me," shouted Holt, savagely. The demon had got the better of him, and the poor wretch, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman cling more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right it should be done. For her sake, too, he condescended to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had fainted in his arms, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair he wept like a child.

Astley roused him. "Holt, be a man. This is an awful tragedy: I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us accept what is inevitable, but let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and to-morrow I will see you again. Perhaps by that time I shall have thought of something for her."

Holt rose passively. "You are nobler than I," he said, as he turned to go.

It seemed to Astley that his grief was but beginning when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that agony seemed slight contrasted with what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this

was a case—so Astley tried to persuade himself—so extraordinary, so different from anything that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. But above all the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was still Holt's wife and not his, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose up, cold and proud in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself at his feet, with tears and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night have many times been pierced by cries of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and still. Their tears were shed, and their eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and she, woman like, had accepted the right, not because it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all passion had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

Who can describe that parting? When the sun set, it was upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Seven days passed, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time rendered him unconscious could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me." That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But he awoke a third time in the grey dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the outer door, which ceased suddenly. He rose, determined to ascertain the cause; he unbarred

and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

A. M.

MADAME LA BARONNE DE V——'S DIAMOND BRACELETS.

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

THE evening of the fifteenth of February, 183— was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Yet it was not the names of the artistes that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. The *affiches* announced that they would honour the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock (for be it remembered, the Paris opera did not begin at the present London hours) carriages were to be seen conveying their gaily-dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering downstairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed

of three rows of valuable table diamonds, whilst in the centre of either glittered a spray of heartsease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the De V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baronne, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who, therefore, wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned towards it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense," cried the bride, "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said, "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so roused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The

pretty baronne blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adèle," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baronne looked aghast. "François," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux* thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of 3000 francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power towards the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of his employers.

But three months passed away—350 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went downstairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame, this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—— had often remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives,"

he continued, "engaged in the business, have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons, so exactly the same as madame's that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons being its fellow."

The baronne, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand and proceeded to examine it minutely. "The bracelets are exactly alike!" he inquired of Madame de V——.

"Exactly," repeated the baronne.

"I believe I have learnt the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly, "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baronne.

"Ah, madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V——, "do you not think I would trust you, monsieur Inspecteur, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baronne wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return the baronne, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the inspector's arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the baron called on the inspector to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does monsieur mean? I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood madame la baronne."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspecteur," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds' having been traced to Lyons."

The baron and the inspector repaired to the Rue des Champs Elysées, where they found Madame de V—— at home, as her husband

had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the inspector having called one night at dusk and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second-hand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out, or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another cut—the villain! Mais—I am afraid madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this madame la Baronne de V——'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

MARIET.

"SLAVE OR FREE?"

"FREE, not a slave." Therein a question lies.

Upon the verge of dim futurity

I stand, and try to pierce the gathering clouds

Of my perplexity.

I send a backward glance upon the past

And fairy dreams and woe-worn vigils rise,

And gleams of golden sunshine after storms,
Half blind mine eyes.

I see dark rocks 'gainst which the stream of time

Hath dashed me, or 'gainst which I steered my course.

Who knows if Destiny or Will hath been

The motive force?

Am I a puppet worked by leading strings,

And turned this way or that as Fate decrees,

Borne onward by a flood whose waters roll
To unknown seas?

Must I drift on? and are my struggles vain?

The hand I lift all powerless to control?

To fight and fail still be my maddening lot,

And lose my soul?

Why have a soul, if that its fate is fixed?

If that its noble impulses but serve

To carry on some fore-determined plan

Without the power to swerve?

Am I fore-doomed to tread a destined path?

Say, is the god-like found in such estate?

May I not rather and more nobly trust

My life to regulate?

If that the end is known, can I be free?

Does not that knowledge o'er me cast a chain?

Free and not free—an unsolved problem still

Must life remain.

Tell me, my soul, thou spark of the Divine

Breathed into me, am I a fettered slave?

Can I not shape the path that lies between

Me and the grave?

O curious life! O complicated web!

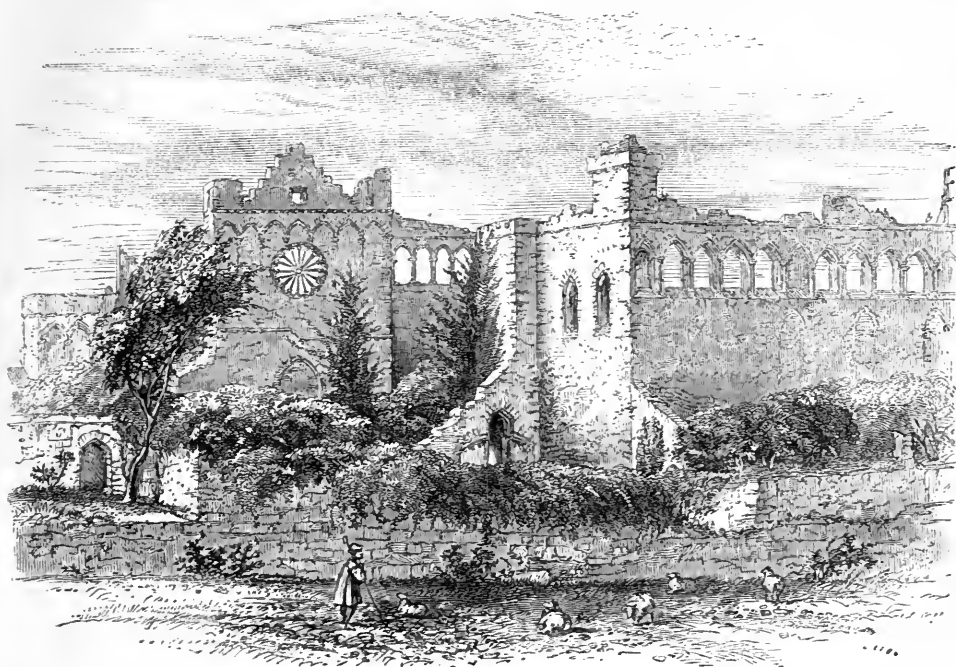
Thy tangled meshes subtly compass me.

Strange doubts perplex: yet still my soul asserts

The Will is free!

JULIA GODDARD.

A SUMMER DAY AT ST. DAVID'S.



Bishop Gower's Palace, St. David's.

In early numbers of *ONCE A WEEK* we gave our readers some sketches of Tenby,* and of Milford Haven; but to-day we must ask them to transport themselves with us to the town of Haverfordwest, prepared to start on an expedition far westwards, to the once archiepiscopal city of St. David's, now, alas! reduced to the dimensions of a village, unable even to support a weekly market. They will own, I think, that it is one of those places which amply repay a visit, not merely to the antiquary, or ecclesiastical architect, but to the man of finished taste, who has an eye educated to appreciate grand and imposing scenes, even amid their ruins.

A drive of some fifteen or sixteen miles westward from Haverford over a very rough and stony road, after a long series of ascents and descents, brings us past Roche Castle and the little town of Solva, to some high ground commanding the view of a pleasant valley below. In that valley lies Menevia, now St. David's. The first object that strikes our eyes on reaching this point is the top of the heavy square-tower of the cathedral, standing out against the

grey moorland hills beyond. Presently, as we pass on between two rows of whitewashed cottages, we find ourselves close to an ancient cross of the plainest kind, the top of which has been lately restored. This was once the market-cross of a flourishing town; and, though the market is gone, it still stands as if to remind us that we stand on sacred ground, that we are within the precincts of a cathedral town; nay, of what was once an archiepiscopal city.

Whoever enters St. David's with any of those grand expectations in which the mind is apt to indulge on entering a cathedral city, cannot fail to be disappointed. The houses are of a third or fourth rate description, and mostly daubed over with whitewash, and that irregular row of houses before you is the High Street. It contains an inn; but there is scarcely a shop in the place; and if the visitor is determined to stay a few days here, we should recommend him to make his own arrangements with a butcher at Haverford, for woe be to him if he depends on finding one here. Such at least was our experience at Menevia a few years ago.

The modern village—for we can dignify it by no grander term—lies on the outside of the

* See Vol. III., page 345, and Vol. I., page 133.

cathedral precincts. The names of several of the old streets are still preserved, even where the houses have passed into decay, and the courses of other streets may be traced by long lines, ruins, and foundations in almost every direction.

The ground occupied by the cathedral and the adjoining buildings is called the Close, and is a full mile in circumference, extending as it does a considerable way up the side of the hill. These precincts were once entered by four strong and massive gateways, three of which live in tradition only, having long since been demolished, though the fourth, the eastern or Tower-gate, is still standing near the bottom of High Street. *Porth-y-Twr*, as it is styled by the natives, is flanked by two towers, one of which is octagonal, and rises to the height of nearly sixty feet. Its interior is divided into several stories, and some of its apartments were formerly used for holding the consistory courts of the diocese. From this tower we get a beautiful panorama of the cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, St. Mary's College, and the Prebendal houses.

The cathedral, which is dedicated to St. David and St. Andrew, is a noble cruciform structure, in spite of its sad dilapidations, the results partly of neglect, and of wind and rain, and partly of plunder and fanaticism. Malgré all the havoc there has been upon its fabric, it is still in plan and design by far the finest of the four Welsh cathedrals. Its square tower, as we have said, is heavy and cumbrous, and top-heavy, and is but little relieved by the poor parapet and pinnacles, which surmount it; the almost entire absence of windows, and the fact that the parapet projects outwards, are the chief causes of its unsightliness. The western front of the cathedral, having become ruinous, was restored towards the close of the last century by Nash, under the episcopate of Dr. Horsley. It is perhaps too much to insist that a prelate, or even an architect, of that age should have been acquainted with the principles of Gothic architecture; but the visitor can scarcely fail to notice what a sorry figure the west front cuts by the side of the massive and venerable specimen of ancient skill to which it is added as a supplement. Entering by the south-west porch, we find ourselves in the very handsome nave. This is divided from the side aisles by two rows of fine massive Norman pillars, alternately round and octagonal, and with corresponding pilasters at each end, supporting six round arches of ornamental Norman work. Over these again is a range of smaller Norman pillars of less dimensions, reaching to the roof. The ceiling is of Irish oak, divided into square compartments, and it is justly ad-

mired for the elegance of its design and for the finish of its workmanship.

Passing up to the east end of the nave, a flight of steps leads us to the choir, which we enter through the screen by an arched passage under a very massive rood-loft. The screen, a part of the work of Bishop Gower, is of irregular Gothic character, of the middle of the fourteenth century, and an extremely beautiful specimen of its kind. The choir, which is of the semi-Norman, or early English styles, is immediately under the central tower, from which it extends a short distance to the east. It is very lofty, but wanting in length. Its chief ornament is the bishop's throne, which is surmounted by a light wooden spire, adorned with crockets and finials of exquisite workmanship, and reaching nearly to the roof. In the centre of the chancel is an altar-tomb raised to the memory of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, eldest son of Owen Tudor by Catharine, queen of Henry V. and father of Henry VII. On the north side of the chancel is the site of the celebrated shrine of St. David, to which kings and prelates in olden days thought it an honour to make their pilgrimage. In the front of it are four quatrefoil apertures, through which pious votaries deposited their offerings, which the monks secured in strong iron boxes behind, with many a sly joke at the credulity of the poor pilgrims, since the Saint's relics had long before (A.D. 962) been transferred to Glastonbury, if we may believe the monkish historians.* This trifle, however, does not appear to have been thought much of even by Pope Calixtus, who declared that two visits to St. David's were as good as one visit to Rome, according to the old monkish lines :—

Meneviam pete bis, Romam procedere si vis ;

Æqua tibi merces redditur hic et ibi :

Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum.

Among those who made the pilgrimage to St. David's shrine, were William I., Henry II., and Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor, if the local tradition is worthy of belief.

In the choir, besides the above, are the tomb of Rhys ap Gryffydd, Prince of South Wales, (usually called the Lord Rhys, who died A.D. 1196), of his son Rhys, and of Bishop Anselm; the last-named tomb still bears the rhyming legend :—

Petra, precor, dic sic, Anselmus Episcopus est hic.

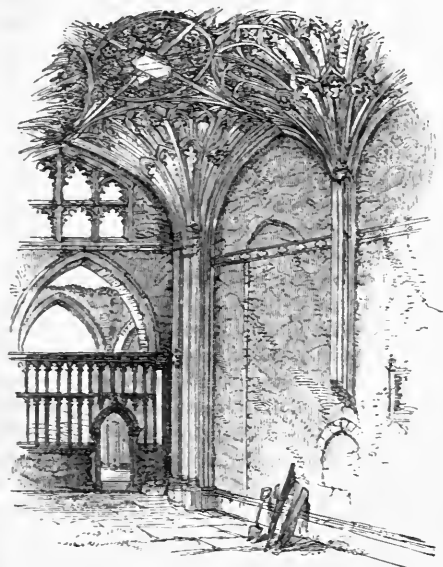
The stalls within the choir are all filled with the ancient "miserere" seats on which the monks used partially to rest while saying their nocturns and lauds. These are of solid

* "History of Glastonbury," by John of Glastonbury; published by Mr. Thos. Hearne, in 1726; page 130. (Quoted by Alban Butler.)

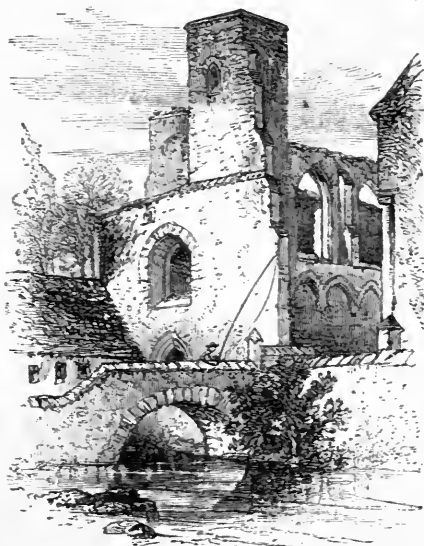
oak, and for the most part grotesquely carved below. On turning up one seat we saw in bold relief the figures of some monks out in a boat at sea, and suffering terribly from sickness; on another seat was carved the portrait of a priest dressed up as a fox, and holding out the sacred paten to a layman, dressed up as a goose, while he holds the chalice behind his back—a curious contemporary satire on the modern Romish practice of withholding the cup from the laity.

The side aisles of the choir and chancel have long been roofless and partially in ruins: as also is the Lady Chapel, which stood at the extreme eastern end of the edifice. Behind the high altar in the choir and the Lady Chapel is the exquisite chapel which still bears the

of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII. it passed into lay hands; its revenues were then estimated at 106*l.* a year. The only portion now standing is the tower and outer walls of the chapel, of which we give an illustration. It consisted of three windows on each side and a large east window, all originally filled with beautifully painted glass. The tower, above seventy feet high, is beautifully proportioned. The chapel, which communicated by cloisters with the cathedral, is built over a vaulted apartment of similar size, which was used as a charnel house. Through this dark and gloomy room trickles from the eastward a small stream of water, from the sacred spring which is mentioned in the life of St. David,



Bishop Vaughan's Chapel, St. David's.



St. Mary's College, St. David's.

name of Bishop Vaughan, and of which we give an illustration. The glass is gone from its windows, and the brasses from its stone pavement; but its lovely fan tracery still remains, a splendid monument of its founder's taste, even in its present condition. The marble stone and the brass tablet which once marked the bishop's grave in this chapel have long since perished by the hands of ruthless Puritans.

St. Mary's College, the next building which claims our notice, stands almost close to the north side of the nave of the cathedral. This institution was founded A.D. 1365 by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, Blanche his wife, and Adam Houghton, then Bishop of St. David's, who endowed it for a master and seven priests, as fellows. At the dissolution

and which still finds its way, as it did one thousand years ago, into the little river Alan, which runs close under its western front. The original entrance to the college was by a gateway on the north, which still remains; the roof of the chapel fell in at the end of the last century. The houses and outbuildings of the college (among which the solars are still distinctly traceable) occupied the ground on the north and west, on both sides of the little river shown in our cut.

On the opposite side of the river, nearly facing the west front of the cathedral, stand the extensive remains of Bishop Gower's Palace, a truly magnificent pile of buildings, even now in its ruined state, and one which five centuries ago must have been by far the

finest edifice of the kind in Wales, and is scarcely surpassed in England. It is thus described by Mr. Britton in his "Beauties of England and Wales :"—

"The Bishop's Palace a most magnificent pile of building, is situated to the south-west of the cathedral, on the opposite shore of the river Alan. It seems to have formed originally a complete quadrangle, inclosing an area or court of one hundred and twenty feet square ; but only two of the sides, those fronting the south-east and south-west, remain. The principal entrance was by a grand gateway on the north-east, now in ruins, near which stood the porter's lodge. The bishop's apartments occupied the south-east side. The hall, which is sixty-seven feet long by twenty-five feet in width, was entered from the court by an elegant porch. At the north end was a large drawing-room, and beyond this a chapel. At the south end of the hall stood the kitchen, which was thirty-six feet in length by twenty-eight feet in width. In the middle stood a low pillar, from which sprang four groins, which were combined into chimneys. This curious work is now a heap of ruins. The south-east side is occupied by a noble apartment called King John's Hall, but for what reason so denominated is not known, as the building was not erected till many years after the death of that monarch. This room is ninety-six feet in length, and thirty-three feet wide. The light was admitted by lofty windows on each side, and by a circular window in the east end of very singular and curious workmanship. This hall was entered from the court by an elegant porch, with an arched doorway, placed immediately opposite the grand gateway. Above are two recesses containing statues of Edward III. and his Queen, now in a very disfigured state. At the north-west corner stands the chapel, which is entered from the hall, and also from the court by a staircase and porch. The offices were probably comprised in the north-west side of the court, of which there are, however, no traces to be seen. The parts of the building that yet remain are in a very ruinous condition. A small portion of one end of the bishop's apartments has been covered by a temporary roof, and is inhabited by some poor people, whose wretched appearance heightens the picture of desolation which the place exhibits."

This magnificent structure owed its erection, as we have said, to Bishop Gower, who was elevated to the see of St. David's in 1328, and whose recumbent effigy is to be seen, beautifully executed in sandstone, under the screen between the choir and the nave of the cathedral. As will be seen from our illustra-

tion, a great part of the external beauty of the edifice is derived from the open parapet of pointed arches which crowns its walls, a large portion of which still remains as fresh and as perfect as the day when it was first put up. The same kind of ornament is said to occur at Swansea Castle, and at the old ecclesiastical palace at Lanfey, but those who have seen all three specimens give to St. David's the palm for lightness and elegance. The effect of its appearance is very greatly heightened by the absence of the roof, so that the arches of the parapet stand out against the clear blue sky in bold relief.

The land on the slope of the hill, south of the cathedral, towards the Tower-gate, is still used as a cemetery ; but it has little or nothing to distinguish it. Around parts of the precincts are one or two houses of residence for the canons and other cathedral dignitaries ; but they present no striking feature. The bishop of the diocese lives not at St. David's, but at a palace at Abergwilli, near Carmarthen, the great difficulty of access rendering St. David's anything but a fit place of residence for a working bishop who wishes to live among his clergy, though it was very well suited to the wants of such solitary prelates and mortified recluses as considered that their work was concluded when they had fasted and tortured their bodies on Fridays, applied the "discipline" externally, and said their daily and nightly "office" in the choir.

Some writers say that a religious establishment was founded at or near what is now called St. David's, by St. Patrick, prior to the birth of the saint by whose name the place came to be called. The history of David is much mixed up with fable ; but there seems little reason for doubting his existence, more especially as all ancient pedigrees agree in declaring that he was the son of a prince of Cardiganshire, of the ancient royal line of Cunedda Wledig. Some say that he was the son of "Sandde," son of Ceredig, Lord of Ceredigion, and almost all agree that his mother was Nona or Non, a religious lady whom her too ardent lover led aside from her vows of perpetual chastity. Be this as it may, it is probable that David was born about the middle of the fifth century, and was sent at an early age to study divinity at Menevia or Mynyw, a name which afterwards gave place to Tŷ Dewi, or David's House, which became a seminary of religious learning, and the nursery of saints.

"After some years, David left Menevia, and settled in the Isle of Wight, attracted thither by the learning and sanctity of Paulinus, disciple of St. Germanus. Others say he went to

Tŷ-Gwyn Daf, or Whitland Abbey, in Carmarthenshire, a celebrated college, where, in the tenth century, were composed the laws of Hywel Dda. He, however, returned to Menevia, where he settled in a convent which he founded. He drew hither Teilo, Padarn, Aeddan (alias Madog), Ismael, Cgnwyl, and other illustrious personages. Each member of this institution laboured daily, according to the apostle's injunction,—‘If any man work not, neither should he eat.’ They employed no animal in servitude, each performing his enjoined task. Having concluded the labours of the field, they returned to the monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day in reading and writing. In the evening, at the sound of a bell, they repaired to church, where they remained till the stars appeared. They then went to the refectory, eating sparingly of bread, with roots or herbs seasoned with salt, and quenching their thirst with milk-and-water. After supper, they continued about three hours employed in watchings, prayers, and genuflexions. During this time they were not permitted to expectorate, sneeze, or slumber. After a short repose, they rose at cock-crowing, continuing in prayer till day appeared. In the early period of this institution David met with great annoyance from Boia, whose castle overlooked the vale; but the amiable inoffensiveness of the saint so much wrought upon and softened the pagan tyrant, that he not only withheld all persecution, but ultimately settled the vale and other lands upon the monastery. St. David afterwards travelled to Rome and Jerusalem, attended by Teilo and Padarn, his inseparable companions.

Soon after the return of these pilgrims, Dubricius (Dyfrig), Archbishop of Caerleon, convened a synod at Llanddewi-brefi, for suppressing the Pelagian heresy, which at that time prevailed exceedingly. It is said that David, by his great knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and a resistless torrent of eloquence, eradicated the errors of Pelagius. . . . The founder of this sect was a native of Wales, called Morgan, rendered Pelagius in Greek. During this period of heresy and distraction, Dubricius, broken with age and infirmity, and unequal to the task of governing the church, resigned his charge to David, and retired to Bardsey Island. David then translated to his favourite Menevia the archiepiscopal see from Caerleon-ar-Wyse, the ‘Urbs Legionum super Oscam’ of the Latins, now Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, then a large and populous city, the seat of royalty. David was the first of twenty-six archbishops of Menevia; the last was Sampson, who, during the raging of the plague in the tenth century, transferred the archiepiscopal

power of this place to Dôl, in Bretagne. In the twelfth century it began to be subject to the see of Canterbury. On the death of Bishop Rhyddmarch, in the year 1098, instruction ceased at this establishment. Archbishop David died here about the year 544, after he had filled the metropolitan chair of Wales for sixty years. His remains lie in his own cathedral. About 500 years after his death he was canonised by Pope Calixtus II. . . . The episcopal establishment of St. David's is an impressive instance of the perishable nature of everything human, for little as are the present signs and remains of its former power, the see once contained seven suffragan bishoprics within its pale, viz., Worcester, Hereford, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn, and Margam, and twenty-six archbishops held here in succession their metropolitan sway.”

It was, probably, a great mistake on the part of Peter de Leia, the original architect of the cathedral, to have selected such low and boggy ground as the site of the future edifice. But the site was chosen on account of the superstitious attachment of the inhabitants to the spot; and in order to make room for the development of his grand designs, the architect was obliged to excavate the hill side until he laid bare the spring which saturated the soil. This spring, now all but choked up with rubbish, was afterwards invested with miraculous qualities: its waters still percolate, as we have said, through the crypt of St. Mary's College into the river Alan.

Nearly opposite the college and the west-front of the cathedral, the Alan is crossed by a bridge of rugged stone, as shown above in our cut. This bridge in former days had its own tale of wonder, as we find recorded in Messrs. Jones and Freeman's “History and Antiquities of St. David's:”—

“The bridge occupies the position of the celebrated Llechllafar or ‘speaking stone,’ which it seems to have supplanted before the fifteenth century. The old stone, however, existed in the time of Giraldus, and is described by him as a slab of marble, ten feet in length, six in breadth, and one foot in thickness, and polished by the feet of wayfarers. It seems to have been regarded with peculiar reverence, and it was held unlawful to pollute it by the presence of a dead body. On one occasion, as we are told in the story, as a corpse was being carried across it, it broke out into indignant remonstrance; but the exertion was too much for it, and it split in consequence. Upon this stone, as foretold by Merlin, a King of England, returning from the conquest of Ireland, was destined to die, wounded by a

red-handed man, a prediction applied to Henry II. by a woman whose petition he had rejected. The king stopped, made an oration to the stone and, according to Giraldus, 'Itin. Cambr.' ii. 1., passed over undaunted and scathless, to make his orisons at the shrine of St. David."

The supposition of Messrs. Jones and Freeman, as to the antiquity of the present bridge, is supported by the following note of one John Hooker, alias Vowell, on "Holinshed's Chronicle of Ireland," p. 25 :—

"The writer hereof (of veré purpose), in the year 1575, went to the foresaid place to see the said stone, but there was no such to be found ; and the place where the said stone was said to be is now an arched bridge, under which fleeteth the brook aforesaid. . . . And for the veritie of the foresaid stone there is no certaintie affirmed, but a report is remaining amongst the common people of such a stoue to have been there in times past."

The small and low whitewashed building to the west of the little bridge is still the property of the choristers of the cathedral, for whose use it was originally erected ; and some buildings on this very site seem to have belonged to the superior members of the choir as far back as the year 1384, though subsequently alienated. The little brook itself above St. David's, small as it is, abounds in delicious trout.

But the sanctity of St. David's was of wider extent than Cathedral Close, or even than the town which bore his name. The whole parish, called *Plwyv-tŷ-Ddewi*, the parish of the House of David, was thickly strewed with chapels, crosses, and sainted wells, especially along the sea-coast. Of these the most important is St. Justinian's,* or Capel Stinan, which stands on the cliffs which shelter a part of the "Sound" which separates Ramsey Island

from the mainland. The fabric here is entire, except the roof : it is small and plain in design ; and it probably served the double purpose of a lighthouse as well as of a chapel for mariners ; but the chapels of St. Non, Capel Gwrhyd, and St. Patrick, and two others on Ramsey Island, have almost wholly disappeared. The most famous of the sacred wells is that of Capel-y-Pistyll, near the little harbour of Porthclais, where the Alan enters the sea. Tradition says that St. David was born on this spot, and that the fountain miraculously burst forth in order to provide water for his baptism.

Within reach of a short distance from the cathedral are two objects which the tourist must visit before quitting Menevia—the fine promontory of St. David's Head, and Ramsey Island. If he is fond of a fine open view, extending far over land and sea, I should urge him, on his way to the former, to allow an hour for the ascent of Carn Llidi, at the foot of which lies an old rocking-stone, now thrown down from its situation. The hill is very wild and bold, consisting almost entirely of huge strata of granite, the boulders of which rise one above another in a towering and threatening manner. From the summit, which is about 500 feet high, the traveller will see the whole of the western angle of Pembrokeshire spread out at his feet, and the blue waters of St. Bride's Bay and St. George's Channel. On a very clear day it is possible to see from this spot the outline of the Wexford mountains, at a distance of nearly sixty miles ; and when this is the case the Menevians are quite as well prepared to expect rough weather, as if Admiral Fitzroy had sent them down a storm signal, or ill-boding telegram from Whitehall. St. David's Head itself is not unlike the Land's End in outline, and indeed is scarcely inferior to it as a piece of wild and romantic scenery. You pass on and on, over rugged moorland interspersed with cromlechs, granite boulders, ramparts of loose stones, the wrecks of military encampments and fortifications and Druidical remains, and find yourself suddenly in a small cove close under the bluff and iron-bound headland on which so many a ship has been lost. If it is low water, you can climb down to a ledge of rocks at its base, and then you will be struck indeed with awe at the grandeur of the majestic and tremendous cliffs which rise up, dark and rich in colouring, against the sky. If you are anything of a naturalist, you must not come back without pulling up a few roots of the tiny plant called St. David's Roses, which grows on the sandy interstices of the cliffs ; and if you have time, you should choose some crystals

* According to the Romish legend St. Justinian was an Armenian by birth, who, seeking a place of retirement, landed on the Isle of Ramsey, then called *Linnucia*, where he found Honorius, the son of Tryfring, a British prince, settled as an anchorite. Here he established himself under the special patronage of St. David, who became so great an admirer of his sanctity, as evinced by a succession of miracles, as to make him his confessor. At length his servants, weary of his strict discipline, conspired to kill him ; and when he fell, a well sprang up, which afterwards became noted for miraculous cures. His murderers, smitten with leprosy by heaven, withdrew to an isolated rock hard by, which still bears the name of *Gwahan Garreg* (The Leper's Rock), where they passed the rest of their days in penitence. The corpse of Justinian, continues the legend, walked straight across the Sound, carrying its head in its arms, landed at Porthstinan, and was buried where the chapel now stands, though St. David afterwards translated it to a new tomb in his own church, in which he was subsequently buried himself. The memory of the martyr was celebrated on the 5th of December. Whether the memory of this most "outrageous" legend, as it has been justly called, contains a basis of truth, it is almost needless to inquire ; but one of its circumstances is apparently founded on a false interpretation of the name *Gwahan Garreg*, which may mean, and probably does mean, the Dividing Rock, from the fact of its dividing the current of the Sound.

from among the loose grit and spar which is washed up between the rocks. These crystals are known as "St. David's Diamonds;" they are superior to those found in St. Vincent's rocks at Clifton, and capable of a higher polish than any stones of the kind to be found in the three kingdoms. As you retrace your steps, be sure to ask your guide to point out to you the remarkable natural cavern called Ogof-y-Geifr, or "The Cave of the Goats," in which the sheep and goats for many a long century have sought shelter in winter.

Returning along the road in a south-easterly direction, the traveller, who is up to a rough but highly picturesque walk, soon finds himself at the ruins of the old farm-house Cross-woodig, once perhaps the haunt of Carausius, near which it is probable that the Via Julia ended, and that ancient Menevia stood. A mile or two more will take him to the Chapel of St. Justinian, on the cliffs looking down on the Sound, which severs the Isle of Ramsey, as already mentioned, from the mainland. This strait is the best part of a mile across, and is extremely dangerous owing to a quantity of sunken rocks, the chief of which are a long ridge called the "Bitches," extending nearly half-way across, and over which at half tide the water pours in sheets of angry foam, and roars with a thundering noise, which, on a still night, may be heard for several miles. The current through the Sound is so violent that it is only just at the turn of the tide that the passage is safe for small boats; and therefore, if you are going to see Ramsey, you must arrange to spend some six hours upon it. The island will well repay a visit. It is about three miles long by one broad; and at either end it rises into lofty cliffs, whose face towards the sea is precipitous, and at certain periods of the year literally swarms with all kinds of sea birds, including puffins, eligugs, gulls, &c. The hawk, the eagle, and the peregrine falcon, too, often hang about these cliffs, on the lookout for rabbits, in which Ramsey still abounds, though their numbers have been thinned sadly of late years by rats. The island was once, according to tradition, a home of monastic sanctity, and seldom or never trodden by the foot of woman—little wonder, by the way, considering the difficulty and danger of the passage, except to such beings as St. Justinian. The antiquary will find some ruins of an old farm-house, and traces of two chapels, which once were holy places, and several stone coffins have been dug up in the island. The finest scenery is to be found at the south-eastern point, where, from cliffs some four hundred feet high, you look down upon two little rocks called Kite's Island and Precentor's Island,

both of which consist of steep craggy cliffs, tufted with thick matted herbage, and abounding in sea fowl. Beyond, outside Ramsey, lie a cluster of rugged and rocky islands, entitled the "Bishop and his Clerks," which have often proved themselves, in classic language, the "step-mothers of seafaring men." And far away, at the distance of seven leagues, the visitor may descry in the offing the lighthouse on the Smalls, another cluster of some twenty rocks, more or less hidden at high water, most dangerous objects in rough weather, though there is deep water enough between the coast and these remnants of a submerged continent for all her Majesty's fleet to sail.

Recrossing the Sound, from the steps below the farm-house on Ramsey, the visitor will find himself once more on terra firma. If he is not too tired, let him continue his walk eastward along the cliffs, past the little harbour of Porthclais for about a mile, when he will find himself on a headland which will present him with a splendid panoramic view of St. Bride's Bay, and the entire length of coast to St. Ann's Point, near the entrance to Milford Haven. In the offing, just off the coast, lie the islands of Skomar and Skokam, whose names carry us back to the times when the Danish Vikings were in possession of our coasts. Here, turning his back on the sea, a mile's walk along a green lane will take him back to the cathedral precincts, ready to enjoy a hearty supper at his inn.

As we have already hinted, the country round St. David's is bleak, bare, and barren; but its air is pure, and its people are healthy and long-lived, so much so that it has never been possible for a doctor to find a livelihood there.* Exposed as Menevia is to the rough breezes of the Atlantic, and lying open to the sea at almost every point of the compass, except the east and north-east, the soil is dry, and the winters are less cold and the summers less hot than in the inland parts of South Wales. So bleak and keen indeed are the winds, that no tree will flourish here, unless screened from the south and west; and those which do grow in the valleys, and even the hedgerows, have their tops all bent in an easterly direction.

Before we close this paper we should add that there are good reasons for hoping that the day when "St. David's ancient pile," its noble cathedral, can be justly spoken of as a "ruin," is fast drawing to a close. Some few partial restorations, including a portion of the screen between the nave and choir, the roofing of the

* So much is this the case that in former times it was found necessary to attach some ecclesiastical preferment to the practice of physic, in order to induce a medical professor to reside at St. David's.

north aisle, and the refitting of the southern transept for worship, were effected some twenty years ago, partly in consequence of interest on the subject raised at Oxford, among ecclesiastical antiquaries. But now a greater and wider movement has been inaugurated, which it is hoped and believed will result, in the course of time, in an entire restoration of the fabric to the state in which it was under Bishops Gower and Vaughan. A subscription has been commenced among the gentry of Wales and the west of England, which already amounts to nearly 9,000*l.*; and contracts for the restoration of the more important parts of the edifice, including the lower part of the tower and choir, have been entered into with the local committee, and the work will be commenced forthwith. As St. David's Cathedral is the mother church of Wales, there can be no doubt that the movement will appeal to the heart of the entire Principality; and that within the next ten years, not only the choir and nave, but also the now roofless side aisles and lady chapel will again do something of the ancient glory of that mediæval magnificence which was theirs when the shrine of St. David was an object of pilgrimage to saints and kings. To the committee we would only suggest, that in inaugurating this good work they take as their motto the well-known words

—Donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes Deorum.

And they need not entertain a fear lest their work should turn out a failure.

E. WALFORD.

LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE'S CITY.

NO. VI.—STAINLESS HILDEGARDE.

THIS wild and mournful story opens cheerily enough, the sky seems cloudless but for the single speck no bigger than one's hand, which is to grow into the blighting thunder cloud. Charlemagne is now dwelling in his royal palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, blessed in the love of his beautiful wife Hildegarde, yet it is not long since he has figured in a dark story.

His wise mother, Bertha, had chosen him a bride, Ernengarde, daughter of the Lombard king. He had married her in spite of the Pope's prohibition, and set her aside after one year of childless wedlock. The ill-fated lady died soon after, some said of a broken heart. All the details of their story, their short union and its cruel ending, are shrouded in gloom. In the year 771 he married Hildegarde, of good old Swabian stock; and holy and beautiful as noble, why such a one as she married a man who had just set aside another wife, is equally a mystery.

For a few years all went well with Hildegarde and Charlemagne, they dwelt in peace and love together, and she bore him three sons, Karl, Pepin, and Louis, and as many daughters, Rolruda, Bertha, and Gisela. The great emperor was prone to anger, if roused to jealousy, but in the main he was nobly unsuspecting, trustful, and loving towards Hildegarde; her great influence was not founded on mere beauty, though she was fair and stately, with that lofty and calm loveliness which lies deeper than rounded limbs, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. A tender, loving, God-fearing woman, she insensibly led her husband towards mercy and goodness, thus winning the love and reverence of all, from the highest to the meanest in the land. There was but one other influence to be compared to hers, the subtle hidden sway of Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne's. The emperor loved him, and never saw the black soul that lay hidden under a fair exterior. In fifty ways Hildegarde's large pleading for justice and mercy thwarted the crafty Taland's selfish plans. His greed of power prompted him often to plot the downfall of this guileless, unsuspecting woman, ay, and compass it too, that he might better rule her husband's mind. But every time he gazed on her regal beauty and listened to her pleasant speech, his heart would fail him, gradually his resolves grew weaker, till, bit by bit, they yielded to an accursed love.

He loved her blindly, desperately, and the devil of ambition whispered in his ear that Hildegarde ruined and degraded, would for her own sake beware how she crossed his plans. With this foul treason in his heart, he was outwardly the loving kinsman of the royal pair, and their most faithful vassal.

The three actors in my story were thus circumstanced towards each other when Charlemagne was called away to the Saxon wars: his last act was to appoint his half-brother to the government of Aix-la-Chapelle. As he tore himself from Hildegarde's embrace, half the bitterness of parting was lost in the thought of what a safe protector he had found her. Little he knew, as he galloped away with his champions, that he had entrusted his fold to the ravenous wolf.

Darker and darker grows the plot of the story. At first the stainless lady, so unsuspecting in her purity, treated Taland almost as a brother, and he dreaded to break the charm of their frank intercourse. Still, somehow a vague distrust would come over her, to be quelled the next moment as a base insult to her husband's dear friend and kinsman. At last, however, she could not help noting something strange in the demeanour of this man,

who hung on her accents, gazed into her face, and haunted her like her shadow. She chafed inwardly at this close watching, and daily yearned more and more for her husband's coming. One day she had dismissed her maidens, and was sitting all alone in the upper chamber of one of the castle towers. Her eyes wandered vaguely over the new city and the green fields below, her hands lay idle on her lap, and a wistful tender look softened every line of her beautiful face, for her thoughts were far away with him whom she so dearly loved. Taland stole in unnoticed and leant over her. His dark shadow fell across her, and she started from her day-dream. Their eyes met, his gloated on her with a greedy stare. She would have risen to go, but he grasped her hands and fell on his knees before her, and then and there, in the broad light of day, poured out his tale of passion. Dumb with horror and surprise, she sat like a graven image, till he paused from sheer lack of breath. That pause undid the spell. She broke from him, and turned on the false knave with righteous wrath. He quailed beneath her withering scorn, and slunk away, muttering curses. He might have left that room her open foe but for one glance back while his foot was yet on the threshold. Hildegard faced him, but mute and motionless, with clenched hands and dilated nostrils; her lips still quivering, her blue eyes flashing a fierce unearthly light, terrible as a young Judith: but more beautiful than ever. One long-lingering look at her fatal beauty, and Taland's fury turned again to thrice accursed love.

The next day and the next again he dogged her footsteps as of old, as if nothing had happened. Weeks and months rolled on and still no change. The more Hildegard shrunk from him, the more he pursued her; every artifice she used to be rid of his hated presence, every barrier she strove to place between them, gave way before his superior cunning. In her secret heart she loathed him as some noxious crawling thing, but dared not show it, lest men should say "Why?" And proud pure Hildegard would have died before she would put it in their power to say that she had listened to such a love tale. She would have given worlds to hide her weary head on some kind woman's bosom and sob out her story, but she dared not. She bore in silence her load of insult, anguish, and gnawing fear, and none knew that many a night her pillow was wet with the scalding tears she dared not shed in the open day. Her life was a burden to her, she felt like the bird which sees the writhing snake close by, but cannot fly from its fascination. The very sight of the

trophied weapons on the wall, the giddy height of the great tower, filled her with horrible temptations. She longed to end her misery and save her honour with one thrust of the glittering steel, one bound from the lofty battlements. But Hildegard was a Christian woman, and while one other chance was left her, she could not shed her own blood.

Goaded to desperation, when every other means had failed her, she met Taland with his own weapons, craft and daring. She no longer shunned him, nor when they met did she repel him with haughty coldness, nay, she even schooled herself to greet him with smiles and honeyed words. This change filled him with tumultuous joy. To crown it, one day she bade him prepare three lonely rooms in a remote and unfrequented wing of the castle, adding to be sure to have the doors well furnished with bolts and bars, and to come to her when all was ready. Taland quitted her in an ecstasy of delight, never heeding that the hand he covered with burning kisses was as cold and rigid as stone, nor how forced were the smiles, how hollow the tones of her gracious farewell.

For three whole days she was rid of Taland: three days she passed in agonies of prayer and moody pacings along the battlements. She ate little, spoke less, and wandered through the palace pale and haggard, as if just risen from a sick bed. The third day Taland came to tell her that her orders had been obeyed, and that all was in readiness. Hildegard repaid him with courteous thanks, and named an hour on the morrow when he was to wait for her in the innermost chamber. A good hour before the time he was at his post, cursing the sunbeams for crawling so slowly, and thinking the great dial would never throw its noon-day shadow across the courtyard of the castle. While Taland was so eagerly watching that dark line, a woman in a far-off tower was crouching before a crucifix, clutching it tight as she muttered wild prayers for guidance and grace. She started from her knees, summoned her maidens, and bade them array her right royally. When this was done she dismissed them, and passed out alone. A few moments after Taland heard a light step in the outer chamber, and Hildegard came towards him, moving with slow and stately grace. He was springing forward, but a gesture of hers stopped him. He stood quite still, gloating over her beauty, deeming the flush on her cheek and the glitter in her eyes sweet signs of love. With the same set smile and unflinching gaze she crossed the two rooms: she was not ten paces from him; he could restrain himself no more: one bound, he had clasped her to his

breast ; she flew towards him, she all but touched his out-stretched arms, when the great door hurled him back. Hildegard had flung herself against it, and slammed it in his face. He sprang to his feet to burst it open, but she had already turned the ponderous key, and he could hear the harsh grating of the bolts and bars. She ran madly through the other rooms, tarrying but to bolt the doors ; she flew through the long passages, gained her chamber unseen, fell on her knees and gasped out her thanks to the great God, who had given her, weak woman though she was, both craft and strength to baffle this bold bad man.

Her first impulse was to tell her husband all, and let him wreak his vengeance on the vile knave. But when her blood ran calmer, and her thoughts grew clear, she began to doubt, and sat down to ponder on what she had best do. No ring or token could convey her meaning, and make the Emperor hurry to her from the distant wars ; where was she to find a messenger so trusty that she might safely let him bear such a tale ? And as to its being written, that was out of the question ; the scribe who would write and he who would read such a story would be too dangerous to turn away, and doubly dangerous to keep about the royal pair. On one thing alone could she decide, she would tell Charlemagne all on his return, and meanwhile Hildegard did what many another woman has had to do, she prayed and waited. Taland's disappearance could not long remain a secret, and search would surely be made for him, so Hildegard sent for the chief men of the town, on whom she palmed off some plausible story of insolence and disrespect, true enough in the main, but very far from enlightening them as to what the insult had been. There was so much love for her and jealousy of Taland, she met with no opposition, and for the first time for many a long day the poor lady had peace.

Meanwhile Taland, caught in the snare he had himself prepared, raged and foamed like a caged wild beast. He was so cool a man, his rare transports of fury were fearful in their intensity. At length, exhausted by his impotent struggles, he flung himself on the rich bed and sank into a sort of stupor. He awoke chilled to the bone, and saw by the darkness of the room that he must have slept for hours ; it was already night, and the pale new moon rode high in the heavens. Food and drink had been left for him ; he drained the wine-cup to the dregs, and began pacing his narrow room, trying to think. The day's events seemed unreal as a dream : he tried the barred door with all his strength before he could

quite realise his plight. Wild impracticable plans flitted through his throbbing brain. Visions of Hildegard struck down by knife or bowl, dying in torments before his face, excluded all thoughts of how this was to be achieved. But as I have said before, Taland was a cool firm man, gifted with a wondrous patient tenacity of purpose ; and by degrees he wrenched his thoughts from the cheat Hildegard had put upon him, and even from his sweet plans of vengeance, that he might the better see how they might be carried out. He saw clearly that she must either tell the whole truth to the Emperor, or forge a perfect chain of lies, or suffer himself to escape from her clutches. That she would tell Charlemagne seemed likely enough, but then Taland must be at least accused, and could he thus gain speech of the Emperor, he was pretty sure of being able to twist facts to suit himself. That Hildegard would have the wit and coolness to forge so perfect a chain of lies that he could not expose its falsehood seemed quite unlikely ; besides, Taland in his secret heart knew that she was a true and noble woman. Thus weighing all the difficulties of her position, he laid his plans accordingly, and there was some lurking hope in his mind that to free herself from this net of perplexities, she might perhaps set him free.

Not that night, nor for many a night and day, could the arch-traitor find a plan to suit him ; gradually, however, he hatched a plot of whose success he could hardly doubt. He had found, on mature deliberation, that to deprive Hildegard of life would be but a paltry vengeance after all. She was holy and brave-hearted enough to face death without flinching ; but, next to sin, she dreaded shame. Disgrace would sting her to the quick, and make that proud pure woman's life one endless martyrdom. "I shall yet see her," said Taland to himself, "I shall yet see her quail before the fury of that great hulking fellow she preferred to me. She shall writhe like a trampled worm, her proud head grovelling in the dust. Mayhap she will cling round my knees, and pray me to speak one word to save her, and I shall spurn her as she spurned me ; she will be dragged off by brutal soldiery, and hooted by the rabble in the streets. Her sons shall learn to curse her, her daughters to blush at her name. From town to town my vengeance shall pursue her, she shall find no place to rest her head ; shame, want, and woe will drag her to the grave, and when I hear that she lies dying in some wretched hut, I will go to her, my eyes shall feast on her death throes, and my hated face shall come between her and her God. Instead of prayers she will die with

curses of me on her lips, and I will laugh to see that beauty, which befooled me, gone from the outcast, who will die gaunt and ghastly, worn to skin and bone." And Master Taland would chuckle to himself over the visions he conjured up.

Before he had been many days in durance, great shouting and cheering in the street made him rush to the window, cursing the high courtyard walls. Suddenly the great gates of the castle were swung back, and in burst the mob, pressing close round a horseman, whose steed was bloody and flecked with foam. He waved a sealed packet, and shouted, "Glorious news!" A tall lady appeared at a window and beckoned him with her hand. He dug the rowels into his charger's heaving flanks, dashed through the crowd, flung the reins to the nearest man, and bounding past guard and usher, soon knelt at the lady's feet and gave her the precious scroll. Long before a scribe had been fetched to decipher it, Hildegard learned from the soldier that the Saxons were vanquished, that many thousands had embraced the Christian faith, and better than all, that her husband was unharmed in life or limb, and returning as fast as he could lead his host.

Words cannot tell the true wife's joy. She dismissed and rewarded the soldier, and made the learned man read the emperor's letter again and again, till she knew every loving line; and, childlike in her joy, she pressed it to her lips and breast, kissing mark and seal, and thanking God from the bottom of her heart. She was too thoroughly happy to bear that aught should mar the delight of her meeting with her husband, she felt as though it would be a sin to damp his double bliss of triumph and return with the news of his half-brother's foul treason, and that moment she resolved to free Taland. Too pure herself to know that black ingratitude is own brother to guilt, she never thought that he would turn on her; besides, she deemed that even had he no gratitude, regard for his own head would make him dumb. In an evil hour she gave the traitor his freedom.

Charlemagne returned, and for one short week Hildegard was entirely happy,—too happy, perhaps. Before the end of another week he one day strode into her chamber with clouded brow, and half recoiled as she sprang to his arms, but he checked himself, and caught her face in his two hands, as one would a child's, and looked hard into her eyes. The scowl passed from his face as he gazed into those clear frank eyes, he kissed her passionately, turned on his heel, and left her without a word. That morning Taland had begun his task, but the pure soul beaming out of the

true wife's face had banished his hints from the Emperor's mind.

Taland now saw that he must give up his vengeance or play a desperate game, and he grew bolder; yet he was very wary. He said nothing tangible, yet he dropped words that rankled for whole days in his brother's heart. Charlemagne would not stand it any longer, and bluntly bade him speak out.

Taland began with well-feigned reluctance. First came speeches about what was due to his royal brother's honour, and how hard was the duty he, Taland, as his liege man, had to do. With sighs, with almost tears, the false knave cunningly unfolded his tale, half hinting, then affirming, his chain of lies, of Hildegard and a handsome young lord. He saw his dupe wince, and, thus encouraged, dwelt with fiendish delight on stolen interviews and sweet love passages. He said he had once come on the lovers, who fled at his approach. Next morning he had found himself a close prisoner: did not the whole court know of his captivity? Then the meaning of vague hints and jests he had heard bandied about relating to Taland and a certain tower flashed across Charlemagne, and he believed all. His rage broke forth in frenzied paroxysms, till Taland actually cowered before him. Suddenly the Emperor stopped his frantic mutterings, and buried his head in his hands. Taland could see his huge frame quivering, and the great sinews in his brawny hands stand out like straining cords. The Emperor looked up, and though the breath came hissing through his set teeth, his face was calm, but that rigid livid calmness was horrible to see.

"Call her," he said.

Taland started at that awful sound, though it was scarce spoken above a whisper. He bade a guard go fetch the Queen, and came and leant against the Emperor's chair, though Charlemagne hardly seemed aware of his presence.

Hildegard was playing with her little children when the messenger came. She went joyfully, and the little toddling things came racing after her, hanging on to her skirts. Laughing, she disengaged herself, and leaving them with the guards in the outer hall, passed in. The smile was still on her lips as she came towards her husband, till the sight of his stony face and Taland leaning over his shoulder struck a chill to her very heart.

Slowly he waved her off. "Hildegard, minion, quit me for ever." The words, the tone, smote her like a hard blow. She staggered forward, he started to his feet and faced her. Their eyes met, his flashing fire, hers

wildly beseeching but not quailing. "Speak, woman," he muttered, hoarsely.

A convulsive shudder ran through her limbs, she gasped for breath, and strove to speak, but no sound passed her white lips. Taland revelled in her agony, and said persuasively to Charlemagne: "Why force the dame to criminate herself?"

The taunt from him roused Hildegarde from stupor to almost madness. She grasped her husband's arm, and lifted her right hand to Heaven. "I, Hildegarde," she cried, "do call on God to witness——"

Ere she could say another word he dashed her from him. "Blasphemous traitress, thou deservest death, but still I cannot slay thee. This day leave my degraded home for ever, and quit my realm. Woe betide thee if thou darest ever again set foot within its bounds."

She glared at him fiercely defiant: that moment she could have killed the man who doubted her: the next she thought on Pilate's judgment hall, and what her Lord had borne. The fury melted from her heart, and like her Master she held her peace and meekly obeyed. Slowly she quitted the hall, Taland noiselessly gliding behind her. She turned round at the door, thus confronting him by chance. She shrank back shuddering, but mastering herself, she laid her hand on his arm, its icy touch thrilled through all his veins: "Taland, God will yet judge between us." She spoke in a low voice, yet her words rang in his ears like a funeral knell. One moment she paused on the threshold for one last lingering look at her husband. He turned away, but still the anguish of that white face, the beseeching reproaching gaze of those wild eyes, tearless from agony too great for weeping, haunted him for many a day.

She passed into the outer hall, where her children were at play. Wildly she rushed forward to strain them to her breast for the last time. Taland stepped between. The little creatures stretched out their little arms and struggled in his grasp. One shriek broke from Hildegarde, more like the death groan of some stricken wild thing than the cry of a woman, and she fled from the palace.

The cool air on her bare face recalled her faculties. She marked the wondering stare of the people in the streets, and remembered that she was hurrying on alone and unveiled. A church door stood open, and she entered with no thought but to take refuge from their gaze. She sank on her knees before the altar, and strove to pray, but she could neither think nor pray. Her brain reeled, her eyeballs burned, and no blessed tears came to her aid.

Slowly the truth dawned upon her that she

was a wanderer on the face of the earth, ay, and branded with infamy, viler, more degraded than the wretchedest outcast in the land. She thought of her husband and of the days of their early love, she thought of the helpless children she had left exposed to Taland's wiles, and she sank down on the altar steps, wringing her hands and moaning piteously. She sat thus for hours, half stupified, till roused by actual bodily discomfort. She was literally choking with thirst. She tottered feebly from the church into a yard behind, where she saw a clear well. Stooping to drink, she beheld her image in the water, and started at the sight: her costly robes, her jewelled hair, shone in ghastly mockery of a face wan and drawn already, as from whole years of woe. Hours had done the work of years, yet she gazed unmoved on the wreck of her loveliness. What cared she for the glorious bloom of her youth, when he who had loved that beauty was lost to her for ever?

To slake her burning thirst she had filled her two hands at the well; raising the water to her lips, her eyes fell on two rings, the wedding ring and the ring of betrothal. At such a moment these pledges of a severed bond smote her to the heart. Wildly she strove to drag them off, but her trembling fingers failed her. As they tightened on the golden circlets, her thoughts rushed back to her wedding-day, and the vows then spoken, that nothing can cancel but death. "I am his wife, his own true wife, till death do us divide," she murmured. This one ray of comfort came like a blessed sunbeam to the dark night of her anguish, and she wept. When tears had somewhat eased her heart, she began to think and act. She pulled off her gems, all but the two rings, wrapped face and figure in her mantle, and thus disguised ventured into the street. The twilight befriended her, and she gained unnoticed the shelter of a friendly roof, where she found also means of changing some of her gems for money. In the grey of the morning she started on her long wanderings. Fly she must from her husband's realm, and by forced and toilsome journeys she gained her native Swabia, the province she had quitted as mighty and as happy a woman as ever the sun shone on. Her sister, the Countess Adeline, received the poor wanderer with open arms, fully believing in her purity.

Hildegarde might have passed the sad remnant of her days among her own people, but somehow their very pity galled her, and the indignation they expressed against her husband, ill though he had treated her, stung her to the quick. Besides, how could she, with such a blight on her life, dwell in her

sister's house, where the sight of her sad face damped all mirth? Her bleeding heart recoiled from all earthly solace, and the passionate love lavished on him who had spurned it turned to her Maker. Deprived of her husband and her little children, the poor lady's pent-up tenderness vented itself on the suffering and the needy. And when she found herself a kill-joy in her sister's lordly home, that same charity prompted her to consecrate herself to a life of self-abnegation and good works. She could not bear to stay in her fatherland, so replete with memories. Despite the countess's entreaties she left her, and again set out on her lonely pilgrimage.

This time Rome, the great home of Christianity, was her goal. She crossed the snow-clad Alps, the burning plains of Italy, and took up her abode in the great city.

She spent her whole time in prayer and fasting and tending the sick. Filth, squalor, disease, had no terrors for her; poor wretches covered with sores and crawling vermin were tended by her royal hands. Anguish, blasphemy, despair, all horrors of body and soul that can throng round a death bed never daunted her; nay, in softening the pangs of others she learned to bear her own. Diseases seemed to yield to her skill or her prayers, none could tell which. Numbers of sick, particularly those affected in the eyes, were healed by her, and even some blind people regained their sight through her means. Do what she would, these cures could not remain long secret, and as she glided along on her errands of mercy, men pointed her out to each other, gazing reverently on the wan beauty of her earnest face, and calling down God's choicest blessings on the banished northern queen. Pilgrims from her own land saw her and heard of her cures, and returning, told the people at home. Her memory was still cherished among them, and many a household groaned under Taland's tyrannical exactions.

For a short time he had enjoyed the full triumph of his wickedness, when, by some strange visitation, his hitherto keen sight began to fail him, and his life was rendered wretched by a painful and loathsome disorder in the eyes. The royal physicians had employed all their herbs and simples to no purpose. The voice of conscience, stifled in happier hours, now upbraided him without ceasing. As sick and alone he sat in the gloom of darkened chambers, brooding on that helpless blindness fast growing on him, he used to fancy that Hildegard's face peered at him from the darkness, not as he had last seen it, touching in its patient anguish, but now mocking and gibing, now glaring at him fiercely

triumphant. He could not sleep at night, and fifty times he started from his bed to grope his way to his brother's room, tell all, and be quit of his victim's haunting presence, were the moment of avowal to be his last. But when he came to the point, he would chide himself for such sickly fancies, and go on stoutly, bearing his burden of guilt. He kept his own counsel till the last glimmer of sight had left him, and he was stone blind. Then the pilgrims' tales of Hildegard's wonderful cures kept constantly recurring to his mind. To be healed by her, even at the cost of having to confess his guilt, became his ruling wish. He was so sick of life, such as his then was, that he cared little about putting it in jeopardy for the chance of seeing once more. It was with feelings of intense relief he heard that business of great import summoned Charlemagne to Rome. Taland so besought him to let him go too, that the Emperor could not bring himself to refuse his entreaties; though, in truth, the great Emperor was sorely puzzled to know how Hildegard, if guilty, could be such friends with God that He should grant her the gift of healing; and, if innocent, how she could ever be induced to cure Taland, who had hunted her down as the hound hunts the quarry. In his secret heart the husband longed to think her guiltless: despite the seeming proofs of crime, he could not always think her quite lost. Her last looks and words, her blameless life, perpetually upbraided him with rashness, violence, and haste. Of all these jarring thoughts he said nothing then, nor do we hear aught of the journey.

No sooner had the Emperor and his train reached Rome, than Taland sent to seek after Hildegard, whose lonely dwelling was easily found. Cunning as he was, he did not know that his footsteps were dogged, and that his too trusting brother had at last begun to suspect him. Taland had himself guided to the dilapidated old mansion where his victim had fixed her abode. His attendants had left him, and he deemed himself alone in the great old hall where the sick used to await her coming. He little knew who had tracked him thither, and stood but a few paces back. They were alone, and it was as much as Charlemagne could do to keep his hands off Taland, and force an avowal from him. However, he contained himself, but his hurried breathing did not escape the blind man's hearing, "Who is there?" said Taland. There was no reply. But thus warned of the need of more caution, Charlemagne stepped warily into the deep shadow of a pillared door. These two men waited minutes, which to them seemed hours, then they heard a light step, and Hildegard—

wan, worn, but beautiful, with the peace of God beaming from her face—stood before them. She did not know Taland, who stood with his back to the light, and face and figure muffled in a cloak.

"Poor man," said she, in the Frankish tongue, "they tell me thou comest from the fatherland, know ye aught of my children?"

"Lady, they are well, for love of them I beseech thee heal me."

"Good God, man, art thou Taland?" cried the lady springing towards him. She pulled the mantle down, and scanned his face. One searching look and she was rushing from him, but he clutched her gown, and fell down on his knees.

"Unhand me, Taland!"

Still he held her fast. "Oh, lady, hear me for the Saviour's sake. God has judged between us, and he struck me blind; but if thou ask Him, he will give me sight. Have pity on a helpless man?"

She stood motionless, and he let go her gown, and grovelled at her feet.

"Blind—helpless," she murmured; "blind—helpless—for the Saviour's sake." She said his words again, like one speaking in sleep. She seemed striving to recall their import, to realise the change that made her bitterest foe a suppliant at her feet. "Oh, Taland," she cried aloud, "what did I ever do to thee that thou hast stolen my husband's love and reft me of my little ones?"

The blind man only heard the spoken words. Wildly, despairingly, he called out:

"Woman, hast thou no mercy? Hildegarde, look at me, hast thou no pity left? Look at the wreck I am now, and all thy doing. Why didst thou spurn my love until it grew to very hate, and for revenge I forged the lies that stole thy good name from thee; and then because of this great wrong to thee, God smote me in his wrath. Oh, Hildegarde, by that fierce love I bore thee, that love mine own undoing as it too was thine, I conjure thee let me see. Let me but see thy face once more, then tell thy lord my treason. Kill me if thou wilt, but let me see the blessed light of day before I die."

"Taland," replied the lady, and her voice was soft and low, "fear naught from me, I have pardoned thee this many a day. Repent thy sins, then perchance God will heal thee, and I too will pray that He may."

"Hildegarde, Hildegarde, God in heaven bless thee. Ask Him. He loves thee, He cannot refuse thy prayer."

Hildegarde sank on her knees beside him, and prayed with her face hid in her hands. So dead was the silence, Charlemagne could

hear the very throbbing of his heart. He saw his wife rise to her feet, and lay one wasted hand on Taland's head. She stood as in a trance, her large eyes raised to Heaven, and Taland, with helpless outstretched arms, cowered before her, quivering in every limb.

"Sweet Saviour," cried the lady, "heal him for thy mercy's sake."

Straightway the scales dropped from his eyes and Taland saw.

With a cry of delight he grasped her hands to press them to his lips, but suddenly they turned cold as stone, and her face grew ghastly white. Starting to his feet, he turned round—the Emperor stood behind him. Charlemagne sprang forward, dashed him aside, and clasped the lady to his breast. Taland was stealing off. The stern mandate, "Stir at thy peril," nailed him to the spot.

Tenderly the Emperor raised his wife's head from his shoulder and wiped away her happy tears. "My sweet wife, tell me all," he whispered; "trust all to my true love."

In broken words the lady told her story. Rage, pity, and wonder filled his soul by turns. He cursed his own blind folly, and again and again besought her pardon for the most grievous wrong that he had done her, his own true wife, the stainless mother of his children, the dearest thing he owned on earth. Loving looks and sweet caresses sealed his ready pardon, and Taland was forgotten for a while. But even bliss could not long blot out the memory of his deed. The Emperor's own remorse made him doubly ready to crush the vile slanderer whose tool he had been. He broke from Hildegarde, and in his fury would have struck Taland dead at her feet, but she threw herself between them. Her clinging arms held him back, till her soft words melted his wrath. She so besought him to spare Taland's life he had not the heart to gainsay her, and sentence of death was changed to life-long banishment.

No words of mine can fully relate the Emperor's glad return to his new city with his own true wife. The people, who had cherished her memory, rent the air with shouts of joy as she came back to them, riding by her husband's side, dazzling with gold and gems, beautiful, smiling, and gracious as an angel.

In thanksgiving for God's great mercies, she built the church and convent of Kempfen.

A saying of hers has outlasted its solid walls: "How wondrous are the hidden ways of the All-seeing. The Lord forgot not his handmaid. He first gave me life and honour, and then, in spite of wicked men, he restored my fair fame and preserved my love. Blessed be his name for ever."

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAGG," &c.

CHAPTER III. AN INVITATION THANKFULLY
ACCEPTED.

As may be supposed I lost no time in trying to discover as much as possible concerning the family of the Barnetts from our unfailing

source of information, Mrs. Conan ; I learned that Sir Denis was a Roman Catholic, his sister a Protestant, and that they lived together, without any other relative or companion in the house. They saw a good deal of company

occasionally, and sometimes had large parties staying at Knockgriffin when they were at home.

"Is Sir Denis liked in the county?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, very much; a great favourite with the gentlemen about."

"And what kind of landlord does he make?"

"Pretty fair, sir."

"His father met with an unhappy end, did he not?"

"Oh, no, sir; he died in a moment, without any suffering to speak of. They killed him at once, by the first shot."

"And probably Sir Denis expects the same bright fate, Mrs Conan?"

"I hope not, sir; he may chance to escape, at all events, for a number of years yet; he's a very fine young man, and his sister is a sweet lady. For her sake I trust he may be spared many a long day over Knockgriffin."

"Amen," murmured I from the depths of my heart.

While so deeply pre-occupied as I now was with my love-dream, I became fond of solitary walks. The "Rock" was a special resort at that time, and it is partly owing to this that I still entertain a peculiar reverence and affection for the memory of the ancient ruins round which I wandered, thinking of her whose image was daily becoming more and more impressed upon my mind. How often have I emerged from the barrack gate and strolled out alone towards this favourite point, passing the wretched lanes and hovels that led to it, climbing the stile beside the old gate, gazed at curiously by the cow that was always grazing among the graves; sometimes sitting on a tombstone, sometimes looking at the view of the surrounding country, with the Galtee mountains—Slieve-na-muck, Slieve-naman, and the Comerragh Hills—bounding the landscape, or more frequently still, looking through my telescope in the direction of Knockgriffin, whose woods were thus brought distinctly to my eye. Heigh ho! those were happy hours, passed away for ever, with all else that is lovely in the days of our first youth, leaving only a bright remembrance to gild the later years of life.

Imagine my happiness on receiving at length the following note from Sir Denis Barnett:—

"DEAR CAPTAIN STAPLETON,—Will you give us the pleasure of your company for a few days at Knockgriffin? We expect some friends to remain with us from Tuesday next for a few days' fishing, &c., and would feel most happy if you would join our party. We will dine

at seven o'clock on Tuesday next, and will hope to see you then.

"Yours truly,

"DENIS BARNETT."

I wrote an immediate reply accepting the invitation, and having deputed Travers to take my military duties during my absence from Cashel, made some slight preparations for the important visit. Infatuated though I was, my better sense often represented to me that it was an unwise act to throw myself thus rashly into the society of a woman to whom I could scarcely dare to aspire. Report said that Miss Barnett's fortune was large (how I wished she had not a penny!), her brother was proud: her family had all been so. People had coupled her name with high alliances already. There were rumours afloat that she had refused a certain viscount, and was even now receiving the addresses of a man of very large fortune in the county, a Sir Percy Stedmole, an Englishman, who had lately become a landowner in Tipperary, though he only visited his estate there rarely, and was thinking of disposing of it. Mrs. Conan had told me all this, and it was not encouraging. Hopeless though my love might be, I could not resist plunging myself into deeper danger. Worlds would not have tempted me to refuse this invitation to Knockgriffin.

Behold me, then, duly entering the gateway of the demesne at half past six o'clock on a fine summer evening, my heart beating with pleasant anticipations. A week of happiness was before me: beyond that I dared not venture to look.

I found the drawing-room at Knockgriffin full when I entered it. The guests had already assembled there. They were chiefly men; two elderly ladies in gorgeous caps being the only representatives of the fair sex, besides the peerless enchantress of the mansion. There were one or two dragoons from Cahir, three Tipperary gentlemen, and the (to me) odious baronet Sir Percy Stedmole, towards whom I instantly conceived a violent aversion. He was a fine-looking man about five-and-thirty, dressed well, and with the air of a well-bred gentleman; yet I did not like his countenance; perhaps I viewed him with green eyes, and was determined to find something wrong in his appearance. When I entered the room he was talking to Miss Barnett, and as she came forward to greet me I saw that he stood watching us with curious eyes. In those days, reader, I was not a bad-looking young fellow, my height was above six feet, my features tolerably well cut, my *tourure*—well, I do not want to be thought too egotistical, so I will

not go on farther than to say that, in my own estimation at least, I was a very fair specimen of humanity, and quite on a par as to looks with my rival Sir Percy, besides being about twelve years junior,—a great advantage in my opinion at that time. We have never such a respect for youth, perhaps, as when we are young ourselves. In going to the dining-room that evening Sir Denis escorted one of the elderly ladies I have mentioned, while Sir Percy was deputed to take charge of the other; and of the six other men present it fell to my happy lot to become the guardian of the young lady of the house. I can scarcely account for how this occurred, but I think it was owing to my own superior courage. Our host had left the room followed by Sir Percy and his companion, and there stood Miss Barnett, who had directed the proceedings so far, unable to appoint an escort for herself, and of course unwilling to leave the room against rule without one, albeit in her own house. A glance from her eye falling in my direction determined me in an instant. I approached and offered my arm while the other guests were looking at each other in mute indecision, and so won the prize. Never had I talked so much as that day at dinner, not having yet arrived at that stage of love when all animation is suppressed, all conversational powers put to flight. I felt in high spirits, and Miss Barnett seemed to enjoy my company. The dinner was unexceptionable, the appointments all proper, and the servants thoroughly well trained. Two or three times I wondered during the evening as I recollected that this was an Irish dinner-party in the proverbially wild uncivilized Tipperary county. We had a good deal of sporting talk, seasoned by a little sprinkling of general gossip, but few allusions to the propensity for shooting landlords which distinguished the peasantry of the *locale*. I would never have discovered by anything said or done around me that I was not in a hospitable English mansion, excepting perhaps the peculiar but not unpleasant accent of the three Tipperary guests assembled at the board. Once or twice I was conscious that Sir Percy Stedmore was eyeing me pretty sharply across the table as I talked to Miss Barnett; but the more he looked the more animated I became, being determined to hold my ground bravely. When the ladies retired from the dining-room, I was one of the first to rejoin them, and as Miss Barnett was intimate enough with her lady guests—to both of whom indeed she was nearly related—to take the liberty of leaving them together in the companionship of a somewhat elderly bachelor, named Nugent, she invited me to look over the conservatory open-

ing from the drawing-room, accompanying me herself through long aisles of rare shrubs and exotics, all in full bloom.

"Are you learning to become reconciled to Tipperary, Captain Stapleton?" she asked, as we paused to admire an exquisite *Grandiflorus*.

"Oh, I like the country greatly," I replied quickly; "the scenery is charming, and the people excessively pleasant. I am afraid we hear sad untruths about Ireland altogether across the Channel, Miss Barnett."

She smiled a little sadly, I thought, and uttered a half-suppressed sigh.

"I wish we lived anywhere else," she said, after a pause.

"Indeed! Then you fear the lawlessness of Tipperary tenants, perhaps."

"And not without cause," she added, fixing her eyes full on my face. "Our family have long been obnoxious to the people about here. You know already, perhaps, how my father fell a victim to the barbarous system of revenge which has become almost a religion of its followers. Of the three country gentlemen who dined with us to-day, there is not one who has not had a near relative murdered in this county—one a father, another a brother, a third an uncle. Is it any wonder I shudder as I think of such things?"

"The ladies at least, it is to be hoped, are deemed sacred from such assaults," said I.

"Oh, they only murder women through their feelings," she replied. "They never care how many widows' and orphans' hearts are broken. Revenge is their sole thought and aim."

"It is a pity Sir Denis does not sell his property in Tipperary and reside elsewhere."

"He can never do that," she answered resolutely, "and even if he could he would not. Nothing would induce him to part with the home of his ancestors. I only wish most ardently that it lay in any other part of Ireland—anywhere else in the world!"

"I trust you have no reason to entertain fears about your brother's safety."

"Every day of my life I have fears; I can scarcely say I feel a moment's peace, and now especially, as there is some difficulty in getting one or two tenants to move out of their houses on the estate, I am doubly anxious. My brother wishes to extend the plantations and take in part of the Cappamore lands that have always been previously let to tenants, and this must undoubtedly cause ill-feeling, though he has promised every compensation in his power."

My companion spoke with great earnestness, and I saw tears standing in her eyes, though the evening light had now grown faint. My

heart beat somewhat quicker as she thus made me the confidant of her anxiety, and I ardently wished that it was in my power to shield her from all care. At that moment I recalled to mind the incident I have before mentioned as occurring during my ride to Cashel from Knockgriffin after my first visit there, and it struck me more forcibly than ever that the man I had seen peering at me through the hedge might have been lying in wait for Sir Denis Barnett.

"Does your brother experience any anxiety at this time?" I asked.

"Not in the least. Like almost all Tipperary landlords who choose to live on their property, he finds it necessary to cast aside all doubts and fears. Unless armed with a never-failing courage, a landowner in this county would, as it were, suffer a hundred deaths in the year. Denis is determined to dread no one or nothing, and never to flinch from any act that he thinks proper among his tenantry. Were I he I would just do the same; but you see, Captain Stapleton, the misfortune is our lot being cast as it is. We are Tipperary people. We do not wish to abandon our ancestral home; thus we must only be brave and bear things heroically, if possible."

We were now at the further end of the conservatory, and opening the door that led to a tastefully planned pleasure-ground, my companion stepped out. The moon had already risen, a few stars trembled in the sky, the air was perfumed with many odours of fragrant shrubs glistening in the silvery softened light. There was not a breath of air stirring, no sound save the hoarse cry of the train coming from distant meadows. Had it been England we might have had the song of a nightingale to charm the ear, but one of the wants of Ireland is the absence of this warbler of summer evenings. As if unconsciously, Miss Barnett passed on through the grounds, and I could only follow her course obediently. She seemed rather pre-occupied, and this lent her a new interest in my eyes, but animated or pensive, grave or gay, sad or merry, it was all pretty much the same to me now. I was already very far on the way to falling in love, if not altogether arrived at that state. When we turned to go back to the house we met Sir Percy Stedmore who had also passed out of the conservatory to take a stroll in the moonlight.

"Not afraid of taking cold, Miss Barnett?" he asked, as he flung away the cigar he had commenced to smoke.

"Not on such a night as this, Sir Percy," she replied, a little frigidly I thought; "you know we wild Tipperary women do not dread wind and weather like your English ladies."

"I wish our English women were half as

charming as their Irish sisters," he added, in a low tone that jarred upon me.

"Do not be false even for compliment sake, Sir Percy. You know you have an undervaluing opinion of everything Irish. You have never got rid of your English prejudices."

"Pardon, my fair traducer. Whatever I may think of this ill-starred country, I would be blind or a fool if I attempted to deny the beauty and grace of the gentler portion of its inhabitants."

"But that much of concession will never satisfy a true-born Irish woman; we want more than admiration for ourselves,—we must have sympathy, justice, pity, and allowances made with sincerity for the failings of the whole people. The *Sassenach* who comes among us prepared only to see faults and condemn, will never find favour even though he make an exception on the side of feminine loveliness. You hear me, Captain Stapleton, so take warning in time."

She opened the conservatory door while speaking and passed on towards the drawing-room, while I mentally exclaimed,—"*She is peerless, let her belong to what country she may!*"

We had music during the evening, and while Miss Barnett sang Sir Percy hung over her chair, turning the leaves of her music-book pertinaciously, and evidently desirous of being most agreeable and attentive; yet it seemed to my jealous fancy that she did not receive his advances encouragingly, though perhaps I could judge little from that. Women are so bound by conventional rules that they seldom permit observers to understand their real feelings with regard to an unacknowledged courtship. I was very uneasy about the matter, and at times full of despair when I thought of my paltry income and my want of any better prospect for the future. Of course I experienced many silly feelings that perhaps I might not at that time have confessed for worlds.

The chamber allotted to me at Knockgriffin was large, luxurious, and elegant, bespeaking the wealth and taste of the owner of the mansion, like the rest of the premises. As I was passing through the hall on my way to this room, when we had separated for the night, I observed Sir Denis making a survey of the doors and windows with some care.

"You are obliged to be careful in barricading the houses about here, I suppose?" said I *en passant*; "it would never do in Tipperary to trust marauders with any opening."

My host shook his head and smiled.

"On the contrary, our care must be on the other side; we must not lock or bar our doors

or windows at all. This large door will merely be fastened by a latch to night, and all the windows except those of the occupied bedrooms will remain unshuttered. If we attempted to betray fear in Tipperary we would only hurry on what we dreaded."

"And you are thus exposed to the mercy of any burglar or assassin who may choose to walk into the house?"

"It has always been our custom to act so, and no one has ever attempted to enter the house at night. We are murdered here in the broad light of day, Captain Stapleton. We have nothing to fear from night attacks in our own homes."

"Pleasant quarters," thought I, as I passed on to my room, glad that I was to be permitted to have shutters at least to the windows there, and I am not ashamed to say that I locked my door too. I could not divest myself of a certain uneasy feeling regarding the probability of having my throat cut before morning if I neglected to take measures for my safety. The idea of sleeping in a house whose doors and windows were left in such a state as to invite the easy ingress of robbers or other lawless ruffians, struck me as being singular in the extreme. I daresay I was as brave as most men, but I had no particular fancy for being murdered in my sleep.

"And so here I am, under the roof of an unpopular Tipperary landlord," cogitated I as I opened my window and looked out, "in the heart of a lawless district, and obliged to seek repose with as much chance of security as if I were in a forest surrounded by wild beasts."

Very peaceful was the prospect without. The moon was shining clearly on the park and distant woods, its pale light glancing on the narrow belt of the Suir that wound in and out through the trees. For a long time I stood looking on the silent scene before me, then I softly closed the window and hurried to bed, to dream of the fair enchantress of this Tipperary home.

CHAPTER IV. THE MOUNTAIN CAVES.

NEXT morning, as previously arranged, Sir Denis and his male guests were up at cock-crow to enjoy some capital trout-fishing. Our party consisted of the host, Sir Percy Stedmole, a certain Tom Nugent of a place called Ballindrummery, a somewhat antiquated bachelor who told wonderful stories on all subjects, and the two dragons from Cahir, Captain St. John and Mr. Morley. We all enjoyed ourselves very much and returned home to breakfast as hungry as hawks. How charming Miss Barnett looked presiding over the breakfast

table—how exquisite the repast with its fresh country delicacies, its adornments of fragrant flowers, its cheerfulness adding to the vigour of our appetites.

"Have you settled on any sight-seeing for the afternoon, Denis?" asked Miss Barnett, as we were all seated at table.

"I was thinking of the Galtee Mountain Caves," replied our host. "The ride would be a long one, but well repaid by the scenery on the way and the Caves are really wonderful. What do you say, Captain Stapleton? As the greatest stranger in these parts your vote will decide us."

"I am all in favour of the Caves, provided Miss Barnett has no objection to the plan," replied I.

"Will your horse be able for such a distance?" asked Sir Percy, bending his head towards Miss Barnett who sat next to him.

"Oh, yes, perfectly; its foot is quite well now, and a little exercise will be of use."

"But such a number of miles," remonstrated Sir Percy.

"Never fear," said the lady positively. "Ryan says it is able for anything now."

"We had better start early, Louisa," observed Sir Denis. "We cannot afford to loiter over our preparations. Are we all agreed about the excursion to the Caves?"

St. John and Morley answered in the affirmative for themselves, and Nugent and Sir Percy had to give in also, though neither of them seemed to care for so long a ride. Most of us had our own horses, but even if we had not our host would have been able to provide us all with efficient steeds, for his stables were well supplied with some of the finest animals I ever saw. Orders having been given for the horses to be put in readiness, we lost no time after breakfast in setting forth on our long ride, and I ardently hoped that it might be my good fortune to get beside Miss Barnett on the way, but to my chagrin and disappointment I saw at once that Sir Percy Stedmole was determined to secure that happiness for himself. He rode immediately to her side, like a privileged individual, and going in advance of the party, both were soon out of hearing as regarded their conversation. I grew sulky on the spot, and lagging behind kept with Tom Nugent, while Sir Denis rode with the dragons.

"Sir Percy Stedmole seems very intimate at Knockgriffin," said I to Nugent.

"Oh, ay, you know he's a distant relative of the Barnetts; one of them married a generation or two ago into an English family named Stedmole, and he's a grandson or something of the kind."

"Has he a large property?"

Nugent shook his head, and the corners of his mouth sank slightly as he answered, "Over head and ears in debt; his estate in England is mortgaged to the last acre, and he's trying hard to sell off Shurraghnick, his place here in Tipperary, but that's not altogether for difficulties; he don't relish the notion of living in this county or having anything to say to the tenants down there. A man has no business in these parts unless he has a good stock of devil-me-carism in his composition; he must be born to it as it were. Poor Sir Percy doesn't much fancy riding out in Tipperary, especially with Sir Denis, for he's as good as a marked man now-a-days, all about those Cap-pamoyne lands that he's wanting to take in as part of the demesne."

"But that could not affect the safety of Sir Percy," said I.

"Oh, it could. Sometimes people get killed in mistake, you know. Supposing a shot was fired at Sir Denis, it might chance to take a wrong aim. There have been instances of that in Tipperary. Watch Sir Percy now, and you'll see he'll keep close to Miss Barnett all day if he can, he won't meddle with her brother at all. Ha! ha!"

And Nugent laughed heartily. His own uncle, be it known, had been shot some five years previously. He certainly appeared gifted with a happy amount of devil-may-carism. As to our handsome host, he seemed devoid of all anxiety upon any subject: he talked pleasantly all the way, pointing out every bit of scenery worth looking at with evident pride in his strange wild county.

"Sir Percy is deeply in debt to Barnett as well as to many another, you see," continued Nugent; "and so he comes over to Knock-griffin now and then to keep friends with him. It's always there he stays when he comes to Tipperary; though I daresay he won't fancy the place long, since Barnett is beginning to quarrel with his tenants."

"Was there not some idea of Miss Barnett marrying Sir Percy?" I asked, while my heart grew icy.

"A rumour merely, from his intimacy at the house. It's my belief Barnett would not like him for a brother-in-law at all, though he may tolerate him as a guest."

"But surely the lady herself is the best judge of her own choice in the matter," said I.

"Oh, of course; but I don't see much love on her part for him. She's a good catch, that same Louisa Barnett. Thirty thousand pounds—every penny of it, and a lovely girl besides."

Here I could not refrain from sighing almost audibly. I detested the thoughts of the thirty

thousand pounds; yet there was something encouraging in Nugent's statement concerning Stedmole's difficulties and involments.

"Miss Barnett might barter her fortune for the baronetcy," resumed my loquacious companion; "but otherwise I wouldn't say she'd accept Sir Percy. He's a fine-looking fellow enough; but somehow I think she'd prefer an Irishman to him. She's terribly patriotic, as you'll find out."

My heart grew still more icy as I asked—

"And is there any Irishman in particular that you think Miss Barnett has a preference for?"

"Oh, not one at present. She has refused several offers already; but I think, from what she says, she will never marry an Englishman."

"I should imagine she would not throw herself away on any Tipperary man," thought I, as I recalled her conversation of the previous evening. "It is bad enough for her to have a brother in danger of his life every hour, without running the risk of suffering a like anxiety about a husband."

Our ride was a long one, and took us through a wildly-picturesque part of the county. Southwards we obtained fine views of several ranges of mountains, and, as we approached the Galtees, beheld some bold and commanding scenery. Upon reaching the remarkable caves in these mountains two guides were procured for our benefit, with the necessary accompaniments of candles and lucifers.

"I do not suppose that such of us as have scrambled through these caverns need repeat the feat," said Sir Percy, as we were preparing to enter a narrow sloping passage, three or four feet high and upwards of thirty in length, which presented a most dismal aspect, and terminated in a vertical precipice, to be descended by a ladder about sixteen feet in depth. The sight of this dull limestone lane was certainly not very promising, though it opened at length into one of the most splendid and wonderful caves in the world.

Stedmole had settled it that only Sir Denis and Morley should accompany me through the mountain hollows, when, probably to his chagrin, Miss Barnett declared her intention of making one of the explorers also, saying that there was a particular point of the cavern that she had never yet penetrated to.

"You can walk about with Mr. Nugent and Captain St. John," she said to Sir Percy, "while we are encountering the fatigues of our subterranean journey," and she took her brother's arm as we followed the guides to the entrance of the foremost cave.

After considerable difficulty we managed to

perform a somewhat hazardous descent through narrow winding passages, where we were sometimes obliged to twist ourselves in and out, with barely room enough to make the necessary turnings. The task required so much nerve as well as physical strength, that I was surprised at Miss Barnett's courage in going through the labour and risk. In one passage, extending nearly one hundred yards, much of which we were obliged to traverse through a space barely two feet square, one could not help imagining the horror of being enclosed there beyond the hope of rescue by the rolling down of a stone or piece of the rocks surrounding us. We explored several caverns; and I was obliged to acknowledge that I had rarely seen anything grander than these natural halls, with their massive columns, pyramids of spar, and the glittering gems of stalactites and stalagmites, shining like immense diamonds in the candle-light. Sometimes the effect produced was as gorgeous as if conjured up by the wand of a magician. Reader, if ever you visit Tipperary, do not fail to try for a peep at these wonders of nature in the Galtee mountains. I, at least, would not have missed the sight for a good deal. Perhaps, however, I had more to interest me than the mere beauties of sparry pillars, glistening crystals, and shining stalagmites. Now and then it was my good fortune to touch the fair hand of the lady who accompanied us men in our explorations as I assisted her in some difficult ascent or descent. Often we stood together, uttering murmurs of wonder and admiration. The fairy-like scenes opened occasionally to our view had a subduing effect on the mind—at least it had on mine; and I felt a sort of exultation impossible to describe while in the presence of the fair enchantress, who might have been considered the presiding genius of the magic halls. Once I was very nearly on the point of a regular declaration of undying love, forgetting all common sense and discretion; but the voice of Sir Denis, calling to us to admire the effect of the candlelight shining upon a congregation of minute crystals, restored me to a sense of my position. I know not why it was, but the fact of Miss Barnett having accompanied the party that I was attached to during the excursion through the caves rather encouraged me; and perhaps it had an opposite effect upon Sir Percy Stedmore, who seemed somewhat out of sorts when we emerged from our explorations and rejoined him and the others. Miss Barnett was in high spirits, declaring more than once that she had never enjoyed a pleasanter day. We stopped at the little village of Cloghane to procure some refreshment, and put the poor landlord of the humble inn there at his wits' ends to know what

to do for us. Being pretty hungry, however, we were not so squeamish as he might have expected, and we drank atrocious wine, and devoured some fried trout with the best grace imaginable. Once again we were on horseback, *en route* for Knockgriffin, in the fading light of the summer evening; and as Miss Barnett had notes to compare with me respecting the day's adventure, I was privileged to take my place by her side for the greater part of the way home. And now we spoke of natural curiosities in foreign lands—the wonders of Italy, France, Germany; and she promised to show me some drawings she had made of ruined castles on the Rhine, and other scenes. We became deeply buried in conversation, our mutual acquaintance with many continental landscapes and other subjects in common giving us plenty to speak of. Sir Percy rode pertinaciously with St. John and Nugent, while Sir Denis kept with young Morley. Miss Barnett and I seemed often to lag far behind the rest of the party, inasmuch that I thought that evening ride over lonely Tipperary roads, with the warm breeze coming to us ever and anon loaded with the perfume of fresh grass and clover blossoms, or the wild roses in the hedgerows, one of the most delicious reminiscences of my life. I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that I would cheerfully undertake to be transformed into the most unpopular landlord in the county, with the chance of a bullet whizzing at me from behind every fragrant hedge we passed, if by doing so I could secure the favour of the beautiful Irishwoman at my side. When we came near the precincts of Knockgriffin I observed that Miss Barnett hurried the pace of her horse till we got near Sir Denis, and then she kept close beside him.

"These are the Cappanoyne lands, Captain Stapleton," she said, pointing in the direction of a flat piece of ground, laid out in patches of meadow and fields of various crops, studded here and there with small cottages. "You see, they adjoin the north woods, and from this point of view look very badly; yet, for all that, I would not attempt to disturb the present occupants of the cabins, did I not agree with Sir Denis that they will be much better off in the new dwellings he intends to provide for them."

The moon was now rising, and glancing with soft lustre upon that level stretch of land which might yet prove so disastrous a possession to its proprietor. I looked at it a little solemnly, and felt almost inclined to echo the sigh that my fair friend uttered as we slowly turned down the road leading to the principal gateway of Knockgriffin.

(To be continued.)

TRANSFORMATION OF THE GIPSIES.

GIPSIES are, I believe, as common as blackberries in some parts of England, but in other districts they are as rare as apricots. Whether this geographical distribution is determined by any prevailing difference in the construction of hen-roosts I do not know. It is possible that the agriculturists in widely separated parts may vary in their estimates of the value of a missing lamb or sucking pig, and the gipsies may have become aware of it. But, however this may be, they have favourite districts, and do not impartially scatter themselves over the whole country. Kent, as I understand, is never free of their encampments, and the hop-picking poultry, it is stated, run at the sight of a red cloak. It is not so in the midland shires. I happened to have been born in one of the most northern of those counties, and there the barn-door fowl have no eye for colour, and the sheep are utterly ignorant of Romanee. Nothing is fully accepted in these exact days unless it be backed up by precise statistics, and so I will supply them. During the score of years I was domiciled in that part of England I saw just three small encampments of gipsies, and I saw all that came, for their arrival occasioned too much excitement for any to be overlooked.

The appearance of one of the dark-skins in any street of our little town brought everybody within sight to a gaping standstill, and filled the doors and windows with wide-eyed faces. Did a kitchen-maid see a brown woman approaching up the yard, with a child slung at her back, and a tin gridiron or a row of white clothes-pegs in her hand, her first proceeding was to scream. Not unlikely, her next step was to hold a conversation with the wise creature through the window, tremblingly advancing her hand for inspection of the palm, but she took care the open casement was within reach. The farmers immediately on learning of the wanderers' arrival loosed their mastiff dogs, and betook themselves to patrolling stealthily among ricks and behind hedgerows, carrying a pitchfork on the shoulder. Sunday after Sunday, during the stay of the gipsies, our minister preached about the Witch of Endor, and decried magic and fortune-telling. Meantime, we youngsters mutually horrified ourselves after school hours by reciting tales of the kidnapping of respectable small folk, and their instantaneous conversion into gipsylings by application to their skin of walnut-juice. Having worked each other up to a proper pitch of terror, we crept down the green lanes in long Indian file, to survey from a distance in awe and trepidation the mysterious dwellings of these romantic people. In one of their

visits we had, I well recollect, a long spell of bad weather, and it was generally believed that the gipsies were in some way at the bottom of it. Some of the sceptically inclined hesitated to accept it as conclusive proof of the raising of the Evil One in the tents by unholy rites, but all agreed that the gipsies would find their account in it, as specially favourable for poaching, sheep-slaughtering, and still worse deeds. Looking back from this distance of time, I cannot positively say that any murders were actually committed on those occasions, or even that burglaries were more than commonly coincident with the gipsies' visits, but I am convinced that nobody was the less frightened for that. Children slept with their heads under the bed-clothes, and adults tried the bolts and bars twice. It was not our fault that nothing horrible occurred; we were all as much alarmed as if deeds of violence and blood had really happened. When it was circulated some fine morning that the gipsies were missing, crowds went to look at the half-burnt patches, marking where the tents had stood, and some individuals carried away fragments of straw, partly-charred bones (sheep's, of course), and other trifles as relics.

One, however, lives to see alterations. But what a change from the state of feeling I have been sketching to that I now experience! Within the last few weeks I have had repeated opportunities of seeing a gipsy in dress coat, white waistcoat, and dancing pumps. When, in addition to this, I mention that I witnessed the queen holding crowded *levées* in one of our public halls, and was made aware that the king, her amiable husband, was a contributor to our leading local newspaper, I think I shall be pardoned a little surprise. Perhaps, some particulars of so striking a transformation may be required, and in such case here they are.

Very recently flaming placards suddenly appeared on the walls of one of our largest midland towns, announcing in parti-coloured types that the gipsies had arrived; and this innovation upon their old stealthy mode of approach was not the whole. It was further intimated that the bold new-comers would be glad to welcome visitors at their encampment, pitched in a croft which was named! The whole town, so to speak, instantly went. The American war, Dano-German embroilment, Derbyshire murder, the last Tory election triumph, all became uninteresting; the only things worth anybody's doing were to smoke cigars with male, and to drink tea with female gipsies. It might have been the result of a spell laid on the whole of the population. The theatre suffered considerably; one or two public concerts given at this time were failures;

tradesmen put up shutters earlier than usual, and it was whispered that a parson or two had been seen about the tents at dusk. Everybody was bewitched; the gipsies had brewed a charm for the whole town. For some time I endeavoured to preserve a state of wholesome disgust. I joked my acquaintances about leaving their reticules, watches, purses, and handkerchiefs at home if they went; and I even hinted on their return that the tents had more minute inhabitants than their nominal owners, and suggested change of linen and fumigations. The gipsy fever still went on. Fresh bills flamed on the gables, and the excitement increased. It was announced that the gipsies would give a series of balls and receptions at the St. George's Hall, when the queen would hold *levées* in the ante-room, and the Gitano Band would be in attendance. Nothing could be more successful. The hall was crowded, and that not for a single evening, but nightly, week after week. In the daytime people flocked to the encampment, which was in a field selected as nearest to the centre of the town, and in the evenings the principal streets were in a state of semi-riot while the gipsies, shining in silks and broadcloth, passed in a large "brake," on their way from the tents to the hall. Subsequently to that, until a little after midnight, the capacious building in which they danced the latest waltzes and polkas was beleaguered. The admission fees were fixed rather high, and some people said the brown-skins were pocketing a hundred pounds a night; others, protesting against exaggerations, asserted that a speculator farmed them, and gave them only £250 a week. I am human, and I could not resist all this; I felt that a social phenomenon was occurring which I ought to witness.

A visit to the croft was naturally my first step. It was, of course, an enclosure, and the only ingress was by a gate, by the side of which a large board was reared, plastered over with bills announcing the balls, &c. Twopence each person was demanded for admission, and just then the money was being taken by a quick-eyed, bold-looking lad, fourteen or fifteen years of age. A group of gaudily-dressed girls were holding a parley with the young rascal, and the first words I heard fall from the gitano lips were an announcement that he had that day taken six tons weight of copper money! When the laughter which greeted that hyperbole had subsided, the spokeswoman of the girls answered that if such was the case they could not want any more money, and so they might pass in without paying. The guardian of the gate kept the rail pressed firmly down, and after half a

minute's puzzle, said that could not be, for they wanted about a dozen more twopences to make up the last ton. I contributed one of the required instalments, and was permitted to pass inside. Within the field, the turf of which had been trodden into mire, were four tents, pitched at short distances from each other, and all more wretched-looking than I had conceived possible. A shame-faced crowd of visitors was huddled near each one of these canvas hovels, in which the gipsies sat, or went about their little affairs, as stolidly and silently as though no spectators were there. Every tent appeared to have belonging to it a strong covered cart, which had been drawn close to it, and underneath which a fierce dog lay growling. In those vehicular chests, it is to be supposed, the treasures of the tribe were stowed away, for, so far as was visible, the interiors of the dwellings were utterly bare of comforts. All my romantic ideas of a free and jovial life under the pleasant greenwood tree vanished at sight of those bare clay floors, with a block of wood for a seat, and the upper half of the hovel filled with dense smoke from a crackling wood fire, which appeared to require mending every two minutes. The tawny children seemed to be wholly and unceasingly occupied in breaking and chopping thorns for that purpose, and they taciturnly pursued their work, quietly, unheedingly, as if the lookers-on were figures in a dream. The largest of the tents, which it was whispered belonged to the king, had the luxury of straw strewn on the floor; and here, early afternoon as it was, the inmates were taking tea. A brightly-painted tray was set upon the straw in the centre, having arranged on it a gilt tea service of common porcelain; upon the fire a polished copper kettle was bubbling away, and squat in a sort of ring round the tent were some dozen persons, half of them gipsies, half very foolish-looking visitors. Nearest to the fire sat a brown, withered crone, with a crutch-stick beside her, who was understood to be the queen grandmother; the female monarch regnant was not "at home," but the king, a well-clad, strong-looking man, of between thirty and forty, sat among the rest. As the cups were filled by a middle-aged gipsy woman, squatting at the head of the tray, they were handed about, and the bread-and-butter, on plates, was distributed in the same way. Still, there was nothing jovial about it; there was no attempt at fun, the gipsies scarcely ever spoke; all was absurdly restrained, and if one who was not a gitano attempted a joke it fell flat. An open-mouthed crowd stood at the tent entrance watching them eat buttered bread and drink Bohea, and as I had paid for the privilege I stared too;

but I could not detect any speciality in their mode of handling cups and saucers, or their style of mastication, and I shortly moved on. In and out about the other tents three or four younger gipsy women, clad in scarlet Garibaldi jackets, were sauntering, slyly accosting stragglers, and now and then taking a blushing visitor inside.

"Sir, may I tell you your fortune?" asked one of these red-jacketed ones, sidling towards a couple of middle-aged men, standing near to me.

"Certainly not," good-humouredly answered the one addressed.

"Oh, you don't know what there may be in store for you," she replied, in a wheedling tone. "Why may I not tell you your fortune?"

"Why, because you told it me the day before yesterday, and *it nearly killed me!*"

The shout of laughter which arose at this (the first I had heard since entering thecroft) discomfited Red-jacket, and shaking her dark head, she sauntered off. But the gipsies reckoned many victories for one such defeat. There were credible tales of carriages and cabs which went to the encampment after dark, conveying veiled ladies, anxious to learn every iota of the future. And, of course, it would be told to them. The general result of my visit to the camp was a firm conviction that English pic-nics are a great improvement upon their model, and that those who are not gitanos make much livelier and better gipsies than those who are.

Subsequently, I completed my information by going to the hall where the receptions, the *levées*, and the dancing went on. The place was crowded. In the ante-room, under the shelter of a bran-new tent, made gay with streamers, sat the gipsy queen, apparently about twenty-five, and not *very* ugly, disclosing everything to anybody for shilling fees. She seemed to have plenty of visitors, and though most of them tried to pass the consultation off as a joke, many of them looked to be more than half believers. Within the ball-room, from whence loud strains of music were always pouring, you came upon the great spectacle. It was rather formal, and not very gipsy-like, but was evidently meant to be exceedingly respectable. The gipsies had rather a funeral look; the women were dressed in black silk, and the men in black broad-cloth; and the white kid gloves of the latter did not appear to fit their fingers, but seemed to be uncomfortably troublesome to each wearer. I think there were about five couples of gipsies, in addition to which there were four male gitanos in the Band. One of these latter, the harpist, was

an unusually skilful player, and the others were quite masters of their instruments; the music performed was the very latest and most fashionable, and the gipsies were unhesitatingly perfect in the figures. About half of them, of each sex, by an understood arrangement, as it seemed, kept to their own people, and the others got partners promiscuously from among the rest of the dancers. It will be inferred that the general company was not very select, but it included nearly all the "swells" of the place, and there was great rivalry for a gipsy partner. But though there was a noisy mirth about the scene, the swart-skinned principals did not enter into it; they went through the figures set down, and between whites would eat the stranger's ices, drink his wines, or smoke his cigars, but still they were separate and apart. The glare of the chandeliers was not the winking light of the moon, nor the hard, polished floor the soft, yielding turf, and the faces of their companions were all too white. It was not a gipsy dance at all; it was a hypocritical travesty, and they knew it.

"Mind what you are about in the treating line, Ralph," I over-heard one of the grandly-attired fashionables whisper to an acquaintance, as he pushed his way towards the door, to allay his perspiration. "I asked the tall one I stood up with in the last dance but one—she says she's the queen's cousin—what she would take. She chose brandy and soda-water, and before I had given the order, beckoned to her sister, Myra she calls her, and then they had jellies besides. Blow me, seven shillings went in three minutes!"

"They'll get nothing like that out of me," decisively answered Ralph. "I don't want 'em as partners; they're an ugly lot."

I am unable honestly to dissent from that ungallant criticism. The women had black eyes, one or two of them had full red lips, and their hair, though somewhat dry and fizzy, was profuse and dark; but they were low in stature, of unroseeat brown complexions, and had no elegance either of step or shape. The men, it was universally agreed, excelled the women in good looks. With one or two exceptions, they were rather tall, straight, broad-shouldered fellows. But, in spite of any qualifications of this kind, the balls succeeded, and for some three weeks nightly attracted crowds, more or less dense, until the last evening, when it was announced the receipts would be for the benefit of the Gitano Band, and the building was jammed.

It was not to be expected that out of a population of seventy or eighty thousand there should not be some past their dancing days, and who are no longer curious about their

fortunes, having already too much knowledge on the subject. These exceptions scouted all the rest for their folly in sanctioning such proceedings. Communications even appeared in the local newspapers decrying the whole affair. Hints were broadly thrown out that the gipsies were no better than they might be, and one correspondent gravely pointed out in print that they were not Christians. Rumours were circulated in solemn circles that a child had been seen at the encampment much too light of skin to be of *pure* gipsy blood. It was mysteriously affirmed that unaccountable sights and sounds had been observed and heard among the tents at night, suggestive of magical incantations and unholy rites. The king crushed these traducers. In a brief and well-written epistle to one of the journals, he replied that their theology was a matter betwixt themselves and the object of it; and alluding delicately to the morals of their women, he affirmed significantly that Sir Cresswell Cresswell, upon visiting their camp at Aldershot, mentioned that he had Jews and Christians, foreigners and natives, in his Court—all kinds of people at one time and another, but gipsies never. The little matter of magic the king passed over, but he politely thanked the inhabitants generally for the kind reception the tribe had met with, and loftily bade us farewell. A formal notification to the latter effect was also placarded upon the walls a few days later, and on passing the croft last week, I saw only a few patches of turf whiter than the rest, and some scattered fragments of litter, indicating where the encampment had stood.

No doubt the balls, *levées*, and receptions are being repeated in other towns. It has been prophesied that the Jews will shortly monopolise our newspapers and control our telegraphic despatch companies; are the gipsies about to undertake our amusements for us? Truly these are tolerant times! W. C.

CHARLES WOLFE.

By the southern wall, and beneath a southwestern segment of the great dome of St Paul's Cathedral, stands a mural monument in white marble. It is "To the Memory of Sir John Moore," who fell at Corunna. There is at the head a winged woman, lowering the body of this brave soldier into the mausoleum, by means of a garland or rope of flowers. At the foot kneels a nude, or almost nude, man, engaged in the same operation, by the aid of a strap. On a block of white marble above stands a nude boy, trying to balance a long pole with a heavy standard. Beneath the figures are these lines:—

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

The Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore, from which these lines are taken, has done more to immortalise this gallant general than a thousand marble monuments. At an after-dinner conversation between Lord Byron and Shelley, recorded by Captain Medwin, the question arose as to which was the most perfect ode of the day. Shelley contended for Coleridge's ode on Switzerland, commencing "Ye clouds." Moore's melodies were quoted; and some one mentioned Campbell's *Hohenlinden*; when Lord Byron started up, and said,—"I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth." He left the table and returned with a magazine, from which he read the well-known lines on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," commencing:—

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

"The feeling," says Medwin, "with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to the end he repeated the third, and said it was 'perfect, particularly the lines,—

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

It is not pleasant to reflect that the man who has cast such a halo of poetic glory around the far-off grave of a British soldier, should be sleeping at home in an unknown grave; that we should know so little of the young clergyman whose genius was as bright as his life was simple and his piety sincere.

About a mile from Cove, now Queenstown, on the Great Island, at the other side of the hill, and within the four walls of the old unroofed church of Clonmel—not the town of Clonmel, in the county Tipperary, but the parish of Clonmel, in the county Cork—repose the ashes of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of this ode, and of many other pieces of great excellence.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall state, in their work on Ireland, that they visited the churchyard of Clonmel, and could not discover the poet's grave. As the writer of this paper was residing, at no distant period, in the neighbourhood of Queenstown, he resolved to make it out, if marked by any sort of stone, for neither the gravedigger, the clerk, clergyman, nor "the oldest inhabitant," knew anything about it.

I went to Clonmel, accompanied by one of my daughters, whose eyes are sharper than mine. We first took the circuit of this little

cemetery, which is really a beautiful spot, and then the by-paths, and then across the graves, hither and thither, without finding it, when we entered the old unroofed church, and there, in a damp corner overgrown with nettles, my daughter discovered the stone, with the poet's name inscribed, but sadly in need of the friendly chisel of some "Old" or new "Mortality."

The stone bears the following inscription:—

HERE LIE
THE REMAINS OF
THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE,
LATE CURATE OF DONOUGHMORE,
WHO DIED AT COVE THE 21ST OF FEB., 1823,
AGED 31.

The record of his genius, piety, and virtue lives in the hearts of all who knew him.

Looking unto Jesus he lived;

Looking unto Jesus he died.

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

M. Joyce Fecit.

I may here state that, within a few yards of his grave, I found a thin slab of white marble, bearing the name of Thomas Tobin, author of the "Honeymoon," the "Faro Fable," the "Undertaker," and the "School for Authors." The thin monumental slab, which had fallen from the wall, was left on the ground, to be trodden under the foot of men, or any animal that might wander that way. I thought the old ruined church, with its neglected and forgotten tenants, a very excellent "School for Authors." This clever dramatist was born in Salisbury, in 1770, and died in 1804, in his thirty-fourth year, within sight of land, when on his way to the West Indies, for the benefit of his health. His remains were brought to Cove, now Queenstown, and interred within the four walls of the old ruined church of Clonmel.

But to return to Charles Wolfe. I visited his grave a second time, accompanied by a literary friend, who told me the following interesting anecdote of his elegy, on the burial of Sir John Moore. "Charles Wolfe," said he, "showed me the lines in manuscript, with the beauty of which I was so much impressed, that I requested a copy, for insertion in a periodical with which I had some connection. Wolfe first refused, but in the end complied. I laid the ode before two or three of the literary savants who were in the habit of deciding what should or should not appear in their periodical. The lines were read, condemned and ridiculed; and I was laughed at for imagining 'such stuff' worthy of publication.' I felt myself in a very awkward position, but I got cleverly out of it. I wrote to Charles Wolfe, returning him his manuscript, saying, that on more mature consideration, I did not deem the periodical I had named worthy of its insertion."

The literary friend who told me this anecdote, and whose name without his permission I should not like to mention, furnished the poet, Thomas Moore, with some of the "stuff," or Irish music, to which he set some of his most beautiful melodies. I see by an old letter of Charles Wolfe, in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, that he sent a copy of these lines to his friend, "John Taylor, at the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's, Clonoulty, Cashel," on the 16th September, 1816. "My dear John,—I have completed the burial of Sir John Moore, and will here inflict them on you. You have no one but yourself to blame—for praising the two stanzas—that I have told you so much."

We discover from the date of this letter to the Rev. John Taylor (September, 1816), that the ode was not finished till nearly eight years after the death of Sir John Moore, who fell in January 1809.

The following notice, which appeared in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," written, we believe, by the chaplain of the 9th Regiment, who read the prayers at the grave, furnished Charles Wolfe with the material from which he wrought out his most perfect ode:—

Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a party of the 9th Regiment, and the aids-de-camp attending, by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave. The funeral service was read by the chaplain, and the corpse was covered with the earth.

War and warlike heroes seemed to be favourite themes with Charles Wolfe, who was descended of a family that produced the illustrious hero, General Wolfe, who fell before Quebec. *Arma virumque cano* seems to have been the poet's motto. When about eighteen years of age he wrote, "*Jugurtha incarceratus vitam ingemiti relictam*," a poem which possesses a great deal of dramatic power. It represents the Numidian Lion Jugurtha as caught, and caged in the city of Rome, after having graced the procession of the victorious general Marius. The captive is thus represented as speaking to himself in his dungeon:—

Well—is the rack prepared, the pincers heated?
Where is the scourge? How! not employ'd in Rome?
We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome!
I'm sorry for it. I could enjoy it now;
I might have felt it yesterday; but now—
Now that I have seen my funeral procession;
The chariot-wheels of Marius have roll'd over me,
His horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph,

I have attained that terrible consummation,
My soul could stand aloof, and from on high
Look down upon the ruins of my body,
Smiling in apathy. I feel no longer;
I challenge Rome to give another pang.

By and by he flings himself on his "scanty mat," and tries to sleep, from which he starts, under the impression that he has heard the king's son, young Adherbal, whom he had murdered, scream :—

I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever.
When I slept last, I heard Adherbal scream.
I'll sleep no more. I'll *think* until I die.
Yet, wherefore did he scream? Why, I have heard
His *living* scream. It was not half so frightful.
If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee.
Wilt thou not be appeased? But thou say'st,
"My father was to thee a father also;
He watch'd thy infant years, and gave thee all
That youth could ask! and scarcely manhood came,
Than came a kingdom also; yet didst thou"—
Oh I'm faint—they have not brought me food.
Hold! my Numidian cruse is still about me.
No drop within! Oh faithful friend, companion
Of many a weary march and thirsty day,
'Tis the first time thou hast fail'd my lips.
Gods! I'm in tears! I did not think of weeping.

In describing the "Battle of Busaco," which resulted in the "Deliverance of Portugal," he calls up the war-like ghost of Don Henry, who hurls a fearful malediction on the heads of the French, and predicts the triumph of British arms :—

The breeze sigh'd sadly o'er the midnight flood :
On Lisbon's towers Don Henry's spirit stood :
He wore not helm, he wore not casque; his hair
Stream'd like a funeral banner in the air.
In mournful attitude, with aspect drear,
He held reversed his country's guardian spear;
Dark was his eye, and gloomy was his brow,
He gazed with sternness on the wave below :
Then thrice aloft the dreadful spear he shook,
While sorrow's torrent from his bosom broke :—
Fiends! may the angel of destruction shed
His blood-red cup of horrors on your head!
Throughout your camp may hell-born demons play,
Grin ruin to your host, and howl dismay.

The ghost of Don Henry, after pouring out a boiling flood of maledictions like the above, calls upon Britain to protect his country :—

"To Britain, glorious Britain, will I call,
Her bulwark valour, and the sea her wall.
England, what! ho!"—as thus the spectre spoke
All Lisbon's turrets to their bases shook.
"England to arms—at this dread call advance,
Assist, defend, protect—now tremble France!"
He spoke, then plunged into the river's breast,
And Tagus wrapp'd him in his billowy vest.

Charles Wolfe wrote a Spanish song commencing, "The chains of Spain are breaking, let Gaul despair and fly," and a noble piece on patriotism; but he has also composed lines of a more tender and pathetic nature. His most

touching and beautiful is the elegy adapted to the Irish air of Gramachree :—

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.
And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must smile in vain.
But when I speak, thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

I understand he was asked by a friend if "Mary" ever existed, and that he replied in the negative, saying he had hummed or sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of salt tears, in which mood he composed the words. There is a tradition that Venus arose out of the sea, but we do not believe a word of it; and what is more, we are credibly informed that Charles Wolfe was in love with the beautiful Mary Grierson of Dublin, whose death he so eloquently laments.

Archdeacon Stuart, from whom I received this information concerning the poet, has furnished me with a sketch of his personal appearance, which may interest the reader :—

"The name of Charles Wolfe is connected with the earliest recollections of my youth. In stature he was rather above the ordinary height, and his person was somewhat slight. His complexion was fair, approaching to redness. His hair, which hung in somewhat neglected and graceful ringlets, covered a high, but not very expansive forehead. His eye was not large, but a little prominent; the colour blue, intermixed with a dark shade, which gave it the impress of intellect and intelligence."

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, December 14th, 1791. He was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, of the county Kildare, a family of some distinction. General Wolfe, who was killed at the siege of Quebec—as we have already stated,—and the Irish judge, Lord Kilwarden, who was murdered by the followers of Emmett, as he drove, with his daughter, through Thomas Street, Dublin, were of the same family. The poet lost his father at an early age, and was sent to school at Bath, in 1801. From Bath he went to Salisbury, and from that to Winchester. In 1809 he entered the University of Dublin, where he gained a scholarship. In 1817 he was or-

dained to the curacy of Donoughmore, in the diocese of Armagh.

His habits and manner of life, as a clergyman, were exceedingly simple and primitive. He scarcely ever thought of providing a regular meal. His small cottage contained a few rush-bottomed chairs, a rickety table, and two trunks: one for his papers and the other for his linen. The trunks also did service by covering the broken parts of the floor. The damp paper hung in loose folds from the mouldy walls of the closet where he slept. A dangerous place for a man of a consumptive habit. *Between* the parlour and the closet was the kitchen, the warmest and most comfortable apartment of the three. This was occupied by a disbanded soldier, his wife, and a numerous band of children, who kept house for the minister, whom they entertained as a lodger, taking possession of the "bit of potato garden" (which went with the cottage) as lords of the soil.

The Archdeacon informed me that Charles Wolfe purchased a large store of shoes of all sizes, which he gave out on Saturday for the use of those who complained they could not go to church for want of shoes. The rule was to bring back the shoes on the Monday, but we suspect this was not always done, especially when a fair was approaching.

Charles Wolfe was at one time so abstracted—absorbed we have no doubt in the subject of his discourse—that he tied on his bands so as to cause them to fall down behind, instead of before, which "had a ludicrous effect."

We should scarcely expect to find the very highest specimens of pulpit eloquence addressed to a poor rural, and comparatively ignorant people; but it is from the fragments of this young man's sermons that Dr. Whately, the late Archbishop of Dublin, has selected specimens of the highest order of pulpit oratory, with which to illustrate and adorn his learned and elaborate treatise on elocution. We shall give but one example, which lack of space compels us to curtail. It occurs in the conclusion of a discourse on the words, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

"Such is our yoke and burden. Let him who thinks it too hard and too heavy, be prepared to state it boldly when he shall appear side by side with the poor mistaken Indian, before the throne of God at the day of judgment. The poor heathen may come forward with his wounded limbs and weltering body, saying, 'I thought thee an austere master, delighting in the miseries of thy creatures, and I have brought thee the torn remnants of a body which I have tortured in thy service.' And the Christian will come forward and say,

'I knew that thou didst save me from such sufferings and torments, and that thou only commandedst me to keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; but I thought this too hard for me.' What will be the answer of the Judge to the poor heathen, none can presume to say. That he was sadly mistaken in the means of salvation is beyond a doubt; but the Judge may say 'Come to me, thou heavy laden, and I will give thee the rest which thou couldst not purchase for thyself.' But to the Christian,—'Thou who hadst my easy yoke and light burden; thou for whom all was already purchased, thank God it is not yet pronounced! Begone, and fly for thy life!'"

The Rev. Charles Wolfe died of consumption in the Cove of Cork. Writing to a friend, under date May 28th, 1821, he says, "At length the die is cast; the doctor has stript me of my gown"—prohibited his preaching. Just before his death he began to pray for his friends, but his voice failing, he exclaimed, "God bless them all!" He then whispered to his sister,—"*Close this eye: the other is closed already; and now farewell.*"

I have said he was a student of Trinity College, Dublin. Beside his grave nestles another of the Alumni of the same Alma Mater. I think the name is Charles Connor, who died young. The two lie side by side covered with foliage, like the babes of the wood; but the foliage consists of rank nettles.

CHARLES B. GIBSON.

AD MISERICORDIAM.

I.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To linger in the shade,
While our gay companions wander
Up and down the woodland glade:
Let the red fern droop around us,
And the dead leaves flutter down,
Our hearts are fresh and green, dear,
Though the forest's scorch'd and brown.

II.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To let me see your hand
Ungloved—though well I know it
For the fairest in the land:
And those dainty little fingers
For an instant might I hold;
It would not cost you much, dear;
To me, 'twere gain untold!

III.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To hear me whisper low
A secret I discovered
Not quite a week ago.
Would you promise, having told you,
That I *never* need repent?
Ah! you guess it! No reply?
But your silence gives consent!

EVELYN FOREST.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCES THEO.

DOWN on the sea-board of the county of Norfolk, on the verge of a long waste of marsh-land that intervenes between it and the German Ocean, there stands a little village, Houghton by name, semi-agricultural and semi-aquatic by nature.

A hardy little village, as it befits one of such purely Scandinavian traditions to be, scorning to shelter itself from the large fierce winds that blow across to it from the hardier north, or from the chilling blasts that whistle shrewishly along from the east. A hardy enduring village, bravely patient of the blasts, and as bravely opposed to the mastery of the sea, whose encroachments it has checked with a deftly-constructed bank of most impervious mud; an artistic village, whose fields are tilled and pasture-lands are cultivated into the semblance of the fairest mosaic; an independent village, that sends its own smacks out to "oyster-sea" and panders unassisted to the bivalve loves of its inhabitants; a gallant little village that guards its own portion of the coast from those ruthless rascals the smugglers, by aid of a naval officer in command of six able-bodied seamen; a little village, that is so superb in its appearance of utter remoteness from and indifference to all that goes on beyond its own confines,—that revolves on its own axis so quietly year after year, suffering the world and all its business to roll on without the let and hindrance of question,—that cares so little whether armies are decimated and countries devastated for an idea,—that prays for the Queen's ministers, but does not care very much to what party they belong,—that is altogether so absorbed in and satisfied with itself, that it is hard to believe that it is only "eight hours (usual speed) from London."

Houghton has its drawbacks. What village is free from them? Owen Meredith has declared in one of his misery-fraught melodies that the "women free from faults have beds beneath the willow." I wish he would give a local habitation and a name to the villages "free from faults." The hoards of discontented ones who are weary of the haunts of men, would be down upon them to their detriment forthwith; and Houghton would not be amongst the number, for Houghton has its drawbacks.

First amongst these shall be reckoned a plenitude of the perfumes and a lack of the luxuries that commonly infest sea-side places.

With the majority of the winds that blow the odour of marsh-mud is prevalent; and the odour of marsh-mud, though healthy, doubtless, is not delightful. But worse than this is the fact, that unless the "tide serves" (which it never does when you want to go on to the beach), it is impossible, though almost on the brink of it, for Houghton to catch a sight of the German Ocean, by reason of that broad expanse of marsh and mud and many creeks which intervenes.

Houghton has its cockle-strand, and the flavour of those cockles is esteemed in that county-side. They are big, blue, burly. They form a mighty portion of the integral trade of that quiet little village, for "peasant girls with deep blue eyes, and hands that offer" burly cockles, "come smiling o'er this paradise," through all the summer months, with baskets full of the result of their bare-footed labours down on the strand. The way that leads down to this cockle-strand is called by a name that indicates (so Houghton proudly asserts) that it at one time traded more largely and had a quay of its own, for the way is called "Quay-land"—and it is the haunt and lounge of the coast-guard and fishermen all the week, and of the whole population on Sundays.

The house in Houghton that stands nearest to, and commands the best view of the sea, is, though one of the only three good houses in the village, known by no name. To strangers, the very few who enter, it is pointed out as the "chief officer's" or the "Leftenant's" house: to the inhabitants it is familiar as "The Leighs'."

It is not particularly interesting from an architectural or artistic point of view, for it is simply a square stone building, with straight sash windows in front,—a shiny sloping slated roof, and an entrance door planted with severe exactitude in the centre. But to the casual passer-by it has an importance by means of adventitious aids. For instance, towering above its shiny slated roof there is a "look-out" of white-painted woodwork which stands out well from the blue tiles; patrolling outside the gate there is always a coastguard-man in the naval uniform, with a big "Dollond" under his arm, and a hand that is prompt with the graceful salute of the service to any one who may address him.

It is a sweet old farce to me, this guarding the coast from nothing. Though we are now at

peace with every possible invader, and free-trade is in the ascendant, still, I trust the play that gives a remunerative "part" to so many will never be played out. There is monotony, it is true, in the work that falls to the lot of both officers and men. It is tedious to serve your country by writing down every change in the wind and weather daily from year to year; monotony, in boarding well-meaning vessels in which nothing is ever found, and in perpetually patrolling with a spy-glass under your arm. But still it is not laborious monotony.

Down this lane one fine April day a man walked, and the knot of loungers at the top of the lane who assembled themselves together in the sun on the beach outside the Leighs' garden wall, forthwith fell to wondering curiously who he might be, and what he might be about to do, for he was not a Houghton man.

"He's not a friend of the squire's, for he put up at the Bull last night when he come," one of the women said; "he'd a' been sure to be, at the house if the squire knew anything of him."

"And he ain't no friend of Mr. Leigh's," the watchman whom the woman specially addressed replied; "for Mr. Leigh he come out just now, and he says, says he, 'Roberts,' says he, 'have you seen,' he says, 'anyone go down that there lane?' says he, 'any stranger,' he says; 'for,' says he, 'a stranger there is at the Bull,' he says, 'who, I hear, has been asking about drawing the beach; which prove," Roberts wound up with triumphantly, "that our master knew nothing about him."

"Nights ain't fine enough to draw for much good, are they?" the woman asked, for the words "drawing the beach," at Houghton meant dragging the same with nets to which a horse was attached, by which means mighty draughts of fish were occasionally caught.

"Might be better, and might be worse," Roberts replied, screwing up one eye and looking out of the corner of the other away to the horizon through the glass.

"Well," the woman said sharply, "I only know what my man says, and he knows more about it than all the lot of you put together,"—she was a fine smart-looking woman, with a brisk voice and a clear eye, and a neat figure. Roberts seemed struck with her statement, and gazed at her with a vague eye of wonder.

"All the gentry have to come to my Bob when they want to know anything of that kind," Mrs. Barton went on with a bright laugh; "if that gentleman is wanting to draw the beach, I shall know more about him before the day's over, for he'll have to come to Bob."

Then Mrs. Barton collected her troop of children around her, and prepared to depart while the wound her last arrow had made was still quivering. It was quite true, this vaunt that she had made, and the truth of it awakened the seldom sleeping jealousy the rest of the crew of the coastguard station felt for Bob Barton, whose knowledge of wild-duck shooting and fishing gained him much popularity, and something more tangible still, from what his wife denominated the sporting gentry round.

But before she could execute her purpose and depart, she was arrested by the slamming of the gate round the corner, the gate of the Leighs' garden, and the next moment Lieutenant Leigh himself, with a young lady hanging on his arm, came in sight.

He was a fine old sailor, erect and vigorous, but neither rugged nor weather-beaten, as it is the fashion to depict naval officers of a by-gone day. A man who had not been handsome in youth, the friends who knew him in it asserted, but who was a most stately and dignified gentleman now that he was old. As thorough a sailor, as good an officer, as dashing and gallant a man as ever stepped the quarter-deck; but one who never related his own feats of dashing gallantry—who never swore, or used sea-slang—who had known little of the sweet rewards of merit, and who was only a lieutenant now at sixty, and Theo Leigh's father.

The young lady who leant upon his arm, and whose appearance (for was she not the idol of the "Crew?") arrested Roberts' eloquence and Mrs. Barton's departure, was Theo herself.

Theo had been a pet amongst her father's crew for so long! just nineteen years had she lived in the world, and amongst themselves they called her "little Miss" still, that bright young lady in whose woman's form a woman's heart beat strongly! And she knew and cherished and nourished this feeling that the rough sailors and their warm-hearted spouses had for her, and, thoughtless girl as she was, prayed God, that let her be what she might, they might never know or name her as other than "little Miss" and "our Miss Theo."

What was she like, this girl who to the slow music of the slamming of a gate, came round the corner into my story? She was charming! that was all. How can another woman hope to make clear why she was so? She was charming, with none of the bright, blonde, beautiful charm of the North, but with a darker witchery, with a duskier hue—with the deeper, more dangerous, more intense fire of the sleepy, languid, passion-fraught South.

Pick her to pieces, anatomise her thoroughly,

and she lacked beauty. But who, in the old day when I knew her first, would have picked to pieces that glowing, brilliant, girlish face, or anatomised thoroughly that well-rounded figure that expressed health in every one of its movements? Who could have done it then? The rounded cheek is fallen now, and the bright, merry eye faded from the light of yore, and Theo is a sylph no longer! But she is Theo still, with the old charm about her that no man (or woman either, for that matter) could resist for long.

For my heroine was not one of those adorable creatures whom women persecute. Many women liked her very much indeed. Saw her faults, and censured them maybe, but liked the girl, their committer, despite them all. She was liked, she was popular, she was thought well of, God knows for what. She was sorely ill-used and sorely tried, God knows why.

But on this day, when I show her to you first, the love and popularity and good thinkings of had alone been hers; the trials were "nowhere," in turf parlance: and Theo Leigh was very bright and fresh indeed; as bright and fresh as the spring costume she wore.

I will paint her portrait for you, with no background and no accessories. My heart knows her well, my hand will limn her forth quickly. I will brighten the high-lights and deepen the shadows in yet unwritten pages; but the likeness of the girl can be put before you in a paragraph or two.

No fairy, yet rather small; no sylph, yet rather slight. Cleanly made as to the head and limbs, in fact, which always adds to the look of "breed," while it detracts from the appearance of size. With an oval, dark, glowing face, and grey, glowing eyes, and a profusion of wavy hair that was half curl and half disorder, hanging in richly brown masses from underneath her turban hat. On the round of each of these tangled curls of hers there was a ruddy tinge when the sun fell on it, and in the dark, glowing face not one feature, save the mouth, was perfect. Her eyes were very deeply grey, and very full of feeling, of fire, of thought, of the wildest merriment, of the weirdest melancholy. Very full indeed of whatever the girl herself felt at the moment; brilliantly intelligent, beau tifully expressive and sympathetic: but not the large gazelle eyes that should be a woman's portion. They did not look off to the right and left like a hart's or a sheep's; they glanced out thrillingly at you from very close to her nose on either side. But for all that propinquity and thrill they were not the least bit shrewish or vixenish eyes. I love and admire those shy gazelle orbs very much indeed; but I never

felt that Theo Leigh's could have been more beautiful than they were.

Do you remember, reader, what Lancelot says when Elaine, victim to unrequited love for him, floats by the palace—dead?

Ah me! she has a lovely face;
God in his mercy send her grace,

prays the man who has destroyed her. A similar feeling found utterance in other words when the stranger whose progress down the lane was commented upon awhile ago caught the first glimpse of Theo Leigh.

"I think I should like to have the boat to-day, papa," Theo said, after a minute's conversation with Mrs. Barton, during which that good woman had given a *résumé* of the conjectures which had been formed and to which utterance had been given respecting the stranger.

"The tide won't serve till it will be too late for you to be on the water," her father replied. Theo thereat looked slightly disappointed. Her young heart was always very warmly set on having the boat when circumstances over which no one had any control forbade the boat being available.

"I believe there's water enough in the creek for the little boat, papa. I'll go down the lane and see; and if there is, Barton wouldn't just mind pulling me over, would he?" she continued, addressing Barton's wife, who immediately assured her that "Bob would with all the pleasure in life, if so be he could be spared."

Theo released her father's arm now, and sauntered away down the before-mentioned lane. Sauntered slowly, as one is apt to do when the young spring leaves are bathed in bright April sunshine: sunshine that is warm, soft, and tenderly bright as the touch of a maiden's lips, or the first love-light in her eyes. There was something deliciously sympathetic in the atmosphere, in the sunshine, in the hum of recently-born insects, in the fragrance of re-awakening nature, to Theo. She sauntered slowly along down to the marsh-bank that was covered with rushes; and in the beauty of the day, and the contemplation of the dazzling light the sun threw upon the waters, she forgot her purpose, and was utterly regardless of the state of the creek.

The winter had been an iron-bound one, the earliest spring had been one shrill whistling blast from the east. The memory of these things made this sudden summer heat, which had endured now for four or five days, doubly delightful through the mighty power of contrast. Theo enjoyed warmth—the warmth of the sun, not that of a fire. She expanded under its influence, its fervour went into her

soul, and lapped it to a slumber in which the sweetest dreams were hers. She thoroughly revelled in doing nothing but think—scarcely that, but feel. The girl did not lack energy, but she lacked that peculiar form of it which expresses itself in bustling activity. She had not been stirred into action yet—for life had gone very easily with Miss Theo Leigh—and her appreciation of the *dolce far niente* was too perfect to be agreeable to her friends. It may be that as the elder daughter of a large family Theo would have been undesirable. But she was not the elder daughter of a large family, happily for herself. She was the sole child of the house and heart of her father, and he saw no wrong in aught that Theo did.

She placed herself on the sunny side of the bank of rushes—the side on which she was sheltered from even the light breeze that was up—and thought of what life must be in the lands where the sun always shone, and the sky was always blue. Of Greece, which she knew by heart, she thought, from Byron's fervid and her father's graphic description; where the cypress and myrtle wafted their odours over, and the dove and the vulture cooed forth their approbation of that struggle for liberty which terminated well for Greece, and better for Lord Cochrane than anybody who served under him; of Italy—very much of Italy—for she loved art and olives, and longed for a sight of blue-ridged mountains, and brigands, and all the other things the South could alone show her. In fact she dreamed a tour that should last for ever, and found the travelling most rarely sweet.

The dream was dissolved suddenly, but not unpleasantly. A step close behind her, a voice at her elbow, a low, soft, deep voice, monotonous even in its sweetness to some ears, the soul of melody to hers, saying:

"Pardon me for disturbing you, but is there any possibility of threading the maze of these creeks and gaining the beach?"

The sound cut short the dream, the old familiar dream, that Theo had dreamt so often, and she woke to life with a bound, but not to the life she had known before, no, never again to that old peaceful existence.

"The beach can only be gained by a boat, unless you had mud boots on, and didn't mind walking three or four miles to reach the only point where it is safe to cross the channel," she said, rising to her feet as she spoke.

Then as she stood before him speaking, despite the suddenness of his address, despite the surprise she could but feel, with the self-possession and kindly courtesy of a gentlewoman, he thought that which resembled Lancelot's apostrophe to poor Elaine:

"She has a sweet, bright face; I hope it will never be clouded."

She had dreamt of other things in her life besides classic Greece and art-fraught Italy. She had pictured many a hero, built them up as it were from those who were her favourites in romance, and they were all of the cavalier type. Leicester she had loved, though that was a black business, Theo acknowledged, about Amy Robsart. But about six months since she had stayed at an old grange in Warwickshire whose walls were covered with Vandycks, and there the grace of Buckingham had made every other kind of masculine beauty seem dull, tame, and unprofitable to her, and Leicester was less well-loved than of yore.

Now before her stood a man who, though he wore a coat of Poole's and a hat of André's, might have walked forth from the canvas Vandyck had covered. No velvet tunic, no clanking sword, were needed to further the illusion. All the Stuart grace was his, and thrice the Stuart beauty. He was the embodiment of that ideal which the portrait of Buckingham had first faintly realised.

This man who dissipated Theo's earliest dreams was no beardless Apollo on whom the golden glory of youth still hung enraptured. He was a man of forty or more, this first god of her imagination. Take Walter Scott's nervous trumpet-like lines for part of that which must serve for a description of him.

On his bold visage Middle-age
Had slightly set his signet sage,
But had not quenched the ardent truth
And fiery vehemence of youth.

Aye! it was this last that took her! That lived still in the man's deep steel-blue, black-fringed eyes, that was more to a woman than the laughing light of youth. There was that in the contrast between his unstudied address, his steady, deep tones, and the wonderful earnestness of his eyes, that thrilled Theo almost before she was conscious of its existence. She took in all: his age, his well-made clothes, the air of high breeding that there was about him, the perfect beauty of his face and its rarely-refined expression, an expression in which hauteur habitually had a share, but there was no hauteur in the eyes that were bent on Theo; she took in all these things in the one glance she gave him as she quietly answered his question. Then, when she had answered it, he removed his hat from the head on which dark curling locks still clustered thickly, and stood bare-headed before her—a dignified, handsome gentleman, truly; the very type of some old cavalier family.

"You must allow me to profit by the information you have afforded me," he said, with

a certain subdued eagerness in his voice, to which it was rarely pleasant to listen. "I have been hoping for a fair opportunity of introducing myself to Mr. Leigh; on your authority I shall tell him now that the beach is not to be gained save in one of his boats."

"I will introduce you to papa. I am Mr. Leigh's daughter," Theo said, animatedly. And then she blushed a little, and laughed a little, and added, "At least, I will tell him your strait, your name I do not know; but I'll introduce your difficulty to him, and he will place a boat at your service, I am sure, as soon as ever there is water enough in the creek."

"Perhaps my name may be familiar to him," the stranger said, handing Theo a card on which was engraved "Mr. Harold Ffrench." "We were in Greece together, but as I was but an amateur your father very possibly never heard of me, or if he did, has forgotten me."

"In Greece with papa!" Theo exclaimed; "did you serve with him? did you serve under Lord Cochrane? How could you come to Houghton, and know that papa was here, and not give him the great pleasure of seeing an old comrade at once?"

"I may not lay claim to that distinction, Miss Leigh." Mr. Ffrench conveyed a most delicate compliment to the daughter by that allusion to the sire. Theo kindled to it, kindled vividly, but that perhaps she would have done to anything else uttered by that voice, and rendered doubly eloquent by those eyes.

"I may not lay claim to that distinction, Miss Leigh. I knew your father, certainly, knew him well, as did every one else who was concerned for the liberty of Greece, and interested in the organisation of her navy; but I was, as I tell you, an amateur, and my very name may have escaped your father's memory: have you ever heard him mention it?"

"Never; did you know the Maid of Athens and Mr. Black?"

"Wasn't Black her husband?"

"Yes; did you know them?"

"I did not, but I remember hearing your father's name in connection with them. He had them on board his frigate, hadn't he?"

"Yes," Theo replied. They were walking up the lane now, but though she was anxious to bring this stranger face to face with her father, she found it very pleasant to be walking and talking with him alone,—walking through the old familiar places which she had known from a child, and talking on that scarcely less familiar theme of which her father never tired.

"Yes, he had them on board the——, I forget his ship's name, and he was god-father to their eldest son; she was fat when papa knew her, a good deal of her beauty was gone; but still, do you know, I think there must have been a touch of romance in knowing *her*, Byron's maid of Athens, at all."

"I think perhaps the romance would have stood a better chance of being unimpaired if he, your father, I mean, hadn't known her fat, and no longer young; there were many romantic affairs that sprang out of that song, Miss Leigh. Byron was not the only Englishman who fancied some roe-eyed Greek to be his life and soul for a time."

Then Mr. Ffrench looked down at the bright young girl who walked by his side, glancing up at him occasionally with frank admiring gaze, and as he looked at her his deep blue eyes grew strangely tender, and he thought, "I hope to God her father has not forgotten me."

Bear this recorded aspiration in mind when that which is to follow is recounted. He did devoutly hope that himself and the story of his life might be once known, even if now partially forgotten things, by the father of this girl who had won upon him already, brief as had been their intercourse, by the undefinable charm of a most profound sympathy. Through all the length of that lane which led from the rush-covered marsh-bank up to the garden-wall where Mr. Leigh still stood, Harold Ffrench hoped it devoutly. When the gate was gained, and Theo Leigh introduced him eagerly to her father, before the latter had time to express astonishment at the sight of his daughter on these friendly terms with a stranger, that hope died out and another sprang into being. For in answer to Theo's "Papa, this gentleman was looking for a way over to the beach; he is Mr. Ffrench, and he remembers you in Greece," in answer to this there came no light of recognition into the old officer's eyes: "I am heartily glad to renew the acquaintance," he said courteously; "your name and face have escaped my memory. I am getting an old man, you see; walk in, Mr. Ffrench, you are most cordially welcome."

As Mr. Ffrench took the other's offered hand, he saw that if ever known he was now entirely forgotten.

(To be continued.)

A PEEP AT SOME OF THE ISLANDS IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

OUR readers need not be detained by any details of our voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to Sydney. They shall be transported at once (metaphorically, of course)

to the Bay of Islands, in New Zealand—to the lovely anchorage off the town of Kororarika, which had been the scene of some fierce fighting with the natives some years before. Our object was merely to take in a few sheep and vegetables, but as we had a day to spare, four of us were induced to start off for the famous Keri-Keri falls, some fifteen miles from where we were anchored. We had to pull some ten or twelve miles up a river, and after various little adventures “by flood,” such as running aground on sand-banks, stepping out and dragging the boat over into deep water, taking a stray shot at wild-ducks, &c., we landed at last at the Missionary Station where our travels “by field”—though fields there were none—were to commence. When we had discussed our potted salmon, and washed it down with sundry bottles of ale and porter, we set off in good spirits for the falls, led on by a guide at the rate of five miles an hour. Our way at first lay along a well-beaten sheep-track, across a flat country; but before we had got more than a mile and a half, our guide was evidently all abroad, and led us through swamps and a thick *ti-tree* scrub. When we reached plain ground again, no river was to be seen, no fall to be heard, although we had travelled more than the distance necessary to bring us to it. Our spirits were by this time a little damped, and our bodies more so, for the rain had been pouring down in torrents; still we went on, determined (if possible) to see the object of our visit, a fall of some eighty or ninety feet in height. At last we came to the stream, and a low distant murmuring was heard, which we were sanguine enough to believe might be the water-fall, but whether up the river or down the river we could scarcely tell. We went *up* for a few hundred yards—the sound gradually increased, but never approached to anything like a *roar*, when, on coming to a sudden bend of the river, we espied a fall of some four or five feet!—all we had to repay us for our long scramble through the scrub and swamps. Our guide now honestly confessed that he was “lost,” and had no idea where we were. We set off *down* the stream, hoping to stumble upon the object of our visit, but we had no time to make a long search, as the sun was rapidly going down. There was nothing for it but to strike off across country again for the station where we had left our boat, which we managed to reach just as the sun was setting. Thus, then, having failed in our attempt to reach the falls, our readers must excuse a description of them.

The river, by the way, is a splendid one for salmon ova to be sent out to—one of the very

best at the Antipodes for that purpose. The rivers in the Hutt Valley, at Wellington—one also in the Canterbury Settlement—are worth a trial. Any of the New Zealand streams are better adapted for salmon than those in Australia, or even Tasmania.

We cannot resist the temptation of relating the following anecdote of the Apostolic Bishop of New Zealand, the scene of whose adventure lies here. He had persuaded the Bishop of Newcastle to start with him from Sydney on a missionary cruise in his little yacht to New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Loyalty and other islands in his then extensive diocese. Like ourselves they put in at the Bay of Islands. The Bishop of New Zealand wished to show his brother of Newcastle a little of the country, and for that purpose proposed to take him to a distant station on the other side of this very river. The ground was soft and boggy, as we had found it, and the Bishop of Newcastle had never been accustomed to “rough it” in such a country as this. He could ride his fifty miles a day in his own diocese, but his hardy brother always walked, and besides there were no horses to be had here. Always neat and spruce in his dress, looking “as if he had just come out of a band-box,” and afraid like a cat to wet his feet, he picked his way most carefully and delicately, unlike his brother Bishop who tramped on “through thick and through thin,” till at last they came to the river side. The river was swollen with the heavy rain which had been pouring down in torrents for some days previously, and he of Newcastle looked awfully puzzled, wondering how they were to cross—neither bridge nor ford being visible in any direction. He was still further puzzled, when he saw the Bishop of New Zealand without a word deliberately taking off shoes, leggings, stockings, and last of all his breeches. In reply to his brother Bishop’s “whatever next?” he coolly collected his various articles of dress, and stepped into the river up to his apron, calling out as he did so, “Now then, Newcastle, off with your breeks, and follow your leader!” There was no help for it, as there was no other means of crossing the river, and the good Bishop invariably refused to be carried across by any of his Maori suite, on the ground that it was not right to treat such noble fellows “like beasts of burden.”

This modern Apostle used to think nothing of travelling from Auckland, on the north-eastern side of the Upper Island, to New Plymouth, or Taranaki, on the south-western side—thence across country to Wellington, through Wanganni, Weikane, and Porirua; then across the straits to Nelson in any vessel

he could get, and on to the Canterbury Plains, walking his 800 or 1000 miles from village to village, with a few native attendants to carry his blankets and potatoes !

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that by the time the two Bishops had finished their cruise, one of them had had enough of it, and gave up "missionary cruising" as a bad job. Since that time Bishop Patteson has taken the "oversight" of all these islands to the northward of New Zealand, and is succeeding admirably.

On our return to the ship off Kororarika, we found everything ready for a start, but before shifting the scene to the New Hebrides, we must say a word or two about New Zealand in general, every part of which we have visited, except Otago. To our readers one and all we say, "If you hear anything said against any of the various settlements in this most magnificent country, don't believe a word of it." There is no climate in the world like it ; no colony in which Englishmen thrive so well. To say nothing of the minerals, gold-fields, coal-fields, &c., the Canterbury settlement at no very distant period will be the granary of Australasia, and its capital, Christ Church, will be the London of the Southern Hemisphere. The present unhappy war, *confined entirely to the western side of the North Island*, will soon be brought to a close, and *would never have commenced* had we ourselves been wise.

A few days' sail with a fair wind soon enabled us to cast anchor off Aneiteum, the southernmost of the New Hebrides. Here we found a sandal-wood establishment conducted by a Captain Padden—the same adventurer who was recently obliged to escape from New Caledonia in an open boat, where he seems to have taken part in an attempt to excite the natives against the French. His establishment at Aneiteum gave employment to a great number of the cannibal population of the island, both male and female, and had evidently had considerable effect in semi-civilising the natives, who, but for his influence, would in all probability have given the missionaries (sent out by the London Missionary Society) the same warm reception that the people of other islands in the same group have hitherto done, who invariably cook and eat them !

There were at that time two missionaries on the island, one on the side where the anchorage is, the other on the opposite side. Mr. Alexander, who was the first to attempt the conversion of the natives, and who had settled down before the arrival of Captain Padden, was not so fortunate as Mr. Geddes, who came to assist him. One of the savages, who was gene-

rally supposed to have been mad, entered his house and made a most murderous attack upon Mrs. Alexander, whom he hacked and cut with a hatchet and left for dead. He was secured by his own friends, who tried him by their own laws, and executed him after their own fashion. They killed him, cut him in pieces, and distributed the portions amongst the various families in the neighbourhood, who testified their abhorrence of their comrade's villany by making a good dinner literally at his expense !

The first day we landed amongst these simple-minded savages, the doctor, who happened to be very stout and in excellent condition, excited by far the greatest attention. Whilst we were sitting on a log waiting for a boat to take us off to the ship, men and women crowded round him, feeling his arms and legs, smacking their lips as they did so, no doubt thinking what a splendid broil they would make !

The inhabitants of all the islands touched upon in this paper—viz., the New Hebrides, Loyalty Islands, Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Solomon Islands—are not Malays, like the people of Eastern Polynesia, but belong to the Papuan (or Negro) race ; in colour, however, several shades lighter than the African : but they are all cannibals.

We left Aneiteum on the 24th August, and next day were off Tana—Port Resolution and its immediate neighbourhood being the scene of our adventures in that island. Leaving the ship to "stand off and on" outside, we landed in our cutter, cooked a few sweet potatoes in the hot sulphur springs, and after our frugal repast started for the volcano, which we found labouring away just as actively as it did in Captain Cook's time. A walk of four miles—along a beautiful pathway, flanked on either side by gigantic trees, amongst them the banyan and wild nutmeg-tree, as well as by the hibiscus and other flowering shrubs of various kinds—brought us to the foot of the volcano. There were eight or ten craters, extending over an area of three miles in diameter, which was covered thick with scoria and ashes. Four or five of these craters were extinct ; one or two were smouldering and smoking, but two were active enough with a vengeance. Every five minutes there would be a tremendous explosion, and when the smoke had cleared away, we could see high up in the air immense masses of scoria, looking like great blocks of worm-eaten timber, which were red hot when they fell—hot enough almost to melt the few "coppers" upon which we experimented. All the time we were standing on the very edge of the most active crater, and had to dodge the falling masses as best we could. The effect was grand in the extreme, and the

reports excessively loud. They are sometimes heard as far as Aneiteum, a distance of 35 miles. We remained till late in the afternoon, and then returned by another path, attended (as before) by several natives and by Captain Padden, who knew them, and had come with us on business.

When about half-way back to the landing-place, we came upon a large party of men and women, who were celebrating the ripening of the bread-fruit: in fact it was a regular "harvest-home," and a strange sight it was. They were assembled in a hollow circular space of ground, surrounded by a natural amphitheatre of rocks, over which our path led, and from which we had a splendid view of the extraordinary spectacle below us. There must have been at least 500, men and women together, who were dancing most vigorously, going round and round, the men in the centre, and the women, two deep, forming the outside circle. The latter had their faces painted black—the pigment used being *plumbago*, which is found in large quantities, and of the very finest quality, in the neighbouring island of Erromango, and extensively used by both sexes. The women's heads were decorated with feathers, their arms with bracelets of white shells strung together, and their bodies from waist to knee covered with a thick *crinoline*, composed of the bright green leaves of the *Dracena* plant, and a bustle behind of fern leaves. The men had their faces smeared with red ochre, and their arms decorated in the same way as the women. Both were armed with clubs, which were held aloft as they coursed along in the dance to the music of their rattling bracelets. Each dance would last for five minutes, the "fun" getting gradually "faster and more furious," till it was brought to a sudden termination by a simultaneous yell of delight. After a brief rest they would begin again and go through the same figure. The appearance of the dancers by twilight—the painted beauties with the perspiration pouring in streams down their faces and backs—was a most extraordinary sight, and it was long before we could prevail on ourselves to leave them. Shortly after leaving this spot, we parted with our native guides, Captain Padden rewarding them with a little tobacco each, the only article of barter which they then cared to accept; but they seemed to be dissatisfied with the quantity, and muttered what we thought to be threats of vengeance as they parted from us about half a mile from the landing-place. We saw nothing more of them, however, and arrived on board quite safe. A small schooner that visited Port Resolution some months afterwards did not escape so fortunately. Her crew were all mur-

dered in retaliation for an outrage committed by a sandal-wood trader a short time before, who had shot a chief, named Gaskin, whom we had found very civil and attentive. It is the reckless conduct of these unprincipled traders that renders cruising amongst this group of islands so very dangerous. A native offends them in some way or other, and they deliberately shoot him. His friends and tribesmen retaliate on the first white man they meet, no matter whether the guilty individual or not; and woe betide the unhappy voyager who is the first to land here after an outrage has been committed by some rascally sandal-wood trader, or *bêche-de-mer* collector. I never heard what became of Captain Padden, but it is due to him to say, that he was an honest, upright trader, and highly esteemed by the natives of this group.

On the 27th of August we anchored off Erromango, the island where John Williams, the missionary, was murdered in 1839. Two other missionaries of the London Society were stationed here in 1842, but were obliged to leave in consequence of an epidemic breaking out soon after their arrival, the idea of the natives being that foreigners always bring sickness and death in their train.

Soon after we anchored we were visited by numbers of natives, to whom we made presents of pipes and tobacco, strips of calico and red comforters, &c.; whilst they were on board they saw the ship's barber shaving some of the men, and many of them begged for a shave and seemed highly delighted with the operation.

Next day the surgeon and myself went on a dredging expedition in the dingy, taking with us and landing on the beach an officer of the 11th Regiment who had come with us for a cruise. He was a keen hand at bargaining with the natives for curiosities, and anxious to cut us all out, took this opportunity of landing all alone and getting the first pick of everything, whilst the doctor and myself were intent upon dredging up, if possible, one of the far-famed "orange couries." He took with him a bundle of razors for bartering with, and no sooner exhibited one than the news spread like wild-fire amongst the natives far and wide. He was soon surrounded by a crowd, wildly gesticulating, and jabbering like a parcel of monkeys. He did not at first know what to make of it, and called lustily to us to come to his assistance with the dingy. We saw that he was in no danger, and took time to haul up our dredge, and then leisurely pulled away towards him. By the time we arrived on the spot he had discovered what the good-natured savages wanted, and was busy operating on a

sable chin with a razor made for sale or barter but never meant for shaving, much less for dry shaving! The sight was a most ludicrous one—our friend scraping away for very life in an awful funk, and the natives one after another submitting patiently to the ordeal with tears running down their cheeks, and streams of blood flowing from their lacerated chins.

By way of serving him out for having many a time cut us all out in the way of bargaining for curious clubs, &c., we pushed off again into deep water, leaving him to his fate and his barbarous employment! We did not listen to his entreaties to be taken away, till he had gone over at least a dozen chins.

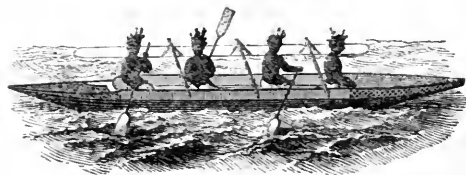
During the time we stayed we were treated with the greatest kindness, and on leaving the island brought away with us two smart boys of 12 and 16 years of age for the Bishop of New Zealand. At that time his lordship used to spend the winter months in cruising amongst these islands, returning boys from his school at Auckland, and obtaining others for a year's training in their place. By this means he had acquired the confidence of the savages, and had obtained a most extraordinary influence over them. When our interpreter explained to the ferocious-looking chiefs that we would undertake to deliver their sons and heirs to the good Bishop, they sent them at once. Their wardrobe was not a very extensive one, and they required no preparation in the way of packing, but stepped into the boat as they were, *in puris naturalibus*. They were soon rigged out on board, in a few weeks were taught to make their own clothes, and long before we had an opportunity of falling in with the Bishop's schooner, had become expert sailors.

On the 1st of September we ran over to Fati, or Vate, commonly called Sandwich Island, and anchored in Havannah Harbour. One object we had in visiting this island was to return a boy, the son of a chief, whom Captain Oliver, of the *Fly*, had brought away to Sydney the year before. There were great rejoicings on his return, and his old father loaded us with presents of pigs, vegetables, such as yams, taro, &c., and fruits of various kinds.

On the 8th we sailed for Malicoff, and anchored in Port Sandwich for the afternoon. Several of us landed, and after inspecting their curious images in the village near the landing-place, started off into the interior along a native track, but were with difficulty allowed to pass a chief who was coming down attended by two of his harem. However, we embarked without an accident. Shortly afterwards the Bishop of New Zealand put in here, and

landed with his chronometer to get a set of sights. The natives could not understand what he was after, and drove him into the sea, his lordship having to swim for his life, and spoiling his chronometer. Nothing daunted he put in here again the following year, and landed on the beach amidst the assembled natives. They must have heard something of him in the meantime, for they now received him with open arms, and carried him in procession on their shoulders to their main village.

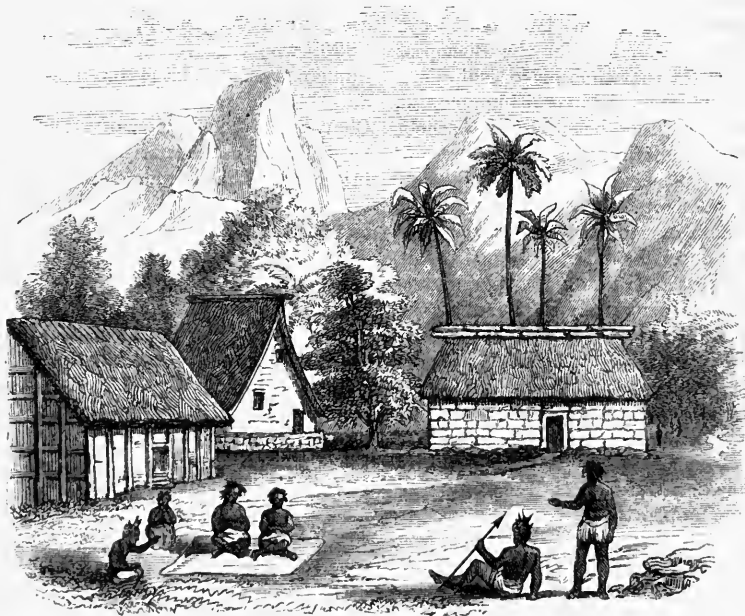
After skirting along Espiritu Santo we arrived on the 13th at Vanikolo, one of the Queen Charlotte group, and anchored at the very place where La Perouse lost his two vessels in 1788, as was most satisfactorily ascertained by Dillon, in the *Research*, in 1826, who discovered, and sent to France, numerous relics of the unfortunate navigator and his ships, for which he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. We saw very little of the natives, who lived in the interior of the island. They were the first *betel-nut* chewers we had fallen in with. We left on the 16th, and on the 18th and 19th ran along the south side of San Christoval, in the Solomon group, and on the evening of the 21st anchored in a hitherto undiscovered harbour inside the Island of Malata, to which we gave the name of Port Adam. On landing, we found the village deserted, evidently having been abandoned in great haste. We remained here a few days, but saw nothing of the natives till we were leaving the harbour, when we espied them making their way in their canoes from various distant points to the village near which we anchored.



Whilst we were running along San Christoval, between Mount Toro and Malo Bay, we were surrounded with canoes full of natives, with whom we spent the greater part of a day bartering. When it was getting time to make sail again, we explained to the natives on board that they must leave the ship. They all did so except one, a fine young lad of seventeen or eighteen, who ran up into the main-top, and refused to return to his canoe. We explained to him that we should probably never return to his island, and that if he went

away with us, he might never be able to revisit his friends and native island. Still he would go and did go, intimating that he would *moi moi* (sleep) in the ship. The men contributed various articles of clothing, and in a few minutes his kit was complete, and he was quite at home, becoming a sailor at once instinctively. He could go aloft, reef, &c., with the best of them. Six months afterwards we fell in with the Bishop of New Zealand, and handed over our new friend to him, much against his will. A year afterwards the writer of this article fell in with him again, when the Bishop looked in at Sydney on his way North with his freight of

black pupils. I asked the Bishop to allow me to take Mesty on shore with me for the night, and then learnt something of his previous history. By this time he could speak English accurately, and could write and read well. On asking him why he had insisted upon leaving home, he burst out laughing and told me that his big brother, who was the chief of that part of the island, had "licked" him the morning we visited the place, and so he determined to run away and leave him. He told me that on his return his friends would look upon him as a much greater man than his brother, in consequence of his travels in distant countries, and he was not in the least afraid to return.



He became one of the Bishop's most useful pioneers, and I hope has never regretted the step he took in resenting his brother's beating.

A few words respecting the fauna, &c., of the islands, as well as the dress, manners, and customs of the natives, will conclude this chapter.

In New Zealand and the other islands referred to, there is not a single venomous reptile of any kind whatever, the only indigenous animal being a small Kangaroo rat. The famous *Aracauria*—the Kauri of New Zealand—we found in New Caledonia and Vanikolo. In spite of the volcanic formation of the islands, they are covered with a dense vegetation, a great variety and profusion of

ferns, and magnificent forest trees of various kinds. They are well within the Tropics, lying between latitudes 9° and 20° 30' south. In New Caledonia, latitude 20° to 24° south, the gum-tree of Australia flourishes to a great extent.

The *dress* throughout the islands varies but little, a broad or narrow band across the loins making all the difference, where there is a dress at all. In the New Hebrides it is impossible to describe it, the attempt to make a decent appearance in society being the most ludicrous thing ever witnessed.

In Fati, the women wear a broad belt of matting, made from the inner rind of some tree, with some little attempt at ornament in

the pattern ; but they have besides a most curious *tail-like* appendage behind, which has a very odd appearance when seen as they are scudding away from the sight of a stranger. The women here have their hair cropped quite close—the men dress theirs in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and wear it long and frizzy.

Their lands are well and artistically cultivated, irrigation being practised to a considerable extent. They grow yams, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, bananas, taro, bread-fruit, pumpkins, melons, and even here and there Indian wheat.

In the New Hebrides the natives worship oblong stones, from six to eighteen inches in length, in each of which they suppose a divinity, or demon, resides, which they call a *Natmas*. There is a *chip* off one end of the stone by which the *Natmas* effects an entrance. The chief of the tribe is the priest, whose duty it is to propitiate the *Natmas*, who is of course a malignant being. The head *Natmas* (answering to our Satan) is called *Neijeroon*. In Malicolo we found large images, made of a kind of cloth, and stuffed with some elastic substance—each in form like a well-shaped man, and painted like a mummy. All the islanders have traditions of the deluge, &c. For instance, the people of Aneiteum believe that their own particular island was fished up out of the ocean by one of their deities, who made a man and woman, from whom they were descended, and that in consequence of the growing wickedness of the people in after ages, a flood came and drowned all except a man and his wife, who were saved in a canoe. J. M.

A CORNER OF ESSEX REVISITED.

WITHOUT feeling, like Mr. Kingsley, an enthusiasm in east winds, or being their encomiast, we admit that there are a few weeks in the height of summer when the Eastern Coast of England, with its breeze from the German Ocean, is desirable and invigorating. Scarborough, Whitby, Cromer, Lowestoft, and several minor places, become filled, for a time, with guests quite to the extent of their accommodation. And spots nearer London,—Felixstow and Aldborge (or Aldbro') in Suffolk ; Walton-on-the-Naze and Dovercourt, in Essex, procure as many visitors as the supply of meat and milk is capable of victualling, and as make them “without o'erflowing full.” The last-named place has an attraction for the pater and mater familias whose household is large and whose offspring small, in the easiness of its access from the metropolis. The old Eastern Counties Railway has changed its name, as a snake casts its skin, and hopes, under the title

of the “Great Eastern,” to escape all the traditional jests that cling to it. We trust that it will try under the new appellation to provide better carriage accommodation, and to keep better time than it has done hitherto.

Two hours and a quarter from the Bishopsgate (fine for Bishopsgate Street) Station bring the family group and their baggage to Dovercourt, the terminus being two or three minutes' walk only from the houses and the sea. The distance from London is seventy-two miles ; so that it must be understood that the train which accomplishes this feat is one “*de grande vitesse*.”

The Dovercourt known to sea bathers is a small collection of new houses, so situated that it occupies a headland within a bay, the northern horn of which is Landguard Point and Fort, in Suffolk ; the southern is the Naze, in Essex, the distance between the extremities being about ten miles in a straight line. The united estuaries of the rivers Stour and Orwell, forming Harwich harbour to the north, and the trend of the bay to the south, isolate the little borough and its watering-place on three sides ; and Dovercourt, being seated on a small elevation, produce to it a combination of sea, inland waters, shipping, wood, and human habitations, which is certainly very beautiful. At a bathing-place the first object of visitors is health ; the second, is generally amusement,—the latter often materially conducing to the main design. If subjects of interest are sought for in this neighbourhood they will assuredly be found, as they are to be discovered in every part of our land in which an intelligent person may locate himself. Independent of natural beauties, our country, being small and having a history, there is scarcely a corner that is not eventful, hung about with traditions, preserving memorials of wood and stone, or lingering names which are relics as imperishable as those more material objects. What Gilbert White did at Selbourne, each inquiring resident may do in his own village ; and the casual visitor may do the same wherever he casts himself down, without fear of finding any locality utterly barren. The corner of East Anglia we have selected is perhaps more fruitful than some other places. The geologist will find fossils in the low cliff and in the coprolite beds in the neighbourhood. He will find tusks of elephants in the great estuary of the two rivers, and need not ascribe them now, as was formerly done, to the remains of elephants which the Emperor Claudius brought with him to England, because Essex has shown itself in its drift rich in these bones, which have been already described in ONCE A WEEK.* He may

* See Vol. III., p. 53.

also light upon a few archaic memorials of man, in the way of arrow-heads ; and he will find in the Spa Reading Rooms a small but interesting collection of fossils, made by a retired tradesman in Harwich.

The geographer will interest himself in the varying line of the coast, the result of an unending war between Neptune and Terra, an incident of which warfare has been a frequent "rectification of the frontier." Neptune got so far the best of it that the walls and a fort, which once protected the town of Harwich, have long been swallowed up in his waves, and their remains were last seen far out to sea during an abnormal low tide, which occurred some years ago. On the other hand, Terra is carrying down by the united rivers, Stour and Orwell, large deposits of silt, and throwing up banks of sand and stone, which grow with such rapidity as to threaten the extinction of Harwich Harbour, unless energetic means for cure and prevention are immediately taken.

The historian will find himself on classic ground. Britons, Romans, Danes exerted in this neighbourhood especial energy. At Maldon, Queen Boadicea fought against Roman armies ; and these latter were established in Colchester, Harwich, Ipswich, &c. The snake-ships of Scandinavia found in the estuary and the two rivers just such a doorway into the interior as they desired.

The political student may see in the borough of Harwich, divided by faction to the detriment of all progress and public works, an instance of the worthlessness, nay, of the evil, of political suffrage among people whom the privilege of voting renders venal, and who look upon a vote as a strictly marketable commodity. It is said of Harwich, that the greatest blessing which could befall it would be its disfranchisement.

The living of All Saints, Dovercourt, once included the town of Harwich ; and its present church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was a chapel of ease to the mother parish. The growth of Harwich, owing to trade and ship-building, has caused a usual change in the ecclesiastical bearing of the two churches,—All Saints remaining a country village, a mile and a half distant from Harwich ; whilst St. Nicholas has assumed priority, having a large modern church, and being the residence of the vicar.

The exterior of All Saints has nothing remarkable in appearance. The church consists of a chancel and nave, without aisles or transepts, and a plain square tower. Nothing can exceed the baldness of the interior. It contains no visible object of interest, except an early-English font, and a carved oak beam at the chancel arch, bearing date 1615, to which

beam, however, hangs a tale. The structure inside and outside has fallen bodily into the hands of zealous churchwardens, who have covered the frescoes that once adorned its walls with whitewash, and have completely got all antiquity out of the church, and left it like the inside skin of an orange, out of which the pulp has been scooped.

Now for the story of the beam, which replaces a more ancient rood-loft. It was in the first beginnings of the Reformation, the year being 1532. Violent commotions attended the great change of religious opinion in England. Gusts of excited feeling blew from opposite points of the compass, like the stormy irregularities which accompany the change of winds at the equinoxes. Men went out of themselves and did wild and brave actions. In that confusion there was an impulse for blood. Fires blazed and gibbets were raised on both sides. Tenets were of more value, for a time, than life, and men went cheerfully to death, and were heretics and martyrs in the same breath. There was an unusual necessity for miracles in the Roman Church. The Nun of Kent had uttered her oracles ; and crucifixes had made demonstrations in the manner represented by Mr. Burn Jones' picture at the Water Colour Institute. Where the carved beam now stretches across Dovercourt Church, stood at that time a rood-loft, bearing one of these miraculous crucifixes. Four young men from the country side, sceptic as to the miracle and zealous for the truths now being promulgated, went by night, and the doors of the church being open, took down the image from its place, and having carried it into the fields about half a mile, kindled a fire, which quickly consumed it, "the dry wood blazing so brimly that it lighted them a full mile on their way home." Mr. Froude, who relates the occurrence in his "History of England" with his usual animation, tells how three of these "paladins of the Reformation" were afterwards apprehended and hanged for that night's work, whilst the fourth escaped. He names them martyrs ; and as they witnessed for the truth at the expense of their lives, we shall not dispute their title to the name.

As to the name of Harwich, Camden derives it from the Saxon Harwic, a station or harbour for soldiers. A camp, tumulus, and other Roman remains, still exist near the town. In the South Cliff are found the teeth and bones of the supposed Clandian elephants. The municipal borough now includes Dovercourt in its limits, as the parish of the latter contained Harwich. Harwich is a royal harbour, most valuable for refuge to shipping on the dangerous east coast of England. The Royal Naval Yard is now leased by Government to a

private shipbuilder. The bell which calls the labourers is of fine tone, and bears on it the date of 1666. Owing to the growing out of land beyond Landguard Fort and the bank called the Andrews, the two original light-houses are disused. Two low lights have been recently put up at Dovercourt, and one is kept burning on the spit of land constantly elongating, which threatens to close the mouth of the harbour. The value of this harbour is illustrated by the fact that seven hundred sail of vessels have been seen in it at one time in winter; and it is said that in the old Dutch war one hundred ships of war lay there at one time. The famous vine at Hampton Court is said to be a cutting from one which grew in the naval yard at Harwich. Queen Bess was driven by stress of weather to spend a night at Harwich: the mayor gave his sovereign such a welcome as was possible at so unexpected a visit; the inhabitants sent in provisions and fruit; and the queen was so pleased at her entertainment, that she inquired before leaving the next morning what she could do for the town,—what its people wanted. Their frank reply was, "Nothing." The queen, so far from being offended, was pleased to find in her dominions a town whose denizens were so well off and so contented.

Some of us are old enough to remember the death of Queen Caroline, in 1821, and the modest cortège of carriages passing out of London along the Essex road which conveyed the royal corpse to its last destination. They were on their way to Harwich, whence the body was taken to Brunswick.

In Charles the Second's time the two light-houses—one in the town and the other on the Esplanade, both now disused—had patent lamps introduced. They had previously been lighted with blazing fires of coals and six one-pound candles, burnt in a room having a glazed front. It was a primitive way of lighting, and the houses have a primitive and domestic appearance. The larger of the two, which stands near the church, has a stack of chimneys and good accommodation within. It is hardly higher than the steeples or campaniles frequently attached in these days to "villa residences."

The trade of Harwich consists, in addition to ship-building, of a little fishing, and the employment of many small vessels in dredging up a particular kind of stone, from which cement is made. The sailing in and out of the harbour of this fleet of sloops and schooners, with their white and coloured sails, gives interest and beauty to the sea view; and at evening seventy or more sails may be counted, scattered about the ocean, resting on its calm

breast. The stars steal out; an infrequent sound of music from the Spa Gardens ceases, and a refreshing time of stillness comes over earth and sea. One by one the tutelary lights shine forth, two of them, those on the Cork and the Gunfleet, revolving at different intervals; the others stationary. Sitting by the shore, or in the balcony of your house, quiet thoughts replace the gentle agitations of the day,—to wit, early dinners with the children, and boating expeditions, not unattended with nausea in the inexperienced stomach. Now, neither sick nor sorry, we feel rest; and fall into reverie or slumber, as the case may be, thankful that there remains some repose for man; and feeling ready at the moment "to doff the world aside, and let it pass."

BERN.

IN THE BECK.*

"It is a scene to make a painter mad,"
Said Arthur, standing on the broken bridge.
To which I answer'd, in a merry mood,
"Or make a poet immortal."—"Let us, then,"
He said, half earnestly and half in jest,
"Be mad or made immortal. This proud world
That paces up and down the winding paths,
All armour-clad and stern, and cries 'Who comes
To battle with me?' and, in mocking tones,
Laughs at our fancies, scorns our sweetest words,
Across our faces dashing its mail'd hand,
May have its way: we carelessly pass by:
We wander through those ever-sunny bowers
Which rest i' the world of pictures and of books."

A little path ran stream-like to the beck,
Beneath green boughs laden with hazel-nuts,
Between high banks fring'd with fair, fluttering
ferns,
And cloth'd with sweet wild flowers and aromatic
herbs,
Through dark, dank nettles longing to be touch'd;
Passing a well, which loves to hear and keep
Sweet secrets told on summer evenings
By happy lovers seated in the shade.

Pushing our way between the bending boughs,
We reach'd the brink, and watch'd the frighten'd
trout
Leap in the pools beneath the shadowy rocks.
Then, sticks in hand, with flash of mirth and song,
We leap'd from stone to stone, until we reach'd
The middle of the stream; a boulder there,
Smooth, white, and moss-hung, offer'd grateful rest,—
So there we sat, and gaz'd upon the scene.

Soon Arthur's pencil strove to faintly trace,
In lines and curves, the beauty of the spot;
And I, half conscious of the world without,
Carelessly watch'd him, puffing wreaths of smoke
Between the hazel-nuts, which, faintly ting'd,
Gave promise of a glorious nutting-day
With Kate and all the rest.

On either side,
Between o'erhanging rocks, the hazels grew
Heavily laden, bending to the stream;
Above these, leaping to the mystic blue,

* In the neighbourhood of Ingleborough, North Yorkshire, the term "beck" signifies a stream.

Were ancient elms, and many a spreading oak ;
 While, further off, a solitary pine
 Sigh'd to the summer breeze, which came and went
 Through the green wood and o'er the rosy wolds,
 Like sweet words whisper'd to a happy maid.
 Between the leaves the glimmering village shone,
 Crown'd with a silver mist : quaint cottages,
 Thatch'd, whitewash'd, with a lawn of tender green,
 Nestling in orchard trees ; a simple church
 Keeping safe watch over the grassy graves ;

A school, storm-shatter'd, ivy-wreath'd, made young
 By boyish laughter clinging to its walls ;
 A quaintly-gabl'd modest parsonage ;
 And, in the distance, park and stately hall,
 Where, loved by all, in sweet seclusion lived
 The squire, with his fair daughters, noble sons.
 Near us, half shrouded by the spreading toughs,
 Stretch'd the old bridge, where we had stood and
 talk'd,
 Listening the mellow music of the stream,



Which, Fancy said, might be a gentle wind
 Kissing the golden grain at harvest time,
 Or even the lingering echoes of a tale
 Told to fair ladies by a wandering knight
 At eventide within a leafy bower ;
 So merrily the tiny wavelets leap'd
 Over the mossy stones, towards the sea.

Here as I mused came many a wandering thought
 Flung out like flowerets from a mountain side ;

And fitting them to words I sat and read
 To Arthur as he sketch'd the waterfall.

Thus sat we, both enjoying idle ease,
 Until the church clock warn'd us not to stay
 From our host's table ; so again we cross'd
 The merry beck, and reach'd the shady lane.
 The happy night was nigh : the stars came out :
 And all the land lay in a golden calm.

J. M. HAWCROFT.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAGGS," &c.



CHAPTER V. . THE CAPPAMOYNE LANDS.

SOME pleasant days of fishing and sight-seeing served to while away one of the most agreeable weeks I had ever spent. St. John and Morley were obliged to return to Cahir

before I was permitted to leave the hospitable house of the Barnetts ; and after the week was concluded, our party there consisted of the host and his sister, Sir Percy Stedmole, Mr. Nugent, and myself. I need not say that every day

now added to my admiration of Miss Barnett. When once slightly grazed by a love-dart, it is seldom that the wound is not repeated with more forcible and deadly aim. I looked forward to leaving Knockgriffin with the greatest despair, never having yet dared to breathe a syllable of my devotion to the object of it. The more I found how deeply my happiness for life was concerned in the issue of this attachment, the more I trembled at the bare idea of trying my fate. I could not think of remaining longer than a few days more at the Barnetts', and it was not likely that I should be asked to Knockgriffin again. Sir Denis spoke of going to Harrowgate at the end of July, and after that he and his sister were to go to Paris; thus, in all probability, we might never meet again. My company would not be detached at Cashel for possibly more than a couple of months longer, and then Heaven only knew to what dismal point I might be banished. Very ardently I hoped that some good fortune would come to help me in my misery.

"I am going now to give my last orders respecting the Cappamoyne tenants," said Sir Denis, one day after breakfast. "I prefer speaking to them myself, to deputing Doheny to go among them: he is too timid in giving my directions; and besides, it is scarcely fair, perhaps, to employ him on such a business. One should not impose too much upon an agent."

Miss Barnett's cheek changed colour rapidly as her brother spoke. She was first red, then pale, and again flushed with a feverish glow over her face; but she did not make any remark.

"If I were you, Barnett, I'd see the tenants hanged before I'd speak to one of them," said Nugent, emphatically. "Take my advice, and leave the matter to Doheny: he knows how to come round those sort of fellows better than you do; and by the time you're safe on the continent they'll all be ejected peaceably. They know Doheny must obey your orders, and they'll not be half so enraged with him as with yourself."

"I will not expose him to more risk than is absolutely necessary," returned Barnett, firmly. "It would be the act of a dastard to go off from Knockgriffin and leave him to encounter all the wrath of the Cappamoyne people alone. I must wait here till I see the cottages demolished, and——"

"Then you're a madman!" exclaimed Nugent, almost losing command of his temper.

"Decidedly you are foolhardy, Barnett," said Sir Percy, who was looking thoughtfully on the ground. All the time I was looking at Miss Barnett, who suddenly raised her eyes

and caught my earnest gaze. She had the aspect of a person nerving herself for a terrible trial.

"Will any one come out with me to Cappamoyne?" asked Sir Denis at length, gaily.

"Not a foot I'll go," said Nugent, bluntly, while he still looked almost fierce.

"I shall be engaged for the next two hours with business letters," observed Sir Percy, after some hesitation. "But really, Barnett, you seem altogether too daring."

"Never mind me, Stedmole," interrupted Sir Denis. "I have made up my mind on that point. What say you to a walk, Captain Stapleton, or are you engaged also?" And I thought a rather quizzical smile played on my host's face as he turned to address myself.

"I shall be most happy to accompany you," said I, and as I spoke I observed that Miss Barnett's eyes met mine again; and this time they expressed a feeling of interest and approbation that made my heart beat quicker than before.

Stedmole coughed, and drummed for a second on the table with his fingers. I thought he looked annoyed, as he hurried from the room a few moments afterwards.

Barnett and I were soon on the way to the devoted homesteads of about fifteen small householders, called cottiers in Ireland; and my companion beguiled our walk with much pleasant chat, pointing out here and there what he wished to be done towards improving his estate. Occasionally I ventured, for his sister's sake, to remonstrate with him upon the danger of exposing himself to the anger of so many wild people; but he met all my efforts with arguments that he considered unanswerable.

"I would as soon be dead at once as always living in a state of dread," he said, gravely. "Unless I choose to part with my family property, I must remain occasionally in Tipperary; and what would be the use of having a property at all if I dared not plan any reasonable improvement on it? If we allowed ourselves to be terrified into a meek acquiescence with all the requirements of our tenantry in this county we might soon expect to become the ejected ourselves. We should tremble at the idea of asking for rent or even at issuing orders to our workmen. I must have my own way with my own property; and if I am shot for it, of course there will be an end to me and my plans."

"Consider what a blow it would be to your sister if anything should befall you," murmured I.

"Oh yes! poor Louisa would feel it much; but just look at those terrible little cabins

scattered over there, so black and dirty : they are a disgrace to any landlord."

We were now very near to the objectionable *locale*; and as we approached the dwellings I observed that the few men visible in the vicinity had a dogged, downcast air. Some touched their hats sulkily as we passed, others kept digging pertinaciously at their patches of ground without lifting their heads. As we came near a cottage rather cleaner than the rest, with a few china roses and some woodbine clustering round its walls, a tall, dark-haired young man, apparently about twenty-five, with a handsome face and figure, came forth to meet us, and, looking my companion full in the face, he touched his straw hat slightly as he observed—

"And so, Sir Denis, you've determined that we're to give up possession of our holdings hereabouts at once?"

"Yes; you knew that long ago, Ryan. I hope you are making preparations to give up your house. There is only a month or six weeks to delay now," replied Barnett.

"And do you call that justice, or humanity, Sir Denis?" inquired the young man, still looking full at his landlord. "Do you expect that luck or grace can attend the man, high or low, that takes the old roof tree from his neighbour's head? That spot of ground, and the cottage on it, have been in my father's family for upwards of seventy years, and it's mine now; and I'd rather stop inside its walls than live in another place three times as good. Nothing will make up to me for its loss, Sir Denis. If I have to leave Cappamoyne I'll leave Ireland altogether. I'll never take up with any other spot in Tipperary."

"You are standing in the way of your own interests, Ryan," said Barnett. "All those who give up their holdings quietly will preserve my favour; but those who occasion trouble cannot expect the same consideration. Every house on this land must be vacated by the end of July, or else the law will have to interfere. You know I have been a kind landlord through the last five years. I have never made an ejectment of any tenant in all that time; and I have forgiven the payment of many arrears, and scarcely ever pressed for rent at an inconvenient time. Mr. Doheny has received orders from me to act in every instance with kindness and forbearance."

Ryan muttered something that sounded to my ears very like "He daren't do anything else;" but Barnett did not seem to hear the scarcely-audible comment.

"There's more than me unwilling to quit Cappamoyne," continued Ryan aloud. "I'm not the only firebrand among the tenants on the land. I honour the family you belong to,

Sir Denis. My father and grandfather served the Barnetts faithfully, and gloried in the prosperity of Knockgriffin; but there's such a thing as being roused up to forget the past, and think only of present wrong. Believe me, Sir Denis, I'd as lief be dead as cast out of my father's holding at Cappamoyne!"

The man looked unflinchingly as he spoke both at my companion and myself, his dark eye gleaming with a bandit light that seemed to express more than his words did. His countenance was agitated, and his earnestness made me pity him from my heart; though, of course, I felt a natural distrust of him, on my friend's account.

"Come, come, Ryan," said Barnett gaily. "Never mind about leaving that poor cabin yonder. I'll give you a cottage at Carrickfinn, where you and Mary will live as happily as the day is long. You are going to marry our pretty Moll Killery at once I hear?"

"It's not settled yet, sir," replied the young man, for once assuming an abashed air. "You see, one can't think of such things when they don't know whether they may be here or a thousand miles off, or may be worse, before three or four months are gone by. Suppose now, your honour, you were to be deprived of Knockgriffin, and the mansion, and all your ancestor's property, I'll engage you'd think a while before you'd settle about marrying."

"I would not hesitate long if I was to get a much finer estate in place of the old one," replied Sir Denis, good humouredly. "You know, Ryan, you will be able to bring your wife to a much better cottage at Carrickfinn than this house at Cappamoyne."

"I'll never bring her to Carrickfinn, Sir Denis," said the young man, gloomily.

"You can do as you please about that," resumed Barnett, relapsing into dignified gravity; "but, remember, that Mr. Doheny has received directions to take up the lands and houses of Cappamoyne before August." And with these words my friend walked away from his discomfited tenant.

We passed over the devoted ground; and Barnett called in at almost every cabin to give his last personal orders respecting their evacuation at the end of a few weeks. There were tears on the part of the women of the families; remonstrances, and, in many instances, sharp words on the part of the men.

One most beautiful young woman in particular was very earnest in her appeals to the humanity of Sir Denis. This was pretty Mary Killery, Ryan's sweetheart; and I certainly never saw a lovelier specimen of Irish beauty than she was, with her rich brunette complexion, dark glossy hair, flashing black eyes, and exquisitely

chiselled features, while her air and figure possessed that native dignity which is so common among the Limerick and Tipperary women.

"For God's sake, Sir Denis, think what you're about," she said, as she followed us for a little way from the door of her father's house; "it's not only for our sakes, but for your own. There's upwards of forty people here at Cappamoyne, and who knows which of them would be ready to do an evil turn any day? Oh, for the love of Heaven, and the blessed Virgin, do what you can to prevent bloodshed, and disorder, and, maybe, hanging in the front of Clonmel gaol before the summer's out!"

Barnett tried to joke and laugh her out of her distress, but in vain. She wrung her hands; and the tears gathered in her large, lustrous eyes as she continued her prayers.

"Can't the English gentleman there put in a word for us?" she asked at length, appealing for my intercession. "Oh, sir, tell Sir Denis he may have cause to repent driving out so many poor tenants from their houses; and Miss Louisa, maybe, will have many a long year of bitter grief to spend for the work of a few days!"

I was quite unable to say anything in reply to this address; and after a time Barnett and I hurried onwards, coming out once more upon the less uncivilised portions of the estate. It was impossible for me, of course, to surmise correctly how this unhappy business of ejectment would turn out. I was sorely concerned for my friend, though I could not help admiring the courage with which he determined to persevere in doing what seemed to him right and proper. I could only hope sincerely that he might be safe on the continent before steps might be taken to sacrifice him to the wild spirit of revenge that had for so many years characterised the lawless peasantry of Tipperary.

CHAPTER VI. THE FIRST THREATENING LETTER.

MISS BARNETT received her brother and me with cheeks flushed, still from nervous excitement, when we returned from our morning walk, and narrated what had been done and said during our visit to Cappamoyne.

"They are determined to fight it out to the last moment," observed Sir Denis, as we sat down to luncheon; "but they will find that I am not to be trifled with."

"Ay, or maybe you'll find out that they won't be trifled with," said Nugent, gruffly.

"Dreadful people these Tipperary ruffians!" ejaculated Sir Percy Stedmore.

"Were you not afraid of becoming a marked man, Captain Stapleton, by appearing with my brother on his dangerous rounds to-day?"

asked Miss Barnett, looking at me with a smile in her eye.

"Not at all; I should like, however, to be such a hero as Sir Denis. I was playing a very passive part in the morning's proceedings—risking nothing, and of course with nothing to fear."

"Don't be so sure of that," growled Nugent. "You know I told you Barnett was dangerous company. Many a man's shot in the wrong place in these parts, Captain. I knew two or three myself that got the bullets intended for their friends."

"You had better take care of me, Stapleton," said Barnett, smiling. "In future I must expect to be shunned, like the plague, by all my former acquaintances."

"And the dence pity you," observed Mr. Nugent, politely.

"You evidently think us all very cowardly, Barnett," said Sir Percy, languidly.

"Oh, not *all* perhaps," resumed Sir Denis, quietly. And then there was a silence of some minutes.

We did not go out anywhere again that day. Barnett was occupied with business matters, and closeted for a long time with his vulgar, round-headed, little agent, Mr. Timothy Doheny, whose position at the present crisis was certainly not a very enviable one; yet he did not seem to mind it in the least. Habit has decidedly a vast deal to say to courage; and if women were not cooped up by our social customs in the way they are at present, I have a pretty firm persuasion that the greater part of them would turn out quite as brave under trying circumstances as our so-called superior sex. The wonder is, that they are not turned idiots completely by the system pursued in their education, training, and social condition. Miss Barnett was one of the few women I was ever acquainted with who had the gift of thinking and acting independently, and this was probably owing to her having a fortune that raised her above the petty necessities of the larger portion of her fellow-women. The possession of wealth, and the consciousness of being removed from the dismal alternative of sacrificing herself for a disagreeable matrimonial alliance in order to become rich—or sinking into poverty and semi-starvation as a portionless single woman—gave her a dignity that was very charming. She never seemed setting herself out to gain admiration: but when it was accorded she received it quietly, as a thing of course. We, men, often fancy ourselves very captivating, when alas! all the feeling that we inspire in the fair creatures who seem at our feet, is the desire of sharing our position and our purse. Witness, for instance, how hard it

is for a penniless fellow, however handsome, to win an heiress, who is at the same time a beauty. The lovely girls with large fortunes, somehow, always contrive to fall in love with men of rank and title. They "esteem" the others, but adore these, even if they be old and ugly. We object to the gentler sex entering our colleges, studying for prizes and undergoing competitive examinations, lest, forsooth, they lose the softness so charming in our eyes. Alas! alas! I fear we are very green for our pains. Competing with each other for prizes in Greek or Latin or Algebra, would not be half so likely to degrade them as the competition going on so perseveringly among them at the present moment. I know the sex pretty well, dear reader, and what their training and dependent position generally make them capable of. My good male friend, have you never felt both disgust and pity when you have watched the simperings, the feverish efforts, the paltry, easily-discovered manoeuvres of some poor girl who seizes upon yourself as the only probable way she has of escaping from the misery of becoming a governess, or living in dismal obscurity and in want at home? Oh! sad it is indeed that we can never be quite sure what we may be married for by the women who know perhaps too well what they have married us for, and why they have fawned upon us, and cajoled us, and pretended to love us, when probably we may have only inspired them with feelings akin to disgust all the while. Cold as Miss Barnett was, stately as she seemed, I adored her all the more for it. I knew that if I could succeed in winning her, she would indeed be a prize worth treasuring. That noble, high-souled countenance never could belong to a being who harboured mean or unworthy sentiments in her heart. Yet who was I that I could dare to aspire to her hand? Was I good enough or great enough to presume to tell her my love? The more I dwelt upon her superiority the more I determined not to expose myself to the danger of becoming ridiculous in her eyes. The days were passing away. It was now Wednesday, and I must leave Knockgriffin on Saturday evening. Only three days more to stay in that enchanted spot, and then a long separation—a separation that might last perhaps for ever in this world!

"Why, oh why did I ever see her? Why was I asked to dwell under the same roof?" were the words that often rose to my mind. "Can nothing be done for me in my despair—nothing?"

Sir Percy Stedmore seemed now to devote himself entirely to Miss Barnett, for, as in my own case, the term of his stay at Knockgriffin was drawing to an end; though he dif-

ferently situated from me, inasmuch as I knew he looked forward to meeting the Barnetts at Harrowgate, and had spoken also of accompanying them to Paris; while I should be obliged to vegetate in gloom and wretchedness in some desolate Irish quarter, bereft of every hope.

"Perseverance can do much," thought I, in bitterness of heart. "Sir Percy will have so many opportunities of seeing Miss Barnett that he may win her yet; and of all men in the world I would like him least to become her husband!"

While still at Knockgriffin I received a note from Travers to this effect:—

"DEAR STAPLETON,—They say we are to be ordered to Templemore almost immediately, to prepare for going to Limerick, where the regiment, bag and baggage, are to be sent at once. Of course, we can't expect to be at headquarters long; so must make up our minds for a sojourn at some place as delightful as this regal city, where the dogs and pigs seem to increase and multiply daily. How are you getting on at yonder Tipperary mansion? It is said your host has very little chance of surviving many weeks, as he is booked for the end of most landlords in this *locale*. You ought to have been making up to the pretty heiress, Miss Barnett, all this time, as report speaks highly of her thousands; and if you won her you might afford to give up 'sojerin,' and settle down into a rational being. You must be here by Saturday without fail, as very likely we will get the rout on Monday. With all good wishes for your success with the heiress, believe me,

"Yours truly,

"GEORGE TRAVERS."

There was also a letter from my mother, running thus:—

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—If you knew what anxiety I suffer daily about you in that dreadful Tipperary you would write oftener than you do to me. I would like to receive a line, if possible, *every day*, to be assured that you remain uninjured in the midst of hourly perils among lawless, savage people. I trust sincerely that you will not expose yourself to danger, or gain the ill-will of the peasantry by taking the part of anyone against them. I would by no means wish you to behave in a way unbecoming the character of an officer and a brave man; but, pray, always try to get rid of any duty, such as *quelling riots, helping in ejectments*, and other matters obnoxious to the barbarians of that unfortunate county; also I hear it is dangerous for persons to be on

friendly and familiar terms with anyone who is unpopular with his tenantry, which I hope is not the case with Sir Denis Barnett. I wish, my dear son, you were safe out of Tipperary. I shall never have a moment's peace till I hear of your being ordered elsewhere.

"Your most anxious and

Affectionate mother,

"CATHERINE STAPLETON."

"Heigh-ho, my mother!" said I, as I finished reading this epistle. "I have been done for in Tipperary already—shot regularly through the heart with a deadly aim, and no hope of recovery. Better, perhaps, to have been assassinated in the usual Tipperary form, than lingering and suffering as I am now!"

Wednesday ended; then came Thursday, a wet day, with no stirring abroad, and much billiard playing in the afternoon, and loitering in and out of the rooms, looking at the sky, snatching up a book in the library and vainly trying to read it, or going through the conservatory and overlooking the exotics there. Had I been able to go out and walk I might not have been so utterly wretched; but that was impossible. It was one of those heavy-rainy days of the full summer time—warm, fragrant, and hopeless as to clearing up. Miss Barnett was hid away all the afternoon, invisible to the eyes of mortal men, and I felt undeniably miserable. Is there anything much more dreary than a wet day in the country, when you are cooped up in a large house, watching the rain-streams as they fall from the leaden sky, deluging grass and foliage, and especially if you happen to be out of spirits?

"If to-morrow is fine, we might ride to see Athassel Abbey," said Sir Denis, as he and I stood looking out of the window. "I shall have some business to do at Golden, and must start early, as the distance is considerable."

"Then the ruin of Athassel will be on the way?" said I, caring very little, if the truth is told, where I rode to.

"Yes, we shall pass it going to Golden; and the country along that direction is worth seeing, being well cultivated and really picturesque. You should not leave Tipperary without admiring our 'Golden Vale' that we are so proud of."

"Leave Tipperary!" I mentally repeated, while my heart sank. "Would to Heaven I had never beheld a spot of its ground!"

That evening at dinner I found it hard to support any conversation. Miss Barnett was placid, stately, and calm as usual, often seeming absorbed in reflection. I knew that she was thinking of her brother. I did not presume to imagine that my approaching de-

parture would give her an hour's regret. Once or twice when I alluded to the subject of my leaving Knockgriffin, and subsequent removal from Tipperary altogether, she betrayed no sign of feeling, that I could see, even had I been the veriest coxcomb in the kingdom. It was terrible to think that I had only one other day to live before my fate must, perhaps, be sealed for ever!

Were I inclined to moralise I might here remark that what really did occur the next day seemed very like as though ordained to point out to me how little any mortal could dare to reckon upon what a day might bring forth. Miss Barnett complained of having caught cold that evening, from going out in the damp to look after some favourite flowers, and she certainly appeared very ill.

The next morning was brilliantly fine, the sun shining, the birds singing gladly. We were all apparently in better spirits than the day before; yet Miss Barnett was still suffering from severe headache, though she made her appearance at breakfast and looked even worse than on the last evening. Mr. Nugent was to go away from Knockgriffin that day, and could not accompany us in our ride to Golden; and as Sir Percy was not willing to go with us either, it was unlikely that Barnett and I would have anyone to break our *tête-à-tête* all the way, for Miss Barnett's headache rendered her quite unable to be of the party. We were discussing the subject of the ride when the post-bag was brought in. It contained a few papers and only one solitary letter to Sir Denis, who read it, while his face flushed the least shade deeper in colour than before.

"What is it, Denis?" asked his sister, whose eyes had intently watched the epistle from the first moment it had been drawn from the bag. It was a dirty-looking, vulgar letter, evidently from some one of humble rank.

"The first of its kind I have ever received," said Barnett. "Listen to the contents, my friends." And he read out:—

"SIR DENIS BARNETT,—You had best keep at home on to-morrow, Friday, for it is intended to shoot you dead when you appear; and you certainly deserve death, as a reward for what you are about to inflict on innocent, unoffending beings, who will be in wait for you, no matter where you go. Remember your father, and repent, or else fly the land as secretly as you can. I wish you well; but I love my comrades, and myself better. Mind, you can't say you weren't warned in time, by

"ONE WHO IS WRONGED."

Pale as ashes Miss Barnett grew while her

brother read aloud the letter, and then flung it across the table for her to inspect more closely. She made no remark ; but held it tightly in her fingers, as if scarcely conscious of what she did.

"There now," said Nugent, looking deeply concerned, "that's how it has turned out."

"Of course you won't ride now," observed Sir Percy, turning to his host.

"My mind has not changed in the least," replied Barnett. "I must go to Golden ; but I will not ask anyone to accompany me unless they particularly choose to do so."

"Oh, I wish I had not this headache !" exclaimed Miss Barnett, rising to leave the room.

"For God's sake, Denis, do not ride out alone to-day !"

"He will not be alone if he must go, Miss Barnett," replied I. "I have promised to accompany him in his ride to-day."

"Thanks," she said hurriedly, in a low tone, as I held the door open for her ; "but persuade him not to go if you can ;" and then she disappeared, probably to give vent to her excited feelings in a burst of tears.

"Is it of necessity, Sir Denis, that you go out to-day ?" I asked, as I sat down again.

"Yes, my dear fellow ; and now since receiving this friendly letter I must go faster than ever. If I stayed at home to-day I might never expect to live in Tipperary again with peace, credit, or comfort. Threatening letters would be poured in upon me if I turned a servant away, changed my gardener, or drowned a puppy. I should not be able to follow my own judgment in anything, public or private, under penalty of death. But recollect, Stapleton, I do not wish you to come with me."

"But we agreed upon that point last night, Sir Denis," said I ; "if you ride out I must accompany you."

"Just as you please. So now let us order our horses, and get ready at once. What an exquisite morning !"

(To be continued.)

THE WORK OF TIME.

THE work of time is seen in many ways. Men come and go ; empires rise, flourish, and fade, and even their memories are swept away under the devastating influence of time ; but of what time ? An acknowledged authority says : "There is no more an absolutely long or short time than there is an absolutely great or little space." The historian, taking the lifetime of a man as a scale of measurement, regards Babylon as an ancient empire ; the pyramids as ancient structures ; and some of our own cathedrals and ruined castles as

"very old." As time, it has been said, can only be recognised by *change*, which involves a succession of events, our idea of time is entirely governed by the unit we adopt. The paleontologists, or students of ancient life, form their notion of the lapse of time, not from the lives of individuals, or the duration of empires ; but from the duration of species. Hence what the historian might call "very old," the palæontologist or the geologist would call "very recent," and consequently they are as great in their demands for time as the astronomer is for space. The geologist does not ask for so much space, but is quite contented with a whole globe.

We cannot roam all over the globe, or fathom the abysses of geological time, but the interest and scope of the inquiry into the mode in which organisms are grouped together may, perhaps, be imparted if we confine ourselves to some of the more recent fluctuations of plants and animals in point of space and time. We shall also have occasion to note a few of the changes that have taken place in time ; and we would repeat that the rapidity or slowness of change is entirely a relative term. As the grub in the nut might think that nut trees never blossomed, but always bore nuts, so man, if he judged by the experience of his own lifetime, might think the hills of his boyhood unchangeable, his native land unmoveable, and his animated playmates, such as the dog, &c., destined to exist as a species, unalterable in their form, habits, and other peculiarities, for an indefinite period. He might think that as the dog, the cat, the donkey, and numerous other familiar friends exist together now, so they will continue to do until the destruction of the world. But as he does not depend for information solely upon the experience of a lifetime, having his reason to guide him in his inferences as to the former states of our globe, he learns that from the earliest period of the world's history there ever has been change, not only in the organic world, but also in the inorganic, even in the very hills which the poet fondly calls everlasting. And it is chiefly in consequence of this change that the great diversity of the organisms of different countries have arisen.

We find that the faunas of two closely contiguous countries very much resemble each other, the one containing a few species not possessed by the other. When, however, two countries are separated by a narrow belt of sea, a greater difference frequently prevails, as is exemplified by almost every island. In Belgium, for example, there are a certain number of reptilian species : nearly, if not

quite, all of these exist in France. Crossing the Channel we find only half the number in England, and all these belong to the same species as are living in Belgium; half the English species exist in Ireland, viz., the common frog, a toad, two water newts, and the green lizard. If the animals of larger tracts of country are compared, we perceive that while Europe, Asia, and Africa have no marsupials, America has a few, and Australia a large number; and also that the Old World has indigenous horses; Australia and America none; the horses which occur in these latter continents are descended from individuals which were imported from other countries. These few facts will serve to remind the reader that the animals of one large tract of land are somewhat different from those dwelling in another large area.

Our object now is to say something as to the distribution of life in time, or rather to make a few general observations on the extinction or numerical fluctuations of certain animals and plants in the tertiary epoch of the geologist. The researches of the archaeologists of the north into the contents of the peat mosses of Denmark have elicited some curious information. The peat bogs vary from ten to thirty feet in depth, which, to judge from the character of the plant-remains of which they are composed, would seem to have been first swamps, and subsequently mosses, whose surfaces were tolerably firm, as we find to be the case now with the bogs on the hills of Derbyshire, and in numerous other localities. The swamp plants occupy about two or three feet of the lowest parts of the Danish bogs. From these deposits the trunks of a large number of trees have been exhumed, but these all occur near the edge of the moss, clearly indicating that the trees grew close to the margin, and rendering it extremely probable that a forest, or rather successive forests, covered the surrounding country. In the lower, and consequently the older, parts of the bogs the most of the trunks belong to the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*); higher up, the prevailing tree is that variety of the common oak (*Quercus robur*) which has sessile acorns; above this the pedunculated variety occurs in large numbers. Other trees are found at various depths, but none are so numerous as those mentioned; from these facts it may be concluded that at the time when these peat beds first began to form, the Scotch fir was the most common forest-tree of the country; in process of time the sessile oak took the place of the fir, which in its turn was supplanted by the pedunculated oak. At the present period the beech is

driving the oak from the country, and has already considerably lessened its numbers. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances under which these extraordinary changes took place to assign the causes of them correctly, but one is induced to ask if this is an example on a large scale of that same kind of action which the farmer knows by the name of the rotation of crops. Does one kind of tree spring up in a particular kind of soil, flourish for a period, and then sink into comparative scarcity again, in consequence of using up some chemical ingredient of the soil which is essential to its prosperity? And is the soil thereby better fitted for the growth of another kind of tree, which also thrives and flourishes for a time, and is gradually reduced in number by similar circumstances as its predecessor was? But probably in this, as in many other phenomena of nature, more laws than one have been put into operation to effect the result. It is well known that few trees will grow under the shadow of a pine or an oak forest, and the beech tree is one of the few; hence one reason, perhaps, why the beech succeeds the oak. At the present time the beech flourishes better in Denmark than in any other country, and, if we may rely on historical data, it has formed the principal member of the magnificent forests of Denmark for eighteen centuries, and yet there was a time when beech trees were scarce and oaks plentiful.

A similar succession of trees probably occurred in other countries as well as Denmark. In the neighbourhood of Aurignac there is a hilly country forming one of the spurs of the Pyrenees. One of the hills is called the *Montagne de las Fajoles*, or *Hajoles* in the dialect of the district, that is, the mountain of beeches, although not a single beech tree is to be found on or near it; nor are the population aware of any tradition of this kind of tree having ever flourished there. The era of beech trees in this locality, therefore, ceased at a period of time not very far distant.

In England the sessile oak, though found so abundantly in bogs, and in far greater numbers than the pedunculated kind, and although it forms the timber of many ancient houses, is now by far the less numerous of the two varieties. The Scotch fir is very common in the peat bogs of Great Britain, and in the submerged forests on various parts of the coast. Now, however, the tree is not often found wild, and were it not for artificial plantations, it would be seen but rarely in this country. The beech has not been found in any of the English peat bogs, nor in the submerged forests; this circumstance and the

fact of its rarity, except in plantations, renders it exceedingly doubtful whether it ever was indigenous in Great Britain. When our peat bogs, then, first began to accumulate, the Scotch fir and sessile oak were abundant in this country; whether the fir preceded the oak, we are unable to say, but analogy would lead us to think it did; at any rate, nothing proves the contrary. A few centuries since no tree flourished so well as the pedunculated oak, but its numbers have been greatly lessened, not so much from the encroachments of other kinds of trees, as from the demands of man having exceeded its powers of increase. The beech tree is to all appearances a recent immigrant in these islands, and, indeed, its progress can be faintly traced out. It first appeared in Europe, as far as we know, at the base of the Alps and Pyrenees, at the end of the tertiary epoch. It exists in the high hills of Corsica and Sicily, but not in the higher elevations of Sardinia. It is concluded from this that the beech was established in those islands before they were separated from the mainland, an event which is believed to have been subsequent to the elevation of the Alps, an event comparatively recent in geological time. From the points indicated, the beech spread westward and northward to Holland, Normandy, the British Isles, and Denmark. According to De Candolle it was not known in Holland when that country was conquered by the Romans, and it is believed that it has been introduced into Holland and England since the Romans first saw those regions. In the midland counties of England, however, it seems to have established itself. In them it occupies extensive tracts as a natural forest to the exclusion of other trees; when once it acquires possession of the soil, its power of occupancy is such as to prevent the growth or interference of trees which might be thought more likely to flourish. At the present time the tree is gradually invading the north; it is working its way into the forests of Denmark and Germany, and slowly supplanting the conifers, the birches, and the oaks. Simultaneous with this extension of its area in one direction, there seems to be faint evidence of its retraction in another; we refer to its disappearance in the South of France, in the Pyrenees from whence it disseminated itself originally. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace out the progress of the Scotch fir in Europe.

This examination then into the fluctuations and wanderings of a few selected trees, seems faintly to indicate that in a few of the countries of Western Europe such trees succeeded each other in a certain definite order,

and thus points to the probability that the same order of change took place in other parts of Western Europe. These changes did not take place at the same period of time in each country, but would seem to be more advanced in the southern than in the northern parts of the continent. If such was the case, they must have been the effects of some common cause or causes acting over a large area of country; what those causes really are it is very difficult to say.*

In the animal world something of the same nature is apparent; but before we endeavour to give illustrations of the fact, we would mention a few remarkable instances of the fluctuations in the numbers of recent species, arising from causes which may have been mainly influential in bringing about the displacement of one species and the introduction of another in former times, in the same part of the world. If a comparison is made of the known fauna of this country for about the last two thousand years, the inquirer will become cognisant of great fluctuations in the number of recent species; and of the gradual diminution and extinction of others. Much of this change is clearly traceable to the influence of mankind, either directly or indirectly, but it is not improbable that something may be due to those causes which were the agents in controlling the numbers and in shortening the existence of species before man's predominance, since which time the effects of the natural agency have been obscured by those resulting from human influence. The wolf and the wild boar were certainly exterminated by human foes, but it is questionable whether the beaver was thus banished from our island.

Perhaps a clearer idea may be formed of how one animal may die out and be supplanted by another if we just glance at some phenomena of every-day occurrence. In France, some few years back it was customary for farmers and others to wage war against certain birds which, as they wrongly thought, did them more harm than good, and so vigorously was the warfare carried on that some kinds of birds became greatly reduced in numbers. Not knowing that these creatures were their friends in keeping down the too rapid increase of many of the enemies of plants, it so happened that their crops suffered very severely from the ravages of insects,

* In the second series of Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language" (London, 1864), there is a chapter on the words employed by various nations to indicate the fir, oak, and beech. In it the author treats the above subject from a philological point of view. He attempts to show that the Anglo-Saxon word *fir* is the same as the Latin *querus*; and notices that while *phēgos* in Greek meant oak, in Latin it took the form *fagus*, and meant beech. From this he concludes that these mutations in the word may be the waif indicating the replacement of the fir by the oak, and the latter by the beech.

which increased in numbers as the birds diminished.

In fact, there is a perpetual balancing in the organic world, or rather, an ever active tendency to come to an equilibrium, which is ever striven after, but never attained. A plant or animal depends for its existence as much upon the character and proportional numbers of the living world around it, as on the various circumstances of climate, station, &c. It does not grow where it chooses to grow, but where its neighbours will let it.

Illustrations of this law are constantly occurring when some common weed or plant is introduced from one continent to another. The aboriginal fauna and flora exist side by side without undergoing any remarkable fluctuations, simply because they have so nearly balanced each other that what changes do occur are superinduced by abnormalities of climate, or the prevalence of disease, or some other cause of more than average mortality in a certain species. On introducing a hardy stranger among them, a fresh vigour is given to the struggle, and in many cases several of the aboriginal species are entirely extinguished, or so reduced as to be represented by a few individuals only.

In our own country the anacharis is a good example of a foreign plant having established itself in a locality distant from its native place. In New Zealand, a country enjoying a somewhat similar climate to our own, our common English weeds or plants are supplanting the native flora at a most extraordinary rate. The water-cress of our brooks has, from its abundance and vigour of growth, become a positive nuisance to the New Zealander; indeed the rivers of the country threaten to be choked up by the intruder. One stream, called the Avon, is so filled with water-cress that the annual cost of keeping the river free from the weed and fit for purposes of navigation is said to exceed 300*l.* a-year. The stems grow to a length of twelve feet, and a diameter of three-fourths of an inch; from this it would seem that the climate of New Zealand suits it much better than that of England. It seems difficult to understand how the anacharis can have occupied our waters so extensively without displacing other species; and we doubt not a careful inquiry would show this to have been the case.

As it is with plants so is it with animals. In this country, as is well known, the brown rat has nearly extirpated the native black rat. In New Zealand the same process is going on, and so evident is it, that the natives, or Maories, have a saying, "that, as the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, so

the European fly drives away our own, and as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maories disappear before the white man himself." The Norwegian rat has taken the place of the native species, and grows to a very large size; but, strange to say, it is itself driven out of the houses into the fields by hordes of European mice. When Captain Cook landed at New Zealand, he left a few pigs on the island. These soon increased in number, and now they exist wild in such vast herds that it seems almost impossible to destroy them, or to dispossess them of the large tracts of country of which they have fairly taken possession to the exclusion of man. Such is their predominance, that men are actually paid by the large station-holders at the rate of sixpence a tail for killing the pigs on their runs. They occupy ground which the sheep-farmer wants for his flocks, and during the lambing season they inflict a great loss on him by devouring the poor lambkins as soon as they make their appearance. The boars are said to be remarkably large, and to be provided with enormous tusks, such as have been previously seen only on the savage primitive stocks of wild boars in Europe. This innovation of species, which is far more extensive than we have indicated, and which is being so actively promoted by the Acclimatization Societies of both hemispheres, cannot but have a material influence on the character and local distribution of the members of the organic world: in our opinion it should form not the least important part of the business of such societies to study thoroughly the probable effect which each species they import from one place into another may exercise upon the new condition of things amidst which they are plunged. Before such vigorous opponents as the pigs, the flies, the water-cress, &c., of Europe, a large number of the native species have succumbed. One of the most remarkable features in this struggle for life is the fact that the species which have attained the predominance on the European and African area readily establish themselves in Australia and America, while few plants from any other continent have become weeds in Europe. Therefore we think that had New Zealand been left to its pristine occupants not one tithe of all this change would have taken place in the same space of time, and also believe it probable that what man has been the unintentional agent in superinducing in the course of a few years, is somewhat analogous to what has been done by nature in the course of a long period of time by the agency of various causes.

In the earlier part of this paper we drew

attention to the slow succession of one tree to another in Western Europe. Amongst animals we find a similar replacement of one species, or rather groups of species, by another species or group, is constantly recurring.

Thus within the historical period various species of animals have ceased to be; we can trace the gradual way in which they were extinguished one after another; we can see how for a time they each flourished over a large area; how each gradually diminished in numbers, such diminution generally commencing on the outer boundaries of its district; how this gradual process of decay proceeded faster in the outlying islands; how at length the stronghold of the species was confined to one or two small spots of land, where lingering for, it may be, centuries, it has finally disappeared. This is the story told by the European bison, the elk, the bear, the beaver, the ibex, &c., some of which are extinct in Western Europe, or on the point of becoming so. On receding back to the period when the inhabitants of Switzerland built villages on piles driven into the beds of lakes, in the same way as similar villages are built in the present day by the inhabitants of Borneo, we learn from the researches of archaeologists, that the fauna then was slightly different from that which prevails now. These villages, as is the case with modern villages, belong to different periods of time. From the remains of animal life left on the site of the older villages, the presence of the urus (*Bos primigenius*), the aurochs or European bison (*Bison europæus*), the elk (*Cervus alces*), the stag (*Cervus elaphus*), and the wild boar (*Sus scrofa ferus*), in Switzerland is clearly indicated, whereas now they are not to be found there; while the beaver, the brown bear, the wolf, the ibex, and other animals were represented by larger numbers and in more localities, and the varieties of dog and sheep were very few, as far as can be judged from bones only; the horse would appear to have been hardly known. In comparing these animals with those of other times, it must be remembered that they probably represent only those which were either domesticated or caught for the sake of their flesh, and we have referred to them as a contrast with the present, to show that some species existed in Switzerland then and not now.

A somewhat similar collection of creatures is found in the shell mounds of Denmark, or mounds composed mainly of the shells of oysters, cockles, &c., which had been thrown away by some of the earlier inhabitants of the country. Here also we find the urus, the

aurochs, the European bison, the beaver, wolf, &c., as in the Swiss lake villages; but we have also a few species not found in Switzerland; these, however, are rather indications of differences of station and climate than of time. Thus the seal (*Phoca gryppus*) occurs frequently, but is now very rare on the Danish coast, and the auk is very common, a bird believed to be entirely extinct now. As in the Swiss lakes, the horse is rare in the mounds.

So, if we look over the remains of animals found in deposits believed to be still older, we come upon new species. The studies of the geologist have led him to the conclusion that a certain group of animals characterises a certain period of time; that the species did not all become extinct simultaneously; but that one died out and then another, in a general definite order; and hence some, as M. Lartet, have attempted on this basis to construct a palæontological chronology. He considers that the recent geological age, or quaternary period, may be divided into four groups; the first being characterised as the period of the aurochs or European bison, the second as that of the reindeer, the third as that of the elephant and rhinoceros, and the fourth as that of the cave bear; in this chronology the first period mentioned is the most recent. From such evidence as we have, the following appears to be the order in which some of the principal mammalia survived each other, as far as Western Europe is concerned. The urus (*Bos primigenius*), the aurochs (*Bison europæus*), the reindeer (*Cervus tarandus*), the musk ox (*Oribos moschatus*), the Irish elk (*Megaceros hibernicus*), the hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus major*), the woolly-haired rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros tichorhinus*), the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), the cave tiger (*Felis spelæa*), and the cave bear (*Ursus spelæa*).

Of these all but the first two are believed to have become extinct before the time of the Swedish shell mounds or the Swiss lake habitations. They usually occur in the caverns, as at Wookey Hole, the Engis cavern, the Brixham cavern, and numerous others. In a few caverns, as in Kirkdale, Durdham Downs, and Cefn, bones of another kind of elephant, known as *Elephas antiquus*, are found. This species is believed to have died out before its congener, *Elephas primigenius*. It is found in some of the most recent gravel-terraces lining the valleys of English and French rivers, as the Thames, Seine, Oise, &c. These gravels are situated in the lower part of the valley slopes; but there are others which occur nearer the top, and therefore known as the high-level gravels. These are older than those

at the lower level ; and have fossils which depart more in their character from the present fauna than do those of the low-level gravels. But before these old gravels were deposited yet a third kind of elephant, *E. meridionalis*, is believed to have lived and to have become extinct. Its remains are found in the old forest bed of Cromer, Norfolk, in the Norwich crag, in the deposits of Val d'Arno, and in those of St. Prest, near Chartres. In association with this elephant at St. Prest, we have species different from those which occur in the gravels in association with *E. antiquus*. We have the remains of *Rhinoceros leptorhinus*, several species of deer, *Megaceros carnutorum*, a large ox, and several others, believed to be new and yet undescribed. Before the Cromer forest was flourishing on the old land of Norfolk, a large proboscidean, *Mastodon arvernensis*, characteristic of the Norwich crag, appears to have died out.

As in space we find that in two neighbouring areas there exist faunas very similar to each other, inasmuch as a large proportion of each is composed of the same species, while the small proportion consists of species peculiar to each district ; so in time we have periods in which the same general assemblage of animals belongs to the period before or the period after ; during the lapse of time, a steady and constant succession of different forms follow each other, so that of the thousand kinds of animals which exist in the first period, only nine hundred, say, will be living in the second, eight hundred in the third, and so on ; while the deficiency in varieties of form will be made up by species of another kind. This everflowing tide of creation is, to our mind, one of the most marvellous truths which the labours of the zoologist, the paleontologist, and the geologist have revealed to us.

If we had devoted our attention to any other part of the world, we should have seen a similar stream of life, and a similar ladder of changes. We have taken a glance at the way in which the operations of man have tended to mingle up these streams, and so to destroy many of their distinctive features. What may have been the aggregate change which his influence has brought about it would be hard to say, but it must have been something very great, considering that he has been an active agent for thousands of years. We might form some idea of its magnitude from knowing that the destruction of forests lessens the amount of moisture available for plants, and ultimately may produce barrenness. We know that continents are being ground down, and their materials being deposited in the depths of ocean ; we know that perhaps these

materials may subsequently rise up above the level of the sea, so as to form new continents and islands ; we know that as the land shifts, the terrestrial animals must shift with it, or die ; we know that in past times changes in the animal world have been going on simultaneously with the redistribution of dry land ; and it is exceedingly probable that these changes in the inorganic have had a material influence on the changes in the organic world. Man himself is quite unable to make a continent arise at his bidding, but he can and does exercise great influence, not by planting new lands, but by transferring animal and vegetable life from one region to another. This power ought to be used with a judgment and caution in proportion to its magnitude and importance. A. R.

THE PERFECT GENERAL SECRETARY.

THE English visitor to Paris, picking out his way (as English visitors mostly do) to that ghastly little shop on the Seine bank where Death exposes his wares, will probably pass by another little magazine equally mysterious and almost equally foreign to our notions, known by the thrilling name of "The Tomb of all Secrets." What a library of romance in three volumes is contained in these few words ! But be not alarmed, reader ; far be it from us to chill your blood with tales of ancient horrors, with stories of bricked-up nuns ; of misery left to perish in *oubliettes* ; of prisoners so long immured in dank and dismal dungeons that their very existence had been forgotten.

Despite its melodramatic name, the Tomb has, we will hope, only milder secrets hidden in its mysterious bosom. In fact, a first casual glance at the Tomb, as we sit on the tree-shadowed bench immediately opposite to it, lazily contemplating it through the haze of an after-breakfast cigarette, is calculated to produce impressions of meanness rather than of mystery. Lying almost in the shadow of the Tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie is a small wooden hut ; except that it is more finished, perhaps not unlike those which contractors set up near their great works, and against which, towards the close of the week, the burly forms of gigantic navvies lounge, as they await in files their turns to take their wages. But it is clear that the destination of this little hut is quite different. The visitors to it come singly, and remain some time carefully shut off from the outer world ; the closed door seems, indeed, to be received as a notification to fresh comers to abstain from entering the Tomb ; a dapper little soldier, after inspection of the entry, has come over to my bench,

and having asked for fire, puffs harmoniously at my side, evidently awaiting a sortie of the garrison. The visitors to this hut, the depositors in this bank with an unlimited ability of keeping secrets, are generally persons of a humble class ; trim women with grey dresses, and heads so neat that I regret that any of them should wear caps, and so bare, even when they have this slight protection, that for some days after my arrival from a damper atmosphere, I feel certain they must be always catching cold. Sometimes a robust lady, evidently from the *halles*, will be closeted ; sometimes a workman, whose fair hair and skin point him out as an Alsatian, while his whitened blouse tells you that he is a mason, who is doing his share in the marvels that rise round you as if by magic. He has come hither to get a letter written to his distant native province, to his father, to whom he will send part of his wages ; or he wants to marry, and although half-way through the usual span allotted to human life, he must either have the consent of his parents, or supply its place by a certain number (regulated by law) of "respectful summonses," or he may be writing to the mayor of his commune for his "papers," equally indispensable at this interesting crisis.

For in truth this little wooden box is, as the acute reader guessed long ago, neither more nor less than the establishment of a public letter writer, who, as a card hanging outside informs the world, is at his post from seven o'clock in the morning till nine at night, to "make" letters, petitions, complaints (I hope this branch is not extensive), memorials, copies, requests for situations, bills of exchange, procurations, and many other things besides, and not finding these branches sufficient, "one charges himself equally" with the letting of lands, investment of money, representation of persons before all tribunals, translations, &c., &c. Really a most active, versatile man, seemingly, this public writer ; in no other place that I know of is such a varied amount of business transacted in so very small a space.

I may confess that I have entered the Tomb, and without violating its secrecy, I may state that within its dread portals I found a very inoffensive and very snuffy little man seated before a desk covered with writing materials. Ranged round him on shelves were a number of volumes, between the leaves of which were inserted, at irregular distances, slips of paper for convenience of reference. On hearing an explanation of your errand, he will at once open at the right page, for these volumes are the polite letter-writers of France.

Curiosity to see one of these volumes more

closely than I had been able to do in the Tomb of All Secrets, took me on to the quays among the "dentists of the people," and the old book-stalls. A very slight search and a very small sum of money procured me a fat, squat volume, stitched in the orthodox yellow cover, and printed on paper compared with which the roughest blotting paper presents a remarkably fine and even surface. But the difficulty of reading the "Perfect General Secretary" is amply repaid by the wonderful example it furnishes of what is called Organisation in Daily Life. The work seems to have taken account of all the varied relations of humanity. Its author addresses letters from persons in every grade and position to other persons in every grade and position, on every possible topic. Letters and verses for fête days are given for all degrees of relationship, although, indeed, the author has refrained from inditing a sonnet, as he informs us other (inferior) authors have done, from a coachman to his master, as he thinks the employer would not be pleased by the discovery that he had a poet to drive him.

"With one auspicious, and one dropping eye," we follow the varied fortunes of French letter-writers ; we pass from tears of condolence on page 100, to dry eyes, smiles, and hearty congratulations over-leaf. All styles are equally at the author's command, the curt address of the business man, the bluff tone of the soldier (who mentions, as if quite by accident, that a remittance would not be ungrateful), the respectful accents of humility beseeching a favour ; the fond whisper of the domestic affections. The nurse is told in what words to announce to delighted parents that their child has cut its first tooth, and other models are furnished to the same person to complain of irregular payment and of absolute non-payment. The husband is told how, on an interesting occasion, to inform his friends that mother and child, or neither, or both, are as well as could be wished.

But it is naturally on the love department that the author has lavished his skill. The lover is informed that he may with propriety use rose-coloured or blue paper, which may even be perfumed, but under no circumstances must an engraving appear at the head, as a well-bred woman "would laugh with pity" on receiving a declaration of love over which figured two hearts transfixed with a dart. Your love-letter may be folded in a thousand ways, according to circumstances, but the mark of a finger which should not be of irreproachable cleanliness would ruin your brightest hopes. The width of margin to be allowed, and the way of closing the letter being deter-

mined, we come to the matter and manner. Reason, we are told, is usually the last thing consulted in love-letters, which are generally devoid of common sense, and do very well without it; the most disordered and unreasonable, and the least intelligible, letters are always those which produce the greatest effect. Acting on these rules, the author has in cold blood produced the following:—

“If to love you be a crime, I am the greatest of all criminals, for not only do I love you with the most ardent, the most sincere affection, but I have registered a vow to love you alone, and to love you all my life. Pity, mademoiselle, pity for a wretch who is dying with love! Pray Heaven that a spark of the fire which burns my heart may penetrate yours. Reject not, I implore you, the homage of a heart over which you have sovereign sway; leave me at least hope. For I love you, yes, yes, I love you with all the strength of my soul; to renounce hope would be to die. There is nothing I would not undertake to arrive at the immense happiness of being beloved by you; I am your humble slave; from this moment I renounce all that could displease you, from this moment I live only for you. I tremble while I await my sentence: whatever it be, my last sigh, my last thought, will be for her whom I love more than my life.”

This glowing epistle is followed by observations. “Be careful,” says the author, “to abstain from the ordinary forms of finishing a letter, such as, ‘I have the honour to be, &c.’ This is too cold, too collected. You must show passion throughout, and especially at the close. The end of a letter of this sort is like the finishing bars of a piece of music—the ear rests on the termination. Mind you do not speak of beauty to one ill-endowed by nature in this respect. You can, however, always say, ‘Your beautiful eyes,’ ‘the charms of your person,’ for there is no woman who does not think she can claim to have beautiful eyes; all think they have the power to charm in some way. It is always safe to speak to a woman of her *esprit*,—all think they have it.”

From the open cynicism of the observations, we might suppose that the love-letters were intended to be read by the male sex only, but the declarations are followed immediately by answers, in which we are far from surprised at finding that the lady, whose heart is not perhaps as yet “penetrated by the spark” which burns in ours, modestly objects that the sentiments are exaggerated. It was clear to the author, however, from the beginning, that the fire of his declaration would prove irresistible, so the swain is allowed to hope; although a foot-note tells him that he must not expect a

written reply; he will generally receive a mute answer; a glance, a smile, a flower bestowed, will show him that his suit prospers.

His extensive knowledge of mankind has already told the author that true love never did run smooth; there follow letters of reproaches, of rupture even, though happily after these lovers’ quarrels comes the reintegration of love: “Yes, yes,” cries the repentant lover, “I was wrong Adèle (or Julie, or &c., as the case may be), but for the error of a moment, will you condemn me to eternal regrets? No, oh no! with the face of an angel, you cannot have a heart of bronze. Let this cloud be dissipated by the sun of our love. I throw myself at your feet (here insert the name of the lady); stretch towards me a friendly hand, and from the purgatory in which I now am, remove me to Heaven. (Signature.)”

It is rarely, we learn, that letters of this sort receive a reply. An answer, when given, must be short, and the intention to pardon must be hinted at rather than expressed. Happily, pardon comes somehow, and the liberty granted by his parents to the French subject when in love being small, it is they who now write to ask the hand of the lady for their son, observing no doubt the caution of the author, to specify carefully *which* lady’s hand is sought, when there happen to be several daughters in the family.

Let us hope that, having conducted the ardent youth so far, fortune and the Perfect Secretary may still smile on him; may he in due time receive, as per model, the announcement of the first tooth of his first child; we are sure at least that so tender a lover will never turn out a father, the nurse of whose child “is not paid at all.”

“WHAT IS MY LOVE LIKE?”

WHAT is my love like? Ah vain, empty words,
You mock me when I would express my love—
Love that wounds deeper than the sharpest swords,
Love that soars higher than the heavens above.

Oh prate no more to me of “dew-lit eyes,”
Of cheek whose crimson doth out-blush the rose,
Or neck in whiteness with the swan’s that vies,
Or hair that in one golden wavelet flows.

My love is like a sense of melody
Filling my heart and throbbing through each vein,
Till all the grosser passions in me die,
And, save my love, no thoughts of earth remain.

And though to her my love I dare not tell,
Yet, simple verse! do thou go forth and speak:
Haply her bosom may responsive swell
When she beholds thee, shrouded in—ONCE A WEEK.

R. H. P.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER II. THE FRUIT OF THE SUN.

It was only natural that the Houghton Bull should see little of Mr. Ffrench after this. Though personally unknown to Theo's father, he still was thoroughly *au fait* with all that had happened in Greece in '23 and the two following years. "I was just of age when I went to Athens," he said in the course of conversation with Mr. Leigh, "and the first use I made of my nominally perfect liberty was to be off to the seat of the struggle, for everybody was talking about it just then." When he said that, Theo did a sum on the instant, and the year of my story's opening being that of our first Great Exhibition, arrived at the decision that Mr. Ffrench was forty-four! almost an old man in Theo's estimation. She sighed to think of it.

But soon—before he had been with them an hour—she ceased to think it a matter for sighing. He charmed them all round, and fairly won the welcome that had been so frankly offered. Mrs. Leigh asked him to stay and dine with them—asked him with such an evident desire that he should accept the invitation, that Theo felt at once that her mamma was carried as quickly and successfully as she herself had been. Her father too was palpably inclining most kindly to one who listened with understanding to his time-honoured stories.

"Besides, he hasn't the look and manners of a middle-aged man," thought the girl, as she looked at the slight and graceful figure, and the proudly-carried handsome head of this delightful guest. The time-honoured stories, from which, truth to tell, Theo generally fled, gained a new interest now that they were listened to in his company. She threw herself rashly into the conversation, and fired off a brisk volley of questions, some of which struck her papa as being slightly irrelevant. Her papa, in fact, desired to dwell principally on the naval and political aspects of Greece; Theo wanted to hear something about those other romances to which Mr. Ffrench had alluded.

At length they quitted the past and came down to the present.

"What finally fixed you in this out-of-the-way place after such a career?" Mr. Ffrench asked of his host.

"Want of interest to get anything better than a coastguard station, and the necessity to take the first thing that offered, no matter how

poor that thing was. I was struck off the list for some years in consequence of that Greek affair, and when I was reinstated, I was given to understand that promotion was over for me," Mr. Leigh answered.

"That was a bad look-out."

"A bad look-out!—it was a blackguard look-out!" Mr. Leigh cried; he could not endure to hear gentle mention made of his grievances and ill treatment at the hands of the Government: they had been many and very hard to bear, and lenient allusion to them was disgusting to him.

"What was the reason assigned for striking you off the list?" the visitor asked politely. He had been looking at and thinking of Theo when her father spoke before. His words, "that was a bad look-out" referred to something vastly different to the old sailor's wrongs. But now he recalled his attention and his eyes from Theo to her father—for he was a well-bred gentleman, and he saw that he was expected to do so.

"The reason—a cursedly unfair one, by the by—was that I, being on half-pay, unable to find employment under my own flag, did what any other young fellow would have done, went off and served without leave under a foreign one. That was their only reason, sir—and by God, though they've reinstated me, I have never been able to get my arrears of half-pay from them up to this day! You'd scarcely credit it, but such is the fact; they've robbed me of it, and as yet I have found no redress;" and as Mr. Leigh brought the recital of his wrongs to a conclusion, he gave the table a thump in his excitement, and to Theo's delight some of the same enthusiasm appeared to fire the guest.

"Why don't you memorialise?" Mr. Ffrench said warmly; "it is, as you say, scarcely credible that such a punishment should be awarded for such a venial offence against regulation: why don't you memorialise?"

"I have done so."

"Yes, that papa has," Theo cried; "I can testify to that, for I have often had to copy your petitions—and I hate their endings, 'and your memorialist will ever pray;' it seems so abject. I'd rather let them keep the arrears of half-pay, the mean things! than humbly pray for them to give it to me."

Theo had not been lapped in luxury all her life, certainly, but still it was evident enough that she had never known the want of money

or aught that money could produce. Had she done so, the stereotyped prayer to those in power would not have gone so palpably against the grain.

Strictly speaking, there was very little to amuse the stranger guest in that country household. They could not gild the present by offering him the run of their stables in the hunting-season, or the freedom of so many acres in September. He was a middle-aged man, accustomed to club-life in London, and they had neither a French cook nor choice wines. He was a gentleman who though never bored or weary when alone, was very apt to become horribly bored in the society of others; and yet the prosy stories of the old naval officer, and Theo's naïve comments on the same, were heard by him with a fresher interest than he had accorded to anything for longer than he cared to remember. He had not counted on experiencing this phase of feeling when he entered Houghton idly the day before.

At last—not long before he left them for the night—it occurred to them to ask what had brought him to their remote little village—a stranger, with no apparent call there at all. It was not the right time of year for sport of any kind, and for what other end did men ever come to Houghton?

"I came for the purpose of resting for a day from the society of some very kind friends of mine who are living at a lovely place about twenty miles from this—that was the real reason of my coming here; my nominal one was that I wanted to take a sketch of a headland that they call 'The Point,' that will come in well in a picture I'm about."

"Oh! it was that kind of drawing the beach, then—not what you thought, papa, when you said 'what folly, at this season.' Do you paint, Mr. Ffrench, in oils?"

"Yes," he told Theo, he did "a little in that way."

"Have you the picture with you at the Bull?"

"Oh no; would you like to see it?" he asked with a softened inflection of the monotonously sweet voice that was very perceptible to the acute ear of the girl whom he addressed.

"Very much indeed," she replied, with the hearty interest which, though unseen, unknown, we all—the most indifferent among us, as well as those who yearn for appreciation—delight in seeing expressed about our works. "Very much indeed; do you mind telling me what it is, as I can't see it?"

"But you can see it, and you shall see it, if you will do me so much honour. I have it over at the Grange—that's vague, for every third place in Norfolk seems to be called the

Grange: the place I mean is Haversham Grange: I am staying there with a cousin of mine: if you will go over, Mrs. Galton will be delighted to see you, and do the honours of my picture and her own."

"Her own! is she your cousin? does she paint?"

"She is my cousin, and she is obliging enough to think my picture worthy of a copy, which she is making with admirable intentions."

"What is the picture?" Theo asked.

"A description such as I can give will not convey the slightest idea of it to your mind: there is a bay, and a boat in it pulling round a headland which partially conceals a little frigate, that is all; it doesn't sound interesting, does it?"

"What is in the boat?" Theo questioned.

"Three men and a woman," Mr. Ffrench replied, rising as he spoke. "And now, he continued, 'having given you such a barren account of it, my self-esteem compels me to try and win your promise to go to Haversham and look at my picture.'"

Then Theo, though she shook her head in a faintly negative manner, gave the promise with her grey eyes; and the guest departed, glad that she had done so.

"Why not?" he asked himself. Why should he not be glad that a fresh, pretty, intelligent girl, young enough to be his daughter, desired to see a work of art—a work of his? There was no reason against it. Nothing to render such a consummation undesirable. He was a time-hardened man of the world, who had outlived all feeling such as might be detrimental to Theo's peace. He had all his life experienced a certain pleasure in doing a kind action which he had not to go out of his path to accomplish. It would be doing a kind action to introduce this Miss Leigh, who seemed to have but a dull life of it, to a woman who could render that life much more lively, if it so pleased her, even at twenty miles' distance. "And it will please Kate, to please me," he said with a laugh in his eyes. "So why not do it for the little girl?"

He sat down in the little parlour of the Bull Tavern and wrote a letter, over the composition of which he laboured more than one would have imagined so cool-mannered, so easy-going a man, would have done. With his look of hauteur, with that air of condensed pride and suppressed passion in his face, he was not the kind of man one would have accused of halting over a form of address to any mortal, or choosing his words and phrases with thought and labour.

But it was written at last, written and di-

rected to "Mrs. Galton, Haversham Grange, Haversham, Norfolk." After that Mr. Ffrench went to bed in a low-pitched room, and dreamt that he was in a boat that was being pulled round a headland by two long-dead friends of his. In his arms a woman was lying, and she wore the Greek costume, and her face was the face of Theo Leigh. This mingling of the real and the ideal discomposed him sorely in his sleep, and finally caused him to wake with a start and a curse. After remaining intensely wide awake for a time, he got up and destroyed that letter which he had written with so much care and thought, and resolved to leave Houghton to-morrow.

But with the dawning of that morrow came the death of the resolution. The bright clear April air, the appetite which it engendered, the difficulty of finding in broad daylight a reason why he should do so, and above all the habit he had of always doing as he wished, decided him upon remaining yet another day in the village to which he had drifted aimlessly, the village that had shown him that which he had never thought to look upon again—something that had the power to stir him.

He may readily be forgiven for not remaining at the Bull long after breakfast. He stayed just long enough to write another letter to Mrs. Galton, and this time he wrote it in haste and gave no pains to its composition. Then, when he had given the epistle into the hands of a trusty-looking idler, who made many promises as to its rapid delivery at the post-office, he walked up to the Leighs', for the sake of borrowing the Dollond and going upon the look-out.

Had Theo expected him? He almost longed to ask her, there was so full an assurance of what her answer would be in the vivid brightness of her face when he appeared. It was the flush of blissful realisation more than gratified surprise. It was such a flush as a woman can flame out upon the man who moves her in very truth alone. Harold Ffrench was a man, nothing more nor less, and he read it aright.

She was far too open a book, this girl of nineteen, for him not to read, and read aright at a glance. It had been the expectation, the hope of seeing him which had robed her this morning with a grace a woman never can attain until the spirit of love bestows it upon her. There was a seductive softness about the folds of the muslin bodice this day that could come only from the softened touch of the hand that had learnt to tremble at a heart thrill, a very tenderness of treatment about the flow of the skirt that could only be the result of that visual accuracy which is solely her portion who would adorn still more what may perchance

seem beautiful already in the eyes of him who is now the world to her. There was all this, and Harold Ffrench saw that there was all this, and still more besides. For on the face of Theo Leigh there had come a light which was a revelation to him of the heart that dwelt in the girl; and he knew that this light beams only once in a life-time, and then for the man who first thoroughly awakens that heart, and causes it to know that it beats for some other purpose than that of mere existence.

The heroines of old romance were always dressed in white muslin at most incongruous times and seasons. White muslin represented purity, poverty, grace, and guilelessness, and they one and all wore it. But we costume in these days with a more rigorous eye and a more correct taste. We go back to the fashion books of the year in which the events we relate occurred, and so in these minor matters are rarely caught tripping. This confession may weaken the interest of those readers who decline to believe that novels are built up bit by bit, and who elect to favour the supposition that they are struck out of nothing in a white heat of inspiration. But those who care for correctness of detail will be glad to learn that when we give a full description of the ball-dress of our heroine, we do so on unimpeachable authority.

On this April morning Theo had dressed herself in a muslin that was a muslin of muslins, a very miracle of clearness and fineness. It had a white ground, powdered thickly with black dots that rendered the white ground still clearer and whiter, as does the patch on the cheek of beauty; over and above these black dots there was a violet something that might be a leaf or a beetle or a mere invention of the designer, and the effect of this when hung upon Theo Leigh, and tied in round her waist and neck and wrists, was something that muslin might well feel proud of itself for attaining.

There had been a little comment at the breakfast-table on this appearance of Theo when she came down that morning so radiant with joy.

"Why, Theo! how's this?" her mother had said; and her father even had looked up proudly at his darling, and remarked, "Halloa, Theo! how fine you are!" To which Theo had replied, "It is so hot, you know, not too hot at all, but quite warm enough to make me take the coolest dress I had into wear." As the coolest dress was likewise uncommonly becoming, who could say aught against the selection, whatever the cause of it?

They kept early hours at Houghton, and Theo had plenty of time to feel remorse, and cry, oh! the folly of it! (as to the muslin)

before Mr. Ffrench sauntered up to borrow the "Dollond," and beg a view of the German Ocean from their house-top. When he came remorse and bewailings went by, and Theo gave him that mute vivid welcome of which mention has before been made, right freely, without a distracting thought.

It was a luscious morning, this first summer day that Theo Leigh and Harold Ffrench spent together. What matter the girl being young and the man no longer so? She had the heart of a woman, and he the soul of a connoisseur for whatever was beautiful in nature or art. That summer morning was luscious to them both, the sweetness of it mounted like wine to their brains, and soon it was a silent enjoyment of it that they felt as they sat and rested on the bank of marsh rushes after the prolonged stroll, in the course of which her little hand had more than once found a resting-place and support on his arm.

How came she to be out with the stranger alone? It would have been a breach of etiquette had they been in a town, but in that rugged little village to defer to etiquette would have been a profanation. He had asked Theo to go down and look at the rising tide with him, and Theo had gone without a word of objection, and remained there in that open familiar solitude without a particle of fear—a shadow of suspicion.

Nor was there cause for either. The most rigid could have been defied to cast a stone at him for what he had said to, and thought of, this girl as yet. There was no harm done, not a particle that could have been taken hold of, as yet. He had spoken to Theo Leigh of literature, of art, of famous men and foreign places. Theo had listened, and thought it passing sweet, that was all. He had said no word of love, he had refrained from the slightest look of it. Through the whole of that bright spring morning he had remembered his own age and her youth, and some far more insurmountable barrier than either to anything but friendship between them.

But guarded as he was, that sunny morning was very sweet to them both.

It was very pleasant to the girl, whose intercourse alike with men and books had been rather limited, to hear him speak of great names, which were but names to her and nothing more. We had no shilling magazines in those days to keep country people *au courant* with those who give us of their best in monthly parts. Moreover, there were no railway-station libraries, and lieutenants of coastguard stations were not likely to be the possessors of an exhaustless choice of books. Therefore was Theo's reading range a limited one, and her

longing for an extension of it proportionately colossal.

But all that she had found to read she had read with understanding. The reading had been desultory and promiscuous, but it had been dear to her, and was consequently well remembered. She was better up in Scott and James, in Bulwer Lytton and Shelley, than Mr. Ffrench himself. She was brimming over with quotations from Shelley, in fact, and some of them in their fiery force fell very strangely from her fresh young mouth. She was wonderfully skilled in the art of separating the moral from the merit, and dwelling entirely upon the latter. From her own frank confession he learnt that she had seen little of the world—nothing of "society," according to his acceptance of the word. Yet her perceptive faculty enabled her to coin from the coarser metal which had been around her tangibly, responses that were golden in the perfection of their propriety to all he said, to all he suggested.

Harold Ffrench found himself talking to Theo as he had never talked to a woman before, and yet his intercourse with her sex had been of no restricted order. He had talked about love often, but he had kept what lore was his for the solace of his solitary hours, for the benefit of his few male friends. Never a woman had come into his possession or crossed his path before who had been capable or ambitious—which was it?—of making him feel that she was on a mental equality with himself. They had been satisfied with the manner of his words and the languishing of his eyes, and had lightly regarded his matter and language.

But Theo, clever in her very ignorance, pandered to his vanity unsuspectingly. She showed such deep interest in what he said, that the man could not but feel desirous of saying it well. She kindled so brilliantly, that it was well worth his while to strive to make her kindle still more. He had an artist's soul and an artist's eye, and was always on the look-out for studies from nature. Theo was the fairest that fate had thrown in his path for many a long day.

Nature herself had a share in the evil that was eventually wrought. Had April been herself this year, he would have been chilled maybe into prudence. But she was all smiles, all warm dazzling smiles and early fruit-blossoms and premature roses. All things develop more quickly under the sun. The feeling that would have been long in maturing itself in a dull small room by a fire that would never burn properly by reason of its being suffered to get very low indeed, because it might "come

warm in the afternoon,"—the feeling that would have been of slow growth under these circumstances, sprang up speedily in the chequered shade, in the hum of sun-born insects, and the fragrance of sun-born flowers. The day, the hour was enough for the girl. All joy, all that made her know how sweet a thing life was, pervaded her spirit in his presence, and in her ecstasy of bliss she took no heed of what the morrow might bring forth. And he! Who can tell "what idle dream, what lighter thought, what vanity full dearly bought, joined to her eyes' dark witchcraft," chained him to the village in which Theo Leigh underwent her transformation?

For chained there he was, apparently; he took a sketch of "the Point" the second day of his sojourn at Houghton, and when that was done, there was no good and valid reason why he should have remained there any longer. But still he stayed on yet another day, and yet another, till the days grew into a week, and the week into a fortnight, and at the end of the fortnight he called Miss Leigh "Theo" in a tone that made her love her name.

The cold in clime are cold in blood.

Their love is scarcely worth the name; will all my English readers feel disapprovingly towards my heroine because this love of hers was no time-ripened one, but a thing that flooded her soul like a sun-burst in a moment? I own that it was reprehensible not to put out the light for sweet prudence' sake for awhile, but she did not, she could not. The statement is true, and must stand; at the end of a fortnight Harold Ffrench called Miss Leigh "Theo," and Theo rejoiced in his so calling her.

CHAPTER III. KATE GALTON.

THAT letter—successor to the one whose composition cost Harold Ffrench so much care and thought—which we saw last in the hands of the trusty idler upon Houghton, arrived at its destination about ten o'clock on the following morning, and was read by its recipient over her solitary breakfast-table.

"How disgusting of Harold!" was her exclamation, as she concluded the perusal of the pistle, which ran as follows:—

"Houghton, 8th April, 1851.

"DEAR KATE,—The headland will be the very thing for our picture. I shall have to avail myself of the courtesy of the officer in command of the station here in order to get out over to the beach. By the way he happens seriously enough to have been in Greece with

"I wish you would show any civility you can to his wife and daughter. I think they would like to see the Grange, and to know you; and as Mr. Leigh intends taking his little girl to town in May, you might act as her chaperone if you knew her before. Couldn't you call?"

Yours always,

"HAROLD FFRENCH."

"How disgusting of Harold! he doesn't say a word about coming back here. No, I won't call on his friends; I'll see them anywhere first."

She was a very pretty woman, this cousin of Mr. Ffrench's, of whom he had said to himself that it would please her to please him. A fair, tall woman of thirty with loosely arranged nut-brown hair, and liquid blue eyes, and an *espiègle* face. A pretty woman and a fascinating one—not the ideal British matron, but still a mighty pleasant one if nothing that was very dear to you was in her keeping.

"Dull as I am here! so heartless of him," she muttered after once more reading the letter; "men are so horribly selfish." Then a few tears of weariness and spite welled up into her liquid blue eyes, and Mrs. Galton rose up and walked to the window.

It was a French window, and it opened on a flight of steps which led down into a garden, gorgeous even at that early season with the brightest flowers. Beyond the flower beds and the lawn there was an invisible fence and a ha-ha, and away from this a timbered meadow that kept up the park-like and pleasure-ground appearance of the place.

By-and-by across that meadow and over the ha-ha and along the lawn and up the steps came a man whose progress towards her she watched indifferently at first and then with contemptuous eyes. But as he came near enough to read them Kate banished the contempt and reinstated the normal expression of innocence so successfully that Mr. Galton had not the smallest occasion to be dissatisfied with his wife's matutinal welcome.

"I'm sorry I could not get down in time to pour out your coffee, dear," she said, holding up her cheek to be kissed as he entered. He was a tall well-looking man of five or six and thirty, with a florid, good tempered face, and close cropped auburn hair and whiskers.

"Look here: don't pore over your painting to-day," he said blithely; "come out with me; I want to go to Norwich to look at a young horse Jack Able has, and I thought I'd drive you and the kid if you'd go."

"Much too long a ride for that child, John. I'll go with you, of course. As to the painting, I'm sick of it."

"Already?"

She looked up into his eyes, and laughed.

"I do tire of most things soon, don't I, dear?"

"As Haversham and I are not amongst them, I can't say I care very much." He bent over her and kissed her as he said these words: his brow was wet with the exertion of walking rapidly home over rough fields to tell her of his plan for the day as soon as he had formed it, and the embrace with which he accompanied the kiss was a rough one.

The woman he embraced and kissed so confidently would have deceived the father of deceit himself had he come in her way. John Galton's salute revolted her, but she checked all outward signs of it, and replied,

"Tired of you and of Haversham!—my dear John, tired of heaven and happiness sooner. But listen here. Couldn't we get up something that would amuse that poor cousin of mine? We bored him, dear, evidently, with our conjugalities, for I have had a letter from him this morning, bemoaning as usual: a plague he is, isn't he?"

"I don't see why you need plague yourself about him."

"No, I needn't, as far as duty goes; for he isn't my brother, though I've always looked upon him as one; but he has always been most affectionate and generous to me, and I should like to see him happy."

"Well, what does he want now?"

"He doesn't 'want'—that is, he don't say that he wants anything; but he's evidently bored where he is—at some dirty inn in a dirty village; and he doesn't seem to like to come here, poor fellow, without an excuse. I wish you would give him one, John."

"Pooh! An excuse—what can he want of an excuse for coming to a house where he has always been made welcome?"

"Ah! but that's been by me, and I am his sister—I mean his cousin, you know. You must write and ask him to come back to help you in something; that will make him think that you really want him, and that you don't only tolerate him because you're fond of me."

"I daresay he's happy enough where he is; if he were not he'd go somewhere else."

"No, he isn't happy, John. His letter (I wish I'd not torn it up) is written in such a doleful strain; do get him back here."

"I have nothing more alluring to hold out to him than the prospect of seeing the hay cut by-and-by, and the young horse I'm going to Able about to-day broken."

"You dear old dunderhead! Shall I write, then, and put it to him nicely?"

"Yes, do, there's a darling. And I say, Kate,

where's the kid? I have not seen her to-day."

"Out in the garden, I hope, this fine morning—in the south garden, dear; if you'll go and look for Bijou I will write to poor Harold, and be ready to go to Norwich with you in half an hour."

Then the husband and wife separated, he to look for his child, she to write to her cousin, to whom she would not have written without her husband's sanction—for Kate Galton was very wary.

Wary even in her treatment of the husband upon whom such wariness was thrown away, for it was in his nature to trust blindly and wholly when he loved. Wary in her present conduct towards the man who had failed her as cousin, friend, lover, and to whom she had been most unguardedly frank in the past. If experience had not taught this woman anything else, it had taught her to be most wondrously cautious: cautious, that is, about many things—about the majority of her acts and the whole of her correspondence. Of her spoken words she took less heed, provided none other than the one to whom they were specially addressed were by. But in her letters she was careful, very careful.

Fourteen years before, when she was a girl of sixteen, very vain and very impressionable, her cousin Harold Ffrench had come back to England after a prolonged absence, during which he had been a myth to her, so little had his family heard of his doings. But when she was sixteen, Harold came home and took up his residence at her father's house, and devoted himself in a sort of elder-brotherly way to his cousin Kate.

The elder-brotherly manner, admirably as it was designed and carried out, broke down after a period. Kate's cheek did not exactly "grow pale and thinner than was well for one so young," nor did her eye hang with a mute observance on all his motions, but she grew desperately fond of him and showed it in her own way: and he, being unable either to reciprocate fully or to tear himself from the girl who was developing fresh fascinations every day, tried to cure her with calmness, and he failed.

His habits of intimate intercourse with her had come on so gradually that at the end of three years he was startled to find that others—their relations, mutual friends, the world at large, indeed—were deceived into supposing that which he had sedulously refrained from giving the girl herself just cause for supposing. Candid as he had been with her—for up to a certain point he had been very candid with his pretty cousin—he was fain to

confess that he had been very injudicious—as injudicious as the girl herself; and that, considering how much she knew how well she was cautioned, was saying not a little. But this confession to his own heart and to her did not mend matters, for Kate refused to aid him in making it patent that it had been in all fraternal kindness, and nothing more, this intimacy of theirs. Young girl as she was, she was very wary even then; and she thought that the world's opinion might do what her charms had been powerless to effect—namely, coerce him into a course of conduct in which there would be both wrong and risk.

“What is it that makes you eternally swear that you never can be more than a brother to me, Harold?” she asked him once. “I will look over the impertinence, if you will tell me the cause. Is it that you care more for another woman?”

He shook his head.

“Don't tempt me, Kate—for your own sake.”

“Not tempt you to tell?—but I will, dear. If you had commenced your cautions at an earlier stage, I might have accepted them and your resolve in silence; but after letting people think for so long that we are engaged, I think I ought to be told the reason why we cannot be.”

“I didn't mean don't tempt me to tell that; but don't tempt me in any other way. My fate is devilish hard as it is, without a girl like yourself showing me constantly how much brighter it might be.”

Harold Ffrench had been more winningly handsome and attractive when he said this than at the later date when I introduced him and Theo Leigh to my readers. He might have won the heart of the hardest in those earlier days, had he essayed to do so. His cousin Kate was a vain girl; not one burdened with deep feeling, but she was young and impressionable, and she abominated being baffled. She knew that he liked her, and in that he was better looking than any other of her acquaintances she liked him too. So when he pleaded that she should not tempt him, and declared that his fate was hard already, she grew very daring—daring as only an insatiably vain, cool-headed, unimpassioned woman may be with impunity.

“Harold, I could bear anything—I could stand anything for you or from you,” she exclaimed; and her looks were more eloquent than her words.

“You don't know what you are saying, Kate,” he replied almost coldly.

“Yes, I do; I know full well what I am saying, and I mean it.”

Then, despite the dangerous flattery contained in those words, and that meaning of hers, this man, who was no better and no worse than thousands of his class and age, said words for her good that were very hard to utter to so fair, so winning a woman.

“My dear Kate, how you have deceived yourself and me for four years.”

“Deceived you? No.”

“Indeed you have, to the extent of making me believe that you really loved me, and almost making yourself believe it too. Accept the tribute of my unbounded astonishment and admiration. I had no idea you were a young lady of such resource.” Then he added, fearing that she might press him again on this point, and judging that the cause justified a little bitterness:

“O little Kate, forgive me if I am bitter, but you have shown me what I ought to have known before—that all women are as deceitful as the devil. You might as well have let me think well of you.” Then he muttered words to the effect that “women had been his bane, some with the love they bore him, and others with their hate,” the sound of which reached Kate's ears.

“Don't trouble yourself to taunt in poetry; that's not necessary for my complete cure,” she said in a tone that made Harold exclaim, “Gad! you cold-blooded women have the best of it. Women are as deceitful as the devil. Curse it, you might as well have let me think well of you.”

Shortly after this conversation, Harold Ffrench had gone away roaming no one knew whither again, and soon after his departure Kate went down to stay at Newmarket for the race week. She was in rare spirits and high beauty at the time, for Harold's abrupt departure was attributed to her having refused him. This created a fictitious interest in the minds of men about her, and brought her a certain popularity that was as pleasant to her vanity as had been Harold's love. At Newmarket the chief object of interest was the winner of the “cup,” “Beelzebub;” and next in the order of the talked-about was “Beelzebub's” owner and breeder, a Mr. Galton, a Norfolk squire, who lived on his own estate, and just escaped being a county man.

He was a pleasant, good-tempered, good-looking man, not too intelligent, Kate thought, but not stupid by any means, for he soon made it evident to the young lady herself and all around that he admired her very much. Had he not been the chief object of interest in that sporting circle through being “Beelzebub's” owner, Kate would have turned up her nose at him. As it was, she was gracious

and merciful, and fanned the flame which was palpably consuming him. It occurred to her that it would be rather pleasant than otherwise to be the mistress of a house, the owner of which had a name in the sporting world, and bred winning horses. He had "a colt in training for the Derby next year," he told her, and Kate saw herself in an elegantly appointed carriage, receiving the congratulations of all that was fastest and most horsey in the Peerage on that colt's prowess. John Galton looked such a big, amiable fellow, that he would be as easily managed as a Newfoundland dog, she thought. Above all, she did not want Harold Ffrench to come back and find her unmarried.

So she married Mr. Galton, and went down, after her wedding tour, for what she meant to be a brief sojourn at Haversham Grange. But when she mooted the question of leaving it, and going in search of the gaiety and society for which she pined, she found that her husband, though amiable and attached to her, had a will of his own that she could not break. He was well off—well enough off to live like a gentleman upon his own estate, and to indulge in all the sports and pastimes of his county. But he was not a rich man, and he had not the smallest inclination to dissipate what he had in doing what he didn't care to do, namely, going to town in the season, and seeking ingress to the ranks of those amongst whom his wife so much desired to shine.

"Are we to live all the year round at the Grange, dear John?" she had asked.

"Well, I suppose you'll want to keep up your town habits and go to the seaside in August, Kate. We'll go to Cromer next year; Cromer is as nice a place, to my mind, as Brighton."

"Very well, we'll go there," she replied, for in all things she resolved to agree with him verbally. Nevertheless she had her own will about the solitary annual outing. It was to Brighton they always went for the sea-air; at Cromer, and indeed every other dull place, Mrs. Galton was invariably at death's door.

It was at Brighton that some nine years after her marriage she again met her cousin Harold. They elected to ignore the circumstances that attended their parting, and met as cousins should meet after such a long absence. She was on the pier alone when he saw her first, and he asked for her husband and her child with a promptitude that must have been delightful to her wifely and maternal heart.

"I hear you're married to the best fellow in the world, Kate; where is he? You

must introduce me to him and to your little daughter."

"My big daughter, if you please. Katy is eight years old; as to my husband, I shall be delighted to introduce you to his goodness, on which you must excuse me if I don't expatiate further. I have so many opportunities of studying it uninterruptedly at Haversham all the year, that I prefer a change of subject during my month at Brighton. Tell me what you have been about and where you have been all these years, Harold."

"I can more easily tell you where I have not been; but I am tired of wandering, and having met with unpleasantness in most other places, I have come to the conclusion that 'England, with all thy faults I love thee still,' and that I may as well give my own land a benefit. I see you're looking at me and thinking what an old fellow I have grown, Kate, while you are in a better bloom than when I saw you last. See what it is to be married and happy!"

"About my being married there is no doubt; as to the other thing—well, the less said the better. 'Twas not love made me marry John Galton, as you'll believe when you see him; I speak to you as to a brother, you see."

"And I'll return the compliment and speak to you as I would to a sister. Keep your reasons, whatever they are, to yourself, and make complaints to no man. Is your child pretty?"

"Some people think her lovely," Mrs. Galton answered, glancing at her cousin through her languishing lashes. "Do you remember what I was when you came home the first time, Harold?"

"Perfectly well."

"Katy is very much like what I was then: people say she will never have a something in her manner that I have, but still she is like me—or rather like what I was when you came home the first time."

"Rather a forward little girl of eight to be like you at sixteen. You were an uncommonly grown-up young lady then, Kate. So your friends say she lacks the charm of her mamma's manner. Well, I daresay she will get on very well without it." Then, seeing her look a little chagrined, he added: "You get too many compliments to need them from me; besides they're not current coin between brother and sister, you know, and such are to be our relations."

After this *rencontre* at Brighton the Galtons saw a good deal of Harold Ffrench. Kate was his sole surviving female relative, and he had a certain tenderness for her very faults which was due to that nameless something in her manner, which little Katy lacked. He liked

her husband too, liked him for his good-heartedness and confiding trust in everybody, and his happy habit of seeing the best that can be seen on all occasions. It was true that John Galton was not much of a companion for the travelled, accomplished gentleman, who had cultivated his ear, and eye, and taste assiduously for years, in the best schools for such cultivation that Europe offered, in the hope of deadening his heart. That he had not succeeded in so deadening it utterly was shown in this fact, that he was alive to John Galton's somewhat rough merit. "An honest man's the noblest work of God," he said one day to Kate, pointing out as he spoke the burly form of her good-natured husband, who was turning himself into a beast of burden for his child's amusement. "What a pity it is you women never think so."

"I prefer art to honesty. Come in, Harold, and let us get on with our bay. I want you to give my wares a second painting: they won't come right."

"You promised to stay out all the morning with Katy."

"Oh, leave the tiresome brat with her father! I shall get daggers in my head if I stay out here in the sun. And I'm so interested in my picture."

So they went away into Harold's temporary studio together, and her brush went freely over the canvas on which she was reproducing his nearly finished picture.

"Upon my word you've caught my touch wonderfully, Kate," he said, coming up to her easel, and looking at her effort with the admiration one is apt to bestow upon a tolerably accurate copy of one's own original idea; "it's a pity, though, you didn't tackle something higher."

"Something higher?"

"Yes, a Landseer, or a Sir Joshua, or an original picture. By Jove! Kate, why not an original picture?"

"I should fail, Harold," Mrs. Galton replied, softly. "I shall never paint, never copy anything but yours."

This took place a day or two before Harold Ffrench went away to Houghton where he met Theo Leigh. He discovered immediately after it that to give reality to the headland which he desired to introduce into his picture, he must paint from nature and not trust to his imagination; that had run away with him on former occasions, he said, and should never be relied upon again.

Kate was not precisely displeased at his flight—for his departure was of the character of a flight, it was so abrupt, so unexpected. She chose to take it as a confession of weakness

on Harold's part; and she liked men to be, and feel, and show themselves weak on her account.

He would soon be back again, she told herself; such flights were never for long; her falcon would come back, and her jesses would be upon him again stronger than before.

Aye, stronger than before, for he had slipped those jesses once, when to wear them would have been no shame to her. Now he had come back and fitted them on himself again, and is not the relapse invariably worse than the first disease? So for a few days the thoughts of him filled her leisure sufficiently, and prevented her finding her husband and child more than ordinarily tedious and boring. But after a few days—after the receipt of that letter, they grew extraordinarily so; and Kate Galton waxed pettish and found as little pleasure in her painting as aught else that Haversham could offer her. But still, though she pined for Harold Ffrench's company, she was such a prudent woman that she would not seem to seek it by obeying his request and going to call on those friends he had made at Houghton. Come what would, wary Mrs. Galton resolved that the surface should show that Harold had always sought her with her husband's permission,—never that she had sought Harold, unless requested by John Galton to do so.

So, while she was hourly expecting Harold back the days passed and May came in, and there was commotion up in London about the great Exhibition, and all the wonders it contained, and all the visitors whom those wonders drew to our shores. Mrs. Galton waxed very pettish indeed now, for her husband kept on asking her what day "she'd like to go to town;" and she felt that she would not like to go to town at all until she knew whether Harold would be there with her or not, for London with John Galton alone was not to her taste. There had been no letter from Harold in reply to that one in which she had answered his request by simply entreating him to "come back to Haversham as John wanted him very much." At length she gave up expecting such letter, and cleverly lured her husband on to asking her to go to Houghton.

"John, do you know that Harold has found some old friends at Houghton, some man he knew abroad somewhere, with a nice wife? I'm so glad of it, I wish he'd bring them here."

"When did you hear this?"

"In that letter I had from him he told me—I've only had that one. There's a daughter in the case, and Harold asks me to be kind to her in London; her father is going to take her up to see the Exhibition."

"That's right," John Galton said heartily, he was always ready to enter into anything of

this sort with what his wife termed vulgar avidity. "That's right. Lor! you should have looked them up before now, Kate. Drive over and see them, and ask the young lady over here."

"It's a long drive, John."

"Nothing for your pony: he don't get half exercise enough."

"Very well, dear," Mrs. Galton said, meekly; she had determined on going as soon as it became patent to her that Harold was disinclined to come back to her, but she was also determined that her husband should tell her to go. It should appear that he was cognisant of every thing, whatever happened. Accordingly, now that he told her to drive over to Houghton, she amiably arrayed herself in a blue bonnet that would have been too decided in colour had all the rest of her dress not been black, and drove over.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD CHURCH AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

In a paper on Great Yarmouth* we casually mentioned its ancient church of St. Nicholas as one of the finest parish churches in the kingdom; and we are rejoiced to hear that, to a considerable extent, it has risen out of the ashes of neglect, and by the help of large local and public contributions, the fabric is resuming much of its ancient glory, and that within the last few weeks it has been re-opened for public worship, its chancel and its central tower having both been restored according to the original plan, and that now for the first time it can be seen in its entire length of 230 feet from east to west, the wretched partition of brickwork which divided it having been taken down, and the fair proportions of its lofty chancel being again revealed to the eye. For this result, the good people of Yarmouth are mainly indebted to their vicar, the Rev. H. R. Nevill, and to Mr. C. J. Palmer, F. S. A., the honorary secretary of the Restoration Committee.

St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, may very well take rank among our foremost parish churches, if not with the old Abbey of St. Alban's, at all events with St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, St. Botolph at Boston, and St. Michael's at Coventry; and as exhibiting the harmony of several styles in combination, perhaps it is superior to any and all of these.

Of the original church, built by Bishop Herbert de Losinga, in 1101, nothing remains but portions of the central tower, but this tower has served to rule and modify the entire form of the church through all its subsequent changes,

and has therefore been preserved intact. In 1190, a new and larger fabric was built, consisting of a nave of eight bays with lean-to aisles, but retaining the tower; the form of the fabric was rendered cruciform by the addition of transepts. These aisles were pulled down about the middle of the 13th century, when they were rebuilt, with a width of 40 feet each (the nave being only 24 feet), to make room for numerous mortuary chapels, formed by wooden partitions in the great aisles, the fashion for which then prevailed; and the church was re-consecrated in A.D. 1286. The next step in enlarging the fabric was the extension of the chancel eastwards; these works were in the Geometrical Decorated style of the early part of the 14th century. The vaulted porch to the south aisle was added at the same time. The transepts were raised in height soon afterwards, thus blocking up the lower windows of the tower.

If we were to transport ourselves 500 years back, we should see St. Nicholas' Church in all its glory, a complete and stately church, with aisles and transepts all sharply defined and equal in height, and adorned with a lofty pinnacle at every corner, containing a stone staircase leading to the gutters and roof. The tower was surmounted by a spire, that rose to 184 feet; and within, the church was rich in furniture. A chapel of "our Lady of Arneburg" decked the eastern end of the chancel; the northern aisle of the chancel had a "pair of fair organs;" the chancel itself was crossed by a lofty rood loft, and adorned with a reredos, the work of Roger de Hadiscoe. "In and about the church," says a writer in the *Ecclesiologist*, "nineteen separate chapels are enumerated, each with its altar, and lights burning before the statue of its patron saint. Sacred dramas and miracle-plays were represented in the spacious aisles of the chancel, of the stage properties of which some curious records exist; the walls were decorated with rich hangings of arras and with paintings, of which some fragments remain, particularly an interesting portion of one in the north chancel aisle, from the subject of the murder of St. Thomas à Becket; the sedilia were richly carved and painted; faint traces of figures of angels of very exquisite character are still visible upon those in the south chancel aisle; from the roof a ship was suspended as a type of the church. All the roofs were waggon-shaped, and had panelled boarded ceilings with moulded ribs and carved bosses, on which armorial bearings and other designs were painted; in fact, the whole of its immense interior was most profusely and sumptuously enriched."

From this period we must date the decline

* See vol. ix., p. 276.

of this splendid fabric. About the year 1400, the angles of the roof were lowered, and the interior reduced to what is known as a "waggon roof" shape; being at the same time decorated with curious bosses and emblazoned coats of arms;* and the noble decorated windows of the transepts and aisles were replaced by others of meagre perpendicular details.

After the Reformation the state of the fabric became even worse. The Corporation of the town had imbibed the "new doctrines" practically as well as theoretically; and they seem to have thought that they could scarcely take too active a part in destroying all relics of mediæval devotion. The curious images which decorated the old rood loft were torn down and



Church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, as being restored.

carried to the river side, where an open space, called "The Laughing Image Corner," still perpetuates the memory of the scene of their destruction. We should add that in the parish accounts of Yarmouth there are entries for adorning the eastern sepulchre, and for "leading in" the miraculous star, and for

making a new one, and also for making a "thread line," and a new "forelock" for the "Paschal." Miracle-plays were frequently performed within the walls of the chancel for the benefit of the unlettered fishermen; and the floor was richly inlaid with monumental brasses until 1551, when they were all taken up and sent to London to be cast into weights for the use of the town.

* See curious paper on "Roof of Yarmouth Church," by T. W. King, Esq., *York Herald*, "*Norfolk Archaeology*," v. ii.

The Puritans of the 17th century accomplished much that had been left undone by the Reformers of the 16th. The churchyard cross was probably destroyed at this date; and under Cromwell the chancel and its aisles were bricked up and severed from the rest of the edifice, the chancel itself being given up for a chapel to the "Independents," who were with difficulty expelled at the Restoration.

In 1633 part of the spire was destroyed by a fire, when it was shortened, and what was left was afterwards rebuilt in equally bad taste. In 1784 the east end of the chancel fell down, and the wall was rebuilt, ten feet being cut off the length of the edifice. Early in the present century, the fine stone carving of the exterior was hacked away wholesale in order to fit the building for a coating of plaster, which is now doomed wholly to disappear; high and unsightly brickwork buttresses were built up against the noble western front, and the tower was encased with bands of cast-iron. So bad, indeed, had the fabric become that at one time it was proposed to abandon the building to its fate, and to build a new church on another site.

In 1845 a happier era was inaugurated. The then incumbent, Mr. Mackenzie, appealed for aid towards restoring the fabric, and the interior rapidly assumed a more fitting aspect, at a cost of 5,000*l*. But it was not till last year that it was resolved to undertake the work of revival on a larger and effective scale, at a cost of 25,000*l*. Of this amount a sum of 6000*l*. has been raised, and expended under the advice of Mr. J. P. Seddon, and it will be necessary to spread the works contemplated over a period of years. The southern aisle, with its waggon roof, must be entirely re-roofed; and the west front, with its large windows and four lofty pinnacles, will require a very large expenditure. The spire, which serves as a landmark to the ships outside the Yarmouth Roads, it is to be hoped will be restored to its original height. In fact, in order to make their church worthy of its former character, the good people of Yarmouth will have to collect nearly another 20,000*l*.; but there is little doubt that the sum will be forthcoming in the long-run. Meantime Mr. Charles J. Palmer, F.S.A., the Secretary of the Restoration Committee, of the interior of whose beautiful mansion on the South Quay we gave an illustration in a former number of *ONCE A WEEK*,* will be happy to receive contributions towards the good work which he and his colleagues have taken in hand, and in which we wish them all success. "Au-

dentis fortuna juvat." An undertaking commenced in this spirit must not and cannot be suffered to rest until the whole structure has been, not merely rendered safe and sound (which at present it is not), but restored to the full beauty and integrity of its unique and elaborate design.

E. W.

"HÉ LAMBERT!"

IN future years it will, no doubt, be customary in France to indicate the date when a particular event occurred by reference to the Emperor's Fête when "Lambert" was the popular cry. Never before was the name of Lambert associated with so many and such anxious inquiries. They extended to his wife, his family, his hatter, and his tailor, the state of his corns and his finances, and every conceivable subject. Quiet men who had come from the provinces to see the fêtes suddenly found themselves assailed by young vagabonds as though they were the veritable Lambert. "Hé Lambert! Bonjour Lambert! Voilà Lambert!" Or they were made the objects of disreputable accusations, as, "Voilà Lambert! qui bat sa femme," and so forth. The Englishmen there assisted materially in adding to the uproar; it was so easy for them to show their knowledge of the French language by shouting in the public gardens, the Champs Elysées and elsewhere "Hé Lambert! Bonjour Lambert!" and they did not neglect the opportunity, coming out with especial force at the railway stations. Indeed, a lad who was invited by the police to follow them to the police-station for performing a nigger break-down in front of a stout gentleman whom he persisted in asserting to be Lambert, and who declined to accept the invitation, and consequently had to be dragged there, excused himself when before the magistrate by saying that he did no more than the English did. Of course the theatres have not let the opportunity slip, and before the fêtes were well over, the Palais Royal Theatre had a placard out announcing the performance of a piece with the title, "Hé Lambert! ou la femme qui bat son gendre." The cry was so universal that some people, those who can see meanings where none exist, like certain critics of poetry, asserted there was a political meaning hidden under it. It is now known that it was a mere unmeaning cry, like the inquiry which was popular in London some time back, "How are your poor feet?" The origin of the cry is variously accounted for. One version is, that a countrywoman who had missed her husband at the railway station kept firing off cries of "Lambert, hé Lambert! As-tu vu Lambert?" at short intervals, until the whole of the

* See Vol. ix., page 643.

crowd who were waiting about the station took up the cry and repeated it. The real origin of the cry, however, was in this wise. There was an evening inspection of troops at Vincennes, and a great number of persons had assembled to witness it. While waiting for the operations to begin, a portion of the crowd, whose minds were as unoccupied as men's minds usually are when they are waiting in imminent expectation of an event in which they are interested, heard one of the woodkeepers who was employed in keeping the people back, call out to a friend he caught sight of among the spectators "Hé Lambert ! est-ce vous Lambert ?" Directly a fellow repeated the inquiry with affected interest ; it was taken up by others, and in less than half an hour had been repeated by thousands of persons, and before midnight every part of Paris had rung with it. Such was the origin of the cry of "Hé Lambert !"

EARL EIREK'S VOYAGE.

(A NORSE BALLAD.)

LISTEN to this antique story,
Listen to this legend hoary :
'Tis a rude and uncouth lay,
Which the Scalds of Norraway
To their kings at banquet sang
Till the smoky rafters rang.
'Tis like an ancient runic rhyme,
Whose verses graven in stone hath time
With mosses fill'd, and so effaced
That scarce the letters can be traced.
'Tis like a blazon'd book of old,
Whose pages once right glorious shone
With burning tints and lustrous gold,
Though now the gleam of the gold hath gone,
And the brightest tints have faded grown.

Earl Eirek was a rover
Who scour'd the northern sea,
And once, ere putting from the shore,
A solemn oath sware he,
That the maiden whom he first should meet,
His own should surely be.

Earl Eirek journey'd southward,
Before a steady gale,
For two long days, until his hopes
Of spoil began to fail,
But on the third, as the sun went down,
He spied a single sail.

Black on the sun he saw its hull,
And thus to his men he cried,—
"If a woman there be in yon distant bark
That toward us now doth ride,
Whether she will or no, the same
Shall be Earl Eirek's bride."

At length that bark to his own drew near,
A wondrous sight was there !
For a maiden alone to the deck was bound—
A maiden passing fair ;
Like the dancing waves were her deep blue eyes,
Like the sheen of the sun her hair.

"Thou bold sea rover, have ruth," she cried,
"Upon my woful plight,
And draw thy sword from its shining sheath,
Thy sword of mickle might,
And cleave with its edge so keen and cold
The bonds that bind me tight."

"The cruel pirates burnt my home,
And my sire to the earth they smote,
(For they were many and he was old)
While me in this little boat
They bound, and left me all alone
On the wide, wide sea afloat."

Earl Eirek the Rover drew his sword,
His sword of mickle might,
And he freed her from her cruel cords
With its edge so keen and bright,
Then on to the deck of his ship did leap
That lady lithe and light.

"Now save thee, lovely maiden,
Right welcome art thou to me,"
Earl Eirek said, and he took her hand,
Pure white as the froth of the sea,
In his own, as the pine-bark brown and rough,
"For thou my bride shalt be."

And so they sail'd together,
That maid and the rover bold,
And oft did the smoke and flame arise
On English down and wold ;
Low in the wave when they return'd
Was the ship with Saxon gold.

Earl Eirek voyaged homewards :
I wot 'twas just a year
Since he had seen the boat's dark hull
On the sinking sun appear,
When his good ship did once again
To the self-same spot draw near.

Again the day was closing
As he strode the vessel's deck,
And again the ball of the blood-red sun
A something dark did deck ;
His bride stood by, and with straining eye
She watch'd the distant speck.

The darksome spot did larger get
As the light began to fade,
And on it swept—a stately ship—
Earl Eirek grew afraid,
And he pray'd to Thor to succour him
As he ne'er before had pray'd.

Scornfully curl'd his wife's red lip,
When she saw the rover's fright,
And she cried,— "Now draw thy shining sword,
Thy sword of mickle might,
And fight thou for this treasure-ship,
As thou art wont to fight."

But oh ! it was no treasure-ship
Earl Eirek gazed on then,
A grimly hoard were they on board,
More like to fiends than men ;
Their eyes did seem with light to gleam,
Like the eyes of a wolf in its den.

On, on it came, that elfin bark,
And the Northman's vessel near'd,
And the Northman's bride did leave his side,
And sprang with laughter weird
Upon the ghastly ship, which then
Like a sea-fog disappear'd.



Swift came the night, and an angry wind
Did blow both fierce and cold,
And the hissing waves, like molten lead,
Leapt down into the hold,
For low in the wave was the rover's ship
With plundered Saxon gold.

Down it whirled in the greedy gulf,
The waters closed on high,
And mid the gurgle in his ears
Earl Eirek heard a cry,—
“He who hath wed the Sea-maid dread,
In the sea must die—must die!”

W. ALEXANDER SMITH.

A TIPPERARY SHOT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES," "LITTLE FLAGGS," &c.

CHAPTER VII. THE ASSASSIN'S SHOT.

I NOW found myself placed in a rather novel position—about to accompany a man in a ride of several miles through a lonely country, while impressed with the conviction that at any point of the road he might fall a victim to the ferocity of a lawless tenantry. He was going forth in defiance of a threat and a warning, fully convinced that he would risk as much by staying at home as by braving the danger abroad. Before we set out Barnett came to me with a paper, which he requested me to sign as a witness in company with Tom Nugent. It was a codicil to his will, made long since.

"It is well to have one's affairs all settled," he said pleasantly, when we had both placed our names to the document. "Now, Stapleton, I shall be ready to go in a few moments," and he left the room.

"He's in for it now," said Nugent, who looked grave and anxious; "but he never could have shirked going out this day after getting that notice to intimidate him. If he comes back alive this evening he'll have gained a triumph that will be of service to him, perhaps as long as he lives. There's nothing like showing you don't care a snap o' your finger for threats of that kind. Barnett is as brave a fellow as ever I saw. See how his hand never shook as he wrote his signature before us there a while ago. God grant I may see him alive again. I think I'll stop at Knockgriffin till you'll be likely to return. I never could rest easy, thinking of that poor young fellow and his sister and all that, if I went home early, as I had fixed to go."

"Now, Stapleton!" called out Barnett's fine ringing voice from the hall; and I hurried to join him. His sister met me as I left the room, and I could perceive that she was much agitated, though not weeping.

"God bless you, Captain Stapleton!" she said, in some excitement. "I thank you from my heart for going with Denis to-day. You may serve to protect him in some measure. Very few would have liked to accompany him this morning; but you are a brave man, and I honour you. Good-bye, and many, many thanks."

She gave me her hand, and I received it with an earnest pressure. Without exaggeration, I may say I would have exposed myself to a far greater amount of danger than I was then likely to incur, merely to receive the reward of such words as had just then greeted my ears. Never

did I spring into my saddle with a lighter heart than I did that fresh summer morning, and never before did I think the perfume of the breeze or the look of the country more charming, as we left the demesne and entered upon the high road. Now and then, as we rode along, I thought of my mother's letter and the advice it contained, against which I was directly acting that day. Occasionally, too, I dwelt upon the information Travers had sent me respecting the destiny of our regiment after its removal from Templemore. To-morrow I must be at Cashel again, in all the fuss of packing up and preparing for a move. As the day advanced I grew somewhat dispirited again, and dwelt more deeply on the separation I must endure next day. I forgot all about Sir Denis and his danger, all about the grateful words uttered to myself by his sister; nothing was uppermost in my mind but the terrible fact that I must leave Knockgriffin before twenty-four hours had passed away! We rode over mile after mile of quiet, pleasant country, sometimes chatting, sometimes plunged in thought. I beheld the ruins of Athassel Priory; but cannot say I admired them particularly, my mind was too perturbed to permit me taking note of external things. When Sir Denis had transacted his business at Golden, we turned our horses' heads towards home, having still some hours of broad daylight before us. As usual, there appeared very few wayfarers on the roads. It was a sultry, peaceful evening. The sun, which had been shining warmly all the day, now lessened its power, though the effect of its previous brilliancy yet hovered in the atmosphere. I thought it a very melancholy evening—so still, so unruffled by breath of wind, almost ominous in its oppressiveness.

"Well, the day is nearly over, Stapleton, and a short time will bring us to Knockgriffin," said Barnett, rousing me from a miserable reverie. "So far we have escaped the vigilance of an assassin, if any has been on the watch for me. We are almost within our own boundaries now."

"I am delighted for your sake that the day has turned out so fortunate," replied I, endeavouring to appear glad at anything.

"Such a charming evening as it is too! Let us pause here to watch the effect of the sunset upon those hills."

We checked our horses' pace, and lingered to look at the red rays of the declining sun

burnishing some distant heights ; and while we paused, admiring the glow and changing hues of the landscape, the report of a gun startled me. A shot had been fired close to where we stood.

I saw that Sir Denis was still, at least, able to keep his saddle ; but some confusion of brain overpowered me ; and though I heard him exclaim distinctly " Good God, Stapleton ! " I had not strength to utter a word, my impression being that he had received a wound, and might fall immediately. Then I grew more bewildered, becoming at last incapable of hearing or seeing or understanding.

CHAPTER VIII. CONCLUSION.

THE next thing that I became conscious of was some one holding my hand in a light clasp, and tears falling upon it, while stifled sobs fell upon my confused hearing.

" How is Sir Denis ? " I endeavoured to utter faintly, dreading to hear the answer.

" Quite well ; but you must not speak," whispered a soft musical voice that thrilled me.

" But something peculiar has occurred," I continued, trying to shake off the confusion of brain that was overpowering my senses. " I have not been dreaming, surely ? Where am I ? Who is standing near me ? "

" You have been wounded, Captain Stapleton, but not dangerously," replied the same sweet voice. " You are now at Knockgriffin. The surgeon has dressed your arm, and I have promised to take care of you, and prevent your talking too much."

" Thank God it is nothing more ! " I exclaimed gratefully, while rapidly returning consciousness revealed to me clearly that I was lying on a sofa in a sitting-room of Knockgriffin House, and that Miss Barnett herself was watching over me. The pain of my arm, the feeling of faintness still oppressing me were completely forgotten as I closed my eyes in a delirium of happiness impossible to describe. It would have been easy for me to have died at that moment with one who was to me as a guardian angel standing thus near.

By degrees I comprehended the whole state of the case. I had been shot in mistake for Sir Denis Barnett. At first it was feared that my unfortunate arm would have been obliged to be amputated ; but things turned out better than was expected. The doctors suffered the limb to hold its ground, and I was soon on the way to recovery. I had many days and nights of feverish bodily suffering ; yet much mental consolation. I knew that I was an object of tender care to the being who was to me the dearest of all others upon earth. Sir Denis

overpowered me with kindness also ; and for the weeks that I was an invalid at Knockgriffin I felt as happy as a king ; alas ! far happier than many kings, I trow !

My regiment, meanwhile, had left Templemore and gone to Limerick. Fate had decreed that I was to remain for some time longer in Tipperary ; and though she certainly took somewhat rough measures to fulfil my destiny, I thanked her nevertheless devoutly. In a short time I was an interesting-looking individual—going about with an arm in a sling, with a languid appearance, pale complexion, and sentimental eyes—a hero in the estimation of everybody, including, probably, the person who had shot me, and adored by the servants, who were nearly all attached to Sir Denis. Sir Percy Stedmore quitted Knockgriffin on " urgent business " immediately after my mishap, and Nugent remained there only long enough to ascertain that I was not mortally wounded. Barnett and his sister put off going to Harrogate for a month, and during the time I remained with them both devoted themselves entirely to me. The Cappamoyne lands were at length cleared of the objectionable tenantry without further attempt at opposition ; but Ryan, the sullen young man who seemed so annoyed at the idea of quitting his ancestral home, went to America almost immediately, taking with him as his bride the beautiful Mary Killery, and thus relieving Barnett probably of a dangerous tenant.

In those happy days of convalescence I perceived that Miss Barnett was quite altered from what she had seemed during my first days at Knockgriffin. Her manner was altogether different,—no longer cold, calm, and stately, but full of tenderness and pity. Occasionally she appeared subdued, tremulous, and easily agitated. I was gradually growing less and less afraid of her. In proportion as she betrayed signs of weakness, so did I become more courageous, and at length ventured to breathe my tale of love. I owed her gratitude for her kindness during my illness. What wonder, then, that this gratitude should take the deeper character of love ? I was not ashamed of declaring my fervent attachment to her now. Even should she reject my suit, I felt that there could be no madness in speaking openly of my love. I did not presume to address her brother upon this point before alluding to it to herself. Louisa Barnett was just the sort of proud-spirited girl who would resent such impertinence on the part of a lover. Very humbly, and without much hope of success, I told her one evening, as we walked before the house among many-hued flower-plots, that from henceforth she must be all in all to me ; that

she had won my heart irrevocably ; and that whether I was doomed to be the most miserable or the happiest of human beings, my love for her could never change. While I spoke she listened silently ; and even when I had finished

my ardent speech she uttered no word for many moments. There was a long pause of utter stillness ; and then she spoke in a low voice, clear, though tremulous.

“ Captain Stapleton, I have long determined



never to marry.” (How my heart sank.) “To live all my life with Denis has, since I grew up and before it, been my fixed resolution. Surrounded as he is in Tipperary by hourly dangers, I could not bear the idea of being separated

from him ; and as my fortune, I am thankful to say, is very ample, I have no such incentive as most women unhappily have, to urge me to resign a single life, whether inclined to do so or not. Should Denis marry, I have always

intended that I would reside within a short distance of Knockgriffin, at the place bequeathed to me by my grandfather, which adjoins my brother's property. You see, therefore, that my husband, should I ever accept one, must either be a thorough Tipperary man, or resigned to make himself one. You know enough of our unhappy county, Captain Stapleton, to understand how little I could venture to urge anyone to reside within its boundaries——"

"Anywhere, anywhere with you!" I murmured, interrupting her energetically. "To the end of the earth; in a desert; anywhere, so that I may call you mine!"

"This is only the first ardour of passion, Captain Stapleton. Reflect a little upon what I have said. It is usual for women to follow their husband's fortunes, and leave their own homes and countries for those that are strange to them; but I will never abandon Tipperary as a place of residence, and I can ask no man to live there with me."

"Better and braver men than I am, God knows, are living in Tipperary!" I exclaimed, ardently. "Wherever you wish to reside, there will be my home also. And, oh that I had thousands upon thousands to purchase such an estate in this county as would be worthy of such a mistress!"

"I am quite satisfied with what I possess; and if you can really become reconciled to remaining among us here, then I will indeed be proud to be your wife—proud to know that I have the bravest and most generous of men for my husband."

And so we were betrothed, reader. I had won my beautiful Tipperary bride easy enough, Heaven knows, as far as sacrifice on my part went: and I rejoice to say that Sir Denis was perfectly satisfied with his sister's choice, though at the time I proposed and was accepted I had but a small income beyond my military pay. However, three years after we were married I came in for the baronetcy which I had considered myself cut out of by the marriage of my elderly uncle, who died six months after his son and heir was carried off by scarlatina; and then I had a fortune worthy of my wife. Yet I kept my promise of residing in Tipperary for the greater part of every year; and added to our property there, speedily gaining the hearty good-will of our tenants, with whom I never had a disagreement; nor was Sir Denis ever again fired at, at home or abroad, since the memorable evening that I received the shot intended for him, and which I have often returned thanks for as the most fortunate accident of my life.

Louisa is becoming less and less alarmed on

her brother's account as time goes on; and as there is a prospect of his marriage, I think she will soon agree to our living more in England. With all its drawbacks, and the failings of the people, I have learned to love my Tipperary home, and to deplore very bitterly the late outrages committed in other parts of the county, praying sincerely that civilisation may increase, that true Christianity be established, and that landlord and tenant may learn to live together in peace and unity.

TWO SWISS LAKES.

THE lakes of Brienz and Thun, those twin basins of the Aar, between which lies the lazy, loafing, picturesque lounge of Interlaken, whose genius is, as it were, the Calypso of Swiss tourists, bidding men stride and climb no longer, beckoning ladies to quit the rough saddle and rougher *chaise à porteur*, and betake themselves to croquet and gossip, in the shade—these two lakes are very charming in their way, and form some of the very pleasantest Swiss memories in the minds of travellers who have neither been tied by remorseless Time, nor bitten by the more intense *furor* of Alpine climbing. Brienz is the lake of the Giessbach Falls; Thun is the lake of the fine pyramidal height known as the Niesen. The village of Brienz is barely more than five minutes distant by the steamer from the point where the great gush of the falls troubles the tranquil surface of the lake. But before we go across to that famous cataract, let us take a look at the delicious little hamlet itself. Here in four lines is an excellent miniature of the scene:—

Slope after slope the pastures dip
With ribbon'd waterfalls, and make
Scant room for just a village strip,
The setting of a sapphire lake.

So sings the accomplished author of *Ionica*, who has caught and immortalised that plaintive wistful way that strikes one so often in the *filles* and *garçons* of remote inns, who look a gentle rebuke at English restlessness and hurry, and seem ready to plead for some little sojourn at their quarters, were it not that experience has taught them to despair of success in any such effort. At Brienz in particular

Travellers rest not, only dine,
Then driven by Furies, onward go.
For pilgrims of the pointed stick,
With passport case for scallop-shell,
Scramble for worshipped Alps too quick
To care for vales where mortals dwell.

We can easily imagine pilgrims, however, returning from "worshipped Alps" a little

oppressed with the energetic service demanded by those serene but uncompromising deities, and feeling only too happy to lay by the scallop-shell and to scrape acquaintance with the pleasant mortals of Brienz. In the airy *salle à manger* of the White Cross, discussing a dish of the *Lotte*—an excellent lake-fish—with the blue mirror full in view, a man may reasonably congratulate himself on having reached at least one refuge from the turmoil and disquietude of life.

In crossing to the Giessbach Falls you may be steaming above a depth of two thousand feet of water. In its deepest part the lake measures 2,100 feet; immediately in front of the great cascade, only a quarter of that depth. It is only eight miles long, but those eight miles make up a length of quite unbroken loveliness. Its surface is nearly eighteen hundred feet above the sea level, and thirty feet higher than that of the neighbouring-lake of Thun.

Several hours may be passed at the falls without weariness, and without having fully explored their vast proportions. They have been too often described to require much further delineation, and the best word-picture would fail to pourtray them as they are. Their distinguishing feature is the surprising succession of cascade after cascade. About five minutes' walk from the landing-place brings one to an abrupt precipice of a hundred feet or more, over which a tumultuous rush of water is tumbling with stupendous force, and forming a cataract that would be in itself well worth a pilgrimage to look upon. Further up the pine-covered hill, as one approaches the hotel (for where in Switzerland does not a hotel rear itself!) and the pretty cottage of the schoolmaster, fall above fall becomes visible, the highest roaring among the woods at least eight hundred feet above the level of the lake. Large logs of pine, some four feet long, and a foot and a half in thickness, come bouncing and tumbling down the cascades with a deep booming sound as they strike the rocks at each landing, among which they are ruthlessly driven by the overwhelming waters, in spite of what look like blind, insensate efforts to remain where they are. This mode of transmitting cut wood is to be distinguished from the slides, of which the Slide of Alpnach was so famous an example. That gigantic structure, a trough composed of 30,000 trunks fastened together lengthwise, and which was capable of discharging a tree 100 feet long by four feet thick, eight English miles of descent in six minutes, has now been removed for more than forty years. In walking, however, along the charming path that skirts

the south side of the lake between Giessbach and Interlaken, a stone trough is crossed, measuring some five feet deep by six feet in width at the top of its slanting sides, which is doubtless used for the discharge of wood along a comparatively short distance. The footpath to Interlaken should be explored by every one who is not deterred by a rather rough walk of eleven miles. Every turn of the route opens some new vision of lake, and woods, and "upland grasses patched with snow."

Sleeping at Interlaken, and purposing to climb the Niesen next day, one ought to be up betimes. Interlaken is two miles distant from Neuhaus, its station on the lake of Thun, and the steamer leaves Neuhaus by half-past five in the morning. As you start up the lake towards Thun, three grand giants of the Oberland tower high above all surrounding peaks on the left. These are the Eiger, the Mönch (Monk), and the Jungfrau; and further on, the line of eternal snow-empire extends itself left and right, embracing the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn in one direction, and the Blümlis Alp in the other. The usual method of reaching the Niesen's foot is to go on to Thun, and take from thence a carriage to Wimmis, a pretty village lying at nearly eight miles' distance below the great pyramidal limestone mass. But, by landing at the lovely little promontory of Spiez, we believe that a path is gained, leading by a direct and much shorter route to the point where the mule-track begins its windings up the hill.

The Niesen makes a considerably stiffer climb than the Righi. It is, to begin with, two thousand feet higher, the measurements being 7,500 and 5,500 feet. The path is steeper and more rubbly, and the work is more consecutively "on the collar." A capital plan of climbing these less ambitious, but still toilsome mountain ascents, in company, is, to choose some steady-going member of the party, and to allow him to set the pace by walking first; then to split up the way into lengths of a quarter of an hour, traversing each length in silence, but interposing two or three minutes of rest and chat between them. It is astonishing to find how much relief is given to wind and limb by some such systematic plan as this, which also results in a considerable economising of time.

Halfway up the Niesen an extremely primitive *auberge* is reached, principally attractive from a shady seat commanding a very lovely view of the Lake of Thun, flanked by the Stockhorn and other hills at the entrance of the Simmenthal. At this *auberge*

the traveller will probably discover a lad who speaks little German and less French, but who, by repeated and varied explanations, may be induced to produce a key, with which he repairs to a little shed, serving as a cellar at the back of the house. Pursued by half-a-dozen goats of an inquiring turn of mind, and clearly believing themselves entitled to taste a sample of the bin, the lad of few words dives into the shed, and presently re-appears with a bottle of white wine. After a succession of puzzled grins, he makes it understood that the *auberge* does not feel bound to keep a corkscrew, and that if the cork is to be drawn the guests must draw it. Being gradually apprised that a few centimes will be added to the price of the wine in discharge of the value of the bottle, he takes a big stone and knocks off its head. The white wine is as cider that has known better days. Probably no living tourist would possess strength of mind sufficient to swallow a glass without making a face. But in the tough ascent of the Niesen any liquid is welcome, and we tramp forward along the zigzag ascent not without a kindly feeling in favour of the little *auberge* and its reserved tenant.

There is no getting at the panorama bit by bit in scaling the severe pyramid—this frowning outpost of the Oberland. But, once reach the summit, and you are rewarded by a view that is universally admitted—admitted, that is, by the comparatively few judges who have qualified themselves to compare—to excel the great prospect from the Righi-kulm. It is not uncommon to hear the Righi spoken of in a tone of depreciation, and the view from its summit undervalued. This is a great mistake. The Righi has long been a hackneyed mountain, and the stream of tourists discharged across it increases instead of diminishing as years roll on. But the circumstance that more eyes annually gaze upon it, and that all sorts of ungainly artificial luxuries are multiplied on the summit of that noble hill, can detract nothing from the real magnificence of the panorama; and it would be hard to find higher praise of the Niesen view than saying, what is the truth, that it is decidedly finer than the Righi view. It is so, principally because the great Oberland chain is so much nearer the Niesen, the details of every peak being traceable with wonderful distinctness. From the clear, sharply-defined summit, you look straight down upon the Bernese plain, on at least four or five considerable valleys with the chains of mountains that flank them, and on the lakes of Thun and Brienz, with the Interlaken isthmus between them. The splendid snow region commences on the extreme left

with the Wetterhorn (11,500 feet) and a part of the Grindelwald glacier. The Schreckhorn, Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau come next in order, every one of them towering more than thirteen thousand feet into the air, and the outline of the "Monk," as seen from hence, fully justifies the popular name of the peak by its manifest resemblance to a cowl, half-drawn over the head. The Gletscherhorn, Mittaghorn, Tschingelhorn, and Grosshorn hold a prominent place in the majestic line; and, further to the right, the Blümlis Alp spreads wide and lofty, with the Doldenhorn at its side. On the extreme right are the mountains of the Gemmi Pass, with some glorious giants of the Valais, among them the Dent Blanche (13,421 feet). The remote and delicate peak of the Finster Aarhorn (14,000 feet) is not visible from the Niesen, but a part of Mont Blanc may be made out in very clear weather. To the north the view is closed by the Jura chain.

A serene morning in summer at sunrise, and during a few hours afterwards, is of course the pearl of seasons for enjoying this great scene. But, next to a clear and cloudless morning view, we should be inclined to set the grand effect produced by a light and sweeping mist, which lifts at intervals, by turns hiding and revealing the mountain glories. We once witnessed the beautiful results of such a mist, drifting up from the valley of the Kander. At first it appeared that our ascent of the hill had been made in vain. Only twenty minutes below the summit the sun had been powerful, and the sky clear; but on the summit itself the mist seemed impenetrable. At length, without any visible motion or change in the vapour, a dim vision of remote and snowy heights glimmered across the distance, like a shadowy glimpse of a world beyond. Nothing was as yet seen of the nearer chains, still less of the valleys below; but presently, with one silent, complete, and glorious removal, the mist was seen to disappear from before us, and the whole wide and unsullied realm of the Oberland lay bare, every peak looking burnished by some unusual access of light. Five minutes more, and the curtain was again let down; only to be again drawn up as each act in this majestic, tranquil drama was brought on by the capricious breezes. Between whiles we were favoured with studies of separate peaks, the Eiger, the Schreckhorn, or the Jungfrau being revealed to us, now in full blaze of sunlight, now in half or even quarter light, but still with surprising distinctness.

The inn on the top of the Niesen deserves a traveller's sincere tribute of praise. It is

plain and simple, with nothing of the grandeur of a "Hotel Righi-kulm" about it. The little maiden who waited on us at table had lived in service at Interlaken, and knew the ways of hotels. But she preferred the simple mountain height, and was glad that on the Niesen summit there was no room for a very large inn. In the hotels at Interlaken "there was *trop de luxe* : she would rather spend her days here than there." The less degree of luxury, however, tolerated on the Niesen, does not preclude the comforts of capital plain cooking, good beds, and perfect cleanliness.

The descent of the Niesen may be made in little more than two hours by any one with a sufficiently strong pair of legs to stand the strain of continually cutting corners, and running down the steep slopes that lead from angle to angle of the zigzag. The delta, already large and annually increasing, around the mouth of the Kander, which was turned into the Lake of Thun by a canal cut in 1714, should be explored before leaving the neighbourhood of the lake. The canal is 3000 feet long, and nearly 300 feet broad, looking more like a ravine than a canal. The lovely promontory of Spietz contains a château of great antiquity ; popular opinion on the spot is divided, some authorities giving the credit of its foundation to the Romans, and others to Attila. The Lake of Thun is fairly exempt from squalls and storms ; but two points are marked as being dangerous for small boats, and are named "Le lit froid des enfans," and "Le mauvais conseil." Being scantily provided with legendary stores, the neighbourhood makes shift with the exploits of St. Beatus, who turned a dragon out of a cave in the Beatenberg which he designed for his own occupation, and who was in the habit of navigating the lake on his outspread cloak, which served him well as a boat. H.

BY THE NIGHT TRAIN.

"You must travel alone, then, Ned, my boy. It is a tiresome thing, but it can't be helped. At latest I shall be at C—— in good time on the wedding morning. Tell Carry so, with my love," said my father, laughing off his vexation at being thus peremptorily detained in London. These were the circumstances of the case. My engagement—a two years' engagement, insisted upon by my own parent no less than by Admiral Lethbridge, that the "young people might know their own minds," most unreasonable and unnecessary as the delay had appeared to those principally concerned—was drawing to a happy close. I was to marry dear pretty Carry Lethbridge,

with the full consent and approval of both families. The wedding-day was drawing near, and my sister, Clara, who was to be one of the bridesmaids, was staying at C—— with Caroline and her mother and sisters, in anticipation of the ceremony. Rear-Admiral Lethbridge resided at C——, and there, of course, the marriage was to take place. And my father and I had intended going down to C—— some three days before the wedding, and taking up our quarters at the hotel there. By the merest hazard, or apparent hazard, the execution of this plan was prevented, so far as my father's share in it was concerned.

Let me explain how matters stood. My father was a widower, and he had but two children, Clara and myself. It was well understood that his considerable property was to be divided between us at his death, the larger share accruing to myself as his only son. He was a great merchant ; few names were held in higher respect in the world of commerce than that of John Henley, and indeed it was owing to his very high reputation for commercial sagacity and business experience that the delay in his leaving London originated, with all its after consequences.

Mr. Henley had been summoned as a witness before a Parliamentary Committee of the House of Lords, and it had been notified to him that although, in consequence of frequent adjournments, his evidence might not be called for for a day or two, it was necessary that he should be in actual attendance, lest "My Lords" should find the private bill in hand pass more rapidly through its preliminary stages than was expected. The Parliamentary lawyer by whom my father was subpoenaed was civil enough to add that the committee could by no means dispense with Mr. Henley's very valuable testimony and advice.

"Very complimentary ; but uncommonly tiresome," said I, really annoyed, in spite of the usual unselfishness of a young man and a lover ; for my father and I were on terms of much confidence and affection, and I was aware that he had looked forward to this trip as one of his rare holidays.

"The Lethbridges will be sorry, and so will Clara be. Cannot you come, after all ?"

My father laughed.

"No, no, Edgar," said he ; "I should expect to see Black Rod draw my curtains at the dead of night, come to take me into custody for petty treason at least. Committees must be obeyed. But never mind ! I shall be with you on Saturday, before the wedding breakfast is laid out, or the postillions have pinned on their white satin favours. And now I

must be off to Westminster. You go by the night train, of course?"

My father and I shook hands, and we parted. It was then about the hottest time of a sultry afternoon in summer. The month was June according to the almanack; but as far as temperature went, it might have been August, so still was the heated air, stirred by no kindly breeze. It was one of those days which, to a man cooped up in the stifling city, suggested an almost resistless longing for green fields and clear streams, and the sweet fresh breath of the woodlands. As I paced the glaring white pavement, baked and gritty under the sunbeams, I thought joyously of my approaching emancipation from the wilderness of brick and mortar. To-morrow I should be walking slowly and happily by Carry's side along the familiar meadow paths, through the long grass speckled with daisies and golden kingcups, and past the huge horse-chestnuts that towered aloft like pyramids of snow-white blossoms. To-morrow—but what mattered my expectations, never to be realised? It is mercy that withholds from our eyes, in such a case as mine, with what the morrow may be fraught.

I turned into Bond Street, where a double stream of carriages flowed slowly and strugglingly past, and where the crowd of lounging foot passengers was at its height. But the accustomed sights of coroneted hammercloths, priceless horses champing the silver-mounted bits that held them back at every fresh "lock" and stoppage of the entangled equipages, and well-dressed ladies leaning back languidly in their well-appointed barouches, and bound for the Park, were scarcely heeded, so busy were my thoughts with the future. A few hours and I should be far away; a few days, and Caroline Lethbridge and Edgar Henley would have started on life's voyage together, as prosperous and happy a young pair as ever determined to face the world, side by side. Nor had I much superfluous time on my hands. One or two places I had to call at, and afterwards I was engaged to an early dinner at my club with two or three of the oldest and best of my bachelor friends, anxious, as they said, to "see the last of me." My preparations for leaving London were all but complete. My packing was done, and it had been settled that my father's old servant, who was the most punctual and steady of men, should convey my effects to the railway terminus, so that my own proceedings might be unembarrassed by any anxiety respecting portmanteau and hat-boxes. I did not expect to be in London again for some time, since we had agreed to spend the first months of our married life in Germany and Switzerland, and there had even been

some talk of a more protracted residence abroad.

My first call was at the shop of the well-known court jewellers (Miles and Henderson), and its object was to fetch away a certain set of pearl and ruby ornaments which my father had ordered, and which were his present to his future daughter-in-law. Mr. Henley had looked forward with pleasure to placing these costly toys in the bride's hands; but since he had been compelled to postpone his arrival at C——, he had goodnaturedly, but firmly, insisted that I should take the jewels down with me, and give them to Carry in his name. I had not seen the design of the ornaments, but I was aware that the device was a new and well-chosen one; and from my father's liberality, of which I had since childhood received so many proofs, I had little doubt that the gift would prove to be a splendid one.

As I was in the act of opening the jewellers' door, a man passed me so closely as to brush my elbow, and, turning his head, looked me for a moment in the face. His own face was a remarkable one, or rather would have appeared remarkable elsewhere than in London, where the natives of all countries are every day to be met, jostling each other unnoticed in the midst of the great seething stream of restless human life that fills our streets. This person, evidently a foreigner, was about forty years of age, wore spectacles, a bushy red-brown beard, and a threadbare suit of black, shabby, but well brushed and neat. So far his appearance corresponded more or less accurately with that of a legion of professors, doctors, and philosophers, dubious hangers-on of the learned professions, whom Red Republican tenets and police hostility have landed in the limbo of Leicester Square. But I could not help feeling a thrill of repugnance and dislike at the aspect of that broad, flat, white face with its Tartar coarseness of feature, the sharp white teeth just visible between the thin lips, and the long narrow eyes blinking catlike through the glasses of the spectacles. Can you fancy a white-faced tiger, badly pitted by the smallpox, walking erect in human guise, and stealthily pursuing his way through a jungle, not of trees, but of houses? Such was the impression which the first glimpse of that foreigner's face made upon me. In the next I laughed at myself for my folly.

"The poor man cannot help his ugliness," said I to myself, as I followed the shopman to his employers' studio on the first floor, near the glittering show-rooms; "he is a Russian, of course, too advanced in political ideas, no doubt, to please the Czar and the police préfet. Not a very pleasant person, though, to trust

with a guillotine if his party should ever be uppermost."

And then Mr. Miles, bald and florid, came civilly forward to welcome me, and I forgot the Russian, and all connected with him.

"Certainly, my dear sir, certainly," said the jeweller, unlocking the strongest of safes with the tiniest of Bramah keys, and tossing over a quantity of *écus* labelled with the names of half the duchesses and countesses in the Red Book.

"Here is the set that your esteemed father, Mr. Henley, was so good as to order. Very old and respected customer of ours, is Mr. Henley. I sold him—dear me! thirty years ago it must have been—a set of emeralds for Mrs. Henley's wearing. Not a very costly set, but in good taste, in capital taste. Mr. Henley had but lately come back, then, from Calcutta. His was a new name, then, on the Royal Exchange, and in the Bank parlour. No name higher, now; but his taste was always excellent, always. Here the stones are."

And the talkative old man, who was reputed to be enormously wealthy, but who stuck to his shop like a barnacle to its rock, and never forgot a customer, opened first one and then another of the dark morocco cases, and showed me the jewels my father had ordered. A very superb present it was, tastefully magnificent, and such as a peeress might have been proud to wear. I was quite dazzled by the first flash of the sparkling necklace, the blood-red rubies glinting the brighter for the moony lustre of the pure white pearls. I had expected that the jewels would prove handsome, but their beauty far surpassed my anticipations, and I felt a certain nervous uneasiness at the idea of walking London streets with such valuables in my pocket. Spray, and brooch, and bracelets, rings, and ear-rings, and tiara, were all equally splendid and elegant; and I was half disposed to scold my father for his generosity, but consoled myself with the recollection that nothing could possibly be too good for Carry Lethbridge. Old Mr. Miles accompanied me to the street door, chatting as volubly as was his practice, his tongue running mostly on the splendour of the wares he had just delivered over to my charge.

"Pretty, very pretty, the design," he said, as he opened the plate-glass door of the shop. "And as for the stones, I defy the sharpest eye to make out a flaw in any one of the rubies. Better stones never came from Ceylon, nor pearls of a finer water. Ah! Mr. Henley, it is not every one who is able to give such presents as your good father. I sent a set nearly similar, last week, for the wedding of

Lady Florence Fetherston, but not so fine. I give you my word, as a tradesman of fifty years' standing, not so fine."

I think these words were either uttered in a louder tone than the rest of the jeweller's discourse, or a lull in the roll and rumble of the carriages made them unusually distinct, but at any rate three or four of the passers-by turned their heads inquisitively towards old Mr. Miles and myself, as we stood in the open doorway. And among those three or four was the ugly foreigner with the red-brown beard. He was repassing the shop, coming down from the opposite direction to that in which he had previously been walking. A coincidence, no doubt! Merely a coincidence.

I beckoned to the driver of a Hansom, sauntering past in quest of a fare, and rattled down to the club. It wanted some time as yet to the dinner hour, but I preferred waiting at the club for my friends' arrival to driving back to my father's house in Harley Street. The second editions of the morning papers had just come in as I arrived, and there was a hum and buzz of conversation going on upon the subject of some important telegrams from America which they contained. It was just then that McClellan was meeting with his first reverses, if I remember rightly, in his peninsular campaign, and I gladly secured one of the copies of the Times, and applied myself to read. In vain. A strange feverish listlessness oppressed me; there was a dull weight upon my spirits, and my mind seemed to be possessed by a sort of aimless activity that wearied my thoughts to no purpose. In vain I fixed my eyes upon the newspaper, resolved to concentrate my faculties upon Mr. Reuter's telegrams. The big black words swam before my eyes, and the sounding sentences were barren of meaning. Had I, at that moment, been put on my examination before the sternest of commissioners, with all I valued at stake on the results, I could not for my very life have given a lucid definition as to who was fording the Chickahominy, or passing the James River, or what the bone of contention might be. Vague, formless apprehensions of some invisible danger, of something too shadowy to be boldly grappled with, floated through my brain, and I found myself looking forward with positive dislike to the solitary journey that lay before me that night.

All these gloomy fancies vanished, however, at the first grasp of a friendly human hand, and the first sound of a friendly human voice. I was in excellent spirits at dinner time, and took the fire of good-humoured banter with which my companions plied me—in very good part. We lingered rather longer over our wine

than I had anticipated, while we talked of old days, and wondered when our next meeting would be ; but at last I jumped up, looked at my watch, and found that I must drive fast if I meant to catch the train. I shook hands cordially with my friends, and bade them goodbye; and, amid a shower of hearty wishes for my future happiness—how little did I think that I should never see the speakers more?—left the club. A Hansom cab had been called for me by one of the messengers, and I found it drawn up by the curbstone, as I briskly descended the steps. It was twilight by this time in the streets, and the lamps had long been twinkling. I noticed, as I stepped into the cab, that another, a four-wheeler, was stationed a few doors off, and that a man's head was protruded through the open window nearest the pavement, but the instant I looked that way, the head disappeared into the interior of the vehicle like that of a tortoise within its shell. I did not give a second thought to this circumstance.

"Drive fast, my man. I want to hit the night train for C——. Half-a-crown extra if we don't miss it."

The cab bowled swiftly off, and the streets being clearer than at an earlier hour, we met with no interruption, until, suddenly, in a narrow part of one of the most frequented thoroughfares, a lock occurred, in which a string of carts and waggons, two or three cabs, and a dray, were entangled confusedly together. There was the usual exchange of oaths, street witticisms, and abuse, the usual cracking of whips, grinding of wheels, and interference of a single bewildered policeman, but the provoking feature of the case was the great probability that I should lose the train. My charioteer had been forced up a narrow cross street by the pressure of the loaded vehicles in front, and as he flourished his whip, and rated the carters and draymen in no measured terms, I looked anxiously about me for signs of a clearance. Then it was that I noticed, hard by, the very same cab, drawn by a flea-bitten light-grey horse, that had been stationed close by my club door. By the dim light of the street lamp, I could see that the horse was in a lather of foam, and had evidently been forced along at a great pace. The windows of the cab were close shut, hot and stifling as was the atmosphere of that reeking and crowded quarter of London. But just as I had conjectured that probably the occupants of the cab, like myself, were eager to catch some train, the lock of carriages broke up, and I was borne quickly to the terminus.

"Your luggage is labelled, Mr. Edgar, and ready to be put into the van," said old Jones,

my father's confidential servant, touching his hat respectfully. "I have put the rugs and sticks, and fishing-rods into an empty first-class carriage, third from the bookstall to the left."

"Very well, Jones. Just see the luggage put in. I must get my ticket," answered I, and hurried to the ticket office, where several impatient passengers were jostling and elbowing one another, while a stout lady, one of those voluble but unprotected female travellers who are the scourges and torments of all officials, was blocking up the window, and holding a long and discursive argument with the booking clerk, on the subject of her fare, her change, her preference of slow trains and cheapness to express trains and high charges, and the best way in which she could reach some cross country line eighty miles off. At last, however, even this lady voyager's demands, or the clerk's patience, being exhausted, I managed to crush my way to the window, and to take my ticket for C——.

"First-class to C——, monsieur!" said a peculiarly harsh and strident voice at my elbow, with a slight but perceptible foreign accent in its tones, and I glanced around at the man, who was thrusting a half-washed muscular hand, decorated by a heavy gold signet-ring, past me to lay his money on the counter.

With some surprise I recognised the Russian whom I had seen twice on that very afternoon in front of the jeweller's shop. The recognition did not appear mutual. He never looked at me, but redemanded his ticket in a quick angry manner, and, having got it, fell back and mingled with the crowd.

By the time I had reached the carriage, third from the bookstall, I saw Jones approach along with the guard, who unlocked the carriage, held open the door for my entry, and, having received the usual silver compliment that has now become a vested interest on railways, closed and relocked it, saying that I should "have the compartment to myself, if I wished to smoke." Then Jones, after asking if he could take any message to "master," touched his hat and vanished. I remained alone, lazily gazing out of the window at the lively scene which the well-lighted platform presented. The usual bustle which precedes the departure of a train was going on. Porters were wheeling heavy barrowloads of luggage rapidly past me, all the quicker in their movements because the warning bell had begun clanging for the first time; mail-guards were dragging along the huge sacks of letters that were impatiently awaited by the sorters in the post-office carriage; newspaper boys were thrusting evening journals into the faces of nervous passengers, wistfully leaning out to

see after the safety of those trunks that the porter had glibly assured them would "be all right;" and Paterfamilias was gathering his strayed family around him, or wrangling over a charge for overweight.

"Open this door, you guard! Halloa, guard! Open the door of this carriage, will you?"

It was thus that my reverie was broken in upon. A strange traveller, with a railway rug over his arm, was roughly shaking the door of the compartment where I sat alone. The guard came up rather reluctantly. Railway guards are discriminating persons as to social condition, and the newcomer's coarse manners and husky voice were not calculated to inspire respect.

"First-class, sir?" asked the guard, and when the man, with a curse, produced his ticket, the guard was still too loyal to my tacit compact with him to permit the invasion of my privacy without an effort to preserve it.

"First to C—, sir? This way, please. Plenty of room here." And he tried to draw the intruder towards a distant carriage that was half full. But this manœuvre failed.

"There is plenty of room in this carriage. Look sharp and let me in," said the obstinate traveller; and the guard, being an English and not a French official, succumbed, and unlocked the door.

He apologised to me in a gruff whisper, "Couldn't help myself, sir."

"Never mind," said I, smiling, and applied myself to observing the newcomer, who sat down, not opposite to me, but in the middle partition, full in the glare of the lamp. In a very short time I had, as I thought, taken the measure of this not very delightful fellow voyager. He was a young man, perhaps a year my senior, strongly built, and with rather a handsome face, sadly marred by very evident traces of dissipation. He wore a coat of sporting cut; a blue "birdseye" scarf, with a horse-shoe pin in it, and a great deal of dubious jewellery in the shape of rings, watch-chain, and dangling trinkets. The railway rug, that lay across the knees of his tight-fitting drab trousers, was of a gaudy pattern, yellow and red. His eyes were bloodshot, his voice thick, and he smelt very strongly of bad tobacco and bad brandy. To all appearance he was a betting man, or sporting "gent" of the lower substratum of that uninviting class.

The bell rang for the last time. There was the customary final rush and scurry of belated passengers and porters, and the voices of the newspaper boys grew shriller and more excited. Then the guards sprang to the steps of their vans, and the station-master looked warily up

and down the line, prepared to signal the engine-driver. At that moment a man came darting across the platform, tore open the door, jumped in, and sat down opposite to me. A policeman ran up, and shut the door.

"All right, Saunderson!"

The train began to move. I looked at my opposite neighbour, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise and vexation. The Russian! Yes, there was no mistaking the man. I knew that red-brown beard, that flat tigerish face, those long crafty eyes, black and narrow as an American Indian's, perfectly well.

I had seen the man at the ticket-window, certainly, but that was more than ten minutes ago, and I had been confident that he had long since taken his seat in some other compartment of the train. Such, however, was not the case. I was fated, it seemed, always to be in contact with this person, for whom I had conceived an antipathy that was perhaps unjust, but was not the less decided. There was a look of stealthy fierceness and greasy self-sufficiency about the man which would have been distasteful to most people. His was one of those faces that conveyed to those who looked upon it at once a threat and a warning. And, after all, was it a coincidence that had brought me so often face to face with this grim foreigner? Certainly it might have been pure accident which caused him to witness both my entry into and my exit from the jeweller's shop. It might have been mere hazard which made him my fellow traveller by the same train and carriage. And yet I could not help somehow connecting the four-wheeled cab drawn by the grey horse, the cab that had been stationed near the club door, that had appeared in the street stoppage, with the sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus of the railway. Had he dogged me all that evening, tracking me with a blood-hound's pertinacity from the jeweller's door to the railway carriage? It was possible, though not likely. But in vain I tried to dismiss the idea as silly and romantic. It recurred again and again. And yet why should he or anyone dog my steps?

The answer to this self-question soon came. The jewels! the costly set of pearl and ruby ornaments I carried about me, and of which this man had probably overheard the garrulous old jeweller make mention! And yet the Russian had hardly the air of a pickpocket. There was something defiant and arrogant in his look, and an undefinable air of education clung to him in spite of his shabby exterior. And as for violence, I had a young man's confidence in my own power to cope with any

single antagonist, and, besides, I was not alone with him. So far my thoughts had gone, while I gazed abstractedly from the window, as if marking the last lights of the London

suburbs as the dark hedges and dim meadows succeeded to houses and factories, but then I cast a glance around and saw a sight which caused me an involuntary thrill of alarm. The



two passengers in the carriage were rapidly and secretly conversing by means of signs!

There could be no doubt upon the point. The two men who were my sole companions in that rapid and lonely journey, ill-looking des-

peradoes, each in his separate style, were accomplices. Up to that moment I had not for an instant suspected any collusion between the two. They came at different times, one was English, the other a foreigner, and between

the shabby lecturer and the betting man, sodden with drink and attired in flashy finery, any previous acquaintance seemed improbable. Yet there they were, rapidly communicating with one another by means of some thieves' alphabet of finger telegraphy, unaware as yet that I had observed them. So far as I could make out, the foreigner was urging the other to some course which the latter was reluctant to pursue.

I am not, I believe, one whit more disposed to timidity than most of my fellow countrymen, and yet I must confess that my blood ran cold and my heart almost ceased beating as the truth dawned upon me. I was the victim evidently of an artful and treacherous scheme. That cab—that sudden appearance of the Russian at the terminus—that persistency of his English confederate to occupy a seat in the carriage where I sat alone! All was clear to me now. Robbery, no doubt, was the object of the two villains in whose company I was shut up, and probably they would hesitate at no crime to obtain possession of the valuable jewels I so incautiously carried about my person. Both were strong men, probably armed too; and though I braced my nerves and set my teeth for a struggle, I had little hope of a successful resistance, none of rescue. The train was racing fast through the black stillness of a moonless night. There was to be no stoppage short of C—, and hours must elapse before that station was reached.

At the moment when my thoughts had travelled thus far, I made some slight movement; the Russian looked up, and our eyes met, and the villain saw that his bye-play had been observed, and instantly threw off the mask. Grinding out an oath between his set teeth, he rose from his seat. I rose, too; and as the Russian noticed the action he sprang like a tiger at my throat, grappling with me so closely that the blow I dealt him took but partial effect. Linked together, we wrestled furiously for a few seconds, rising and falling; but I was the younger and more agile of the two, and had nearly overpowered my enemy, when his confederate came to his aid, and dealt me a succession of crushing blows upon the head with some heavy weapon, beneath which I fell, stunned and helpless, with my face covered with blood, and my strength and senses left me. When I came to myself again, the ruffians were rifling my pockets as I lay on the floor of the carriage. The Russian had opened one of the morocco cases that held the ornaments, and he was examining the gems by the light of the lamp overhead. The other villain was searching for fresh plunder. He

was livid with agitation, I noticed, and his face was blotched with crimson, and damp with heat-drops, while his hands trembled very much. He it was who first spoke, in a husky whisper.

"What shall we do with him?"

"*La belle affaire!* Toss him out! The fall won't hurt him!" sneered the Russian.

It was plain that they believed me to be dead. I lay still, resolved that no cry, no twitching of an eyelid, should betray that life was still not extinct. Too well I knew that mercy was hopeless, and that my chance would be far better if flung out, at the risk of being mangled and crushed beneath the whirling iron wheels, than if I remained in that luxurious first-class carriage, with those two wild beasts in human guise, ready to finish their work at the first sign that I yet lived. The Russian leaned out of the window, and cautiously opened the door. I felt the chill of the fresh night wind upon my cheek as I lay. Then I had to summon all my resolution to my help, to repress a shudder as the murderers stooped and lifted me up, one taking me by the head, and the other by the feet, as butchers carry a slaughtered calf. The Englishman breathed hard, and trembled perceptibly as he dragged me towards the gaping doorway.

"I don't half like the job," he growled out.

The Russian gave a scornful laugh.

"Pitch the carrion out, *blanc bec* that you are! One, two, three, and over with him."

I remember one agonised moment of suspense as I was violently thrust forward, one hurried frenzied prayer that rose from my heart to my lips, but was drowned by the roar and rush of the long train of massive carriages as they tore along the iron way. I was launched out, and felt myself falling, and then I dropped with a crash, and my brain reeled, and sensation seemed again to desert me.

On coming gradually to myself, my first vague perception was, that I formed a part of some vast moving body speeding swiftly along, swinging and swaying, but rushing fast through the cool night air. Then, as memory returned, I began to realise my position. In falling, when the assassins had thrown me out of the carriage where the robbery had taken place, I had dropped upon the wooden plank that runs like an elongated step below the carriages, and my hand had closed mechanically, in a clutch like that of a drowning man, on some projecting portion of the iron-work above, which I presently conjectured to be the prop of one of the iron steps by which passengers ascend. And there I clung instinc-

tively, like a limpet to a rock, while the swerving, swinging train flew madly on through the black night. It was a position of fearful peril. True, I had escaped immediate death; but to all appearance my fate was only deferred. The train was not to halt till it reached C——; I despaired of being able to hold on till then, for already my cramped sinews seemed to be stiffening, and my attitude was a painful and uneasy one. And by night there was no hope that my danger would be observed, and an alarm given, as I was hurled, helpless and despairing, through the darkness. The wounds I had received in the head caused me a dull, aching pain, and I was weak with loss of blood; but my thoughts were coherent and clear. I knew my risk well. If I fell *now* I must certainly be left behind, a mutilated corpse, torn to fragments by the cruel wheels that whirled and spun close by me. My only chance was to hold on—to hold on till I reached C——, if my strength lasted so long. Once or twice I essayed a cry for help, but my feeble voice was lost in the noise of the train. And presently I felt thankful that it had not been heard, for, from the window of the carriage to the left of where I lay crouching, was protruded the head of a man who peered out into the night; and I shrunk still closer to the woodwork as I recognised in the faint lamp-light the flat white face, the red-brown beard, the tigerish grin of the Russian, my late fellow-traveller. He did not see me, however, but resumed his place with a well-satisfied air.

On we went through the silent country, with scream and rush and roar,—now diving into tunnels, now ploughing our way between deep banks, now among the dark trees and hedges. On past the lighted stations, where the signal was made that the road was clear, and where policemen and porters, and passengers waiting for some slower train that stopped there, were to be seen watching us as we flew past. But they never saw me as I clung, with desperate gripe and aching limbs, to the swiftly-hurrying mass of wood and iron. Twice during that phantom ride I heard the shriek of the steam-whistle of a coming train, and twice I saw the red lamps and flame of the advancing engine, glaring through the dark like the angry eyes and lurid breath of some monstrous creature rushing down upon its prey. And then, with clang and clash, and deafening roar, and in the midst of a gust of wind caused by its rapid progress, the long array of carriages went by me. On, on, as if impelled by a demon's force, we flew; and still feebler grew my arm, and I felt despair and fatigue benumb my faculties, and was half

tempted to let go my hold and drop, and face the worst at once beneath the grinding sway of the merciless wheels.

Should we never be at C——? How long would that hideous night continue? Was it possible that my tired muscles would much longer endure the strain upon them? And then came a new thought. I remembered that in dear Carry's last letter she had made me a half-playful promise that she and my sister Clara and the rest would come down to the station and meet me there on the arrival of the night train. That recollection filled my tortured heart with a new anguish, as I thought of our mutual love, of the wedding-day so soon to come, and of poor Caroline's grief when she should be left, widowed of the betrothed bridegroom of her choice. And then the mental pain was conquered by physical weakness and distress, and my dulled brain preserved nothing but a vague terror lest I should fall—fall beneath those pitiless iron wheels so close to me. And then I seemed to fall again into a waking dream, through which the lights of C—— station gleamed very brilliantly.

Real lights! a real crowd! though the figures seemed to waver dimly before my dazzled eyes. The train had come to a dead stop. We really were at C——. I saw a commotion among those on the platform. I heard a shout of surprise, and men came running and lifted me from where I lay, and carried me between them into the station, the centre of a number of eager faces and cries of pity, amazement, and alarm. Among those faces was that of Caroline Lethbridge, and as she saw me, pale, bloody, and apparently dead, and heard me called dead by the heedless tongues around her, I tried in vain to speak, as I saw her totter and sink fainting in my sister's arms. And then I swooned again, and when medical care and rest brought back my senses, I read in the pitying looks of those about me that some fresh grief was in store for me. It was even so.

My Caroline was dangerously ill of a brain-fever, and though her life was saved, her reason, poor stricken thing, never was restored. As for myself, a long illness followed, and left me broken in health and spirits, and with hair that the horror of that hideous night had sprinkled with premature grey. Our two happy young lives were blighted by one stroke.

As for the Russian and his accomplice, all due to them and to the stolen jewels was lost. Yet, soon or late, I cannot doubt that Justice will claim her own.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER IV. "THEO! FORGIVE ME!"

CONFIDENTIAL intercourse between Harold Ffrench and Theo Leigh was of less frequent occurrence at this date than it had been a few days previously; for May, as I have said, had come in, and with it the necessity for a re-organisation of Theo's wardrobe before she could be pronounced ready to go to London. It rather shaded over the vivid charm Houghton had possessed for him before this exigency arose—but there was no help for it. Theo was very deeply and naturally interested in the fit and make of her new dresses—interested to the point of working upon them herself. The fact was that Miss Leigh was anxious to appear in his eyes better adorned, but that he did not know. Consequently he detested the new dresses, and began to find Houghton dull.

But despite this temporary check to solitary intercourse he lingered on in the place still, and sedulously stifled the conviction that it would be well for him to go. He had come upon this oasis in the desert of his life by accident; he would just for awhile tent upon it, and then before he had brushed the bloom off its verdure drift on and be forgotten by her.

"I should be a beast to try and make the girl love me," he would say. The saying this seemed to relieve his conscience, and to be regarded by him as an all-sufficient precaution. For after saying it in the solitude of his chamber at the Bull, he would go up and sit by Theo's side and suffer the girl to see that she had won his affections; which was not the wisest course to pursue, if he really wished to avoid the other catastrophe—that, namely, of winning her to love him.

He was assisting largely in the pavement of a certain place at this juncture. Daily he made the good resolution to go away and be forgotten by, even if he could not forget, this girl;—daily he suffered this good resolution to die away unaccomplished. The middle of May was upon them, and he was at Houghton still.

He had been sitting for an hour or two one morning up in the Leighs' garden near to the open window by which Mrs. Leigh and Theo sat working,—sitting there idly, watching the girl and dreaming of bygone days, and events that had occurred in them. Idly dreaming, and even more idly wishing that those days

might be lived over again—when he would have acted differently, ah! how differently.

"Can you put that finery out of your mind for an hour this evening, and take a walk with me, Theo?" he asked, when divers sighs made it manifest to him that the Leighs' dinner hour was approaching. Theo was prompt with her answer that she "would gladly."

"What the deuce did I ask her to go for?" he asked himself as he walked down to the Bull. "What can I say that will be pleasant for her to hear, that I hadn't better leave unsaid?" But still, though he thus questioned himself, he held to his resolve to take that walk with Theo—and to say what should be pleasant to her during it.

There was the unwonted presence of a well built little pony-phaeton in the inn yard, but he did not regard it much—he was thinking of other things than that which caused no small excitement to the usual knot of village idlers lounging round. But he was roused from his meditations about these other things by the landlord coming to meet him with the information that "a lady was a' waitin' for him in the parlour," and by the sight of his cousin Kate Galton's boy in buttons, the smart and invariable appendage to her pony-carriage.

"Halloa, Mrs. Galton!—my dear Kate, I am very sorry that you should have had to wait here alone for me," he said as he entered the room where Kate sat on a hard sofa, poking holes in a soft, slightly decayed carpet, with her parasol.

"Never mind—as you have come in at last," she replied. There was a good deal of grace in the welcoming gesture she made, and a good deal of affection in the tone she adopted.

"I didn't expect you, you see, Kate, after your note; if I had dreamt of your coming I should have taken the precaution of leaving word where I was going when I went out, in order that I might have been sent for if you came."

"Could you have been sent for? I thought you were mud-larking."

"Not exactly—I was up at the Leighs'."

"I have come to call on your friends, Harold. I refused to come at first on account of the distance solely; but when John said I had better come over and look you up, and persuade you to come back to Haversham, I made up my mind to call on them as well."

"Your husband's very good, and so are

you," and then he got up and rang the bell, and asked what she could eat and what they could have for luncheon? Then, on the cessation of the small fuss he himself had made, he continued—

"Very good indeed, Kate, to come over in this way. I wanted to introduce you to them, because Leigh takes his daughter to town soon, and I thought if you were there at the same time you might give her a good deal of pleasure she wouldn't otherwise get, and secure a very agreeable companion for yourself."

"Thank you; I don't find the society of my own Katy so enthralling but what I can dispense with it in London."

"Katy! Katy's a child."

"You called your friend's daughter 'a little girl' in your note, Harold," she said, with a quiet little smile of malicious satisfaction overspreading her face as she spoke. Kate delighted in finding every one out, even Harold Ffrench.

"Ah, well, so she is a little girl to an old buffer like myself; we'll go up there after we have had some luncheon, and then you'll see Theo for yourself. How gets on the painting?"

"Not at all well; it won't come right at all. You must come back with me, Harold, and set me going again."

"I can't go back with you to-day."

"Why not?" she asked impatiently; she had set her mind on taking him back in triumph, and she could ill bear to be baulked. "Why not?"

"It would be hard on the pony."

"If it's only on the pony that it would be hard, your leaving Houghton so suddenly, banish all scruple. Fidget is so full of corn, little beast, that he wants 'a deal taken out of him,' as John says; it won't be a bit too much for the pony."

"But it will be too much for me, to make up my mind and pack and be off in such a way; can't do it, Kate. But I'll be at your service to-morrow in the studio; will that content you?"

"It must perforce," she answered, rightly continuing the quotation. But though she spoke lightly, her prophetic soul told her that this "little girl," of whom Harold Ffrench had made such cool mention, had far more to do with his unwillingness to leave Houghton than had the presence in it of "the man whom he had known in Greece."

"Delectable place your village seems," she said with a sneer, when they were walking up to the Leighs' after luncheon.

"I thought you'd like it," he replied, carelessly. "The whole of it has turned out in admiration of you and your blue bonnet."

"Does Miss Theo Leigh run about without one, then?"

"Oh, no, but hers is of a different order of architecture altogether."

"The cottage, I suppose. Well, Harold, I shall not think much of your consideration for my pleasure, if you have lured me on to calling on a rustic who'll grab at the chance of saddling me with her country bumpkin ideas in London."

He laughed.

"You're not likely to admire her, Kate, but I don't think she'll strike you as a country bumpkin."

"Why am not I likely to admire her if she's admirable? Do you?"

"Do you ever admire any other woman than Mrs. John Galton? I admire her, do you ask? I have given up such things, Kate, or I ought to have given them up. Here we are."

Theo was not a country bumpkin; Mrs. Galton was fain to confess that she was not, as Miss Leigh met half way the kindly courtesy that none knew better than Kate how to evince. She was not a country bumpkin, but she was something else quite as ruffling to Mrs. Galton's feelings;—keenly alive to Harold Ffrench's merit, and most flatteringly unable to resist making it clear to the eye of the beholder that she was what she seemed to be.

Her good looks, or rather that same charm which was commented upon a few chapters ago, did not occur very vividly to Kate Galton. She saw in Theo Leigh a nice lady-like girl enough, nothing more. Lady-like, but unformed in manner, the fascinating Mrs. Galton declared to herself, "too small to be fine, and too dark to be pretty." A very feeble rival, as far as Harold Ffrench was concerned.

For still—married woman, blameless matron, wary wife as she was—she could but think of possible rivalry in connection with any other woman whom Harold knew and liked. His heart in the depths of her own she acknowledged that she had never touched. But his fancy had owned her its cherished queen once, and she desired that it should do so again.

Despite this desire though, she contrived to make herself very agreeable to the Leighs, and especially to Theo, and this as much from the force of that good breeding which was second nature to her, as from the deceit that was second nature also. Theo delighted in her, in her softly spoken words and graceful manners, and the refinement of her fair, expressive face, and the elegance and general becomingness of her dress. Mrs. Galton strove to please the girl, as she did to please every one with whom she came in contact for a time. She succeeded.

Theo, always enthusiastic, was not only pleased but charmed.

Kate had "a way with her," undoubtedly a way that few had ever withstood, at first. She had that sort of insight into character which enables one to detect the most easily worked upon of people's idiosyncracies, and when she detected one she worked it cleverly while it suited her: flattered the vanity of the vain, and the folly of the fool, and was deferential to the wisdom of those who were wise in their own conceit. Gave her pretty sparkling dress freely in fact, for awhile, in exchange for that special form of it without a profusion of which life would have been odious to her, namely, admiration, real or affected.

She did not make any overtures of an introduction to Haversham and the picture, but that, as Harold Ffrench told Theo afterwards, "was because she takes it so thoroughly for granted that you'll call," but she said several sentences expressive of a wish to see Miss Leigh when they should both be in London together. Theo felt well disposed towards the prospect which savoured of future intimate intercourse with Harold Ffrench's cousin.

"She's a charming woman. So kind of her to say she hopes to have Theo with her a great deal in town; and how affectionately she spoke of her own little girl," Mrs. Leigh observed to her husband when the visit was over and Theo had walked out to the gate with the visitors.

"I don't like the woman," Mr. Leigh replied shortly.

"Not like her! I can't think how you can say so; she has the sweetest manner."

"Beastly sweet, I thought. No, I don't like her, and I don't want Theo to see much of her in London."

"She'll be a most desirable acquaintance for Theo, and after her kindness in coming all this distance to call on us, we can't do otherwise than be friendly with her."

"You don't suppose that she came to call on you?"

"Mr. Leigh!"

"Why she came after Ffrench, to be sure," Mr. Leigh said, laughing. "She came after Ffrench as sure as there's a nose on my face. I can't bear the woman with her smirks, and her leers, and her mincing way of speaking."

As he concluded his denunciation Theo rushed in again, animated, brilliant, happy.

"Isn't she charming? I like her so much. And isn't it kind, papa, to say she'll be civil to me in London, where I don't know anybody, you know?"

"I daresay she's all very well," Mr. Leigh replied; he was more reserved in his expression of opinion on the subject of women before his

daughter than before his wife, naturally. It was only at second-hand that Theo came to a knowledge of his sentiments. "I daresay she's all very well as to her promises of being civil in town; she'll most likely not keep them, so I would advise you not to count on them."

"Oh, papa, that's horribly suspicious: 'have faith in one another,' as Arthur Manby sings. I shall count on her keeping her promises, of course I shall. How did you like her, mamma?"

"Very much indeed."

"So did I. And her dress—did you notice her dress? It hadn't half such a deep point as Miss Watson *would* cut those of mine; but there's time to save the silk still; it shall have quite a little point, like hers." Then Theo left the room, still excited, brilliant, and happy, to see about her new silk at once.

"Like hers," her father muttered, as Theo vanished. "There she goes, the same impetuous child she always was. I wonder she isn't calling Mrs. Galton by her Christian name already, as if they had been friends from the cradle; the child takes too strong fancies."

"Ah, my dear, don't forget that she's young," the mother cried; she could not bear that her darling should be censured even by implication. "She's so young, and she sees so few people besides ourselves; it's dull for her, you know, and this promises such a change."

Such a change! Poor Theo!

He came in the evening to call Theo for that walk he had asked her to take in the morning, and there was a something that was different in his manner to what it had been hitherto; something that she could feel, but could not see or define, and the feeling saddened her.

The something had been—as is all mischief—the work of a woman.

"What do you think of the little rustic—eh, Kate?" he had asked of his cousin, when they had parted with Theo at the gate.

"Oh, she's all very well."

"That's wonderful praise from your lips, but it's not of the order to elevate the article spoken about."

"I can't rhapsodise about another woman, Harold. I think her all very well, very nice if you like, and I say so; I'll tell you what else I think about her if you like to hear it."

"Don't I like to hear everything you say?" he asked, with the usual air of gallantry he adopted towards Kate Galton.

"I think, then, that it is a very good thing for Miss Theo Leigh that you have promised to come back to Haversham to-morrow."

"Why?" he asked coldly, but his dark face grew red as he asked it.

"Why? because your friend's daughter has taken one of those likings for her father's friend that are disagreeable and difficult to get over."

"Nonsense, Kate, you forget our respective ages," he began. "She's too young——" but there his cousin interrupted him impatiently.

"Too young! Too young for what, pray? Not too young to love you, Harold, believe me; it's nonsense of you to affect to doubt it. Why, the girl is twenty, if she's a day; and if she were years younger it would be the same. Girls are never too young to have their hearts touched. There's my little Katy already prefers to ride-a-cock-horse-to-Banbury-Cross on your knee to performing the same journey on her papa's."

He laughed, but the colour had gone from his face, leaving him very pale now. "Katy's an ungrateful little minx, then," he said. "I thought I understood you once that she wasn't at all like her mamma, but it appears as if she, too, had a low appreciation of the legal and recognised. You're wrong about Leigh's daughter though," he added carelessly. "She has heard of me all along as having been a young man with her father. It has never occurred to her that I am in reality very much his junior. However, it doesn't matter. I shall be back to help you with the painting to-morrow, dear," and then he squeezed Kate's hand, and Kate departed happy.

He spoke no word to Theo that evening until they had strolled the length of the lane and gained the marsh-bank where they first met; then he said:—

"Well, Theo, what did you think of my cousin?"

"I liked her so much," Theo said, warmly.

"I'm glad of that, I hope you'll continue to do so: Kate's very nice and kind where she takes a fancy, and I think she has taken one to you. I shall often think of you enjoying yourselves together when I'm gone away."

"Gone away?"

There was no doubt about the girl's distress being real as she turned round and faced him; it was so real, so deep, that he wished he had gone away before.

"Gone away," she repeated, "are you going?"

"Yes," he murmured softly, "I ought to have gone before."

The flat marsh-land scene swam before her eyes; she grew dizzy, and the warm May evening air came down and nearly choked her; there was a ball of fire in her throat, a sensation of numbness in her lips, a dull, dull aching at her heart. She could not speak. She could only sit still and suffer.

He ought to have gone before! Yes, he felt that since he must go from her at all, he ought to have gone before this evil, that came from want of thought, not want of heart, was wrought. There was a pain on the girl's pinched temples, pain such as he felt sorry to have caused to one so young and bright as she had been but an hour ago. Pain, a sickening agony that only the young and fresh can feel, it is so vivid and strong.

There was silence between them for some minutes after that last recorded speech of his, silence that was unbroken even by the lightest movement. The girl was fainting in her spirit, and the man was bitterly conscious of the feeling and the cause, and his own inability to satisfactorily assuage the former.

They had placed themselves on the slope of the bank, and away to the west they had a full, free view of the sea and the sun dying upon the water in a fiery glory. A full view of it, but for awhile Theo gazed at it with eyes that did not see. Then, the first agony over, the first giddiness past, she blessed the spectacle as a means of conversationally coming round again.

"What glorious colour! Don't you wish you could paint a sunset as it is?"

She made an effort to speak in her usual tone, but her voice was a little husky, a little less sure than was usual, and he marked the effort and harshness with such keen sorrow that he could not attend to the sense of what she said. At any cost he felt that the pain that was curdling her young blood in her veins must be assuaged.

"Theo! dear little Theo!"

He put his hand out as he spoke, and gathered both of hers in his grasp. The change was too much for her, the joy that pervaded her soul flooded her face, and made her glow in a way that nearly maddened him. There was such trust in the little hands' quiescence, such faith in what she thought was to follow in the girl's loving look.

"Oh, Theo! don't turn away, darling. By God I can't stand it," he cried, suddenly releasing her hand and starting to his feet. And when Theo, pale and trembling again, rose also, she felt that that which she had expected was not coming, and her heart swelled with a bitterness of grief.

"We had better go home," he said presently. "Don't look so miserable, my darling. Heaven, what am I saying? Don't hate me, Theo; I must go away, but think of me sometimes—think of me kindly."

"Must you go?"

She stopped short by his side and looked full up into his face as she asked it. He would

as soon have thought of telling a falsehood the moment before he knew he was to enter upon eternity as telling a comforting lie to this girl now.

"I must. Theo, forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she said with a strong effort. She had made her appeal, poor child, and it had failed, and now her pride prompted her to show him that the failure could be borne. Her pride and a something softer; there was such misery in the man's eyes, that her generous woman's nature urged her not to increase it by showing him how fully it was shared.

"I must go; better I had never come," he muttered, after a short pause.

"Don't say that; it has been a very pleasant time—to me."

"And to me, too; too pleasant—far too pleasant. You have been the only bright thing my life has known for years, Theo, and I have clouded the brightness."

He bent his gaze upon her as he spoke, and Theo's face quivered under it.

"Oh, Mr. Ffrench, it has been so pleasant; why must it end?"

"Don't call me 'Mr. Ffrench,' for God's sake—call me Harold, and don't ask me why it must end."

"I only meant," she replied proudly, "why must your visit to Houghton end so soon, if you find it pleasant?"

"Theo, dear little Theo, don't reproach me. I know what you mean, I know what you can't help meaning, and I can't——"

He stopped suddenly.

"Can't what?" Theo asked timidly; the hearing might be painful, but she would bear it.

"Can't see you suffer, and can't help your doing so. You'll soon forget me, Theo; I can't hope that you will remember me long. Will you forget me, darling?" he added passionately, in an outburst of tenderness that startled the girl.

"No. Oh, *don't* speak in that way. Oh, Harold, you won't go."

They had come home during this conversation, for the things spoken had been spoken at intervals and had taken some time to say. Now they were in the little drawing-room alone, and even the twilight was dying out of the sky. Theo's last plaint went straight to his heart, and his heart governed his head for a brief space.

"Theo!" his arm went round her as he spoke and her head rested upon his breast, and there was such passionate love in the way his hand clasped hers. All the misery and uncertainty of the last hour fled from her mind,

and she was deliriously happy. She never doubted what this embrace should result in; she never doubted but that it was the prelude to a never-ending series of the same, on which the world should smile. Very confidently did she submit to his caresses, very modestly and sweetly did she respond to them. The dream was bright that she dreamt in those moments—bright and pure; and he shrank from the task of awakening her from it, his heart still governing his head in an unaccustomed way.

"Why awaken her from it at all?" he asked himself presently. "Love would be more to her than the world." Thus he thought for a moment or two, and then he did her the justice of repenting him of the thought. Removing her head from his shoulder he bent down and pressed his lips to her forehead, and pleaded for her pardon for the unuttered wrong.

"Theo, forgive me, forgive me?"

"For what?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow. Let me go now," he added, disengaging himself from her, "I can't stand it, Theo."

"Oh, Harold," she cried, passionately, "you try me—you try me. Why not now as well as to-morrow, to-morrow that will be so long in coming?"

"No it won't, poor child, dear little Theo. It will soon come, and you'll listen, and I shall speak better than now. Let me go, darling; don't turn your face away, Theo, there's no harm in it." When he had so said, he departed, leaving Theo in feverish expectation of that morrow which was to make known to her so much.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN.

THE permanent attraction in Portsmouth Harbour is, of course, the Victory, Nelson's Victory, the ship in which that greatest of seamen, and most admirable of heroes, conquered and died; and in which every memorial of him is, to this day, preserved with the most judicious and reverential care. To her, as to his shrine and fittest monument, year after year, an almost daily stream of pilgrims pay an affectionate homage, which is very rarely drawn away by the most striking novelty, or the most attractive object of fresh interest. But the present moment is one in which she is temporarily superseded in the public curiosity, and the vessel which is the observed of all observers is indebted for the attention which she excites, not to her gracefulness of outline or beauty of proportion, for even her architect and her captain, in spite of the professional pride they naturally take in her,

confess her to be the very ugliest craft that has ever yet floated on the waters, nor to any excellence as a sea-boat which she is expected to exhibit, for she is neither supposed nor intended to be able to go out of sight of our own shores ; but to the circumstance that, while all other ships are only developments or modifications of ancient systems, she exhibits the result of the exertions of a perfectly original genius. We do not, in saying this, propose here to prejudice the question, which indeed is as yet hardly ripe for decision, whether her constructor is over-sanguine or not in thinking that the armament which he has given her must ultimately supersede every other for purposes of war ; but that for many kinds of service she will be pre-eminently useful there can be no doubt whatever, and still less question can there be of the credit due to a boldness of invention which has thus struck out for itself an entirely new path, while every one else employed on similar tasks has been contented with adhering to established models, and has sought to attain his objects by the mere enlargement of old plans, or the application of them to new materials.

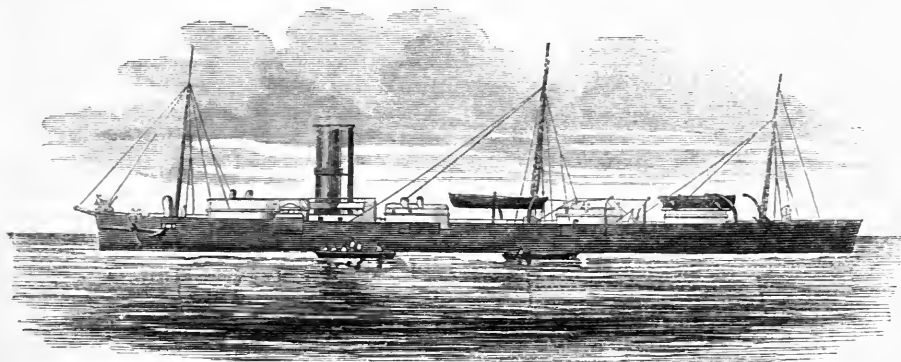
The ship of which we are speaking is the *Royal Sovereign*, a wooden three-decker, cut down, and, in the place of her original armament of 130 guns, equipped with one of five under the direction of Captain C. P. Coles, R.N. The circumstances which led to the conception of so singular and unprecedented a conversion have been fully explained by Captain Coles himself on more than one occasion, and it may enable our readers better to comprehend its objects, if we briefly recapitulate the most striking points of his explanation.

Captain Coles is a nephew of the late distinguished admiral, Lord Lyons ; and at the first breaking out of the Russian war in 1854 was that officer's flag-lieutenant in the *Agamemnon*. He was soon afterwards promoted, and received the command of the *Stromboli* gunboat. In one ship or the other he had the good fortune to be present at the most important operations undertaken by our fleets in the Black Sea. Of all the ships in the fleet the *Agamemnon* got closest to the Russian batteries on the 17th October, 1854 ; and the next year the *Stromboli* made one of the gallant squadron of gunboats with which the lamented Lyons of the *Miranda*, and, after his death, Osborn of the *Vesuvius* (the same officer who is now captain of the *Royal Sovereign*), swept the Sea of Azov, and with ceaseless vigilance and energy destroyed the greater part of the stores on which the garrison of Sebastopol depended, and so contributed their full share to the fall of that all-important

fortress. In the *Stromboli*, too, Captain Coles bore a part in the reduction of Kinburn ; and from his judicious reflections on what happened under his own eyes during the attack on that place sprang, in a great degree, his conception of the new plan which the visitors to the *Royal Sovereign* see exhibited to them in that vessel. The performances of a raft called the *Nancy* with a 32-lb. gun mounted in the centre, during the campaign in the Sea of Azov, had led him to the conclusion that a gun so placed, being necessarily steadier than one at the side of a vessel, was capable of being fired with greater precision by reason of that increased steadiness. The casualties occurring among the gunners of the French floating batteries at Kinburn, several of whom were killed or wounded by shot which entered the portholes of the gun which they were serving, pointed out to him further the great need which existed of some new plan for the protection of that important portion of the crew, who, while a gun scarcely more than a foot in diameter required a porthole of at least 13 square feet for its training, were necessarily exposed to great danger. Led by these considerations, he applied his mind to devise a vessel which should combine steadiness of platform for the guns with protection to the crew, and before the end of the year he submitted to the Board of Admiralty a plan for a raft armed with one heavy gun to be worked within a hemispherical iron shield. The Board appointed a commission, composed of officers serving in the Black Sea, and presided over by Sir Houston Stewart, to examine the projector and his design ; and their report was so favorable to the plan on all its most important points, that Captain Coles was ordered to repair to England, and preparations were made for constructing a number of vessels such as he had designed, which would have been sent the next year to attack Cronstadt, had not peace happily rendered them unnecessary. As far as the Admiralty was concerned the idea was, from that moment, abandoned, but it was fructifying in the fertile mind of the inventor. The raft, which, in his original plan, was to have been composed mainly of water-casks, was manifestly but a temporary expedient, of which one of the principal merits was that a whole flotilla of such vessels could be constructed with cheapness and despatch ; but in the hemispherical iron shield it contained a germ which, when elaborated by patient thought and ingenuity, could not fail to produce far greater results. To work out such results, therefore, by adapting his principle to large ships, Captain Coles now began to apply himself. The more he considered

the matter the more strongly did the conviction force itself upon his mind that the system of portholes, which was inseparable from a broadside armament, was not only fraught with needless danger to the gunners, but was, at all events from the moment that we began to cover ships with iron plates, a source of weakness to the ship; and consequently the more was he led to adhere to his principle of the shield. But, if the gun had to be trained within the shield, it was clear that it would still require a porthole. To obviate this he presently hit upon the idea of making the shield itself revolve upon a turntable, so that what should be trained should be not the gun by itself, but the shield containing the gun, and thus mounted the gun would require an opening only very little larger than its muzzle. There were still many points to be considered, especially with respect to rigging, steam-power,

&c., before a design, framed for a coasting raft could be made available for a large ship fitted to contend with an Atlantic gale, or to take its place in a line of battle. But all difficulties yielded before a resolution to surmount them, and at last, in June, 1860, he produced a design for two classes of ships, one suited for home service only, the other capable of long and distant voyages; and in a lecture which he delivered at the United Service Institution, he fully explained the details of his plan, and all the advantages which he expected to derive from it, especially in action; he pointed out that a ship armed on his principle, with her guns placed, as he proposed, along her centre, would be free from that roll, so disconcerting to the gunner's aim, which, independently of any smoothness or roughness of the sea itself, is caused by the mere working of the guns when placed at the



The Royal Sovereign. (From a photograph.)

side of the ship; while the character of the shields, revolving round the entire circle, would enable the fire of all the guns to be concentrated on any point on either side except one exactly fore or aft, the end turrets being able to command those points also. He explained also his plans for ventilation, and for getting rid of the smoke, so that the captain of each gun would always be able to see his object: while his vessel, though having her guns higher out of the water than could be the case in any ship armed on the broadside principle, would yet have her gunwale nearer the water, and so would offer a far smaller target to the enemy; and finally, he proved that a vessel so armed would require a much smaller crew; would be, in fact, not only cheaper in her first construction, but infinitely cheaper in her maintenance in an effective state, and in her whole subsequent working. His scheme, as proposed on this occasion, embraced a row of nine

turrets, each containing two guns of 100 lbs. each; and as the Warrior, our first iron-plated ship, which had been commenced in May, 1859, was to have a broadside of something over 1600 lbs., of which only 13 68-pounders were to be protected by armour, he contrasted with that force the 1800 pounds of shot which the revolving power of his shields or turrets would enable his vessel to throw on either side at pleasure, pointing out with self-evident truth that the effect of a ship's fire would depend, not so much on the mere weight of her collected broadside, as on the smallness of the number of the shot which made up that weight. The originality, boldness, and undeniable plausibility of the plan, while it startled some, who thought, as indeed they still think, that Captain Coles, like other men proud of, and confident in, their inventions, was disposed to underrate the objections to it, and to overrate the evils attendant on

the broadside system, and the difficulty of removing or diminishing those evils, yet made a great impression on his hearers, and on the public in general; but apparently it was not regarded with equal favour by the Admiralty, who, while ordering ships to be laid down on the old models with different trifling variations, steadily resisted every proposal to give Captain Coles's novel designs a trial. However, as time wore on, the new plan was discussed and favorably estimated in Parliament; the Prince Consort, who, from a careful examination of its details, had conceived a high opinion of its probable success, and, at all events, of the genius and merit of the inventor, pressed it on the notice of those in authority at Whitehall; and at last, after a year had elapsed, a trial was so far given to it that a turret was constructed on an old vessel called the *Trusty*, from which a gun was worked in competition with another gun mounted in the old fashion at the side of the ship; and the strength and working of the turret was further tested by a heavy cannonade from 68 and 110-pounders being directed at it from a distance of only 200 yards. Whether for offence or defence the turret proved a complete success. It was hit by 44 shot, which not only failed to penetrate it at any point, but utterly failed also to destroy, or even in the least to diminish the ease and rapidity with which it worked round. So utterly, indeed, that the men employed at it declared (we should think with some slight exaggeration) that the pounding it had received had made it work, "if anything, rather better." As a weapon of offence the gun which it contained, though only 7 men were required by it, while 12 were wanted for the gun at the ship's side, never fired fewer than three shots for every two that could be discharged from the other; and on one occasion, when the smoke (from which its position on deck relieved those in the turret) enveloped those at the broadside gun between decks, she actually fired seven shots, bringing each to bear with true aim at a gunboat passing at full speed, while her rival could only deliver one.

Yet even after this apparent verification of all that the inventor had promised, no steps were taken to give the invention such further trial as to build a ship in accordance with it, till, in the spring of the next year, the increasing pressure of public opinion, fortified by the knowledge that the Americans had borrowed the idea, and had proved its value in real warfare, became irresistible, and at last the Admiralty yielded, and orders were issued to apply it to two ships, one of which, the *Prince Albert*, was to be built on purpose;

the other, the *Royal Sovereign*, a splendid three-decker, which had never been to sea, was to be altered to receive the turrets, as other vessels, such as the *Royal Oak*, the *Prince Consort*, &c., had been reduced to receive their armour-plates. The *Prince Albert* is not yet ready for sea; the *Royal Sovereign* was completed in the spring of the present year, and of her we will now attempt to present some description to our readers.

We must premise however that she is not built or equipped exactly in accordance with Captain Coles's original plan. Some alterations have been made by himself; others, strange to say, in spite of his most earnest protest. The vast increase in the size of ordnance which had been made since his lecture in 1860, led him to reduce the number of his turrets, though making them, from the superior calibre of the guns which he now placed in them, very far more powerful than those which he had originally designed. In fact, the effect of shot is now so clearly ascertained to increase in almost geometrical progression according to its calibre, that a single 300-pounder will probably disable a hostile ship more than twenty guns of a third of that size, just as one lion would be more formidable to a herd of oxen than a score of cats. The alterations, however, which have been made by others, in disregard of his wishes, affecting as they do her masts, her tonnage, and her whole general character to a degree which disqualifies her from being used as a sea-going ship, may almost be looked upon as neutralising the advantage gained by the increase of her gun-power. A little while before the commencement of her conversion into a turret-ship the Admiralty had appointed a Mr. Reed Chief Constructor of the Navy, though he had previously had scarcely any experience as a ship builder; and, though he was chiefly known as the champion of a plan diametrically opposed to that of Captain Coles, gave him authority to decide on and alter the details of that officer's design—authority which he certainly exercised with no very great forbearance. It would seem to have been a singular policy of the Board so to tamper with a new invention as to leave the inventor the credit of any success which his ship might achieve, while thus dividing the discredit of any defect which she might develop between themselves and their new constructor.

We must however look at her as she is; and a very singular vessel she certainly appears to eyes accustomed to the tapering masts and lofty sides gaping with portholes and bristling with cannon of the honoured old *Victory* or the modern *Duke of Wellington*, both of which, as if to provoke the comparison, lie almost by her

side. Instead of those graceful stately fabrics we see a long low mass, so low indeed that her figurehead, the crowned lion of England, is raised far above her deck, and looking longer than she really is, by reason of that exceeding lowness. Her sides too project no threatening muzzles from rows of great square openings, but present one solid unbroken wall, which, on inquiry, we learn is composed of 18 inches of timber, protected on the outside by solid plates of $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches of wrought iron, and coated on the inside also with a stout iron skin. Her deck too, which, as being originally the lower deck of a three-decker, is of an unusual width, not less than 63 feet, and also unusually arched, so as to give a rise in the centre of 18 inches, has an underclothing of inch iron; and, rising out of it along the centre, are four circular turrets, which contain the ship's offensive power. They too are as solid as the sides of the ship; but in them we perceive small oval openings, one in each of the three sternmost, and two in the foremost, each of which is almost filled up with the muzzle of a huge 300-pounder Armstrong gun; the only vacant space being one of 3 inches below, and 4 inches above the gun, to give room for its occasional depression or elevation. And lest this small opening should prove a source of weakness, an extra $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch iron plate is added for a space of 4 feet on each side of the port; giving a thickness there of no less than 10 inches of solid iron. The largest or 2-gun turret in the bow rises 5 feet above the deck, measures 23 feet in diameter, and weighs, including its guns, 144 tons; the three smaller turrets rise 4 feet 6 inches, measure 20 feet 6 inches in diameter, and, with their gun, weigh 103 tons each, the weight of a gun and carriage being 16 tons.

Each gun is but just clear of the deck, and, except in action, is nearly concealed from the sight of anyone outside the vessel by an iron bulwark about 3 feet high, made in compartments resting on hinges and secured by pins, the withdrawal of which—an operation that can be performed in a few seconds—leaves the gun a clear space in front for its fire. The position of the gun in the centre, coupled with that raising of the deck which has already been mentioned, enables it to be depressed so low as to strike the water at a distance of only 23 yards from the ship. The perpendicular depression of the gun, or its elevation, which by the arrangement of the carriage can be carried as high as 35 degrees, is of course effected by moving the gun itself, but the lateral training, which in the central turrets amounts to about 60 degrees each way, making an arc of 120 degrees, and which in those at the bow and stern, from their having nothing

on one side of them, is much greater, is effected by revolutions given to the turrets themselves. And of them we will now speak, pausing only to remind or inform our readers that the greatest degree of lateral training of which a broadside gun is susceptible is 28 degrees, making an arc of 56 degrees, and to effect this her ports are forced to be not less than 13 square feet in size.

The entrance to the turrets is below the deck, and there also it is that they and the guns which they contain are worked, the whole crew being below, with the exception of the captain, whose place in action is in a little watch-tower, as it may be called, slightly raised above the deck, and plated as strongly as the turrets, in which, while fully protected and concealed from the sight of the enemy, he has a full view of all that is going on, and from which, by means of a set of voice pipes ingeniously placed around him, he can convey his orders to every part of the ship. Each turret is supported on a turntable, the idea of which Captain Coles borrowed from that in ordinary use on our railways; and each turntable revolves on a gigantic pivot, two feet in diameter, made of wrought iron, hollow, with sides four inches thick, and fitted with bearings like the shaft of a paddle-wheel. The men who fight the gun have ample standing room in the turret, which, when it is desired to train it in any direction, is moved by a double set of winches, outside and inside, which, in the case of the smaller turrets, can be worked by as few as four men, though there is room for double that number if required. They can turn it with extreme rapidity or with the most deliberate slowness, and stop its revolution at a word, thus bringing the gun to bear on its object with the most perfect nicety. And this was tested and proved in the most satisfactory manner at the end of July, when the ship closed her first series of experimental firing in the open sea by destroying, with the concentrated fire of all her guns at a single discharge, a target only a foot square at a distance of 1000 yards. The trial she had then just completed of repeated and rapid firing of all her guns with full charges proving also, as Captain Coles had predicted, that very little smoke entered the turrets, and also, what was least expected, at least by the adversaries of the plan, that the concussion was less felt in them than in other parts of the ship. The gun carriages run on a kind of rail, the recoil after fire bringing the gun back within the turret sufficiently to allow of its being reloaded without any exposure of the gunners, and at the same time (from the admirable arrangement of all the gear which holds the gun) being under the most complete control, as may be

udged by the following circumstance. Since from the small size of the interior of the turret (the walls of which are two feet thick) there is no clear space of any extent behind the gun, as is the case with those at the side of a ship, stout beams of oak are fixed at the rear of each, against the wall of the turret, to act as buffers; and though every gun has gone through repeated trials, nearly two hundred rounds having been fired altogether, on only one of these beams is the very slightest dent visible.

The Royal Sovereign's masts are three low wooden spars, without yards, looking more suitable for a schooner yacht than for a mighty ship of war; and though they may be useful at times in steadying her, or may perhaps assist her in beating off shore in the event of any accident happening to her screw, they are wholly different from the powerful iron tubular masts in which Captain Coles designed to spread a cloud of canvas half as large again as is usually carried by ships of her tonnage, and with which he would not have feared to undertake the longest voyage, to race with the speediest vessel, or to encounter the heaviest weather.

The accommodation for the crew, at least for the officers, is perhaps rather more scanty than we are accustomed to see in a ship of the tonnage of the Royal Sovereign; but it must be remembered that, including marines, artillery, and engine officers, she carries only 300 men; and among her officers there are no midshipmen, an arrangement which, though it saves one mess-room, we should think of very doubtful policy, since there could hardly be a more useful school for the very youngest officers than would be afforded by the practical working of a vessel equipped on so novel a system. Even the captain's cabin is made out of what was originally the bread-room of the three-decker, and is crowded by the wheel, for which no other place can be found, but which the captain has converted into a piece of ornamental furniture, painting on it Nelson's signal in letters of gold, thus proclaiming his recognition of that heroic principle as the rule of his own conduct, and inculcating obedience to it on others. Another decoration which the cabin contains may not be passed over, a pair of pictures of the Queen and her lamented husband, who took a judicious and clear-sighted interest in Captain Coles's plan from its first announcement. They are the gift of her Majesty herself to Captain Osborn, as a testimony of her approval of his efforts to do that plan justice, and of the success which, as far as opportunity has been given him, has attended those efforts. The captain himself is a

remarkable man, who has seen more service than perhaps any officer of his standing, who on all occasions has displayed the most brilliant professional skill and courage, and who combines with them no ordinary degree of scientific knowledge and acuteness as well as of literary attainment. He not only bore an active share in the search for the lamented Franklin and his comrades, but from him, while all in England were in a state of doubt and uncertainty, came by far the most accurate conjectures as to the course which Franklin had taken, and the region in which consequently the chief search should be made, that was at any time offered to the Admiralty. To him, as its commander, was chiefly owing the admirable success achieved by our squadron in the Sea of Azov, to which allusion has already been made. He it was who, having seen some of his earliest service in China under Sir W. Parker, revisited the same waters under the most distinguished of all the successors of that gallant officer, and, penetrating to Hankow (far beyond the utmost limits of the expedition of 1841) and returning in safety under difficulties which severely tested his seamanship, earned for himself so high a reputation that, when the Chinese government sought the aid of a European fleet against the Taeping rebels, it entrusted the command to him. The misunderstandings arising between the Mandarins and M. Lay, which ended in his laying down his command, added to his credit by giving him the opportunity of displaying a high degree of moral courage and promptitude of decision. Fortunately also for Captain Coles, his system, now placed fairly on its trial, thus obtained the aid of so consummate a master of every branch of his profession.

Such a captain cannot have a bad crew; and the perfect state of discipline to which he has brought them cannot perhaps be better described than by saying that they can clear their ship for action, let fall the bulwarks, train the guns to any point required, load and discharge them all in less than five minutes, and that afterwards, two minutes and fifty seconds is all the time they require to repeat the broadside, so that they can fire 21 broadsides in less than an hour; a result far surpassing anything that, under any other system, has been effected by a crew of 300 men, or of twice that number.

In the middle of September the Royal Sovereign returned to harbour from Portland, where she had been undergoing a series of severe trials to test her capabilities as a sea-boat, and also the working of her guns and turrets in the open sea. In both points she has been found to work admirably. Her speed is, of course, not great;

but she has made eight knots against a heavy sea and a strong head wind ; and her extreme roll, even in a double-reefed topsail breeze, is not more than has been experienced in some of our finest wooden vessels of the old time. While in the very roughest weather the turrets and guns have been found to work admirably ; nor, though nearly two hundred rounds have been fired in every variety of weather and sea, has a single breeching been carried away, nor (a thing which might easily have happened when the heaviest guns ever yet put on board a ship were being worked on a wholly novel plan) has the most trifling hurt been sustained by a single man.

The chief objects then which Captain Coles proposed to himself and promised to his countrymen,—greater rapidity and accuracy in shooting ; greater, indeed complete protection to the crew ; and greater economy in the construction, maintenance, and working of the ship,—appears to have been successfully attained. The attainment of the first is established by the trials of which we have already spoken. The attainment of the second, at least until it is defeated by the production of guns so large as to crush through any armour under which a ship can float, is proved by the details which have been given above of the composition of her sides and her turrets, to be so far perfect as to be equal in every respect to that of any ship yet launched or designed, and to be superior to that of any except vessels of the Minotaur class, the only ones which carry plates of the same thickness, $5\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, those of the Warrior class, the Royal Oak class, and the Achilles being all alike $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch. To even the strongest of these, the Minotaur, the Royal Sovereign is still superior in that most important point of having no port-holes, the Minotaur, like the Warrior, having 20 on a side, presenting collectively an opening of 260 square feet. Moreover, the crew of the Royal Sovereign have an additional protection in the smallness of the target which their ship presents to the enemy. She is 240 feet long, and, as we have said before, 8 feet out of the water, or, including the rise in her deck, 9 feet 6 inches, the whole area therefore which she presents to the aim of an enemy, including her four turrets, is one of 2668 square feet. The Warrior has a length of 380 feet, and her gunwale is 22 feet out of the water, she therefore affords a mark of 8360 feet, while we must add, as a source of danger to her men, the opening of 260 square feet of porthole. How undeniably the third object, cheapness in construction and working, is arrived at, is proved by the Parliamentary returns. As she is a converted ship it is impossible to state with

precision the cost of the Royal Sovereign : but that of the Prince Albert is fixed at £157,303, an amount which would be augmented by less than £10,000 if she were built as a sea-going ship with somewhat increased tonnage, and with the masts to fit her for a long voyage, while the cost of the Warrior is given in the Parliamentary returns as having amounted to no less than 360,995*l*. The economy in maintaining and working her is equally established by a comparison of the number of her crew with that of the Warrior, the Royal Sovereign having, as has already been said, 300 men only of every class and rank ; while the crew of the Warrior, reckoned in the same manner, exceeds 800 ; nor, leaving out of the question the saving of money, would it be a trifling advantage in the event of war breaking out suddenly, and its becoming requisite to equip a fleet in haste, to be able to man two ships completely with fewer men than would otherwise be required for one.

The Royal Sovereign, as we have said, is not a sea-going ship, but Captain Coles earnestly desired to make her such, and not only believes that there is nothing in his plan of construction nor in the disposition of weight on board such a ship calculated in the least to render her unfit for long voyages, but he even maintains that his system is especially suited for ships to fight in the open sea, since guns placed in the centre of the ship are less likely to be disabled by its roll in a heavy sea than guns on a broadside, where it is sometimes necessary to close the portholes,—the guns even of the Warrior, though unusually high above the water, being six inches nearer to it than the guns of the Royal Sovereign. To which argument, it may perhaps be added, that no other kind of ship gives room for availing ourselves of those improvements in artillery which are now proceeding at so rapid a pace. Whatever may be the size to which guns may eventually be carried, none can be made so large or so heavy that, if we believe Captain Coles, a turret ship cannot receive and work them, while it is not clear that our gun makers have not already produced pieces too large to be placed at the *side* of a ship : at all events it is certain that even on board the Minotaur, a ship exceeding the Royal Sovereign in size by nearly 3000 tons, it is not contemplated to place any gun of more than 110 lbs. calibre ; though against $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch plates, a ball from such a gun would be almost impotent. Moreover, though we have as yet taken no steps to test this portion of Captain Coles's assertions, other nations have had sea-going ships built entirely on his plan ; and the complete success achieved by the Danish Rolf-krake, in her action with a

very superior force has of course stimulated the desire to possess vessels like her. Another, the *Smirch*, has been already sent from this country to Russia, and more than one of our private yards are building similar or larger vessels on the same plan for one or other of the foreign powers which may some day use them against ourselves.

That Captain Coles's plan did not at first find favour with the present Board of Admiralty is so notorious, and the step which has been unexpectedly taken, since this article was commenced, of removing the Royal Sovereign into the steam reserve, seems so strange, that many, and especially naval men, have inferred from it that the complete success achieved by this ship in all the trials that she has as yet had the opportunity of making, has only strengthened the disinclination of the Board to allow that success to be more fully established by a continuance of her experiments, lest they should at last be compelled to give the plan the still further trial of allowing Captain Coles to build a ship wholly in accordance with his own views, without the interference of any civil constructor. But such a course would be so shameful that, it cannot, we are convinced, be truly imputed to any part of a British Ministry. It is probable rather that, looking on the justice of Captain Coles's views to be as completely established as it was possible for a vessel of the limited capabilities of the Royal Sovereign to establish them, and remembering that the fact of those capabilities being limited is owing not to any imperfection in Captain Coles's plan, but to the circumstance of others having been admitted to interfere with and vary the details of that plan, the Board now considers that Captain Coles is entitled,—it would be more correct to say, that the country is entitled,—to have these views tested more completely in a sea-going vessel, and that therefore they are about to entrust him with the construction of such a ship, as the only method of finally deciding the question at issue between guns in turrets and guns in broadsides: a question which in the present critical state of Europe admits of no postponement, and of which it would be neither creditable nor safe for us to leave the solution to other nations, perhaps at our own expense.

CHARLES WOLFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I have no doubt that the readers of your journal have been as much interested as I have been in perusing your recent notice* of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, and I have thought,

therefore, that the following additional facts may not be unacceptable.

On the north-east coast of Ireland lies Newry, a sea-port of some importance, and my own native place. One of my father's most intimate friends in that town was a Doctor Stuart, pretty generally known (in that quarter of Ireland at least) as the author of a "History of the City of Armagh," and more widely, as the writer of "The Protestant Layman." At the time of my father's acquaintance with this gentleman, he (Doctor Stuart) was the editor of the Newry Commercial Telegraph, a newspaper then published three times a week, and still in existence. In this paper the beautiful "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore" was first published. I had this from my father's lips; but afterwards, in looking through the Penny Cyclopædia under the name of "Charles Wolfe," I found his words fully confirmed.

And now occurs a curious matter in connection with these celebrated verses. My father told me that once when in company with Doctor Stuart and some other gentlemen, shortly after the publication of Wolfe's ode, the conversation naturally turned on the noble lines that had just appeared in the Telegraph. The doctor on that occasion stated that *he found the verses in the street of the town*. I have repeatedly heard my father say that he did not credit this statement, nor, I fancy, did any one who heard it made. It was generally felt that the doctor had some motive for concealing the source whence the lines came into his possession.

The ode appeared in the Telegraph anonymously, and was then claimed by a Scotchman. Stuart, in an article, sharply rebuked the pretender, who did not dare to reply. From this arises the presumption—perhaps not sufficiently just—that the editor knew the author's name, or at least something of the real author; that the lines had been sent to Stuart by some friend of Wolfe after their rejection by "the periodical" to which Mr. Gibson has alluded, and that the story of the *finding in the street* was a way of avoiding further questioning about a writer who preferred remaining incognito.

About three or four years ago I happened to be in Dublin with some fellow-students, and among other places of interest we visited St. Patrick's Cathedral: there my eye fell on a plain marble tablet, inscribed with these words, which I copied at the time:—

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE,

LATE CURATE OF DONOUGHMORE, CO. TYRONE,
Whose earthly course closed Feb. 21, 1823.

* See p. 501.

Rich in the treasures of Science and Literature,
 Endowed with the noblest poetic powers,
 Blessed with the love and admiration of all,
 More blessed in the successful devotion of those high gifts
 To the Service of
 Him who gave them.
 "For if we believe that Jesus died,
 And rose again,
 Even so them also who sleep in Jesus
 Will God bring with him."
 1 Thess. iv. 14.

Captain Medwin, alluding to Lord Byron's reading of the "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore," says (as has already been noticed by Mr. Gibson), "The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget." And it is the remembrance of the expressive beauty with which a loved parent—now no more—used to clothe these "admirable stanzas," as he read them in the midst of us when we were children, that has given them a place in my heart of hearts, fondly endeared to me the name of Charles Wolfe, and chiefly induced me to trouble you with this letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 T. H. M. SCOTT, M.A.

Mount Pleasant, Wolverhampton,
 Oct. 31, 1864.

RUBENS IN THE CLOISTER.

FROM pallid morn until the drowsy noon
 I worked with burning fever in my heart,
 That I might show my fellows with what skill
 God had imbued my fingers and my brain—
 That I might wear a nobler crown than they,
 And win me fame within our convent walls.
 But as I worked, and worked, and hovered o'er
 The tell-tale canvas, as a mother seeks
 Faint recognition in her young one's eyes,
 A sense of shame and disappointment stole
 Upon me, for I knew my heart contained
 Serener love, a beauty nobler far
 Than this weak hand could clasp. So one grey morn
 A passion seized me, and I wildly swore
 And trampled in the dust my summer's toil,
 Then threw myself upon my little couch
 And wept in vague remorse and throbbing pain.
 I did sore penance all that weary day
 And through the night; the while with tears I prayed
 That God would pardon all my foolish pride,
 And teach me so to work in reverent love,
 With perfect gentleness of will and aim,
 That men should look upon my art and feel
 Themselves thereby a little nearer Heaven.

This did I purpose: then with secret care
 I sought the shadow of my lonely cell,
 Where but one gleam of clear and crystal light
 Fell from the sky above. There laboured I
 What time my brother monks stood in the sun
 With idle gossip in the garden-square;
 And when the mournful bell swung to and fro
 And called us forth to penance or to prayer,
 There went with me a dream of loveliness—
 A strange white presence that before my eyes
 Floated like vapour o'er a summer sea—
 And at my heart I felt sweet consciousness

Of happiness desired and reached. So I
 From earliest dawn till sunset strove to gain
 The full perfection nestled in my breast;
 And as I saw the beauty come and go
 In fitful flashes as the sunlight stole
 Athwart my little room, I seized it there
 And bade it burn and burn for evermore
 To satisfy my gloating, ardent eyes.

It was my comfort day by day; therein
 I found some consolation when my soul
 Grew dark with thinking of my sunny youth,
 And when the evening light stole down the sky
 And reddened poplar stems, or touched the wall
 With faint approach of crimson—when I dreamed
 Of summer twilights buried long ago
 Within the pale vaults of the past, until
 My heart grew sick and weary of my life,
 And there uprose a vision of my home
 Afar amid the blue Calabrian hills—
 Of one there, also, whose angelic face
 Was far too pure for earth—and of the nights
 Made musical by beating of twin hearts—
 Bah! wherefore should I rave? I turned and looked
 Upon my picture, called myself a fool,
 And wondered if in all my moon-struck days
 I could have done or dreamed this glorious work.

At length 'twas finished, and they came to see:
 Spoke oily comments from beneath their cowls,
 And veiled their ignorance in soft applause.
 The prior said 'twas this and that—admired
 The handling and the colour consonance;
 Was somewhat critical, and spoke of forms
 That gained distinctness by a vague outline.
 He praised the work, but said it might have been
 Some other thing—he scarcely knew well what;
 And shut an eye, and raised a finger so,
 To see if such a line were truly straight.
 I turned from them: they knew not me nor mine:
 Saw in all beauty earthward sent by God
 A merely pleasant thing that touched the eye,
 Or, with a graceful figure, hue, or tint,
 Rendered a sensual delight more sweet.

Then strangers came: the prior was polite—
 Would bring them hither and with pride display
 My picture as a marvel of the place;
 Whereat they looked, and smiled, and said 'twas fine,
 'Twas wondrous fine, the convent should be famed!
 I heard them all, yet heeded none. To me
 My picture offered calm content, and I
 Was fain to spend my life in solitude—
 My poor and shattered life—a worthless thing—
 A sunset drowned in rainy mist of tears.

Among the rest one day an artist came,—
 He said he was an artist—this I knew
 In that he spoke not hurriedly, nor deemed
 It quite sufficient for a painter's ear
 To hear that he had met with fair success.
 At length he broke the silence with a stream
 Of phrases admirably turned, and then
 I thought him just like others, nor did care
 To thank him for his praise. He said that I
 Should make the nations ring with clamorous joy,
 And should bequeath unto all coming time
 The strength that God had given; that he would
 Obtain a dispensation from the Pope
 To yield me time for study and for work.
 I said, "The world has many painters; I
 Have but one soul; wherefore would I remain
 Within these walls." Whereat he looked amazed,
 Then glanced upon my picture once again.
 "I swear that thou art greater than myself!

This picture here doth surely dwarf that power
Which even now the earth acknowledges !”
With sudden thrill of thought I asked his name ;
Whereto he answered with a look of pride,

“Men call me RUBENS.”

O the sudden chill
That turned my heart to stone ! Cold drops of sweat
Stood beaded on my brow, I felt like one



Who, toiling through a desert, sees beyond
The haunts of men he fondly hoped to reach,
And yet must die within their very sound,
Should I forsake my convent and go forth
With glory as a meteoric star

To blind the eyes of men ?—forget my vows,
Peril mayhap the safety of my soul ?
“Thou shalt have wealth, whate’er thou mayst desire,
By dispensation of the Holy See ;
Old Rome shall choose thee as her chiefest son,

And waft thine honour over all the land,
 To rival those whose names are evermore
 Set high upon the eternal arch of fame !"
 This might be mine ! O God ! but it was hard
 To steel my soul against it ; for I thought
 Of those within that deep Calabrian vale,
 Who tore me from the dear embrace of her
 Whom I did gaze upon as doth the sea
 Stretch forth his eager arms unto the moon,
 Receiving such faint recompense of light
 As smooths his turbid bosom into rest,
 And wakes a plaintive music in his waves.
 So gained I sweetness from her angel face.
 She, looking on me as a stately queen,
 Entranced me with effulgency of light ;
 Then, breaking from her throne in perfect love,
 She drowned me with her kisses and her tears.
 They stole her from me—look you, I was poor !—
 And would have married her to some rich fool,
 But she, poor thing, did one day strangely die,
 And somehow cheated them of their design.

Now what a rare and sweet revenge were this !
 To make their sordid hearts grow sick to think
 What might have been had they but left my flower
 Unto myself ! Alas, the time was gone :
 Revenge is for the young ; my wrath had cooled.
 " You pause ! " he said, amazed.

" Well may I pause.

Too late the summons comes : the world no more
 Enticeth me with subtlety as when
 It taught my hand and heart and soul to seek
 With perfect consonance one eager wish.
 " You will not go ? "

Again that fearful chill !
 I thought of her—my darling now in Heaven—
 And said I would not. Then he sighed and left.

But in the night, what time the silent moon
 Gleamed like a spirit on my window pane,
 I rose and seized my brushes, palette, all
 That came 'twixt me and placid thoughts of her,
 And with a sudden power I broke them there,
 And cast them forth into the darkness. Then
 I knelt and prayed to God for soft content ;
 That I might end my days without regret,
 And wait with hope the coming of the dawn.

WILLIAM BLACK.

BEYOND GOWER'S LAND.

A WET day at the sea-side is never a pleasant thing, especially when you happen to be at a place where there is neither a public room, a library, nor a gossiping friend ; yet, in spite of these wants, rain will come, and to-day we have it in good earnest, a grey, lowering sky, mists like billows creeping across the " borrows " or " bents," and a seething sea tossing its white mane, wreathed with dark weeds brought up from the deep water by last night's storm. It is an old and true saying that " it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." In the present case this wind, in blowing up the rain, gave me time to put some of my Welsh gatherings into a readable form, so, with my sketch-book before me, I sit down for a day's work.

Pendine is one of the quietest little places upon the Welsh coast : those who have found

it out, and like it well enough to return to, prefer its quiet to any philanthropical views toward the rest of mankind, and hold their tongue as to its advantages. It has hitherto escaped notice, and is just the kind of place to remain in this sort of twilight, as there are no resident influential gentry, no fishing trade, or indeed trade of any description ; but now this is to be changed. A company are about to build an hotel, where good and cheap accommodation will supply a want long and often felt.

The village of Pendine lies about midway along Carmarthen bay, ten miles from Tenby, and six from a railway station : thus escaping the tourist tide, it has remained in the hands of the country folks, and retained more of the original characteristic courtesy and friendliness, peculiarly Cymric, than any place I have met with. Pendine does not know itself in print ; once I had occasion to mention it in writing of the famous earth-stopper and bard of Morvychachen, and once it is mentioned in Mason's " Tenby Guide," not, however, in any compliment to its own charms, but simply in connection with the " Green Bridge of Wales," which, being one of the sights appropriated by Tenby, necessitates a visit to the Inn at Pendine as a resting-place for the the horses. Few, however, of the fashionables of Tenby go as far as the " Green Bridge," and consequently to Pendine, a circumstance which, in my opinion, is not a little to its advantage, inasmuch as the true lover of Nature can here enjoy some of her most perfect handiwork without the apprehension of running against the crinolined divinities of a watering-place, or hearing modern young-lady slang profane caverns where old Neptune has been chanting his hymns for ages ; of this I speak feelingly, as full many a scene have I felt utterly marred by an ill-timed comparison or remark.

First impressions are always the most lasting, and carry with them a greater influence upon the memory in after days. My first impression of Pendine was favourable, and, I am happy to say, nothing has ever clouded it. I arrived here one October afternoon, just as the sun was dropping down behind Tenby, whose terraced cliffs, tower, and ruins stood out in strong relief against the western sky, all flooded as it was with warm blushing light. The hill-side near me, upon which stand several pretty cottages, was already buried in dark shades of night ; but the beautiful beach, fringed with coarse bent grass, wore a pale golden hue, upon which the retreating tide was breaking in long rollers, every one of which was mirrored forth again in the wet sand. After a long look, I went back to my lodgings

to attend to my home duties, and by the time our little ones were fed, bathed, and asleep, the full moon was sailing on her quiet way across the dark-blue sky, shedding her sweet bright smile earthwards, and lighting up the sea and shore with a calm radiance more like twilight than moonlight. To the south-west shone the Caldly light-house, throwing a long red line of reflection upon the sands and across the bay; taking this as a beacon, I walked on, until, turning, I found I had reached the shore beyond the high cliffs; the point hid the village, not a human habitation or sign of life was to be seen or heard, and verily I stood entranced and overpowered by the solemn grandeur of the scene.

Before me lay the sands, sparkling as if strewn with diamonds, stretching away to the foot of the bold beetling cliffs, at the base of which lay great boulders, armoured with acorn shells. On one side the cliffs rose a solid perpendicular wall, several hundreds of feet high; on the other side they were broken in upon by numerous caverns of every fantastic shape imaginable; when I saw them their mysterious depths were filled with weird-like shadows, and it required but small effort of the imagination to convert the bleached, water-worn columns into those spectral forms known in all parts of Wales as "White Ladies." While the refrain of the distant tide went echoing through the dim recesses like spirit songs, as my ear became accustomed to the harmonious medley it began to distinguish the silvery bell-like note of a dripping well and the gush of a waterfall, and there was something so strangely sweet in the tone of the last that I could not but seek it out. Accordingly, after much scrambling and scratching upon the acorn shells, I discovered the secret to be a deep chasm, in which a stream of water gleamed in the moonbeams, as it poured down some forty feet from a rent in the dark rock. So enrapt was I that I ran a narrow chance of passing the night among the ghostly caves. The first warning I perceived of the rising tide was the rippling of the water round the rock upon which I was sitting, and the first wave just kissed the point as I hurried past. A couple of hours later, when I looked out of my bed-room window, the tide was fully up, breaking within twenty yards of me, and radiant with phosphorescent light. I sat watching the flashes until my eyes grew dim, and I was fain to seek my rest; but even then the musical rhythm of the waves filled my dreams with scenes of other days. Madame de Staël says, "*C'était le parfum que toujours portait Corinne*;" true as this is, sound has a still greater power, and an old melody, the into-

nation of some passing voice, or, as now, the throb of the restless ocean touches the key-note of memory, bringing back with startling vitality, voices, scenes, and joys that earth can never give us back.—

Up from the shadowy past,
Come visions of joy and light;
The tender clasp of hands long cold,
The voice that of love so sweetly told,
Make heaven still ours by night.

No place in the United Kingdom could be more completely adapted than Pendine by those natural advantages generally considered indispensable at a bathing place, and that, too, not only in summer, but likewise as a sheltered and healthy place of retreat from the east and north winds which afflict our land in spring. At present, accommodation is scanty; but land, labour, and material are cheap, and the sides of the hills and dells are filled with tempting sites for cottages.

The first attraction of the place is the great extent of dry, hard, and clean sand left bare by every tide; these sands are nearly eight miles in length, and at the neap tides two or more in width, and are as deeply interesting to the conchologist as the pleasure-seeker; indeed, as a proof of what they do offer, I may say that the collection I have here made comprises almost every variety of shell found upon the South Coast, and a few rarely-seen specimens into the bargain.

A semicircle of high grassy hills partially encloses the flat plain; the sea-board side of which is composed of sand-hills, upon which the bent grows, and gives occupation in making very elegant and useful kind of baskets; these "borrows," as they are called, are inhabited by hundreds of rabbits, whose gambols it is amusing to watch. Beyond the borrows and mouth of the Towey is Ferryside; then a flat shore, enlivened by the smoke of the coal and copper works at Kidwelly, Llanelly, and Pembray; then comes a long reach of sandy flat; then Gower's Land, terminating in the Worm's Head, which stands like a natural fortress at the mouth of the bay.

West of Pendine the coast assumes a wild and grand character. Beyond the Beacon Hill is a pretty little harbour opening into Morvychen Bay, and upon the other side of this basin the cliffs rise again, and, with the exception of a hill or so at Amroth, continue the same precipitous wall-like defence as far as Tenby Castle rock.

Wales has long been famous among the artist fraternity, not only for the picturesque combinations of mountain, wood, and water there to be found in a comparatively small compass, but also for the exquisite variety of

the atmospheric tinting; yet of all Wales commend me to Carmarthen Bay. Here every hour gives new life and beauty, and with all these changing shades there is a repose and influence of repose over all; that, harmonising with the purer and better feelings of the heart, brings with it a tranquillising effect I never experienced elsewhere.

The sunrises and sunsets are absolutely splendid, and make one long to be a painter, though, after all, if happy enough to catch even a faint impression of the gorgeous colouring, how loud-mouthed the public is in crying it down as unnatural. I once stood beside a great painter while an amateur critic was condemning the bright colouring of a sunset picture; the painter listened calmly, and when the other had done gravely made reply, "Sir, I am not the Creator, only a humble copyist."

The neighbourhood is rich in legendary lore, and the fame of the Pendine witches was long a source of trouble and anxiety among the coasting vessels, the hags taking a delight, as well as gaining a living, by exercising their spells upon such ships as came within their influence.

I was told by old Cadwallader, a boatman at Tenby, that he remembered when a lad accompanying his father to the help of a bewitched vessel, the captain of which, being a stranger to these parts, knew nothing of the danger of hugging the land, and when he suddenly perceived that the ship was driving on shore the evil was done. In vain he shifted sail and tried to tack; the witches' wind tacked too, and strange voices and laughter came whistling through the shrouds as the sailors attempted to alter them. At last one of the crew cried out that they were bewitched, then the others all fell upon their knees, and not a turn of work could the captain persuade them to do, so that the good ship drove right on shore. When they were in this predicament, with the wind rising and a storm brewing, the boat from Tenby put off to their assistance.

"When," to use the words of my informant, "we see'd a big ship go on the sands we knowed what they were up to, my father being a very clever man, and understanding all about the witches. Well! when we gets to the land he didn't go to'ards the ship, but sets off to the auld witch's cottage, and rammed a darning needle threaded w' blue worsted into her arm till the blood spurted, and when that come she gives a lood screech, and *instantly* there was as fair a wind as ever blowed, and the ship turned off quite jolly-like, so we got her into Tenby harbour, and that's as true as death, for I was an eye-witness."

After this event, some counter-charm was

brought to bear upon the witches, and, as Cadwallader assured me, they were "anchored with blue yarn," so that they could not do any mischief "out at sea."

Wrecks are of rare occurrence here now, though in days gone by Pendine, like most of its neighbours on the Bristol Channel, bore an unholy reputation, the inhabitants living by wrecking and smuggling; and upon the Beacon rock stands a post where formerly a fire was lighted, while a horse with a lantern tied round his neck was taught to walk along the verge of the cliff, and many a good ship's crew left their bones to whiten beneath the waters of Carmarthen Bay.

As a people, the Welsh are much given to superstition, and many are yet pointed out said to be endowed with the power of prophecy, or "second sight." One instance, which occurred not many years ago in the neighbourhood, is firmly believed in. A farmer and his friend had been enjoying a day's fishing in the Tav, an excellent trouting stream that runs past the old Abbey of Whitland. As the evening drew on, the sport grew slack, and at last the trout gave up taking at all, so the sportsmen put up their tackle, said "Good night," and departed on their several roads homeward. The farmer, however, liked a pipe, and was stopping with the intention of lighting his, when he became conscious of an indescribable sensation; the air seemed full of sound, and yet was perfectly silent. As he stood perplexed, not to say alarmed, strange noises began to issue from the ground, the hill trembled beneath his feet, his pipe dropped from his hand, and he was on the point of running away, when a long whistling shriek, accompanied by the sound of a thousand wheels, burst from the hill-side close beside him; a number of horses feeding close by pricked up their ears and galloped wildly down the hill, jumping right into the bed of the Tav, where they stood panting and frightened until the strange sound died away in the distance.

The farmer did not stay to pick up his pipe, but hurried home brimful of the wonderful event, and under considerable apprehension that some terrible calamity was going to happen to him or his family.

Some time afterwards the line for the South Wales Railway was surveyed and a tunnel at last completed, the mouth of which opened at the very spot from whence what was now explained as a spectral train had issued, and upon the opening day the farmer and a crowd of country folk were upon the spot to witness the effect, which certainly exactly answered the description given by him, even to the horses galloping into the Tav.

A couple of old men now living at Pendine

positively affirm that they saw a spirit train crossing the plain ; but as the bill to enable a company to open a line from Tenby to Narberth has just passed, I fancy there is little chance of this prophecy being fulfilled, at least for many a year.

Visionary funerals, or, as they are called, "corpse candles," are said to precede death ; the lights assemble round the house, take their way to the church-yard, and sometimes go through the ceremony of an interment ; they are also seen hovering over a place where a fatal accident will shortly occur. There seems no law as to the appearance, where, how, or to whom, of the "corpse candles;" the only thing I remarked was, that the power of seeing such things is generally claimed by the old families among the middle class, and that you always hear it was "my father" or "my mother" to whom such or such a thing appeared.

Fairies prevail everywhere, and the country folks' belief in these parts is, that the fairies are the souls of those who, when death came, were neither good enough for heaven or wicked enough for hell, and so passed into a fairy state, and were thus set to punish lying, stealing, and immorality of any kind.

I am not learned in fairy history, and so cannot make a surmise as to the origin of this belief, which must have been imported, as the old Cymric faith of the metempsychosis taught by those poetical law-givers, the Druids, has a very different tendency, and far other fate, for the various degrees of sin and evil. Talking of this transition, I met lately with a curious anecdote of the old Spencer family. The Spencers were not popular, being a tyrannical, exacting race, taking what they pleased, and when they pleased ; it mattered not whether the game were cattle, corn, or a pretty woman, if fair means failed, force was used, and their followers never returned empty-handed from their raids, so that Gaerfily bore a bad name, and it became a common saying, that if anything was missing it had gone to Gaerfily. The poet David ap Gwilym has immortalised this in a couplet in one of his effusions ; it is in the Cymric tongue, and runs thus :—

A gŵ y gwr gan ei gi
Ai gorff ei i Gaerfily,—

which, rendered into English, means :

May the soul of this fellow (the last of the Spencers) animate his dog, and may his body go to Gaerfily, that is, to the devil,—the two terms being synonymous.

The belief in fairies, though wearing out, is still prevalent in many places, especially quiet remote districts, such as those I am writing of, and thus it is that in the lonely green dells

round Pendine the fairies still hold their court. A green pasture, near the upper village, was pointed out to me as their favourite rendezvous ; and a few years back, *it is said*, that as two farm servants were coming home one midsummer night, one inadvertently stepped inside the mystic ring : she was immediately caught by invisible hands, vanishing from the sight of her wondering and frightened companion, who night after night came back, watching and hoping to catch a sight of the girl. This at last he did, upon the anniversary of the night wherein he lost her. There she was, whirling round in the fairy ring. Coming as near as he dared, he caught her by the hand, but instead of being glad to rest, she begged him to let her finish the dance, when the faithful swain replied with more energy than politeness :

"Sure, indeed, then ye'ar danced a dommed deal too much ;—its twelve months since I lost ye !"

In the same pasture another lad witnessed a fairy feast. Having been sent a message, and tarrying too long, the boy was afraid to go home, and so lay down under the hedge to sleep. Presently music began to thrill on the summer air ; thousands of silver bells seemed tinkling close to him ; and, while he was listening, a pale clear light shone over the field, which to his astonishment he perceived to be full of tiny little creatures, all clad in bright and glittering garments. Some were sitting in the blue bells, and some in the buttercups ; some had wings, some long silver or gold wands ; and as they moved about they all sang in a soft, sweet, low strain. Suddenly a band of them appeared, leading along a favourite red ox belonging to the lad's master ; then, to his great horror, he watched them proceed to kill, roast, and eat the ox. The savoury smell thereupon getting the better of fear, the lad crept up near enough to purloin a bone, and lay watching until he fell asleep. When he awoke next morning the first thing he saw was the red ox, quietly grazing close beside him. The next was the bone, which was neither more nor less than a portion of a human leg. Completely perplexed, he rose to go home, but could hardly limp along, and was never able to walk straight again.

About half a mile from Pendine, upon the promontory beyond Morvybachen, is a rocky platform, known as the Maiden's Bower, from the circumstance that one Sunday, during divine service, three diminutive people, clad in scarlet cloaks, entered the church. Before seating themselves they took off their cloaks, and hung them upon a sunbeam that glinted across the church. As soon as service was

over, the little maidens caught up their cloaks, and made their way so quickly out of church and down the Black Valley, that in spite of the long legs and stimulating curiosity of the Welsh "boys," they did not overtake the maidens, only catching a glimpse of them as they disappeared at the end of the rocks, which has since borne their name.

The farm-house in High Pendine, commonly called the Great House, is a fair specimen of the better class of Welsh farms, and has seen many a generation change around it. Here Cromwell made a visitation on his way to Ireland, compelled the men to serve in his army, and ransacked the larder of the good dame; and a descendant of the family, Miss Rees, of Pendine, has in her possession a couple of glass drops, once the ornaments of a candelabrum, which were picked up from the spot where Cromwell's carriage stood, proving that the "Protector" had an eye to private business as well as public. These drops are heirlooms, of which the worthy old lady is not a little proud. Speaking of my friend, Miss Rees, I may mention, as a proof of the healthfulness of the place, that the united ages of her grandfather and mother and great-grandfather and mother, in all makes the sum of three hundred and forty years, being respectively—as notified by the memorial stone in the church—three times eighty-four, and the last, eighty-eight.

Passing through the village, you arrive at the church, a plain and much neglected building of ancient date, looking sadly both time and tempest worn, and more, forgotten: the churchyard being rank and overgrown, a standing disgrace to those whose friends rest there; though, perhaps, even sadder to see than the docks and nettles, were the straggling untrimmed flowers, planted when grief was fresh and deep,—now, straggling, the all untended tokens of the versatility of human love.

Generally speaking, the Welsh are partial to epitaphs, and exercise both ingenuity and wit in their composition, but here there are few quaint enough to interest the reader.

Leaving the church and the village, and taking the Tenby road, you pass a curious old ruin, having all the appearance of strength in times long past; but all I could gather of its history amounted to the fact, that it had been the habitation of a once well-known character, one Zacharias Thomas, who left, among other things, a charitable bequest to the church of Eglwys Cymmin, in the adjoining parish.

The ruin, as it stands now, possesses an old arched door-way, in which I could trace the portcullis. On either side appear to have been rounded towers, loop-holed and immensely

thick, proving that, though probably something less than a castle, it had been something more than a mere manor.

About half a mile farther on is the "Green Bridge of Wales," famous in prophecy as the spot where the last battle in Wales is to be fought;—is to be, as no battle has yet taken place here. Merlin asserts, however, that such shall be, and that "a farmer with three thumbs shall hold the three kings' horses." In reference to this, I imagine, is the prophecy attached to a flat stone near, "that the white crow should here drink blood before the end of the world."

The Green Bridge itself is curious and picturesque, being a deep arched chasm, into which a small rivulet pours, and, passing underground for nearly two miles, comes to light again close to Morvybachen. The cavern formed by the passage of the water is very curious, and passable for a considerable distance. Hung with mighty stalactites, and as far as the light penetrates, wreathed with the pretty maidenhair fern. In an exploring expedition we made there lately, my brother picked up what had all the appearance of a petrified bone; and if our supposition is correct, and the prize is the bone of a mammoth, much that is interesting may yet be dug up from the subterranean bed of the river.

The road to Tenby along the margin of the bay is one of the loveliest I have ever driven over, and deserves more time and space than I can here give, so I must continue my walk down the Dark Valley to Morvybachen, where immediately above the Bard's cottage are three altars. One is very perfect, the seven upright supports and flat covering stone being entire. No examination has taken place, but an exploring party is being planned. Upon the opposite side of the valley I distinctly traced the circle, with three large stones lying eastward, which exactly answer to the description given of the "Station Stones," so placed at the holding of the annual Gorsedd.

This circle lies just to the left of some curiously-marked stones, called the Devil's Foot Marks, and these holes or prints when full of water are supposed to possess various healing powers.

The higher eminence beyond them is known as the Beacon Rock, but more commonly among the inhabitants as "Break Lentsneck" Hill, it having been the custom for the country people to assemble here upon the last day of Lent, and, hurling large stones down into the sea, figuratively break "Lent's neck;" hence its ordinary name.

The view from this height is truly grand and imposing, extending as it does over the

full extent of the beautiful Bay of Carmarthen and Gower's Land ; then as far as the Black Mountains on the north-east, and the Percilly Mountains on the north-west ; while eastward you see Tenby, Gilter Head, and Caldy Island ; and directly before you, on a clear day, lies Lundy Island, with the Devonshire coast in the back-ground, and sometimes even the hazy outline of a portion of Cornwall.

Immediately below is the glen, known as the Black Valley, the only visible habitation being the cottage of Thomas Morris, at whose fireside the lover of homely fare, a good story, or a good song will always find a welcome, and will bring away with him a picture that will prove a pleasant memory for many a long day.

I. D. FENTON.

OUR FARMS AND OUR FARMERS.

COULD a perfect stranger to our institutions and our country—one conversant, however, with foreign lands, and learned in all that relates to the development of human progress in other quarters of the globe—could such a one be put on shore at Liverpool, or any other of our great commercial ports ; visit our unrivalled docks, our vast warehouses, and see the immense hive of human beings engaged in furthering the purposes of commerce, he would certainly indorse the opinion of the Great Napoleon, and pronounce us a “nation of shopkeepers.”

But land him, say, on the coast of Norfolk, and, avoiding the larger and busier coast towns, transport him at once into one of our most flourishing rural districts ; show him the carefully cultivated fields, the level and closely trimmed hedgerows, and the magnificent crops of corn waving like a golden sea over the landscape ; and he would as certainly assert England to be nothing more or less than a community of farmers. And in this opinion he would not be far wrong, in spite of the doctrines of the Manchester School. Agriculture is a much more important matter, and its development and progress are more closely associated with the well-being of this country than could at first sight be believed. It is true we can import corn, and that at a price which will absolutely yield a cheaper loaf than our own agriculturists can supply at a fair profit ; but in the matter of beef, mutton, and the finer description of long wools, we are dependent mainly upon Great Britain and her farmers.

The proportion of our population who, directly or indirectly, derive their living from the land is a very large one, and includes amongst the number one of our most influential classes, the landholders. It is probably under the

mark to say that one-fourth of the working population of England is dependent upon agriculture.

Coming more directly to statistics, we find that upwards of 30,000,000 of acres are in cultivation in Great Britain, of which 19,000,000 are devoted to the growth of corn and roots, and 11,000,000 or 12,000,000 are in permanent pasture. Now, taking the very low average of 4*l.* per acre (and, in shame be it spoken, this is less than half the sum that might be profitably employed), the actual aggregate sum employed on the land by our farmers is not less than 120,000,000*l.* This amount of land and capital is divided amongst, in round numbers, 225,000 farmers, holding farms varying in size from thirty acres to 1000 and upwards. In this calculation the smaller holdings are omitted, as furnishing no employ for agricultural labour, and being classed under the head of spade husbandry. Taking two horses for every fifty acres of land in arable cultivation, we get employment for 760,000 horses, not including young horses, foals, &c. ; and to manage and till the land our farmers employ an average of 756,000 labourers, actually engaged in outdoor work. In-doors we have a further staff of 63,000 agricultural servants, and 25,000 female domestics. As a further assistance to our farmers in busy times and certain seasons of the year, we have upwards of 236,000 women and children, occasionally or partly employed, besides boys and girls resident partially on the farm, and numbering 100,000 and upwards. To pay this large staff, our farmers' “little labour bill” is computed at something like 27,000,000*l.* annually.

Descending from generalities to individuals, we will take our model farmer, put him upon a farm, stock it for him, and calculate his profits.

The proper size of a farm will of course vary with the amount of his capital and the nature and value of the land ; probably, however, from 200 to 400 acres is the most convenient, and, upon the whole, the most profitable size for the investment of capital. To stock and work his farm to a profit, our farmer should possess at least a capital of from 8*l.* to 10*l.* per acre. It is true he may go into his farm with less ; and if seasons, crops, and prices are propitious (a consummation oftener looked for than arrived at), he will not feel the deficiency. But should markets fall or seasons blight his crops ; if he has to buy in his stock dear and sell it out cheap—not so unfrequent an event as a novice might suppose ; he involves himself in a labyrinth of difficulties a lifetime will not extricate him from. Taking, then, this sum as necessary to start our farmer, we will try to

show *how* the money is consumed. First comes the valuation from the outgoing to the incoming tenant. This comprises the taking-to of straw and hay, for on most farms the tenant is prohibited from selling his hay; the valuation of fallows and growing crops, and in some districts what are called unexhausted improvements, being the manure, &c., that the previous tenant has enriched the land with, but from which he has as yet reaped no benefit. Improvements in farm buildings are sometimes classed under this head.

Then comes his farm implements, his ploughs, harrows, drills, carts, waggons, &c., which should all be of the very best and most modern construction. Next comes the stock, the amount and value of which depend upon the nature and capabilities of the land. If it is a grazing farm, and the quality of the land be rich and good, a large amount of capital is required to stock it. Many farmers in the Midland Counties have stock to the value of 20*l*. per acre. It must be remembered, however, that the present prices of live stock are exceptionally high.

Having laid out part of his capital in his implements and stock, our farmer must still possess a balance in hand to meet his weekly payments, such as labour, tradesmen's bills, rates and taxes, and the hundred-and-one items which require him always to have his *hand in his pocket*. For, supposing him to enter his farm in April, he will have some months to come before his corn is fit to cut and send to the market. Then there is his rent to be provided for, usually paid half-yearly, although among most landlords it is postponed for some three or four months after it is actually due.

The amount of stock a farm will carry so much depends upon the quality of the land, that no general rule can be laid down. Upon *sheep farms*, that is, upon land adapted for the keep of sheep, it is considered that one sheep per acre can be kept, and sometimes, with the addition of artificial food, even more. Grazing land of a rich quality will feed a bullock to the acre, and that on grass alone; but to keep a dairy cow summer and winter will require the produce of three acres. In the regulation of his stock, our farmer is required to exercise both judgment and discrimination: he must buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; he must be alike careful not to overstock his farm, so that he will have to purchase large quantities of artificial food, or to understock it, so that his own produce remains unconsumed.

Having thus started our farmer, stocked his farm, and fairly placed him in working order, we will now see how his time is occupied in

his daily tasks, so as to procure the greatest amount of labour and return for his capital.

Perhaps in no occupation is such unceasing industry and watchfulness required as in farming. The manufacturer, employing machinery for the production of his article, works with materials susceptible of but little variation, and day by day the same task is begun and completed. But with the farmer this is different: his task is ever changing; and a variation in weather, a fall of rain or snow, will completely disarrange his contemplated plans, and make an operation he was successfully pursuing *to-day* injurious *to-morrow*. Hence the necessity on his part for constant and careful supervision and watchfulness, that he may take advantage of every opportunity, and not neglect to "make hay while the sun shines."

Our farmer must of necessity be an early riser. He must be at his post at or before six o'clock in the morning, the hour that his labourers usually assemble for work. He must then set them about such tasks as time, seasons, and weather render necessary to be done. Stock will next require his attention, and here the eye of the master is essentially requisite. He must see that their food is proper in quality and sufficient in quantity, and that every animal is receiving its fair share. He will also notice any appearance of illness or unthriftiness in his animals; and if he finds one of them ailing, he will, if possible, ascertain the cause, and apply, or cause to be applied, the appropriate remedy.

Field operations next require his supervision; and in this department is essentially requisite a thorough knowledge of his business, for our farmer should be able to detect at a glance all oversights and *shirking* of work on the part of his labourers. He will thus be able to discriminate between the man thoroughly up to his work and who has his master's interest at heart, and the mere idler, whose whole study it is to get through his work with the least trouble. A farmer will generally find a sprinkling of the latter class among his labourers, however careful he may be in his selection of them. Dinner generally occupies an hour, after which field operations are resumed, the horses coming home at various times from three to six o'clock; upon most farms the horse labour ceases at three. Six o'clock generally sees the termination of the farm day, and at that hour the labourers cease from work. Those, however, who have *special* duties to attend to, such as the horse-keepers or waggons, and the cowmen, stop until their respective duties are finished, however late the hour may be. Before retiring to rest, the farmer should again be at his post, see that all

his in-door stock are fed and attended to, and that his men have instructions for commencing their next day's work.

Such is a brief sketch of a farmer's daily routine, varied of course from month to month as seasons change and bring special duties with them, as hay and corn harvest, &c., &c.

It is now time that our farmer derived some substantial benefit from his labour, so we will proceed to give some computation of his probable profits. His *returns* consist in his fat stock, sold at a profit over and above the cost price, deducting the value of purchased or artificial food; his crops of corn, harvested, threshed, and sold to the miller or corn dealer; his young stock, the produce of his breeding animals, a surplus of which are generally sold, after keeping the best and finest to replace the vacancies caused by death or those disposed of; and the other miscellaneous products of the farm, such as butter, cheese, wool, &c. Going further into particulars, the quantity of corn yielded per acre varies very much with the quality of the land and the nature of the seasons. Upon fair medium soils five quarters of wheat, six of barley, seven or eight of oats, and five of beans, are considered a very good average. Of green crops, such as turnips and mangold wurtzel, large weights are often produced per acre. In favourable seasons and upon good land, from twenty-five to thirty, and even forty tons per acre are not unfrequently grown. But this crop is, as a rule, never sold, but consumed upon the farm by the sheep and beasts. Upon the price our farmer gets for his produce will depend materially the state of his balance sheet. Wheat is now sold at 40s. per quarter, and even less; but this price, our farmer tells us, does not remunerate him for so expensive a crop as wheat. Farmers generally consider from 55s. to 60s. per quarter as a fair and not exorbitant price, injuring neither the producer nor consumer. Barley, we are told, at 40s. or 42s. per quarter, pays much better than wheat, not only from there being generally a greater yield, but from its being a less expensive crop to grow. Turnips come next in order, but being consumed on the farm, their value is not estimated in the balance sheet, but is returned in the shape of beef and mutton. Clover, which forms part of the rotation of crops, is also not valued, being consumed by the stock.

Coming now to the consideration of the profit realised by the breeding of sheep and cattle, a *resata questio* is raised. That great agricultural authority, Mr. Mechi, considers that live stock do not pay at all, except from the benefit the farmer derives from the manure. On the contrary, an equally eminent writer,

Mr. Caird, gives it as his opinion that they are the most lucrative sources of profit to the British farmer. As in most other matters, the mean of the two opinions is most probably the correct one. Upon rich grazing farms, where cattle are fattened without artificial food, live stock undoubtedly pay well, as requiring no extra expense in either labour or food. But upon purely arable farms, where stall-feeding is indispensable and large quantities of artificial food are used, the profit must be looked for entirely in the rich manure they produce. Cattle for grazing are bought in at various prices, from 12*l.* to 18*l.* or 20*l.*, and sold out again at from 17*l.* to 25*l.* Where stall feeding is carried to its full perfection, and animals are kept the requisite time, they make large prices: 50*l.* is not unfrequently given for a fat bullock. No live stock at the present time pays so well as sheep. We have not only the carcase, making the somewhat long price of 7*d.* per lb., but also the wool, selling at the unprecedented price of 70s. per tod, or 2s. 6*d.* per pound. The weight of wool clipped from a long-woolled Leicester or Lincoln sheep will average eight pounds per fleece; so that here we get an annual return, if wool remain at its present high price, of 20s. per sheep in wool alone. In making up his balance sheet, however, our farmer has to deduct *losses in stock* (often a very serious, if not a ruinous item), repairs of farm implements, wear and tear, and a hundred other small items, apparently trifling in themselves, but amounting to a considerable sum at the year's end. In summing up our farmer's profits, a clear 15 per cent. may be regarded as a fair return—not exceeded on the average of years, and too often diminished by inclement seasons and casualties that the most careful cannot foresee or guard against.

DELSTHORPE SANDS.

"Ah! it's a nice thing to be the belle of the village; to walk down the little street with a quiet, independent air, and feignedly unconscious that all the marriageable girls are looking out with envy, and all the youths with love; tripping along towards the sea-shore, pretending not to see Fred Wilson, the young farmer, as he half reins in his stout cob to bow as he passes, and to walk by the retiring waves for an hour on the hard firm sand, with a little coquettish soup-plate straw hat upon the top of those wanton tresses, floating down and half covering a charming little figure, every golden hair being a very chain dragging some poor heart at its end."

Not a bad soliloquy that for an old bachelor of five-and-forty, down by the sea-side for the

benefit of his health and to get his broken wind mended. I had just turned out of my lodgings, and was following in the wake of the fair craft, Amy Ellis—when at Rome we must do as the Romans do ; and being in a fishing village full of amphibious farmers, I of course felt it incumbent upon me to talk sea slang, which of course I did very badly and out of place. I was soon down upon the sands amongst shingle, dog-fish, and skate eggs, star fish and jelly fish, and the stranded shells of many a shipwrecked cockle.

Being naturally of a sociable turn of mind, and having plenty of idle time on my hands, I had pretty well made myself known throughout the length and breadth of Delsthorpe. I had been rabbiting with this farmer all amongst the “sine-hills ;” speared eels in the dykes with that one ; shot mews as they floated lazily overhead ; been shrimping, boating, fishing, marketing, learned to appreciate hogs—mutton hogs, beasts, pigs, turnips, and potatoes, and had played loo of a night at nearly every house in the village. I had free access to the house of the Ellises, much to the disgust of some of the young farmers, who looked bludgeons at me till I asked two or three of them into my rooms, and over some choice cigars laughed them out of their jealous fancies. They were good friends again with me directly, but not so among themselves, for little Amy Ellis of the deep blue eyes and ruddy lips was a perfect apple of discord, and no one could tell to whom the prize would belong. I had heard in confidence several times that the fortunate winner would be Mark Warren, then Philip Franks ; another week Harry Henderson would be the ruling favourite, but only to be supplanted by Fred Wilson, until conjecture wearied itself out in guessing Amy Ellis’s future husband. Now, being her father’s senior by some few years, I considered myself quite at liberty to laugh and chat with the saucy little maiden, and I soon made up my mind that she was what Mrs. Ellis affectionately called her, “a merry little hussy,” without a thought of matrimony in her pretty little head. She was far more ready for a good romp or girlish bit of merriment than making soft speeches or listening to them. Fond of admiration, artless as a child, and with the powerful passions of a woman’s nature as yet sleeping in her breast, she was ready to laugh and flirt with any of the youths who had played with her as a child, and if coquetry could be innocent, then decidedly her flirtations were free from guile. But she was a very firebrand amongst the young bachelors of Delsthorpe, and did more mischief in one night than a Notting Hill boarding school would in

a month, and my ideas were, that it would have been a blessing for the village if the little puss had been sent out of it.

I was not surprised upon reaching the shore to find that Fred Wilson had made a circuit, and crossing the sandbank, had reached the spot where Amy was walking, and was now by her side, leading his horse by the rein. The sight put me in mind of a score of years before, of moonlight walks, of evening rambles, and wild-flower gathering, and I felt rather lonely as I thought of years slipped by, never to return, buried hopes and fears ; and looking far out to sea at the pallid rising moon, I had gone into a deep fit of musing, living the past over again, and wondering as to the future, when my chain of thought was broken by the heavy thud, thud, of Fred Wilson’s horse as he cantered up to me. In a minute he pulled up at my side, and I was about to ask after Amy when I saw the last flutter of her ribbons, and the last wave of her hair as she stepped lightly through the gap in the sandbank, called by the people of the district a “stavver.” Something was evidently wrong, for Fred was looking most fearfully blue. He was a favourite of mine, for I used to set him down as the *beau-ideal* of a bluff young Saxon farmer, and by way of cheering him up, I pressed him to sup with me, perhaps rather selfishly, for it would help to cheer me up, too.

I could see plainly enough what was the matter, and I had to use a great deal of persuasion before I could gain his consent, but I carried my point, and an hour afterwards we were chatting over the fire, smoking some capital Havannas which I had brought down with me, and drinking some brandy-and-water, the essence of which had never paid duty, and under whose influence Fred had become communicative. He was in love, and Amy was a jilt—a flirt : he was half mad, he said, and nothing would give him any satisfaction but breaking the heads of Harry Henderson and a few others. But he would not do that ; he would leave the place for good and emigrate, that he would.

And so days and weeks rolled by, and my stay had almost reached its fullest limits. I had made acquaintance with every one, even to the revenue men who practised with the great gun in the shed ; I knew the crew who manned the life-boat, and had been well instructed in all the gear and management ; but now that inexorable fellow called Conscience whispered of business and the world’s every-day duties, and so I was fain to make my few preparations for departure. Somehow or other I had grown to be rather an important person in the place, and, failing a better, was looked up

to as an oracle. I had been chairman at the grand annual dinner, and in many ways had deference shown to the weaker part of my nature, so that I might very well have considered myself in the front rank of the *élite* of Delsthorpe. The course of true love was running in its usual channel, and the lads of the village "so merrily" one day were so dreadfully the next, and the wise women of Delsthorpe were as much at fault as ever as to whom Amy Ellis should marry. Fred Wilson was merry and sad by turns, like the rest of the youths. One day he was in ecstasies and the next vowing vengeance against his rivals and pursuing them all with homicidal glances. I was as much in his confidence as in that of his enslaver, and preserved a prudent silence, leaving time to work out his own scheme upon the couple. Everything good, to be thoroughly enjoyed, must be worked for, striven for, or fought for; the apple that falls into our lap, dead ripe, bears no comparison with the sour, acrid, wooden-fleshed pippin that we knocked of old off the parson's tree, and afterwards secured by climbing over the glass-bottled wall; and I dare say if our little Amy had "thrown herself" at her admirers they would have called her a forward chit, and gone mad after Polly Brown, whose nose was as red as her cheeks, and whose hands were always rough and chappy. And they might have done worse than this, for when they arrived at years of discretion and had got over the romantic part of their married life, they would have been as well able to appreciate Polly's cooking as I was, for I lodged with Mrs. Brown and could appreciate the excellences of the tidy little manager, her daughter. Poor Polly's nose would not have been noticed then, nor the roughness of her hands felt, any more than Amy's beauty would be, when it had grown "familiar to the eye," as the moral copy-slips used to say.

I had only another day to spend at Delsthorpe and felt rather reluctant to part from the quiet village and the hospitable friends I had met with. I felt, too, that I should regret much the salt sea-breeze which had given me back my health—richest pearl that the sea can produce. My last day was a *fête* day—"Delsthorpe Dancing," a day annually looked forward to as the reunion of friends and relations. Probably in bygone days there may have been Terpsichorean exercises carried on upon the greensward, but now the dancing was but in name; the generality of those met together enjoying themselves to the top of their bent with eating and drinking, for which pastime the preparations during the last few days had been on an extensive scale, the evident determination of all being to live well upon that

day, even if they fasted afterwards. The parties in some of the farm-houses mustered rather strongly, and it fell to my lot to be under the same roof as Amy Ellis and Fred Wilson. Cross purposes were rife; flirting was in the ascendant, and a dark cloud hovered over Fred's brow, glowing blacker as the evening wore on.

At last, tired of the heated room, I made my escape to enjoy an evening walk upon the sands, and had hardly reached the intervening bank when I started as a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, the thick sand having muffled the footsteps of my follower. I found on turning that it was my young friend Wilson, and I could just see by the dusky twilight that he wore anything but a pleasant aspect. I knew his complaint so well that I would not revert to it, but pulled out my cigar-case, and, lighting up, we climbed the sea bank and sat down in silence. It was a warm, close, heavy autumn night, thick clouds hung overhead, and the darkness was fast closing round. The sullen wash of the water upon the piles, and the constant heavy roll of the waves upon the shingle added to the gloominess of the evening, while a sighing breeze which kept coming in puffs and dying away again seemed to my shore-going weather-wisdom to portend a storm. As the waves broke upon the shore their crests seemed, as it were, on fire, and the phosphorescent light wore the appearance of the tail of some huge rocket rushing along the sands. Fred's thoughts were evidently with the party we had left, and he smoked on in silence, while I watched the peculiar phenomenon before me. At length I broke the silence and said, "Is not this very much like a storm coming on, Fred?" But before he could reply a rough voice at my elbow exclaimed, "Storm it is, as sure as guns is guns; glass has been going down ever since one o'clock, and what with this heavy tide and the blow that's coming on, I reckon we shall have the bank pretty well shaved before morning."

Our informant was one of the revenue men, who, with his glass under his arm, had come up unobserved and given us the unasked benefit of his opinion on the weather. He touched his hat and walked on, and we could just see that he was busying himself with striking the top spar of the signal mast, which stood on the highest part of the sandbank.

"Tell you what," said Fred, "there's a rum one coming on, or else old Snodger would never be letting down the flag-staff, for he doesn't do that for a capfull of wind. It's odd, too, you were saying you would like to see one of our storms, and here it is coming the very night before you leave; for come it will, that's certain."

If old Snodger says a storm's brewing, you may depend upon seeing the yeast come flying over the sine-hills. By Jove! what a puff!" he continued, as a sudden gust nearly took his cap off.

"Well, I really should like to see one of the storms you describe," said I; "not a shipwreck, mind, and bodies washing ashore for days after, but a storm without injury to life or property; for indeed there is something majestic in the warring of the elements, the rushing winds, the scudding clouds, the metal-tube-like roar of the heavenly artillery, and the vivid flashing of the arrowy lightning. There is something, to my mind, intensely poetical in the majestic fury of a tempest."

"Yes, very," said my companion, drily; "very poetical, no doubt; but, as in this case, intensely damp; and if you'll take my advice, you will come with me from amongst these pattering drops, and try to find a little more poetry indoors."

"Bravo! Fred," I exclaimed, "that's the most sensible speech I've heard you make lately. I believe you are turning into the right road again, and are going to give a manly tone to the bent of your feelings."

"Ah, well," said the poor fellow, sighing, "it was about time; for I've made a fool of myself, or been made one of, quite long enough."

It was no time for further conversation without doors, for the rain was beginning to stream down, and the wind howling in fitful gusts over the "wat'ry waste." I hurried home, and after my customary chocolate and cigar, retired to my bedroom. Upon opening the casement, I could tell that the storm had much increased; but the darkness and rain proved themselves insuperable obstacles to my leaving the house to go storm-gazing; besides which the wind was not sufficiently high to create the "mountains high" waves that would satisfy the desire I felt to see a storm on the sea-coast.

Sleep fell softly on my eye-lids—one of the great blessings of the sea air that may be commended to the sleepless. The wind rushing by the house lulled me to my rest, and I was soon in the land of dreams, or rather in that deep, sound repose whose waking banishes the sleeping workings of the brain. I must have slept for some time when a sudden noise that seemed to my waking senses like thunder, roused me with a start, and I listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound. I looked towards my window, but everything seemed of pitchy blackness, and for a time the startled pulsation of my heart, with its heavy throb, throb, was all that I could hear, beyond the furious wind which was now raging fearfully, making the

house rock to its very foundations. Ever and anon there would be a lull, as when I first awoke, and then again the casement would rattle and the blast shriek by. Suddenly a flash illumined my room for an instant, there was a pause of a second or two, and then the loud boom, as of a gun, reverberated round the house. At first I took it for thunder, but my collecting thoughts told me it was a distress signal. I turned out of bed and hastily dressed, and on going to the window I could see that there was a fire on the shore. Directly after a vivid blue light shone out seaward, and by its glare I could discern some thick black mass in the distance. It was now plain enough to me that a vessel was on the sands, for they bore but an ill repute, and I had heard more than one tale of their fatality.

On descending the stairs I found my landlady up, and comforting herself with a cup of coffee, and from her I learned that the whole village was on the shore, for a large vessel had come on the sands. Resisting the old lady's persuasions to have a cup with her, I ran down to the beach, and on passing the opening in the bank was for a time dazzled by a large fire upon the sands, which was blazing up and roaring beneath the violence of the wind, and lighting up the assembled crowd. Where the vessel lay all was intensely black, for the light did not pierce so far; but the foaming waves, as they rolled over and tumbled with fearful violence upon the beach, seemed to reflect the fiery beams in vivid flashes.

People were running to and fro, excitedly giving orders which no one executed; the mortar had been tried again and again, but the men could not get any communication with their rope to the vessel, and if they could have done so, the advantage would have been very doubtful, as the sea had risen to a fearful height. Another flash, and a report from the vessel sent a thrill through the breasts of those who burned to render aid but were helpless; and a chill struck to my heart as I thought of the dire straits of my fellow creatures. An excited crowd on my left then took my attention, and I reached the spot to find that the lifeboat had been brought down in its truck, but could not be manned. Most men shrank from encountering such a sea, and those who would have dared it were dragged back by wives or mothers, half frantic with fear. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene; the roar of the cruel waves was deafening; here and there they threw up cask, spar, or plank, only, as it were, to pounce upon it and drag it back within their angry clutches as they came racing in, chasing one another till they arched over and broke in cataracts upon the sands, drenching us with the spray. The

wind came tearing by with redoubled fury, and as straw, faggots and drift-wood were piled upon the fire, the sparks and flames rushed in a stream landward, and blazed up afresh upon

the wild scene. On nearing the boat I saw Fred, earnestly talking to the men, and in reply to my inquiring look an old man shouted in my ear that half the crew were not fit to go



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from "the drink," and they wanted volunteers.

All at once a light form with streaming hair rushed up to Wilson and clung wildly to his arm, and, as I stood by his side, Amy Ellis

exclaimed, "But you will not go, Fred? Oh, tell me you will not be so mad! Oh! stop him," she appealed, to those standing by, "do not let him go!" Then turning again to Fred, she continued, almost shrieking, for the

wind swept away her words, "Oh, Fred, stay, stay; for my sake, stay!"

But bitterness was in the heart of Fred Wilson, and with a cold gesture he loosened her hands from his arm, and turning to me, made a sign that I should remove her. I half led, half carried her away, and turning my head, saw Fred Wilson climb into the boat, shouting, "Now, my lads, who dares?"

Amy was sobbing and wringing her hands, and begged pathetically that I would go back and stop him, struggling to free herself from me.

Two or three of the neighbours relieved me of my half-fainting burden, and I turned back towards the life-boat.

To be awakened at any time from a sound sleep to some scene of excitement always produces an indescribable feeling of there being a want of reality in what passes, but never did I feel this more strongly than on that fearful night. The deafening roar of the waves and the howling of the mighty wind had a bewildering effect with which it was hard to combat, and I felt as if in some wild fevered dream, from which I was anxious to awake and be freed. The boat was only three parts manned, for the men, brave though they were, dared not face the night. Old weather-beaten fishermen shook their heads at it and shouted to one another that "she must bide, for they'll never launch her," and I, knowing the peril of those on board, gnawed my lips at my own impotence and want of energy.

All this had occurred in a very few minutes, and even in that short space the gale seemed to have increased in fury. At times it was almost impossible to stand against it, and with clothes drenched with spray, it seemed to numb and paralyse mind as well as body. Another blue light from the vessel showed where she lay, and we heard, or fancied we heard, the shouts of those on board, for they were only five or six hundred yards distant. Every one present was in a state of the greatest excitement, and though fresh arrivals were constantly appearing, all shrank from a combat with the fearful sea now running.

I appealed to a stout fellow by me, and pointed to the boat, but he shook his head as a knot collected round, and he but acted as the mouthpiece of the group as he said, "It's no use, maister. It 'ud be on'y gettin' shut of one's life. She must go to pieces directly; an' as to Maister Fred there, he couldn't find a gainier way t' the church-yard than tryin' to launch that boat."

I found I had only to look at a man after this for him to turn away, and, sick at heart, I felt that the venture must be desperate when

these men, born and life-spent upon this spot, dared not make the attempt.

On looking round I found old Wilson by my side, a fine old grey-haired farmer, with a coil of rope on his shoulder. On seeing me he spoke, and I could see the old man was all of a tremble as in a broken voice he said, "There's my boy trying to get out the boat, and I can't go and stop him. I can't stand here and know some of God's creatures are being choked with the sea water and howd my lad back from going; but Lord knows, sir, I shall be ready to down on my knees if they can't launch her."

If I were asked, and gave a frank reply, I should say that I was decidedly and constitutionally a coward. As a boy at school I dreaded fighting, and it was only after repeated blows and ill-usage of various kinds that the pugilistic spirit was roused within my breast which proved a terror to my enemies, and drove away Jack Brown, our bully who would fight, crying, with the bridge of his nose seriously damaged. And on this memorable night, surrounded by the excited crowd, and with Fred Wilson appealing for volunteers, I felt my heart flutter within my breast, and a nervous trembling about my knees, all the symptoms of cowardice. Love of self, thoughts of home and friends whom I might see no more, the danger of the enterprise, the boiling surf, and the mighty billows chasing each other madly shoreward, all tended to increase the feeling; and then came a reaction; another gun made the blood tingle through my veins, and by the flash of another rocket I fancied I could see forms clinging to the rigging of the dark indistinct mass out on the sands.

I looked at Fred as he stood at the boat's head, with the blazing fire lighting up his noble countenance, as he frowned on the shrinking crowd before him, and then, with a muttered, "God help me!" I was at his side, followed by a volley of cheers. The cheers broke forth again, for my example was followed, and two stout young fellows climbed in after me. There was a squeeze of the hand from Fred, and then in a whirl of excitement I was in my place, with a strong ash blade in my hand, ready with my companions in the boat to battle with the cruel sea.

Rushing waters—choking spray—blinding surf—and the noise as of a thousand cataracts in one's ears, and we were launched amid the boiling cauldron of mad billows. A sharp, short struggle, and we were beaten back and the boat almost stove in by being dashed upon the beach. It was quickly upon the truck, and a hundred yards off, under the semi-shelter of a row of piles, we were again launched, and this time with better success, backing water to

the direction of our coxswain, and rising and falling like a cork upon the mighty waves which seemed almost to curl over into the boat. As we receded from the shore my cowardly feelings fled, and I felt in a perfect frenzy, straining at my oar with nerves in a state of tension for the battle with the waters.

At last, after a tremendous struggle with winds and waves, we were under the lee of the stranded vessel, and then it was some time before we could communicate with her by a rope. Go close up we dared not, for the waves made a clean sweep over her decks, and the passengers and crew, about thirty in number, had now taken to the rigging, which sloped over towards us as the vessel lay upon her beam ends. At length we got ten in our boat, one poor fellow, numbed with the cold, missing his hold of the rope, and with pale, agonised face disappearing in the hissing waters. Another struggle with the breakers, and our freight was landed. Brandy was hurriedly partaken of, and soon we were again under the vessel's lee, returning this time with eleven fainting creatures, who slid down the rope of communication. We landed them, and then, half-exhausted, we returned for the remainder of the crew, who were clinging fast to the main-mast.

The moon was just sullenly breaking, and arms were frantically waving as we neared the vessel, which lifted with each wave and then came down with a fearful crash. It was evident she must soon go to pieces, and we strained every nerve to new exertion in order to finish our task.

As we reached them the mast went by the board, and the drowning wretches were plunged into the boiling surf. We were backing water towards the vessel, and consequently were going stern foremost, and in obedience to our coxswain's warning cry, we pulled forward to avoid the tangled mass of rigging close by us. Two women were clinging to a spar, and we reached them and took them off, one of them holding with a deadly grip a submerged body, which we took in as well. The others had disappeared, and we were about rowing shoreward, when a hand rose from the waters and clutched my oar. Its owner was dragged in, and then, with failing strength and flagging energies, blinded, and almost fainting, we again tried to battle with the surf.

I remember little more, except seeing after a quarter of an hour's hard rowing the heads of the piles appear for a moment from amidst the seething waves, and then there was a crash and a heavy shock; the boat was capsized and we were all struggling in the water. Thought seemed crushed within me; I knew it was a

struggle for life or death, and I essayed to swim, but I don't recollect feeling any particular dread or fear. How long my struggle lasted I cannot tell, but it was ended by my being dashed by the waves upon a pile; and I recollected no more until I found myself lying on the sand, surrounded by a throng of anxious faces, while by my side, pale and still, his face gashed across, lay Fred Wilson, our gallant coxswain.

Sobbing, weeping, and wringing both her hands, holding his head in her lap, knelt little Amy, and even in the half-confused state in which I felt, I could not help something like a grim smile coming across my face at the sight before me, so perfect an exemplification was it of a woman's nature. Rough but willing hands were pressing "sups" of brandy upon me, the effect of which was to make me try to rise, but only to sink back helpless, for I found I had a dislocated knee, and, in company with the seemingly lifeless body of poor Fred, I was placed in a donkey-cart and taken to the Wilsons'.

The rest of our party, as I afterwards learned, were safe, but anything but sound, for bruised, —in one instance, maimed,—and half drowned, they had been dragged ashore by those awaiting their return. I found myself in a few days more thought of than ever, and would gladly have dispensed with the thanks of those whom we had saved, for I had only played a subordinate part in the rescue. However, I had to receive thanks and deputations as I sat in semi-state in old Wilson's parlour.

For at their house I stayed, waiting for convalescence, and sharing with Fred in the ministrations of little Amy. Poor Fred was nearly at death's door on one occasion, for the shock of his blow, the excitement, and the terrible cut he received, left him with a wild fever, from which he recovered but slowly. But Amy—quiet, subdued, little tearful-eyed Amy—came every day, and Fred seemed in no hurry to get well. I hobbled about with a crutch and a stick, and one afternoon, when just waking from my after-dinner doze, I heard subdued voices in the adjoining apartment. In my half-waking state I cannot be sure of their import, but they sounded like, "Never cease again, darling?"

"Never, dear Fred, oh, never!"

And then followed something like a sob or a sigh, and a sound that put me in mind of lying when a child in a little white covered cot, with a fair sweet face bending over me, and a pair of soft lips parting from mine to whisper, "God bless you!"

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER V. KATE'S WAY.

LATE in the afternoon of the day following her visit to Houghton, Mrs. Galton put on her hat and went out by herself for a stroll in the grounds.

They were pretty grounds those around Haversham Grange, especially in the early summer days in which this story opens. Not very large but well arranged; the glades and vistas were wonderful, when the size of the place was considered. There was one avenue that gave you utterly erroneous notions respecting the extent of the place, until you discovered that it was folded backwards and forwards, so to say, upon itself, and only separated from itself by an insertion of Portugal laurels and laurustinus. This avenue led away to a side-gate that opened upon the highroad close to a compact plantation, in which rooks dwelt. It was a turfed avenue—one that was consecrated solely to walking purposes; the approach by which everything on wheels or four legs gained the Grange was straight and broad and open as the day, and not the one affected by Mrs. Galton when she went forth to meet her cousin Harold Ffrench.

At an early hour, immediately after luncheon, in fact, she had commenced expecting him; her expectations led her to request her husband to take "Kate out for a ride; horse exercise was so good for the little dear." Accordingly the husband and "little dear" went out for an indefinite period; and, having thus killed two birds with one stone, Kate Galton proceeded to make further preparations which seemed good to her, and with which their presence would materially have interfered.

The drawing-room at Haversham Grange was as pretty a room, as perfect a one of the kind, to my mind, as I have ever seen. Indifferently as Kate wielded the brush, she understood many of the secrets of the art she was essaying to practise upon Harold. For example, she knew that all light or all shade was bad in a picture, and could not therefore be good in a room; and she brought this knowledge to bear upon the adornment of her special sanctuary, and the result was good. She would not have her drawing-room all heaviness and crimson velvet, or entirely pale blue and frivolity and glare. But she had a happy admixture of shade and high lights—of the substantial and the elegant—and the admixture was eminently successful.

A considerable portion of the success was due to there being no over-crowding. Everything was clearly outlined, and there were not too many ornaments spotted about to break every line and fatigue every eye, as is too often the case. Kate Galton detested a mob—even of Dresden monsters or Sèvres shepherdesses, or reproductions of goddesses in Parian marble. These things were represented, and well represented, but not in sufficient quantity to become wearisome: you had no need to spread a mental chart of Kate Galton's room before entering it, in order to avoid dismay and destruction.

I have said she was a very pretty woman; and that she was so even women who were pretty themselves allowed. A variable beauty hers was—she avowed that it was so herself with engaging frankness. It was wonderfully variable when you come to think about it, for the nut-brown hair came out in golden gleams of surpassing brightness occasionally, and the fair, almost flaxen eye-brows and lashes grew very brown indeed at times. But they were all due, these marvellous transformations, "to the weather," Kate would tell you, for she had an organisation very susceptible to external influences. As she probably knew more about it than any one else, her explanation, though not remarkably lucid, must be accepted in default of a better.

The weather had a great effect on her shortly after her husband's departure this day. It brought a most delicate hue into her cheeks, and shot her hair with that golden glory of which we have spoken. When it had achieved this, Kate disposed herself in an attitude on one of the couches in her drawing-room, and rested there, like another Lady Hamilton, awaiting Harold Ffrench.

But the hours passed and Harold Ffrench did not appear, and she grew tired of playing Sultana to the inanimate objects in the room—even though an Apollo was amongst them. In reality she was an active woman; the sofa and languor were little affected by her when she was alone.

So about five o'clock she disturbed the arrangement she had made of swelling pillow and billowing drapery—of one bare arm from which the sleeve had fallen back, and one delicately shod foot from which the flounces had discreetly retreated—of carefully dishevelled hair and coquettishly adjusted half handkerchief of lace;

she disturbed this arrangement, and uttered a graphic incisive denunciation against that offender who had caused it to have been maintained so long for worse than nothing.

"That little monkey! if she has wheedled Harold into staying, she shall crawl on her hands and knees in penitence for it."

Having uttered this amiable sentiment, Mrs. Galton felt better, and put on her hat and went forth, as has been stated, along the turfed avenue in the hopes of seeing her cousin coming along the highroad and intercepting him at the side-gate.

They had no lime-trees at Haversham; but the want of the fragrant linden was not felt in that avenue, it was so thickly studded between the trunks of its forest trees with lilacs and with hawthorn bushes in their sweetest, earliest bloom.

And if their odour caused the absence of the linden blossoms to pass unremarked, so did the verdure of the elm-trees leave little room for wishing for the linden's lovely green. Of just the same fair pale hue, with just the same indescribable air of freshness and grace about them, the colour of those leaves brought to her mind a day long passed by, when she, a girl, had listened to Harold Ffrench's stories of lazy hours he had known Unter der Linden in Berlin.

Hours that he had passed there and not alone. But with whom, or whether happily or not, she could never gather, though in these minor matters she was much in his confidence in those days. Walking there, some of the old curiosity as to what this man's secret was arose in her mind, and a new one that had relation to Theo Leigh grew more poignant still.

"Past five" she muttered as she gained the gate and rested her arms upon it; "if he's coming at all he will come soon;" and she looked anxiously along the dusty road that was rendered unpicturesque by reason of its hedges being clipped to the smallest proportions for the furtherance of agriculture.

He came at last. She, still leaning on the gate, hailed him as he was passing, and the trap was stopped and Harold Ffrench descended from it to join his cousin. It was a hired trap, ill hung, and it had jolted heavily over the roads, and the horse had been a trial also, for it was slow in pace and by no means sensitive to the whip. Altogether he was rather glad than otherwise to descend and join his cousin at the outlet to the shady odoriferous avenue.

"You know the way up to the house? Oh, you don't; well, never mind, you cannot miss it; go on and wait in the yard till I see you," he said to the boy who was let out with the trap. "I wish I had come with you yesterday, Kate," he continued as he took Mrs. Galton's

hand and placed it on his arm. "I have had a terrible time of it with that horse; he's accustomed to considerate people, who get out to relieve him at every hill and dip, and whenever the road is rucky and he 'pears to flag,' and under sundry other circumstances that make travelling with him unpleasant."

"And it is a long way from Houghton," Mrs. Galton replied sympathetically. Now that she had Harold back with her, she did not desire to travel Houghton-wards again. "I thought I should never have reached home yesterday; going it was different, I had something to look forward to—but coming home——"

She paused, and Harold made no answer. What was there to say to a woman—a pretty woman too—who implied that it was returning to a blank when she came to her home and her husband and her child! There was nothing to say—so Harold Ffrench said nothing.

"I have been expecting you all the afternoon, Harold," she went on presently; "and the afternoon has seemed so long; it always does when one is expecting an uncertainty."

"What do you mean by expecting an uncertainty?"

"I did not feel sure that you would come. I suppose my heart was very much set upon it, and that made me fear; Harold, you don't know what it is to me to have you here."

"Rather a bore, I should say, if Mrs. Galton were not far too well-bred a woman to suffer any guest to perceive that he bored her."

She laughed. "Ah! Harold a bore? Well, think that you bore me if you like; perhaps it is as well that you should think so."

"What the devil's she driving at?" he thought. Then a faint idea of the truth dawned upon him—she was trying to drive Theo Leigh out of his head.

"Woman, thy name is——Kate; you can't resist attempting to be pleasant, even though you're quite pleasant enough without the attempt. Where is Galton? when do you dine?"

"John is on his farm—where else does he care to be? He's particularly entertaining at this present time; his crops are in his mouth morning, noon, and night."

"I'm glad to hear you say that you derive entertainment from the discussion of the source of your husband's property; some women are weak enough to affect to despise it," he replied, as gravely as if her speech had been made in all good faith.

"The bullocks were absorbing in the winter, and the pigs will come on in the autumn; you will be glad to hear of my prospects of salvation from stagnation."

She said it in a little piqued tone, and a temporary flush that was of an entirely differ-

ent shade to the permanent one dyed her cheeks for a moment. He noticed neither the tone nor the flush, but after a few moments' pause he went on as if she had not spoken.

"For there's nothing more disheartening to a fellow than to find that his wife does not care about his pursuits, whatever they may be."

"Fortunately, John is not so easily disheartened; he has inoculated Bijou with a taste for his hobbies: the little monkey talks quite learnedly on various farm-yard topics."

"Katy's a dear little thing, by Jove! In a few years she will be grown up, and you'll be living your old triumphs over again in your daughter; Kate, you'll have plenty to interest you then."

"I am not quite old enough to take comfort for many things in the thoughts of dowager delights yet, thank you, Harold; and in the meantime, until my daughter is of an age to give me six months' trouble and anxiety perhaps, and then marry and be less to me than ever, you will permit me to remark that my 'lot is not too brilliant,' without giving me a veiled lecture. It's very hard indeed," Mrs. Galton continued, bringing the tears up into her eyes for an instant, and then banishing them abruptly as she reflected on the susceptibility of her lashes, "very hard indeed that the only one to whom I have dared to speak as I feel since my marriage should deem me unreasonable, and chill me by cut-and-dried speeches."

"I am oppressed with remorse. Though I don't know what I have done, still I feel that I'm in the wrong."

"Let us sit down here," Mrs. Galton hurriedly exclaimed; and then she planted herself on a mound at the base of a tree, and he stretched himself along on the turf at her feet.

"Harold!" she said softly, drooping her head towards him, "nine years ago you ought to have felt remorse."

He took her hand and brushed his moustache across its firm rosy dimpled palm, but he uttered no word of inquiry, or compliment, or refutation.

"Do you ever think of those days, Harold?"

"Occasionally. They were uncommonly pleasant ones: good cook your father had then, to be sure."

"Is it only the cook who lives in your memory as an element of the pleasure you derived from your residence with us? Thank you, Harold."

"No, I have a kindly recollection of the wine also, of which he had good store; what else do you want me to say, Kate? You don't want compliments from me, you don't want me to tell you such truisms as that you are remem-

bered by me, do you? How the deuce should you be forgotten?"

"They were my happiest days—and I dwell on them far too often for my peace of mind," she said rising. "Come, Harold, let us go in to dinner." Then she heaved a sigh, and looked resigned and very pretty.

"What do you want me to say?" he asked, as they went on towards the house; and he drew her hand more closely within his arm and pressed it with as much tenderness as he had pressed Theo's but yesterday. "You put strange fancies in my head, my cousin, mine no more; you make me feel that it is well that I should do as I have resolved, and leave Haversham to-morrow."

She had looked forward to a period of uninterrupted intercourse and semi-friendly semi-sentimental flirtation with him. He was an adept in the art of saying the things she loved to hear,—namely, that she was fair and fascinating. Her husband never complimented her on her good looks, on her grace, or her seductive bearing. John was affectionate, generous, trusting, and considerate to her—nothing more. She wanted to inspire a *grande passion* and see some one very miserable,—some one who would be the victim of the first, and exhibit the latter in good style. This resolve of Harold's to leave Haversham so soon was extremely disappointing to her.

"Why go, Harold? You were to stay and go up to town with us; can't you wait for a few days? I shall be quite ready to start in a few days."

"I have other engagements, engagements that I can't avoid—unfortunately."

"But you'll be with us in town?"

"No, Kate, I cannot."

"Oh, Harold, why? I shall be hideously dull in London with——"

She paused, and portrayed confusion at having been led by irresistible impulse to the brink of the confession of finding it dull with her husband. Harold Ffrench's determination to leave Norfolk as soon as possible was a fixed one, and had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Galton. But he knew that it would be soothing to her to fancy, or at any rate to be told, that she had the power to move him in any way. So he soothed her.

"Why? Total abstinence is easier than moderation; that's why."

Then Kate Galton enacted modest embarrassment in a way that was infinitely amusing to the man who knew she did not feel it; and felt but one regret, which was, that for her own credit's sake she dared not tell of this confession of weakness which Harold Ffrench had made.

"Don't forget to show any attention you may be able to show to Miss Leigh, Kate," said Harold Ffrench the next day, as he was standing before Mrs. Galton's easel correcting the touches she had given to her picture during his absence. He wanted to win some kind of promise from her that she would show kindness to this girl, to whom he had been aught but kind, when he was gone.

"Forget! Am I likely to forget any request of yours?"

"She took an immense liking to you, fell in love with your beauty, and your 'way,' as she called it. You will be kind to her, won't you?" and then he felt a certain awkwardness when he reflected how indignant Theo would be, if she could but know that he had pleaded to any one to show her kindness.

"Girls of that age are generally bores," Mrs. Galton replied, coolly. "I'll be as civil as the distance will allow."

"She is not a bore." He could not say any more, he dared not trust himself to utter a defence of Theo to his cousin.

"Oh, isn't she? How I shall hate the sight of my tubes and brushes and easel when you are gone, Harold."

"Get Miss Leigh over here and give her some lessons, you're quite capable of doing it."

"I am getting weary of Miss Leigh before I know her. No, Harold, I couldn't desecrate the taste *you* have developed in me by turning it to account in that way. I will be kind to Miss Leigh in a way that a chit of a girl will appreciate far more fully. I will ask her here, and invite some good *parti* to meet and fall in love with her."

The brush trembled in his hand. It was horrible to him to hear Theo spoken about in such a way, and yet what right had he to feel or resent aught on her account?

"Don't make jokes of that sort. You do injustice to your own delicacy as well as Miss Leigh's by the suggestion."

"Do you think Miss Leigh's delicacy would revolt at a good marriage, Harold? Poor fellow! how completely your flower of the wilderness has deceived you. Trust me, if I bring her out and give her the chance, I shall have a nice little list of her conquests to forward you in six months."

"Then in God's name don't bring her out. I can't paint any more this morning," he exclaimed abruptly. He left the room with a darkened brow and an ill-tempered haste, and Mrs. Galton resolved that the chance should be given Theo ere long, for the mention of it moved Harold more than was becoming in *her*, "Kate's," vassal.

He was to leave the Grange by the three-o'clock

train; and as he sat at lunch with his host and hostess, John Galton commenced laying amiable plans for further communion in town.

"I'm sorry you wouldn't wait and go off with us, Ffrench. Kate will want you in town, for I'm not much good at knowing where it's best to go."

"Where shall I address you, Harold, when we *do* go up?" Kate asked.

"The old address."

"The — Club?"

"Yes."

"Why never at your lodgings? you must have lodgings in town."

"Because I am apt to change them."

"What part of town are you in now?"

"Belgravia."

"That's sketchy. What street?"

"I have not decided yet. I shall look about to-morrow; to-night I shall put up at an hotel; so you see that I can give you none other than the club address," Harold said hastily to John Galton, though it was John Galton's wife, and not John himself, who had asked for another address than the usual one.

"And your engagements? Are you going to stay with any one, or to travel with any one, or what are you going to do?"

"Nothing. Some people I knew on the Continent are coming over to the raree-show, and I have promised to meet in them in town; that is all."

"Nice people?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Nice enough."

"Then introduce them to me, and I'll do the honours of our great metropolis to them, and save you the trouble."

"You are very kind. I will see about it."

"And, Harold, get us an opera-box next Saturday; if you can I will go up on Friday."

"You shall have your opera-box on Saturday. By the way, some time or other I wish you would take Miss Leigh to the Opera, she's passionately fond of music."

"Girls of that age always are 'passionately fond' of whatever may be mentioned. However, I will take her to the Opera; when do they go up?"

"Next week."

She darted a keen glance at him which asked as plain as possible, "Are you going to meet them?"

He shook his head.

"I shall be too fully occupied to pay the Leighs attention: you do it for me, Kate. They have been very kind to me, and you can requite it far better than I can."

"I fancied from what Kate said that you were going to requite it in the best way, if she's a nice girl," John Dalton observed.

"Did Kate suspect such infatuation on my part?" Harold Ffrench asked. And Kate blushed slightly as her husband answered.

"Well, I don't know that she did, only she wants to see you married, and so, I suppose, suspects you to be infatuated before you are."

"I must be off; I shall only just catch the train. Good-bye, Galton, good-bye, Kate. Don't plot for me." He whispered the last words as he bent over his cousin's head, and discreet Mrs. Galton answered aloud:—

"No, no, John is wrong. I don't venture to suspect you of infatuation, Harold, any more. I made a mistake once. Good-bye."

"What mistake did you ever make about your cousin, Kate?" John Galton asked of his wife when he came back into her presence after seeing his guest off. "Did you ever think he cared for anybody?"

"Yes, it was long ago, dear, when I was a mere child, he seemed to admire a fashionable girl whose name was—but what matters? you are not interested in fashionable girls, nor am I any more (till our *Bijou* is grown up); but it passed off."

"Oh, did it?" John Galton replied, thoughtfully, and then he took both her slender white hands in his and drew her towards him. "Do you know, for half a minute I thought you meant yourself, Kate. I'm glad you didn't."

CHAPTER VI. LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

THEO remained in the room alone where he had left her after bestowing upon her that one impassionate kiss in which he had declared there was no harm; remained there alone for an hour after his departure, trying to think, and feeling too happy to accomplish it.

She heard Harold Ffrench's voice out in the garden, and she knew that he had joined her father and mother, who were strolling about in the soft evening air. But she judged him to be her own more especially now, and she could not bear to share him with others, even with them, just yet. So she sat still on the couch upon which he had placed her when he was bidding her adieu, and wondered why he had found her fair, and how this marvel had come to pass.

Her heart was throbbing audibly, but there was no pain in the flutter; it came from a very fulness of joy, and was a commentary on the tidings that she would not venture to tell to another, that she was not ill pleased to hear. He had told her he loved her! he had shown her that he loved her! and he had said that he would come to-morrow when the rest would be told, and would see it too, and the joy would be a secret no longer, though not one whit less sweet.

It never occurred to the girl to give forth the story at once in either a vaunting or an affectedly indifferent spirit. She had lived a very quiet life, and had not been lightly won and lightly lost half a dozen times in the course of it. Lively and light-hearted, and daring as none but a country-bred girl and only daughter can be, she was subdued and gentled and rendered diffident at once by the truth, the reality, and almost solemnity, of the feeling that had grown up in her heart for this stranger. Her first love was a genuine one, and Theo blushed at the influence it had already gained over her, and wondered at the vastness of the chasm it had left at once between the past and present.

She had no very definite ideas as to what might be expected to take place to-morrow. She only felt that he would come and say something which would entitle him to hold her hand in his own through all time if he liked, and leave her free to call him "Harold." Then she murmured his name, first taking the precaution to bury her head in the sofa-cushion in order that no one might by any chance hear what would sound "so silly." She pictured him at his easel while she read poetry to him through endless summer days, never thinking, poor child, that it can be aught but pleasant for a man to listen to metrical effusions from the lips of his wife while he is endeavouring to compose a picture.

The hours passed quickly in the indulgence of these happy visions, and then she was summoned to supper, and she went in half-shrinking from the light, and strangely tremulous in eye and lip, all happy as she was. Her happiness was as the down on the butterfly's wing to her: she dreaded touching upon it lest one particle might be destroyed. It was so new, so fresh, so delicate—so unlike anything that she had known before.

Despite the wealth of womanly feeling that had been aroused in her recently, she was more of a child than ever in her manner to her parents that night. Perhaps it was the knowledge that she was longing to try her wings abroad that made her fold them so softly now. She sat at her father's feet and rested her loving head on his knee, and held his hand between those two which had known for the first time this day the pressure of another love than his. Her mother, sitting opposite, marked the brilliant colour in her face, and marvelled that Theo should so soon have recovered from that absolute fatigue which Harold Ffrench mentioned as the cause of her not joining them in the garden.

"You don't look tired now, Theo."

"No, ma, I am not a bit tired."

"Ah, I thought the reason you didn't come was that you were gone to see after Miss Watson, instead of being 'knocked up,' as Mr. Ffrench said, when your father asked why you didn't come out."

"Did he say that? No, I didn't go near Miss Watson; she gets on better without me."

"She will have to get on better than she does if your things are to be ready by Tuesday; this is Wednesday evening, and Saturday she can't come to me. I wish a later day had been fixed for your going."

"Have you asked for leave, papa?"

"Yes, and got it," he replied.

"Oh dear; do you know, after all, I don't much care about going up," said Theo, throwing her head back against her father's arm. She was thinking how pleasant it would be to meander about those marshes with Harold Ffrench in the glorious summer days that were coming. "If you had not written for leave, papa, I believe I should say don't go."

"The child's crazy," Mrs. Leigh said, rising and beginning to put away her work.

"No, she's not; she is only showing how magnanimous she can be when her magnanimity can't be accepted," her father said, kissing her. "Good-night, my child; Ffrench is going in the morning; did you know it?"

"Yes; that is, he told me he was going, but I don't think he will go," Theo answered; and then she went off to bed, and prayed for and dreamt of Harold Ffrench, while her father and mother pondered over how much money might in prudence be drawn from his agents to expend in giving Theo a taste of relaxation in London.

This going to London, which had been a dream of delight for some time past, sank now into absolute unimportance by the side of this new delight which had arisen. She did not care an atom any longer about those specimens of the arts and sciences which were collected by the enterprising and shown to the curious in Hyde Park. It would be pleasant to look at them with Harold Ffrench; but the dead level of the salt marshes would be equally agreeable objects of contemplation in such companionship; therefore the tedious journey might be saved. Then she remembered that the leave had been asked for and granted, and that some of her father's brother officers in the district might be put to inconvenience as to their own contemplated absences, if he did not take his when he could have it, and come back at the appointed time. She also remembered that the giving this pleasure to her would be the best pleasure her father had known for a long time. So, remembering these things, she resolved to go with all the glee she could

muster, and show gratitude for the plan, and gratification in realising it, whatever fate might hold in store for her of far brighter things.

"Dear papa, he means me to enjoy it, and he shall see that *I do* enjoy it thoroughly," she murmured to herself in her latest moments of coherency that night. On that resolution she fell asleep and dreamed away the hours till the dawn broke—the dawn of the day that was to hear said those words whose promise had been given to her heart already.

It was not an easy thing to behave as if nothing had happened or were going to happen the following morning. She knew that the hour or two which would probably elapse before Mr. Ffrench, in accordance with his usual practice, found his way up from the Bull would appear interminable if she were not employed. She knew this, and yet she was incapable of originating any employment of an absorbing nature, or indeed of doing anything save look out of the window and wonder when he would come.

"There are those frills to be hemmed for the blue muslin, Theo," her mother said to her once when she came into the room and found Theo at that occupation which I have just described.

"Yes, mamma."

"But you don't do them."

"I will presently, mamma—this evening."

"This evening you will be wanting to go out, and then the frills will be forgotten; they wouldn't take you an hour, you lazy child, and when they were hemmed I would put them on, and the blue muslin would be finished."

"Bother the blue muslin!" Theo thought; but she only said, "Yes, mamma, I'll get them directly; I am busy just now."

"What are you looking at?" Mrs. Leigh asked, coming to the window.

"An energetic fly dodging a spider," Theo replied, promptly pointing out the spectacle she described in the crevice of some rock-work.

"You may see dozens of them any day," Mrs. Leigh rejoined.

Then, Theo's day-dream being dispelled, she went in search of the frills for peace' sake.

He had said that he would come, and it never occurred to Theo to doubt him; and this, not so much that she was dominated by her passion for him, as that it would have seemed incredible to her that a gentleman should lie. That men break every spoken and implied vow, and still hold their honour stainless; and that women transfer their hearts and caresses from one lover to another, and still consider themselves chaste, she had yet to learn. The majority of young girls believe what is said to

them : it is their virtue and their fault. Extreme caution comes only from experience, and it is not desirable that girls of twenty should possess it.

So she sat through the morning hours, hemming her muslin frills, excited and nervous truly, but never doubtful for an instant that the man who had pressed his lips to hers, and told her that in that impassioned salute there "was no harm," would come to her this day as he had promised. She would have been as likely to suspect her father of committing petty larceny as to suspect this man (who had kissed her with a kiss that seemed to make her his own, it was so warm and wild) of lying. Thus, with her strength unimpaired, her soul unshaken by a doubt, she came to a knowledge of the wounding truth at once, and bore it.

"Ffrench has left, I find," Mrs. Leigh remarked, as Theo seated herself, still excited but still happy, at the dinner-table.

"I think he might have come up to say good-bye," Mrs. Leigh replied ; and Theo felt that her mother was looking keenly and anxiously at her.

"They mustn't be made unhappy," the poor child thought ; "I'll speak at once."

"What took him away so suddenly, papa ? he ought to have said good-bye to us, we have been so friendly."

She thought of that passionate kiss, and those impassioned words which had passed between them the previous night, as she spoke, and her brain reeled with the remembrance, and her proud young heart seemed as though it would burst with the sense of the indignity that had been put upon it. But still she spoke clearly ; and she was rewarded for the effort she had made by seeing the anxious look pass from her mother's face.

"We shall miss him very much. I wonder whether he will ever come back, or if we shall ever see him again," Mrs. Leigh said briskly. The words were kind to the departed stranger, but the tone in which they were spoken told of the hope which she felt on the subject.

"Ever see him again ?" Yes, it had come to this, that it was more than improbable that she would ever see him again—this man who had won from and shown to her such signs of love as she could never exhibit to another. His kiss was burning on her lips still ; her heart had not ceased those quickened bounding pulsations to which his own had responded when he clasped her to his breast last night ! He had set his mark upon her, and she could never again be as she had been before ; she felt this with a burning brow in the midst of her agony at losing him at all. But even as this feeling was stinging, this agony stultifying her, she

resolved that she would make no sign of her sorrow, for the sake of sparing those whose only joy was in her.

"Give me a little bit of the brown, papa ? Thank you, that's just the bit I wanted," Theo said resolutely. Then she eat her bit of brown meat resolutely, with apparent appetite, though the eating it at all was a terrible task.

"I dare say Mr. Ffrench will call on you in town," Mrs. Leigh remarked presently. "He said so much last night about the kindness we had shown him ; it's little enough, I'm sure, after all, but I don't think he's one to forget even trifling kindnesses."

"I don't think he is," Theo replied ; she would not shirk the subject, but had she not been placed with her back to the light they would have seen that, steady as were the words, the lips that uttered them were quivering.

"Ffrench seems to have known many of the men I knew in Greece ; it's odd I can't recall his name at all," Mr. Leigh observed, thoughtfully, after a short pause. "There was a young Englishman whose name,—by-the-bye, what was his name ? I shall forget my own next,—who joined the expedition in a casual sort of way ; but I never met him, and I remember now his name was Linley, so it couldn't have been Ffrench."

"Mr. Ffrench"—her tongue felt as if it had a mountain of alum upon it as she said his name—"must have been too young for you to think about in those days, papa ; being a young man yourself, I have no doubt that you despised boys."

"We must have come athwart one another too," her father rejoined, "for he was speaking last night of Mavrocordato and Church,—speaking of things that occurred in connection with them at the very time I was with them ; odd I shouldn't remember his name."

"Very odd indeed," Theo thought, considering what a spell that name held for her, but she said nothing. Determined as she was not to shirk the subject, she was not capable yet of being an active agent in its continuance.

In the afternoon of that same day, while a consultation was being held as to the proper position which the frills were to occupy upon the blue muslin dress and mantle, Mrs. Leigh returned to the charge, and Theo was nearly asking for quarter.

"Do you know, Theo, I really can't help thinking it somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Ffrench should have gone off in that way."

"In what way, mamma ?"

"Without coming near us to say good-bye ; don't you ?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I do ; he has plenty of external

polish, but if he were as innately gentlemanly and refined as he appears he would not so palpably pick up and drop people just to suit his own convenience."

Theo winced, but said nothing.

"And (it was absurd in a man of his age—for a child like yourself, of course), but I did think he admired you, Theo."

"Oh, mamma!"

"I did really; and I'm not like some mothers: I don't fancy that there is something directly a man looks at my daughter."

"No, mamma."

"But I suppose I was mistaken, otherwise he wouldn't have gone off in that manner; and I'm glad, as I was mistaken, that I didn't say anything to you about it while he remained."

"So am I, very glad."

"And I do think that it was very impolite of him to go away without saying good-bye to us: why, child, how you're trembling!"

"Yes, ma. I have just got a woeful prick; the needle has alighted under my nail. Ah—ah!" (impatiently), "I can't work any more; I'll go and get papa to go down on the marsh with me."

So she went out and secured her father's company in that her first visit after Harold Ffrench's departure to the spot on which he had made love manifest to her. For about Miss Theo there was no maudlin sentimentality; she was resolved upon abstaining from the luxury of making these haunts sacred and private.

But still it was hard to walk there and be all a daughter, nothing more, so soon, so very soon! She did it, however, with how much pain and difficulty may not be known, since she never told. She even spoke brightly of that approaching visit to London, which now she would rather have died than have been compelled to pay.

Through all the intervening days she kept up with that proud resolve which this kind of trial is almost sure to develop in a proud woman's breast. Many a chance allusion nearly broke her down, and many a kindly word all but overpowered her. But she was strong and young and generous, and would neither be broken down nor overpowered before those who would most sorely have grieved to see her so.

Harold Ffrench had been very tender to her—tender in a way that no very young man could be; and the remembrance of this tenderness would come upon her with a rush sometimes, but never before others. It was only when the girl was alone that she bent before the memory of it, and blushed and turned pale in quick succession at the thought of how

warmly he had seemed to love, and how well he had deceived her.

Before others, though, she would neither repine nor repent: there "would have been weakness in doing either," she told herself; besides, repining and repentance on her part might have paved the way to others blaming him—her love, her demi-god, her vitalised Vandyck. There had been miserable misapprehension of his meaning on her part, or foul trickery on his; she could not bear that comment should be made on either. So she suffered in silence and would not permit her appetite to flag; in which last there was, I think, the truest heroism, it being an awful thing to eat when one is ill in mind or body, and an equally awful thing for all such as dwell in the tents with one to witness the daily increasing disinclination to do so.

So she ate and drank and made merry in the old way, and was to all outward seeming the same Theo she had been before this stranger came, and saw, and loved, and left her. But her father's frequent assertion, that she "was like a young bear, in that all her troubles were before her," grated harshly on her ears now. She knew that a something was gone from her mind which could never come back to it; a blot made on the surface of her life which no after happiness could eradicate.

She did not set herself to the task of solving the problem of his enforced semi-declaration and sudden exit from the scene. There was a something which had prevented that consummation which he had taught her to desire, but what that something was, God knew—she did not question. The result would be just the same; the cause was of little worth in comparison. That there had been something insurmountable she did not doubt; for she did not degrade her love and insult her own heart by deeming that it had been sought, gained, and rejected as a summer day's pastime by a motiveless trifler.

It was a sharp, deep cut that she had received; but she resolutely covered it up and kept the air of observation from it, and would not suffer it to fester. Sharp and deep as it was, it was a healthy wound, and she knew that it would heal perfectly in time, and leave no pain even though a scar remained.

While the wound was young, and before the efficacy of this mode of treatment could be said to be an ascertained thing, the day of departure arrived, and Theo Leigh went up to London with her father without so much as a hope now of even holding intercourse with his cousin, for the charming Mrs. Galton had made no sign.

(To be continued.)

"MRS. SMITH."



I.

LAST year I trod these fields with Di,
And that's the simple reason why
They now look arid :
Then Di was fair and single—how
Unfair it seems on me, for now
Di's fair and married !

II.

In bliss we roved, I scorn'd the song
Which says that tho' young Love is strong,
The Fates are stronger :
Then breezes blew a boon to men—
Then buttercups were bright—and then
This grass was longer.

III.

That day I saw, and much esteem'd
Di's ankles—which the clover seem'd
Inclined to smother :
It twitch'd—and soon untied (for fun)
The ribbons of her shoes; first one,
And then the other.

IV.

'Tis said that virgins augur some
Misfortune, if their shoestrings come
To grief on Friday :
And so did Di—and so her pride
Decreed that shoestrings so untied
Are "so untidy !"

V.

Of course I knelt, with fingers deft
I tied the right, and then the left ;
Says Di,—"This stubble
Is very stupid, as I live,
I'm shocked, I'm quite ashamed to give
You so much trouble."

VI.

For answer I was fain to sink
To what most swains would say and think
Were Beauty present ;
"Don't mention such a simple act.
A trouble ? not the least. In fact
It's rather pleasant."

VII.

I trust that love will never tease
Poor little Di, or prove that he's
A graceless rover ;
She's happy now—as Mrs. Smith,—
But less polite when walking with
Her chosen lover.

VIII.

Farewell ! And tho' no moral clings
To Di's soft eyes and sandal strings,
We've had our quarrels ;
I think that Smith is thought an ass,
But *know* that when they walk in grass
She wears balmorals.

ANA.

POLISH STATISTICS.—A recent account of the population of Poland gives the following particulars relative to the inhabitants of the country :—The greater part of the land is in the hands of about 5,000 families, consisting of 25,000 individuals of both sexes ; these constitute the high nobility. The class immediately attached to them comprises about 170,000 persons ; these form the lesser nobility, most of whom possess a small piece of land, though the generality of them are said to regard the cultivation of it as degrading. It is from among this class that the functionaries are taken, and they also supply the higher nobility with many of their servants. The Roman Catholic ecclesiastics consist of 4,600 members, 2,218 of whom are priests, 1808 monks, and 521 nuns. Hitherto the clergy have had the privilege of tithing the whole of the natural productions of the kingdom, without respect to the creed of the proprietors. The number of the population engaged in trades and manufactures is estimated at about 930,000, of whom more than 580,000 are Jews. A large proportion of these are under the direct influence of the high nobility : 228 of the towns they occupy of the 453 contained in the kingdom are the property of single individuals, and the municipal and judicial institutions are, in fact, under the direct patronage of the great proprietors. Of course, the influence of the nobility is still greater over the rural population, the total number of whom is estimated at 3,270,000, which may be subdivided into 1,277,500 small farmers, 522,000 peasant proprietors, plus 28,000 Jews, and the remainder is made up of labourers, who are described as merely serfs of the great nobles, or vagabonds, and whose condition is exceedingly wretched. This state of things is in course of alteration or amendment.

A FEW DAYS AT LYONS.

THE Paris Season was advancing, and the summer heat was already oppressive. Though the gardens of the Tuileries presented their gay attractions, and the stream of vehicles rolled as usual past the Arc de l'Etoile and along the Avenue de l'Impératrice on their way to the lake, the verdure, the shade, and the cooling freshness of the Bois de Boulogne, still the commonly laughing capital was beginning to appear somewhat dull. Paris, to say the truth, is moving out of town, and the Emperor having set the example of a sojourn at Fontainebleau, followed by an excursion to the baths of Vichy, his loyal subjects are rapidly making it the fashion to speed away to the country, and espe-

cially to the beautiful *Établissements des Bains*, which are found more particularly in the Pyrenean region. Under these circumstances, business flags, and that which took us to Paris could not be completed ; and so, having been frequently solicited to pass a few days with some old and cherished acquaintances in Southern France,

"Since all the world is gone," I observed, "let us go too—let us breathe for a short time the strengthening air of the Swiss mountains, and imbibe on our way thither the not less invigorating draughts which spring from the renewal of the associations of early friendship."

Nothing was necessary but to make our own arrangements, and to telegraph to the neighbourhood of Lyons the time of our departure ; and this we did on the same day that we left Paris by the evening express, preferring at this season a night journey. As we wended our way southwards day dawned about 3 a.m., and before 5 every object was bathed in sunlight.

The country for many miles before reaching Lyons wears an aspect of great richness ; the undulating hill-sides, and even the lofty eminences of the Côte d'Or, are covered with vines, while the more level country is verdant with crops and foliage.

The station was reached about 7 a.m., and there, accompanied by a young Englishman, we found the carriage of our host awaiting us, and were swiftly conveyed to his country residence. The sun shone brilliantly over the grim landscape through which the Saone flows towards the sea.

After reaching the confluence with the Rhone, its brother (the Saone being a *La*, and the Rhone a *Le*), we turned in another direction, and in a few minutes found ourselves within the lodge-gates and at the hospitable doors of a large country mansion. Even at that early hour life was astir ; family groups were driving into the city ; young ladies taking their morning exercise, and peasant women, shaded by large straw hats, were vending fruits and vegetables, which they carried on large barrows, to parties who chatted in groups at the open doors.

"Are monsieur and madame at home ?" we inquired.

"Oh yes ; you will see them directly—pray walk in. Does madame require anything ? Madame must ask for all that she requires. Madame must do just as she would do at home !"

All this was said in a few seconds while finding our way to our apartments, and in the purest French, by a young woman with

a remarkably sweet voice and pleasant countenance, and who, as we afterwards found, has been so fortunate as to have been in the family five years.

Dressed with great neatness and simplicity, and marked by a total absence of crinoline, and being of the pure peasant race, she reminded me of the servants of former years—a race, alas! now almost extinct, even in the remote towns of our island. On the landing we received a hearty greeting from our hostess, and having been saluted on both cheeks, we proceeded to inspect our apartments and learn their capabilities. They consist of a suite of three rooms, prettily-furnished and most exquisitely clean; a boudoir, which leads out on a trellised terrace; a sleeping room, where two small beds under the same canopy occupy about a space equal to that filled by an English four-poster; and a dressing-room, where an ample supply of water and towels, and even the luxury of a sponge bath, awaited us. Breakfast, we were informed, was at 12, “would we take tea, or coffee, or chocolate previously?” We had been unable to obtain anything during the night; the *buffets* being somewhat distant from the arrival platforms, it is almost impossible with short stoppages to reach them in time for refreshment, as we found to our cost, for after paying the exorbitant sum of two francs for cups of coffee, as they were served very hot, we were unable to drink them before summoned away.

We were therefore grateful when the same smiling damsel who had so cordially proffered her services reappeared with a breakfast consisting of *café au lait*, dry toast, butter, American biscuits, and new-laid eggs. This meal was brought to us in the boudoir, it being the custom of the country to partake of this first slight repast in private, leaving the guests and the family equally free to assemble in the salons at the regular hours, or as much earlier as they may find it convenient. At the midday meal (corresponding to an English luncheon, but somewhat more elaborate) several hot dishes of meat, followed by salad, cheese, butter, and wine, are introduced, and the collation is concluded with tea, which is now much more used than formerly in France, and generally found in private families to be of very excellent quality.

“What lovely scenery!” I observed to my husband; “the view from this elevation, the sight of such gorgeous flowers, the song of birds, and the general beauty of the surroundings will, I think, suffice to keep me in good humour during the time of our stay.” But, as though nature were not sufficiently prodigal, there is the added charm of harmonious, intel-

lectual domestic life; and though that life may differ from ours, why should we criticise,—why not admire it, when it has the power of awakening and fostering the more generous affections, the loftiest and the holiest aspirations?

Here we find the father and mother of a family, surrounded with grown-up sons and daughters who occupy three *châlets* on the same estate, and at convenient distances for the exchange of family kindlinesses and courtesies. The rising generation revel among the flowers, or run at the sound of grandpapa's voice, who, though he evidently finds in them the delight of his declining years, does not spoil the little people.

Two English youths, domiciled with one of the members of the family group for the purpose of learning the language, are pleased to join in a game of cricket, and seem more desirous of teaching English to the children, or to the young ladies of their circle, than to press on their own studies, which might hasten their return home, so pleasant do they find their present life.

The greatest heat of the day being past, we drive, about 4 p.m., over a succession of bridges along the spacious quays, upwards of twenty miles in length and of immense width, which line the banks of the Rhone and the Saone. Everywhere these walks, planted with trees, protected by wicker fences from injury, and of which the growth is encouraged by copious waterings, are kept in excellent order; and sprinkled freely from a hose, which lays the dust without turning it into mud, they form agreeable and sheltered resorts. But still they are insufficient for the recreation of a city of 300,000 inhabitants; and a beautiful and already extensive park laid out with shrubs and flowers, and artificial waters, is about to be still further increased for their enjoyment.

Here the Cricket Club holds its weekly meetings, and the youths of three nations—about one hundred French, thirty English, and two German—assemble together for exercise in the game, which has been received with great favour in this country.

Our attention was directed to a pretty *châlet* used as a restaurant, and where, from the attractions of the situation, public entertainments are sometimes given.

“There is a little tale connected with that house,” said our friend, “which I must tell you, and afterwards we will go there. In September last I was dining there, and presiding over the Grand Conseil: it was a very wet day, and the rain had been falling heavily during the previous night. We learnt with

horror that a young and beautiful child of little more than a year old had been found with its limbs tied together, evidently drugged with opium, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather on the borders of the lake, and had been picked up by one of the gardeners at early morning. The maternal heart had evidently revolted at the last moment from the crime about to be committed, and, like the young Moses, the babe had been left in the hope that some happy turn of fortune might possibly save his little life. The child was brought to this, the nearest asylum, till measures could be adopted for its protection; but the mistress of the house, the mother of several children, touched with its innocence and helplessness, immediately offered, if the consent of her husband could be obtained, to adopt the infant and bring it up as her own. To this arrangement the worthy host had immediately consented, and we (the gentlemen) having expressed a wish to see the child, he was brought in for our inspection. He has not the appearance of being the offspring of common people, and his delicate features and complexion partake more of the Swiss or English than of the French type.

Our hearts very pardonably warmed as the babe was handed about from one strong arm to another; and I having set on foot a subscription on his behalf, the amount collected soon realised a sum of upwards of 500 francs. This I have placed in the savings bank for him; but before doing so it was necessary to give him a name. "We must not forget the proprietor, M. Grand," I observed, "who has so generously taken the initiative in this act of benevolence, and as Grand harmonises with Conseil, let us call him Grand Conseil; and by this designation accordingly he is known. And now I have told my story you shall see him yourselves, with your own eyes, and judge whether he has any appearance of being a peasant's child."

The boy, evidently a great favourite, was playing on the grass in front of the house, surrounded by the servants of the establishment: proper measures have been taken to secure him to the parents who adopted him; yet it would seem that they entertain fears that he may some day be taken away from them.

His somewhat pensive features lighted with a smile of intelligence at the sight of his patron, who took him in his arms with the greatest tenderness, and begged us to notice the traits to which he had previously called our attention. Sad and solemn were our thoughts about that great sin which must still lie upon the conscience most probably of some wretched

mother; yet we thanked God in our hearts that He had not suffered His little one to perish,—that sorrow is thus occasionally tempered with joy; and that "evil is overcome by good."

Late dinner, at which the members of the various married branches of the family usually assembled, was served on our return; and at its close, as is usual on the Continent, ladies and gentlemen leave the table together. Then follow the pleasant evenings spent in the air; where, sitting beneath a roomy verandah, the family receive visits from the neighbouring gentry: a general hilarity prevails. Coffee and iced syrups are the only refreshments provided. A handsome little Shetland pony, a present to the children, who ride it quite fearlessly, usually makes its appearance at this hour. Purchased in London, it has now been some months in France, and is reconciled to the change of domicile of which at first it seemed sensible. It now comes with pleasure to be noticed, or to be fed with bread or sugar, and is evidently well acquainted with its juvenile riders.

The town of Lyons shows everywhere signs of great activity and extensive commercial relations; while it has very much increased in size, it has been greatly improved and embellished within the last twenty years, and the country houses, which are for the most part beautifully situated on the surrounding eminences, stretch out in all directions for many miles.

The rate of wages has very much risen of late, and mechanics and artisans now earn from two and a half to five francs a day. Women also are paid more than formerly for labour or machine-work, the rate varying from two to two and a half francs per diem. The highly paid artisans partake of meat daily; the poorer people usually once a week, their common diet consisting of coffee, bread, butter, cheese, and vegetables—the latter occasionally seasoned with bacon. Extreme destitution happily appears to be unknown.

The ancient Roman station, now occupied by the Church of *Notre Dame de la Fourvière*, abounds in antiquities, and there, as well as in the bed of the Rhone, numerous specimens now in the Museum of the town have been found.

Among the more recent treasures brought to light here is the head of a female in bronze, which was originally plated with silver. It is of exquisite workmanship, and the trustees were so fortunate as to purchase it from the finders, who were not aware of its merits, for the very moderate sum of four hundred

frances. Gold and jewelled ornaments of considerable value are also displayed in locked cases, and among the more recent discoveries is a large and well-executed mosaic pavement, which covered the floor of an apartment.

Like many Italian towns, the Roman station stood on a lofty eminence, overlooking the Saone, which flowed through the valley beneath; it was supplied with water by an aqueduct, bringing the possibly purer waters of some mountain stream from a considerable distance. The remains of this gigantic work can be traced, spanning the valley now occupied by the village of Oullins, and thence climbing the hill, where, on the summit, a long line of ivy-clad arches are to be seen in tolerable preservation, and the ruins are traceable for a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. Under the guidance of our good friends, we visited the remains, both of the valley and also of the hill.

The laundresses seem to have almost undisputed possession of the stream, and the walls of their dwellings, constructed frequently of hammered clay, rest against the brickwork of former days. A very difficult road leads to the higher aqueduct, but the strong and handsome Norman horses which conveyed us worked their upward way courageously, while each turn of the steep ascent revealed new beauties in the landscape. From the summit the mountains of the *Côte d'Or*, the Lyonesse chain, the Jura, and even Mont Blanc and the Alps, are seen in fine weather. An undisturbed solitude enabled us to enjoy the full beauty of the prospect, and to meditate awhile on the fate of that great nation which once ruled the destinies of the then known world, and whose works will certainly survive most of our modern structures. Brambles and tangled herbage, interblended with the most brilliantly tinted wild flowers, creep round the feet of the gigantic ruins, and through each opening a varied landscape is to be seen. A fine picture of this portion of the aqueduct was some years since made by Harding, while the guest of our hospitable entertainers.

But we had visited the principal objects of interest, both in the town and country; passing quays and bridges, we had admired the handsome modern streets, and enjoyed the grateful shade of those narrower ways where the sun's rays scarcely penetrate between the lofty houses; we had specially noticed the refreshing influence diffused around by sparkling fountains rising to a considerable height from the midst of parterres of flowers and verdure; we had spent some time amidst the varied collection of art manufactures, which in this manu-

facturing and mercantile city bids fair to surpass any and every similar display in the world.

Under the same roof are placed, in a handsome modern structure, the Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Council of Prud'hommes; in this last, nineteen twentieths of the disputes between masters and workmen are amicably settled.

The Court consists of an equal number of elected masters and workmen, having for their president a manufacturer. All this and much more had we visited, and, above all, we had seen genuine French country life—seen it under the happiest circumstances, in the midst of a charming family circle, who did not allow our presence to interfere with their usual mode of life.

Our host, a self-made man, at my request, gave me a brief account of his life, and of the events which had led to his present position. His father, an officer of the old French army in the time of the Republic, found himself, like others of the same standing, an object of dislike to the rising men of the army of the First Consul. To avoid jealousies, it was the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte to place officers of this class to defend the garrisons, and thus the earliest recollections of our friend went back to a time when his father commanded a fortress in Piedmont. A child of the army, he was educated at the expense of the State at the military college of St. Omer, "where," he said, "I was so ill-disciplined that I invariably took part in the revolts of the pupils, which at that time were not unfrequent."

At sixteen he received a cadetship and entered the army; but that did not last, and his mother, a widow, the two almost wanting bread, he was glad to enter a house in Paris connected with the shawl manufactory, and to receive in payment for his services his board and lodging. The male population of the country exhausted by the drains of the army, the youth, half-clerk, half-warehouseman, had to work hard early and late, and on the reconstruction of the army he immediately threw up his situation. The slender pittance of the mother was expended to refit him for the profession which all the circumstances of his life, as well as his military education, appeared to point out as his proper vocation, and he returned to it with all the ardour and hopefulness of inexperience. "But God," he said, "had not so ordained it, and in His goodness He again led me back from the warlike career."

Thrown adrift once more by the battle of

Waterloo, he again returned to the capital, and was present when the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris. An illness of some months, aggravated doubtless by anxiety of mind and the want of proper nourishment, now intervened; and describing their situation in his own touching words, he observed, "At that time we were indeed very miserable—my poor mother and I—we had only *potage* (thin soup) to eat, and, my hopes of advancement shattered, I knew not what to do."

Driven to seek employment, he at length became connected with a commercial house, and in its service went as travelling clerk to Germany, in which country he met with the lady his present partner, whom he married after waiting two years. Once launched in the commercial world, good fortune attended his steps, and from these small beginnings he has become one of the most distinguished merchants of France. Universally honoured in the city which he has made the chief seat of his commercial transactions, his name is well known and respected everywhere in his country, and in Europe generally, in many of whose principal cities he has branch establishments. And in this instance success has attended the enterprise of one well worthy of the smiles of fortune. Of a generous and unprejudiced nature, this noble man with his enlarged sympathies can see good in other nationalities beyond his own, and is ready to adopt improvements from whatever quarter they may come.

An ardent lover of his country, he also loves England, her institutions, and her language, which he understands idiomatically. It will be supposed that such a one rejoices in the removal of those impediments which have until recently fettered the development of the commercial relations between the two great nations of Europe, towards which he has mainly contributed. In the mutual interchange of commodities and manufactures, and in the friendly union and brotherhood, he sees the highest security for the peace of the European world, and for their own internal prosperity.

Not without regret on either side came the parting word, *Adieu!* For me, the novelty of the life had its attractions, which the added charms of courtesy and hospitality rendered the more seductive.

But Switzerland was before us, and we had formed extensive plans for travel, to be accomplished within a limited period; and we resisted the solicitations of our friends to tarry longer on our way. Railways, even in Switzerland, now facilitate the movements of the tourist;

so, having received on both cheeks the farewell salutation, and been loaded with final tokens of friendship in the shapes of fruits and flowers, we took the evening train to Geneva, and while the mighty engine thundered through the solitudes of the valleys of the Jura, our thoughts serenely dwelt on the pleasures that had passed away.

D. P.

THE CUMÆAN SIBYL.

I.

KING TARQUIN sat beside the open door,
Looking towards Soractè, as the west
Stream'd forth its crimson on the marble floor,
Reddening the broider'd bands upon his vest,
The gold that bound his brow and sandals
rimm'd;
With a rich vintage splendour deluging,
The sunset fill'd from out its vase-like globe
The new-built palace of the Roman King.

II.

It crimson'd the white marble temple walls,
And turned the Tyber to a stream of blood,
Boding Rome's future: Romulus's shield
Shone not more ruby than that rolling flood
The sun incarnadined; now from the west,
Out of that splendour gliding calm and
slow,
There moved a figure with a hooded face
That pass'd into the dark from out the glow.

III.

A priestess, she had come with sacred books,
That Roman gold may buy; but, cold and
hard,
Tarquin with mocking smile smote on his sword,
And struck the ground to call his body-guard,
And spurr'd the scrolls the Sibyl humbly laid
Upon the floor. "Begone, thou witch!" he
cried,
"Three hundred pieces of our hard-won gold?
Hag, dotard, hence, or we will tame thy pride."

IV.

Sunset once more, and Tarquin's Volscean
slaves
Toil'd at the rampart of the temple hill;
Again through boding bars of crimson light
The Sibyl came, and grave and proudly still
Proffer'd the books; but only four were left;
Still the same price she ask'd. The King
arose
To strike the beldam with his dagger heft,
And from his presence drive her forth with blows.

V.

Another twilight, and again she came
Gliding from out the brightness without sound.
Only three books were left; the envious fire
Had shrunk the precious hoard. The Gabians
bound
Cower'd before scornful Tarquin's all-consuming
wrath;
The Sibyl laid the books upon his throne,
Drew her thick hood over her wrinkled face,
And stood like Niobe new turned to stone.

VI.

"Lost opportunities," exclaimed a sage,
 "Have voices for the wise ; beware, O King,
 Lest you reject the presents of the gods ;
 From pride alone one half life's sorrows spring."

Then Tarquin bent and from an ivory chest
 Scoop'd out two handfuls of the Volscian
 gold,
 And threw it to the Sibyl ; slow her hand
 Hid it within her mantle's dusky fold.



VII.

Then sliding to the shadow of the wall, —
 Shadow that swiftly widened, — she became,
 E'en as they gazed, a blurr'd and shapeless fog,
 Tinged here and there with glimmer of a flame

Such as the sunset leaves in the dim west
 Cresting the Sabine hills ; then flickering low
 Like the marsh fire at sunrise, it grew dark
 Throughout all Rome, save on one shrine below.

W. T.

AN AUTUMN DAY AT WINCHILSEA.

WHILST staying, a few weeks since, in the neighbourhood of Hastings, an antiquarian friend suggested to me by chance that I should find a great treat, and some occupation for a pleasant autumn day, in an excursion to the ancient city of Winchilsea, distant some eight miles by road or by rail. Accordingly, I made my way by rail to that famous place,—nearly, that is, but not quite; for the Winchilsea station is in the salt-marshes which lie between the town and Udimore; and I found the serpentine road, which led me to the foot of the hill on which Winchilsea is built, a walk not much short of a quarter of an hour's duration.

I should here remark that, although I have called Winchilsea an "ancient" city, a great distinction must be drawn between the present town and what an antiquary would recognise as "old" Winchilsea. The site of the latter place was a low flat island, some three miles south-east of the high hill on which the present town stands, at what was then the mouth of the river Rother. But here, as at Yarmouth* and Shoreham, the action of the sea has so changed the outline of the coast during the last ten or twenty centuries, that it is almost impossible to identify the site with precision. This much, however, is certain, that "the old town was separated from most of the adjoining localities by a wide waste of waters," and that "the path to it on every side except the west, was over a large estuary."†

Geographers are no less puzzled as to the exact site of old Winchilsea than etymologists are to account for its name. According to Mr. Cooper, it is a matter of doubt whether the town existed at all at the time of the Roman Conquest. "Camden," he writes, "does not lay it down in his maps of Roman or even of Saxon Britain: in his map of Sussex he gives it under the Roman name of Vindelis,‡ with the addition 'Old Winchilsea drowned,' but that name would be more correctly given to the isle of Portland. Jeake tells us that 'it was reported by Johnson in his Atlas, to have been a city in the time of the Romans.' In Gough's edition of Camden, and in the Map of Ancient Britain, published by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, the harbour is given as *Portus Novus*. The spot, however, on which the old town stood is marked in the map given by Dugdale in his

'History of Embanking.' The bearings indicate a place immediately on the east side of the east pier-head of Rye harbour, constituting the Camber farm estate, which lies in the parish of St. Thomas, Winchilsea, and was probably either the site, or adjoining the site, of the original town. Norden, in his Preface to the 'History of Cornwall,' published in 1724, says 'the ruins thereof now lie under the waves three miles within the high sea.' Tradition gives the same site, and report has spoken of ruins there found. A survey of the bay of Rye, however, has not brought any such ruins to light; the better opinion seems to be that the ground, which was submerged at the latter part of the 13th century, began partially to reappear towards the end of the 15th or the beginning of the 16th, was gradually recovered and fenced-in up to the close of the 17th century, and is now a fine rich alluvial soil."

Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that in the Saxon era of our history Winchilsea became a place of great importance, as one of the chief ports on the south-eastern coast. We shall leave it to etymologists to decide the precise meaning of its name, and especially to settle the point as to how far the words "*Friget mare ventus*," are or are not an exact Latin equivalent for Wind-chills-sea. Chill, we all know, without Mr. Jeake's assistance, is a term "yet in use for cold;" and "well" (he writes) "might the old town deserve that name, standing, as it did, in a low place open to both the winds and the sea." It is quite possible, as a local antiquary, Mr. Holloway, suggests, that the name originally meant "Wind-cold-island," or "Cold-wind-island;" but after all, it is to be feared that our present knowledge of etymology is such that we must leave the knotty question for another generation to solve.

It is curious that Winchilsea is not mentioned by name in either the Saxon Chronicle or in Domesday; but it is matter of history that King Edgar had a mint here in A.D. 959, and that the town was of sufficient importance in the time of Edward the Confessor to be granted to the monks of Fécamp in France: and the monks were not usually the men to take anything of inferior quality under their special protection.

At the time of the Conquest, before Dover had risen into note, Winchilsea was one of the most convenient ports for passengers to embark at *en route* to and from France.

* See Vol. IX., p. 276, and Vol. XI., p. 254.

† "The History of Winchilsea," by W. D. Cooper, F.S.A., p. 1.

‡ Butler, in his "Atlas of Ancient Britain," also gives this as the site of Vindelis.

William the Conqueror chose it as the place of his landing in the year after the battle of Hastings, thereby defeating the measures which had been adopted for shaking off the Norman yoke. Henry II. is said to have landed here in 1188; before the end of the twelfth century, it had become "well-frequented," according to Camden; or, in the phraseology of Kilburne, "a pretty town, and much resorted to;" or, in Norden's words, "a town of great trade and accompt." Tradition, too, puts its seal on the above assertions by reporting to the present day that it once had in it no less than fifty inns and taverns.

Together with its neighbour, Rye, Winchelsea was added by the Conqueror to the Cinque Ports, and in the first year of king John the two towns are mentioned as "bound to aid Hastings in doing service to the navy." The old town appears to have reached the height of its glory in John's reign, when its bay was the place of rendezvous for the fleet of England. Its commerce, more particularly in the wine trade, was most extensive, and its position, opposite to Tréport, and not far out of the direct line to Boulogne, gave it such importance that the king brought over thither a large army from Dover to oppose the invasion of Louis the son of Philip of France, who was bent on securing the English crown under the kind auspices and patronage of Pope Innocent III. King John was not a very creditable sovereign; but the value which he set on Winchelsea may be gathered from the fact that he issued a writ authorising the payment of a ransom of two hundred marks rather than that it should be burnt or sacked. It seems probable that Winchelsea was attacked by and successfully resisted the invader, though Rye was actually captured by Louis in the following year, when the men of Winchelsea distinguished themselves in a naval engagement between the French and the fleet of the Cinque Ports under Sir Hubert de Burgh.

But the days of the prosperity of old Winchelsea were drawing to a close. What agencies may have been at work we know not, but about the year 1235 great damage is said to have been done at Winchelsea by violent storms and floods, though the lighthouse and the "arsenal for the king's galleys," were standing some ten years later. There is an old proverb which says, "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat," and the inhabitants of the doomed city seem to have betaken themselves to piracy of the most lawless kind, so as "to render the passage of the narrow seas," in Mr. Cooper's words, "as dangerous to commercial traffic as

was the passage of the Rhine among the castles of the mediæval nobles." In fact they became, not only pirates as bold and shameless as those of the Ægean in Homer's days,* but so disaffected to the crown withal, that Henry was obliged to take the town into his own royal hands, giving the French monks, in exchange, other lands, which those far-seeing and crafty gentlemen selected in a situation not quite so likely to be destroyed by the ravages of the ocean as the "Island of Cold Winds."

The town, as we have said, was doomed. The monks had the best of the bargain. Hardly had three years passed by after this exchange was effected when a furious storm arose (Oct. 1, 1250), which did fatal injury to Winchelsea. Against foreign enemies the brave men of that place could hold their own; but they could not combat the elements, when the sea and the very "stars in their courses" fought against them.

The storm is thus recorded by Hollinshed:—"On the 1st day of October, the moon, upon her change, appearing exceeding red and swelled, began to show tokens of the great tempest of wind that followed, which was so high and mighty, both by land and sea, that the like had not been lightly known, and seldom or rather never heard of, by men then alive. The sea, forced contrary to its natural course, flowed twice without ebbing, yielding such a roaring that the same was heard (not without great wonder) a far distance from the shore. Moreover the same sea appeared in the dark of the night to burn, as it had been on fire, and the waves to strive and fight together after a marvellous sort, so that the mariners could not devise how to save their ships where they lay at anchor, by no cunning or shift which they could devise. At Hertburne three tall ships perished without recovery, besides smaller vessels. At Winchelsea, besides other hurt that was done in the bridges, mills, breaks, and banks, there were 300 houses and some churches drowned with the high rising of the water course."†

The second inundation which desolated Old Winchelsea is thus described by Stow:—"A.D. 1250. In October the sea, flowing twice without ebbe, made so horrible a noise, y^t it was heard a great way into England. Besides this, in a darke night, y^e sea seemed to be on a light fire, and the waves to fight one with another, so that the mariners were not able to save their ships. And at Winchelsea, besides cottages for salt, and fishermen's houses, bridges and mills, about 300 houses in that towne,

* See "Thucydides," b. I., chap. iv.

† Hollinshed, Vol. II., p. 419.

with certain churches, through the violent rising of the sea, were drowned.”*

Matthew of Paris tells us that on the octave of the Epiphany, in 1252, there was a terrible storm, which made great havoc along the Kentish coast, and “more especially at the Port of Winchilsea, which is of such use to England, and above all to the inhabitants of London. The waves of the sea broke its banks, swelling the neighbouring rivers, knocked down the mills and the houses, and carried away a number of drowned men. And at the close of the following year the sea again broke its bounds, and left so much salt upon the land that, in the autumn of 1254, the wheat and other crops could not be gathered as usual; and even the forest trees and hedges could not put out their full foliage.”

The men of Winchilsea, however, were not deterred by these judgments from their crimes. At all events, in 1266, young Simon de Montfort having joined their bands of pirate-rovers, Prince Edward resolved to make a terrible example of them. They had given loose to their old habits, and urged on by the countenance of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, they had adopted the practice of flinging overboard the crews of every ship which they met on the high seas, whether English or foreign, Leicester taking a share of the booty and winking at their atrocities. Prince Edward, therefore, attacked the town, and took it by storm, putting to death all of the leading inhabitants who were implicated in such misdeeds. The punishment was severe and complete, and the town never again flourished. The last stroke to its fall, however, was put by a terrible storm in 1287, which broke down the sea wall for miles along the coast, changed the mouth of the Rother, and rendered Winchilsea unfit for residence. Thenceforth it became deserted, and in a few years the waves had swept it clean away, and “the place thereof knew it no more.”

The old town, according to Stow, Dugdale, and Leland, contained some religious houses, including a house of the Franciscans and a hospital of St. Bartholomew, and also two churches, dedicated respectively to St. Thomas and St. Giles. With it were connected the ancient families of Alard and Paulin, the former of consequence in Saxon times; and Robert de Winchilsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, under the first Edwards, a prelate of great force of character and of the fiercest ultramontane principles, is recorded in history as a native of the town.

As far back as A.D. 1277 (ten years before its final overthrow), that long-sighted king,

* “English Chronicles Abridged.” Ed. 1611, p. 94.

Edward I., had foreseen the end of Old Winchilsea, and had resolved on transplanting the town, or at least on building elsewhere a rival to its name.

*Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguum tellure novâ Salamina futuram.*

Guided by the advice of John Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely and Treasurer of England, the king chose as the site of his new town an uneven sandstone rock, then used as a rabbit warren, and which even then was more than half an island, and had only gradually become joined to terra firma by the receding of the sea from the marshes south of Icklesham, of which parish it formed a part. A ferry on the north-west side led to Battle, and so on to London. One hundred and fifty acres were selected. The rough summit of the rocky peninsula was levelled artificially into table land. The king



Strand Gate, Winchilsea.

issued a commission to Ralph de Sandwich, his steward, ordering him to give sites for building in the new town to the dispossessed inhabitants of Old Winchilsea, and confirming by charter to the new settlement all the rights and privileges of the old one. The new town was laid out quadrilaterally, the whole of its four sides being strongly fortified with walls of stone, and with four strong gates at the angles, three of which are standing to the present day. Above is an engraving of one of these, called the Strand Gate, the view through which from the inside presents us with a lovely picture of the quaint and picturesque old town of Rye, with its red roofs seen against the sky at the distance of some three or four miles across the marshes. Near the Land Gate, or Pipe-

well Gate, there stood formerly a watch-tower, called the "Roundle," which was taken down in 1828.

The whole space within the walls was laid out upon mathematical principles. It was cut up into thirty-nine compartments or "quarters" (the names of which are still remembered to the present day), not reckoning the two squares of the King's Green and Cook's Green, or the central site of St. Thomas's Church, of which we shall speak presently. The Convent of Grey Friars and the Hospital of St. Bartholomew were transferred from the old town to sites

in the new town. Hospitals also were erected in honour of St. John and of the Holy Rood, to which was added, in the reign of Edward II., a house of the Dominican order. It is said by Grose that Winchilsea once contained as many as fourteen or fifteen chapels: but he probably mistook for portions of monastic buildings some of the large crypts or vaults which are still to be found in the town.

Besides the three gateways already mentioned, the only buildings of note in Winchilsea, of which more than mere fragments now remain, are the Friars, St. Thomas's



St. Thomas's Church, Winchilsea. (See p. 608.)

church (now the parish church of the entire place), and the Court Hall or Water Bailiff's Prison, which we will visit in order.

The site of the new House of the Friars Minors, or Grey Friars, as the Franciscans were usually called, is on the south-east side of the town; but all that remains of the edifice is the choir of the chapel, a most elegant and beautiful ruin, and which in its roofless desolation reminds one forcibly of Tintern Abbey, though of course on a far smaller scale. The chapel rises out of the turf in the centre of the garden and picturesque grounds of Mr. Stileman, the present squire and owner of the

estate, who occupies the "Friars," a newly-erected mansion, standing nearly on the site of some of the Conventual Buildings. The chapel (which is shown to the public only on Mondays) must have been a very exquisite specimen of the best period of Gothic architecture, when the severity of the early English was just developing itself into the graceful freedom of the decorated style. It is apsidal, and has a little campanile at the south-western extremity; the western arch, still standing, is lofty and light, with a span of twenty-six feet. Nearly the whole of the remains of the chapel are covered with the greenest of ivy,

with which the sombre tints of the grey stone harmonise sweetly. This monastery was among those which were confiscated by Henry VIII. in 1545, when it went into lay hands, and passed through several families by inheritance, marriage, or purchase, to the late Duke of Cleveland, then Earl of Darlington, who, in virtue of the property, became patron of the borough of Winchilsea—one of those “rotten” boroughs which, in spite of having returned Henry Brougham to parliament, were swept away by the Reform Bill. The duke sold the “Friars” to a family named Lloyd, from whom we believe it was purchased by the Stilemans.

St. Thomas's church, which stands nearly in the centre of the town, between the 13th and 14th quarters, is a building of more than usual interest. It was originally cruciform, and of far larger dimensions than at present, when the choir is all that remains besides a small portion of the south-west angle of the southern transept. It originally had a noble central tower, surmounted by a lofty spire, which served, like Fairlight tower, as a landmark to mariners. The choir is lofty and well-proportioned, consisting of chancel and side-aisles, and is remarkable for the beauty of its decorated windows, and for some beautiful sedilia shafted with Sussex marble. The north aisle, formerly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, contained a chantry of the Farncombes, a respectable family belonging to the town; in the south aisle, formerly the chapel of St. Nicholas, was the Alard chantry. Under the central window of this aisle is a magnificent effigy of Gervase Alard, of Winchilsea, who was admiral of the Cinque Ports' navy in the reign of Edward the First, and who was alive when the church was built. The figure is wrought in fine stone, cross-legged, and armed according to the fashion of the age, with the hands elevated, enclosing a heart, and having a lion at the feet. The mutilated remains of two angels still support a double cushion on which the head reposes. There are traces still remaining of the gorgeous painting which once adorned the effigy, as well as the crocketed and finialed canopy which surmounts it, and the rich diaper work which fills up the space behind. The lower part of the tomb is equally elaborate, being adorned with a series of small niches, richly and delicately carved, filled in with decorated tracery, and with crocketed gablets and finials. This tomb is perhaps one of the finest remains of Gothic monumental carving, when that art was just at its perfection; and it is probable that the attachment of the people to the traditional memory of the gallant admiral under whom the good

name of their town was retrieved, may have tended to save the effigy from mutilation during the troubles of the Reformation and the Rebellion period. The other monument in this aisle is a recumbent figure of one of the Oxenbridge family, who married an heiress of the Alards. The effigies of the three fine tombs in the north aisle are all of Sussex marble, polished, but not coloured; they lie within sepulchred canopies with ogee feathered tracery heads. The tombs of the two male figures are alike, but in that of the lady there is some variation of detail. According to Mr. W. D. Cooper, “they probably represent a warrior, his wife, and an only son, who had died before he was of age to bear arms. They are of the reign of Edward III.; and the best conjecture* would ascribe all these to the Alards, perhaps to Nicholas Alard, whose daughter Parnel married (temp. Edward III.) Henry Herbert, † *alias* Finch.” In the choir is a fine full-length brass of an ecclesiastic in the attitude of prayer; the inscription plate is gone, as also is the entire brass from another large slab with a marginal inscription commemorating the decease of Reynaud Alard, and asking prayers for his soul. It bears date 1490. There are a variety of interesting monuments on the walls, both inside and outside; but we have no time to dwell upon them. The whole of the interior of the church, we are happy to say, is undergoing a steady and gradual process of restoration, and in the best sense of the term; ‡ the whitewash of ten generations of churchwardens has gradually disappeared from monuments and pillars, revealing Purbeck marble shafts of great elegance. Still, owing to the great size of the windows, and the absence of all coloured glass, the effect is very cold and cheerless. Much, too, has yet to be done both with the seats and the roof, in order to make Winchilsea church what it should be in point of taste. In spite of these drawbacks it is a very noble fragment in its semi-ruined state, and more impressive, perhaps, even than when it was perfect. As an ecclesiastical ruin, it is one of the most beautiful in any of the south-eastern counties.

Near the south-western side of the churchyard there stood, until about the year 1790, a curious campanile tower, of which Mr. Cooper gives a representation in his interesting work on Winchilsea, to which I have so often had occasion to refer. The whole of the walls

* Mr. Mackenzie Walcott, however, considers them to be respectively the figures of a “cross-legged knight armed in mail, a lady, and a priest.”

† The Herberts or Finches were wealthy merchants in Winchilsea; and Finch is the surname of the family of the present Earl of Winchilsea, who is descended from them in the female line.

‡ These restorations were commenced by Gough in 1850.

of the transepts of the church form a very picturesque ruin, being richly overgrown with ivy, as also is much of the choir. "Upon the removal of some ivy on the north side, part of the original parapet," says Mr. Cooper, "presented itself. It had formerly been open and richly carved. Projecting from each transept, north and south, are the foundations of entrance porches; these are unusual, and would appear to be of later introduction than the transepts, although not so late as the western porch; giving an appearance that the nave was first lost in the early attacks of the French upon the town, and that the transepts were abandoned when the church was finally altered about the time of Edward IV. or Henry VII." At the north-east angle of the sacristy is a fine massive flying buttress, intended, no doubt, to remedy some subsidence in the foundation of the building, but adding much to the picturesque aspect of the pile. Beneath the chancel is a vaulted crypt; this had originally recesses for lights, which would have enabled it to be used as a penitential chapel. The present rector is the Rev. J. J. West, M.A., who was presented to the living in 1831 by his uncle, the late Sir W. Ashburnham, Bart., of Broomham Park.

At the north-western corner of the churchyard stands a heavy mediæval building, "the Court Hall or Water Bailiff's Prison," already mentioned. It shows remains of considerable antiquity; the niches and doorways are evidently older than the present building, which would seem to have been re-constructed, in the Tudor days, out of the materials of an older building, possibly of the same plan. Until the reign of Henry VIII. it was in the hands of the king; but it has since passed, together with the office of bailiff, through various families, including the Ashburnhams and Curteises, to the latter of whom it now belongs.

In the 19th quarter of the town are the ruins of a building formerly called the Trojans' or Jews' Hall. A doorway and window alone now remain; but I can find no authentic account of its former use, and among the antiquities of Winchilsea there is no record of a Jews' hospital having ever been established there, as there was at Lincoln and elsewhere.

There was formerly in the town a church dedicated to St. Leonard, in which stood "the image of that saint holding in his hands a vane, or rather Æolus' mace, which women and others of like infirmities used to turn, after offerings made, toward such coasts as they desired the wind to serve for the speedy return of their friends or husbands." The church,

however, and with it the vane, have long since disappeared.

Large as is the surface occupied by Winchilsea, its population is only about 800 souls, and it may be inferred, therefore, that the houses within the town limits are not very closely built, or very densely inhabited. There is room enough and to spare for a population of many thousands; but now that the sea has receded to a distance of about two miles, and the river is too small for navigation by barges, we fear that even the attraction of a railway station in the marshes half a mile off the northern slope of the "ancient rabbit warren" will not attract a resident population, unless the introduction of some new branch of manufacture can be devised to offer employment to its inhabitants. The once proud city is indeed a melancholy though beautiful ruin, and one wanders through street after street, wondering whatever can have become of the houses which once rose on the right hand and on the left, even more than at the vast size of the tenements now occupied by the labouring poor. And, indeed, if it were not for half-a-dozen merry little urchins in the kennel, Winchilsea would seem

Like one vast city of the dead,
Or place where all are dumb.

Many of the cottages stand over spacious vaults which centuries ago were filled with the wines and the silks of France, but now are desolate and empty. The trade of the place is gone from Winchilsea, as from Sandwich and Romney. Commerce has made itself wings and departed, and the retreating of the sea has ruined the second town, just as its fierce aggressions ruined its predecessor.

Modern Winchilsea, however, has had a history of its own. It is evident from the fact that it had to supply ten* ships to the navy of the Cinque Ports, while Rye supplied five, and Hastings only three, that it held at an early date a leading place amongst its sister ports, and we have every reason for believing that the new town soon realised the hopes of its founders. Indeed merchandise flowed into the port, and the inhabitants looked forward to a long course of prosperity. The King had his hunting seat not far off, at Newenden, while a relative of his resided at a pleasance or park in the parishes of Etchingham and Udmore; so that Winchilsea was constantly visited by royalty; and while the ships lay in the port, close under the steep and woody sides of the rocky peninsula, the sight no doubt was as gay and pleasant in its way as Spithead or

* At the siege of Calais, Winchilsea supplied the largest number of ships of all the ports in the south of England except London.

Plymouth, or Yarmouth Roads, when the Channel Fleet pay them a visit. The fleet was often wanted for service against the Scotch or the French; and we may be sure that the men of Winchilsea remained true not only to their sovereign but also to their own peculiar notions of dealing with foreigners: at all events we find Edward obliged to assure the Burgomasters of Bruges on one occasion that he would give them redress for the injuries inflicted on them by the capture of their ship by certain "malefactores de Winchelse."*

During the fourteenth century the town was visited by frequent descents of the French fleet, who on one occasion, *viz.*, in 1359, landed with 3,000 men, sacked and plundered the town, and killed all whom they could lay hands on, without sparing either sex, rank, or age. It is said that on this occasion the inhabitants were at mass, and that the Frenchmen fell upon the unarmed congregation, committing sad havoc, and carrying off whole ship-loads of wine and stores. The slain on this occasion were buried in St. Giles's churchyard, and the lane adjoining it still bears the name of Dead Man's Lane. It is almost needless to add that the English fleet made ample retaliation by descents on the coast of Normandy.

On another occasion, seventeen years later, the French, having sacked and burnt the town of Rye, tried their hands once more against Winchilsea; but, thanks to the Abbot of Battle, with but small success. Speaking of this attack, and the defence of the town by the worthy abbot, old Fuller says, in his quaint language, "I behold in this abbot the saver, not onely of Sussex, but of England. For as dogs, who have once gotten an haunt to worry sheep, do not leave it off till they meet with their reward; so, had not these French felt the *smart* as well as the *sweet* of the English plunder, our land, and this county especially, had never been free from their incursions."

Together with Rye and the other Cinque Ports, from Edward I. down to the reign of Charles II., Winchilsea used regularly to send one and sometimes two bailiffs to Great Yarmouth, to superintend the rights of the port men at the herring fishery. Great quarrels frequently arose, and it is quite certain that the men of Winchilsea were as forward as any of their brethren in their attacks on the men of Yarmouth. On one occasion (25 Henry III.), the Earl of Hereford was ordered to restrain the Barons of Winchilsea for one hundred marks, for injuries done in the fair at Yarmouth. In the reign of Edward I. we read

of several brawls between the same old foes, and of several acts of blood-stained piracy on the part of the men of Winchilsea, which show that they had not forgotten the lawless ways of their pirate forefathers. Those who wish to pursue the subject further will find a long catalogue of offences done by the men of Winchilsea, sufficiently black to call for the intervention of Calcraft, by referring to Swinden's "History of Yarmouth."

The town continued to be a convenient and customary place of embarkation to the Continent, and especially for pilgrims,* down to the time of Henry VI.; but with this reign its prosperity departed. Indeed, from after the commencement of the Wars of the Roses, Winchilsea affords very few materials for history, though Mr. Cooper records the fact that "the marauding propensities of its inhabitants remained unaffected by the gradual decay of their town." In the reign of Henry VII. it is clear that most of the wealthy merchants had abandoned the place, and Rye gradually superseded it as a seat of trade after the erection of Camber Castle, halfway between Winchilsea and that town, by King Henry VIII. in 1538-39. The dissolution of the religious houses, following close on the retirement of the sea and the withdrawal of trade, completed the ruin of the town.

For a moment there shone a faint gleam of prosperity on Winchilsea, when Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to the place, in order to satisfy her own royal eyes as to whether it would be possible to deepen the channel of the tidal estuary, and so to save the fleeting commerce of the town, in pursuance of a request of its inhabitants. The maiden queen came, saw, and admired, and pleased with the goodly situation, the ancient buildings, and the civic dignity of the town, she christened it, half in jest and half in earnest, "Little London." But she did nothing further to save it.

Since that day the sea has receded full another mile, and the town has dwindled down into a mere rural village. It was not well suited for the manufacturer, even when the wald of Sussex abounded in wood, and all attempts to introduce local manufactures of salt, charcoal, cambrics, lawns, and crape, and also smelting and tan works, have either been

* In the earliest sea song, preserved in a MS. of the time of Henry VI. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and printed by the Percy Society in Mr. Halliwell's *Early Naval Ballads*, it is evident that Winchilsea held a prominent place among the southern ports:

"For when they do take the see,
At Sandwyche or at Wynchilsee,
At Brystow, or where that it be,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle."

The last entry of a pilgrim to the Continent *vid* Winchilsea, is the name of William Wey, Canon of Eton, in the year 1456.

failures, or at the best have met with only a partial success.

We will close this paper with a few lines quoted from C. Knight's "Tourist's Companion :"—"Of all the decayed old towns we have seen along the coast, Winchilsea is the best worth visiting. It owns itself a wreck, and does not try to get rid of its ruins or to put on an appearance of smartness. The wide space which the town originally covered helps now not a little to increase the reverend air it carries as a ruin. You wander about its outskirts among pleasant by-ways, and are startled to come upon some fragment of a chapel or an old religious house, when you thought yourself a long way beyond the limits of the town. And the more important remains are much above the ordinary grade. The church is yet in the centre of the great square, which remains unencroached upon, though only partly surrounded by houses, and serves as a scale by which to judge what must have been the size of the town in the olden days."

E. WALFORD.

"STUMPY BROWN."

THE following incidents, which are perfectly true, and some, though not all, of which may be verified by a reference to the county newspaper of the period, form a singular passage in the history of crime in this country, and cannot be exceeded, we think, in any other. They are derived chiefly from the writer's father, who was personally connected with some of the events recorded in the latter portion of the narrative. I have often heard him relate them as follows, and I have lately verified them on the spot :—

"About forty years since there lived in the town of Woodbridge in Suffolk, a short, sharp-featured, wiry little man, who apparently had no occupation, but professed to be a farm-labourer, and really got his living principally by poaching. His proper name was Richard Brown, but the townsfolk of Woodbridge, from some fancy or other, probably on account of his short stature, had changed the Richard into Stumpy, and by that name he was always known. Every one was afraid of Stumpy Brown ; he lived in the outskirts of the town on the Martlesome Road, and rarely troubled himself to converse much with his neighbours. When he did it was generally to dispose of a hare, or game of some description, which he nearly always had in stock. His dress, in addition to the knee-breeches of the period, and the usually bright-coloured vest, was a long brown coat of very shabby appearance, and a loose felt hat, which he wore over his forehead, whilst his cold, grey eyes glauced malignantly

from under its brim. No one could say any harm of Brown, beyond that he was a surly, ill-conditioned sort of fellow, who shunned his neighbours, and was a known poacher, but yet there were suspicions and rumours abroad about him, which if true, would have brought him to the gallows. Some few years before the time of which I speak three murders had occurred at various intervals in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge, which, considering the nature and size of the town, was a very startling circumstance. Of none of these was the perpetrator known. An officer of a regiment quartered in Woodbridge had been drinking in the Red Lion public-house on the Martlesome Road ; he had been seen and recognised here ; on the following morning he was found in a ditch near by, his throat cut, and his pockets empty. The captain of a Norwegian trading-vessel, then lying in the port, after he had been missing for ten days, was found in a putrescent condition at the bottom of the river tied up in a sack, without the least clue as to where or by whom he had been murdered. Lastly, a farmer of the name of Aighton, whose property was in the neighbourhood, was known to have gone into Woodbridge on the market-day ; he did not return home in the evening, but on the following morning his body was found in a barn by the side of the road behind the town, which it was necessary for him to traverse on his way back. His head had been battered in, apparently by some blunt instrument, and his pockets rifled. More attention appears to have been excited by this murder than in the two former cases. The officer and the captain were strangers in the town, and with regard to the Norwegian skipper's case, it was the general opinion that some of the vessel's crew were connected with the matter. But in this instance, the victim was no stranger. Farmer Aighton was well-known and respected in Woodbridge, and had been seen and spoken to by many of his friends on the very day of his assassination. The inquest was held as in the two other cases, but no evidence was adduced as to the author of the crime. Justice appears to have been tardy in those times, at any rate in that quarter of the world ; now-a-days it would indeed astonish us should three undiscovered murders spread their dark shadows of suspicion and fear over a single small town within the course of ten years. Although no evidence had been brought before the authorities, tending to inculcate any individual with the murder of Aighton, yet the finger of suspicion, as directed by the good people of Woodbridge, pointed to Stumpy Brown. He was known to have poached on the farmer's grounds, and

had been prosecuted by him, and threatened with a second summons. Stumpy was a sour-mouthed fellow, and had been heard to say that he would 'do for' any person who interfered with what he considered his privileges, and in consequence of this, many farmers and neighbours had refrained from prosecuting Brown, absolutely through fear. Hence it was thought not improbable that Stumpy Brown had murdered Farmer Aighton to prevent him executing his threat of a second summons. Time passed on, and people forgot their suspicions concerning Brown. When I was a boy in the town, about forty years since, Stumpy was regarded by the more sensible folks as a character, a queer sulky old fellow, but no credit was given to the rumours of his being a murderer. I was apprenticed to a doctor in the town, and being fond of fishing or shooting whenever I could steal the time, managed to make the acquaintance of old Brown, who always knew where a hare was, or an old pike. He seemed to take a fancy to me, and many a summer's evening have I spent with him fishing in the river. One evening I remember well walking with him at the back of the town. I never gave the least credence to the reports about Stumpy, and therefore had no hesitation in referring to the murder.

"Ah," said I, pointing to a part of the road, "that's where they murdered Aighton, isn't it?"

"Brown started a little, and said, "I wish, sir, you wouldn't talk on them sort of things that arn't pleasant. I never heerd much about it, never heerd much. I suppose that be the place, as they say so, but my opinion is that that's farther along, not that I should know about it."

"I often heard him muttering to himself, and once found him staring into Kyson Dock in a very intent manner. I startled him by my appearance, and he said, 'That's deep down there, sir, very deep. That would easy drown a man, specially if he wur tied up.' And then he laughed.

"I recall these circumstances now, but at the time I thought nothing of them. Towards the end of the year 1830, the small pox broke out in Woodbridge with great violence, as it did in many towns of East Anglia at that period. All the help and care that could be obtained were required for the hundreds of patients who were daily carried off by this terrible disease. My master and I had the greater part of the work to do. A pest-house was established, and the individuals appointed to take charge of it, to receive the patients, and superintend the nursing, were Stumpy

Brown and his wife. Old Mrs. Brown, whom I have not yet mentioned, had been wedded to Stumpy for forty years, and I always considered her an honest old woman. When the pest broke out, Stumpy and his wife were getting old folks, the marks of sixty winters' wear being upon them. I, however, found Brown an excellent assistant at the pest house, as he seemed to possess a very great amount of *sang-froid* in dealing with dead bodies, which is a valuable quality. Although, as we before said, among the educated of the townspeople, no more was thought of the rumour that Brown had murdered Aighton, yet the lower classes still feared him. Mrs. Brown had all along shared the same dislike as her husband. It was said that she had the 'evil eye,' that she was a witch, and various other disagreeable things. When, therefore, the doctor placed my old acquaintance Brown and his wife in charge of the pest-house, it was not wonderful that many of the poor were afraid of going there, and tried hard to be allowed to remain in their own homes. A Mrs. Fitch, whose husband was smitten with the disease, and was to be sent to the pest-house, begged hard that he should not go. 'He knows, sir, that of Brown that 'ood hang 'im,' she said, 'and that's sartin he'll never come out alive.' But of course no heed could be paid to this, and Fitch went. In two days he became much worse, and said he should like to see the clergyman before he died. The doctor passed with me on our regular round, and I despatched Brown for the curate of the parish. Fitch would last another day, we both thought, and, leaving him with Mrs. Brown, went into the next ward. When the clergyman came, Fitch was dead. I went up to study in London after the epidemic had passed away, and forgot Stumpy Brown and Woodbridge until the following facts were narrated to me about seven years afterwards.

"It appeared that a man of the name of Green was charged at Woodbridge with burglary. This man I knew was an old companion of Brown's, and seemed always to have a sort of very mysterious connection with him. When awaiting his trial, he wrote to Brown that unless he came and swore to an 'alibi' for him, he would 'let him (Brown) know.' Brown did not come forward, and accordingly when in prison Green turned king's evidence, and implicated old Stumpy in the murder of Farmer Aighton. It was nearly thirty years since the murder occurred, and Brown was now a feeble old man. Whether it was on account of his old age, and the time which had elapsed since the murder, or whether in default of evidence, I cannot say, but Brown, who was tried at

Bury assizes, was convicted of aggravated manslaughter only, and sentenced to penal servitude for the remainder of his days. The ship in which he was to have gone to Botany Bay was one of the last convict transports which left England. It was wrecked in the Channel off Boulogne, and all on board were drowned. Then one of the mysterious murders was explained in the person of my old acquaintance, and expiated.

"Mrs. Brown did not long survive her husband. As she lay on her death-bed she said to the doctor, 'I should like to speak to some one before I go.' The clergyman was sent for, but when he came the old woman raised herself in her bed, and said, 'That's no use in your coming here, that's no good you can do me. It's the magistrate I want.' After this, she relapsed for some time, and with her last energy said, 'I ha' got summut to tell yer afore I die. Stumpy's gone, and so shall I be soon, so that don't matter. You know the officer as was murdered and robbed close by the Martlesome Lion?—I and Stumpy ha' done that. [A pause.] Yer know the cap'tain what was found in a sack?—I and Stumpy put 'im in. We drugged 'im first, and then took his money and sewed 'im up. Fitch saw Stumpy put 'im in the river, but he dur'sen't tell, 'cause Stumpy said he'd do the same for him if he did. When you sent for the clargyman when Fitch was a-dying, Stumpy says to me, says he, 'He's a going to blab, you best stop 'im.' I knowed what he meant, and so I stuck the pillow on his face, after you were gone. He went off quite easy and naterel-like, and he hadn't long to live anyways. That's all about Fitch. [Another pause.] Stumpy killed owld Aighton 'cause he prosecuted 'im, and that war'n't likely he would stand that. Stumpy's drowned, so yer can't git him, and I ain't fur off dying. I can die more quiet-like, now I have loosed my mind. That's getting that cold now, I feel as if that were a kind o' smothering me. Oh! Lord!' And thus the old woman died. No great publicity was given to Mrs. Brown's confession, and to many the Woodbridge murders are still a mystery."

A POETICAL BARBER.

At a time when the English language was being touched into an almost metallic brilliancy under the skilful manipulation of that prince of polishers, Mr. Alexander Pope, there dwelt in the High Street of Edinburgh an obscure bookseller who had just completed and published, in his own quiet way and in his own homely Doric, one of the most perfect pastoral poems ever written: a little dark-faced man,

with much quiet humour in his brown eyes, and with a considerable fund of ready wit, which was bestowed alike upon customer and visitor—a man who was beginning to find his way into the most distinguished circles of Edinburgh society, though himself merely the occupant of a dirty and picturesque little bookshop in that dirty, picturesque, and glorious old city—a man who had the most exalted notions of his own consequence as a poet, and of course quite failed to perceive wherein lay his true claims to be considered a poet at all. Such was Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd." This poem of his has been named the first and finest pastoral in existence; but those who have a wholesome dread of pledging themselves to any too definite opinion may say that, if not the most perfect, it is one of the most pleasing.

Allan Ramsay was born in 1686, at the village of Leadhills, in the south of Lanarkshire. In that high and bleak region, where the river Clyde rises under shadow of Tinto hill, are several lead-mines; and the father of the future poet was then manager of such of those mines as belonged to the Earl of Hoptoun. Here young Ramsay spent fifteen years of his life, educating himself in a quite unconscious manner for his coming mission; at the end of which time he was apprenticed by his step-father—for his own father had died several years before—to a periwig-maker in Edinburgh. Here he faithfully fulfilled his apprenticeship; for as yet no visions of literary fame ever disturbed his duties by day or his dreams by night. Certainly, during this time, he must have amassed a considerable fund of information, for the trade of a barber is the most literary of all non-professional pursuits; and it is probable that Allan acquired more knowledge when assisting to rid men of their beards than he would have done had the finest library in the kingdom been thrown open to him. In due time his apprenticeship ceased. Not despising his calling, as a less sensible man might have done, he began business on his own account, and so far succeeded that in the year 1712 he was enabled to marry one Christian Ross, by all accounts a most pious and worthy woman.

Not even his courtship, it seems, had stirred up the latent powers of this literary laggard towards any approach to verse-writing. But now, married and comfortable, with a steady-going business daily bringing him sufficient bread and "yill," he began to indite small humorous rhymes, partly for his own gratification, chiefly for the amusement of one or two societies of good fellows with whom he now pretty much associated. On the strength of

this faculty, he was becoming noted in the literary and fashionable circles of Edinburgh ; and they petted him and fêted him as they subsequently treated another Scottish poet ; with this difference, however, that Allan Ramsay was so perfectly satisfied with himself and his works that their neglect of him, had such a catastrophe occurred, would not have affected him one whit. In dedicating "The Gentle Shepherd" to "Susanna, Countess of Eglintoun," he claims to rank with Tasso and with Ovid. Was such a man to become misanthropic because a certain number of ladies and gentlemen forgot to bow to him in Prince's Street ? It is said that the good women of Edinburgh were accustomed to send out their children with a penny to purchase "Allan Ramsay's last piece"—for his productions were printed as broad sheets, and were sold for this modest sum. With such popular suffrage, could any clique of fashionable people wound the honest periwig-maker's self-respect ? Allan Ramsay had a comfortable home, a good-tempered wife, a promising son ; he had good health, and was not afflicted with bile : wherefore he thanked God, and was content.

By-and-by, however, this Scottish Horace resolved to change his professional pursuits by adopting the business of a bookseller, which was accordingly done, and thereafter he was his own publisher. In 1719 he edited, and produced in four volumes, a collection of songs which he styled the "Tea-Table Miscellany," and which at once became popular among the middle and lower classes of Scotland. In 1720 he collected the various miscellaneous pieces of his own writing, which he had already given forth, and reprinted them in a goodly quarto volume, the sale of which brought him the unusually large sum of four hundred guineas. And in 1724 he published two volumes of ancient Scottish poetry, under the title of the "Evergreen," gathering together much of that fugitive poetical literature the love of which has always been a marked feature among the characteristics of the Scotch peasantry. Several of Allan Ramsay's songs, besides directing the current of Burns' thought and forming models for many of his lyrics, are among the most popular songs in Scotland at the present day—the most widely-known amongst them being "Lochaber no More," "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," "The Lass of Patie's Mill," and "The Flower of Yarrow."

But, as yet, these were mere indications of the man's ability to do something better. His songs, though sufficiently natural and lyrical to become instantaneously popular, had nevertheless but little sustained poetry in them ; while in those emendations which he made upon

ancient Scotch poetry he betrayed considerable want of taste, or, to adopt the most charitable view of the case, much carelessness, or even recklessness. Many of his alterations are exceedingly injudicious ; and this is the more to be wondered at now that we behold the dramatic propriety and correctness of taste exhibited in "The Gentle Shepherd." This "Scots Pastoral Comedy," as he termed it, was published in 1725, and at once the little bookseller in the High Street found himself a marked man among the notabilities of Edinburgh. It took the city by surprise. People could not believe it. His claim to be the real author was for some time openly challenged, as was that of Goldsmith when the "Deserted Village" appeared, and, most singular of all, as is that of Shakespeare, by some fatuous persons, even until this day.

The publication of "The Gentle Shepherd" brought Ramsay into contact with the highest minds of the period. Pope, who was then the presiding genius of English literature, admired the poem ; and Ramsay, in return, addressed some verses to the translator of Homer. Gay called in at the little bookselling establishment, and chatted with the proprietor and the wits there assembled. Sir William Scott of Thirlstain celebrated Ramsay in Latin hexameters. The Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Loudoun, and countless other noblemen and gentlemen who aspired to know something of the fine arts, admitted him to their friendship, and received him at their houses. Allan Ramsay was not a man to be patronised ; he had too good an opinion of himself ; he was too contented with his lot in the world ; and it can hardly be questioned that when he went to this or the other nobleman's house he considered the favour reciprocal and the obligation mutual. This frank jovial little man did not abate one whit of his dignity in any one's presence ; and his goodnature, his liberality of opinion, his ready palliation for other people's shortcomings, were something unusual at that time for one in his station, and served to render him a general favourite. Nay, he too aspired to be a patron of certain of the arts ; and in his honest straightforward way resolved to declare his opinion by building a playhouse in Edinburgh, the city being as yet destitute thereof. Some years previous he had started the first circulating library in Scotland, and the venture had proved successful. Why should not this venture also ? It was a popular want. The whole people of Edinburgh were surely not so strait-laced as had hitherto appeared. Allan Ramsay, doubtless, would himself have superintended the management of this theatre ; and, had his scheme proved successful, might have

shown the Scotch that the theatre is good or bad only as theatrical audiences make it ; and that, if theatre-goers patronised moral plays, moral plays they should forthwith have in abundance.

Scarcely, however, had the building been erected, when the fatal Licensing Act of 1737 plucked the power of producing plays, good, bad, or indifferent, out of poor Allan's hands, and he was left almost a ruined man. But even then his customary urbanity and good spirits forsook him not. He returned with increased assiduity to his business of book-selling and book-lending, and in time quite restored his fallen fortunes. He built himself a house on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, commanding a magnificent view of that vast plain which is cut asunder by the Forth ; and there he was visited by those friends whose intimacy had made his life honoured and happy. He had gained what he considered an independency ; his poetical days were over ; and he sat himself down, after an industrious and well-spent life, to rest under his own vine and fig-tree. In 1758, Allan Ramsay, having reached the age of seventy-one, departed this life. They raised a monument to him in Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh ; and we, who cannot see this monument, have before us his poems as testimony to the character and qualities of this cheerful, honest, and valiant-hearted Scotchman. May he rest in peace !

Any one at all acquainted with the literature of the age in which Ramsay lived, is, on reading for the first time "The Gentle Shepherd," at once struck with its peculiar freshness and naturalness : summer breezes seem to be rushing through its pages, scented with odours of bean-blossom and clover. His pictures of country scenery are most life-like and pleasing ; his characters talk frankly and openly, without set form of speech, and without that coarseness which so frequently disfigures the writings of contemporary authors. An excellent piece of dramatic composition, "The Gentle Shepherd" is also a thoroughly genial and satisfactory book for the fire-side, or for a summer afternoon's ramble ; the Scotticisms with which it abounds give it an air of quaintness, and rarely obscure the text even for southern readers ; while there is throughout a healthy cheerful tone, refreshing as the blowing of July winds.

Act first opens with a dialogue between two shepherds. Patie, who subsequently becomes the hero of the play, is a successful lover ; Roger, his companion, on the other hand, experiences all the tortures of unrequited or even scorned affection. Patie has just been singing—

My Peggy smiles sae kindly
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld ;
And nothing gives me such delight
As wauking o' the fauld.*

The young shepherd is in such good spirits over his happy fortune that he insists upon knowing the cause of his companion's gloom ; whereupon Roger discloses to him that his woes are caused by a disdainful maiden. He loves Jenny, and Jenny will have nothing to say to him. After some further conversation, Patie gives Roger the advice to appear careless about this proud beauty, prophesying that such a course of conduct would speedily alter her manner towards him. Roger resolves to adopt this suggestion, and professes himself a happier man than he could have imagined possible in his misfortunes. In the second scene of the act we are presented with a picture which has often become the subject of the painter's pencil. Jenny, the maiden who causes Roger such heart-rendings, and Peggy, the sweetheart of Patie, are washing clothes in a "burn." Jenny says :—

Come, Meg, let's fa' to work upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
The waters clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will make them like a lily wet wi' dew.

A conversation, similar to that between Patie and Roger, here ensues between the two girls, in the course of which Peggy reproaches Jenny for being so cruel to her "jo," or lover. Jenny replies in a scoffing tone, disparaging marriage, eulogising the freedom and cheerfulness of single life, and altogether drawing such a picture of wedded life that Peggy becomes virtuously indignant. Warming with her subject, she details the duties of a good wife, avows her love for Patie, and declares that her whole worldly happiness is centred in the hope of becoming his. The honesty and vehemence of this speech have the effect of melting Jenny's obduracy. She promises to be more compassionate towards her disconsolate lover, and the two girls return home with the clothes they have been washing.

Act second introduces us to two old villagers, Gland and Symon, who are having a friendly chat over many public and private matters. During the course of their conversation they speak of one Sir William Worthy, who had been forced to fly from his estates when Cromwell became Protector, and whose return, now that Charles was restored, they daily expected. Scenes second and third form the comic ele-

* *Wauking o the fauld*—watching the sheep-fold.—
Jamieson.

ment of the drama, representing a shepherd named Bauldy, who is in love with Peggy, seeking counsel of an old woman whom he supposes to be a witch. We may dismiss this portion by saying that the old woman, being offended by the imputation of witchcraft, lays a snare for Bauldy, by which he comes swiftly and suddenly to grief. Scene fourth contains a series of love passages between Patie and Peggy, in which they swear unalterable fealty towards each other, Patie declaring that

Jenny sings saft the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes,"
And Rosie lifts the "Milking o' the Ewes."
There's nae like Nancy "Jenny Nettles" sings;
At turns in "Maggy Launder" Marion dings;
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,
The "Boatman," or "The Lass o' Patie's Mill,"
It is a thousand times mair sweet t' me:
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee!

Sir William Worthy now returns to his old home. Dressing himself in meanest disguise, he resolves to visit old Symon, with whom, many years ago, he had left his only son to be educated as a simple shepherd. He enters the cottage, and comes upon Symon and Glau, who have just been arranging the marriage of Patie and Peggy, the two old men being the respective guardians of the lovers. Patie also enters, and Sir William insists upon telling him his fortune, prophesying that he shall speedily be heir to a large estate. Patie makes light of the prediction, laughs at the pretended skill of the fortune-teller, and therewith Sir William bids Symon follow him outside, where he discovers himself to his old servant, and bids him fetch Patie to his real father. Meanwhile Roger has followed Patie's advice with regard to Jenny. Jenny relents, and finally pledges her hand to her faithful adorer, who thereupon breaks out into passionate asseverations of his eternal love and attachment for her.

In act the fourth, Patie, the Gentle Shepherd, now aware of his noble birth and high position, is on the eve of departing on a foreign tour with his father. The old gentleman has been informed of his son's attachment to poor Peggy, and wisely concludes that travel is the best remedy for a mind so diseased. But Patie has his own views upon the subject. He objects to being taken to France for the ostensible purpose of being taught to "strut about in red-heeled shoon;" and more than all does he refuse, when so accomplished, to marry, obediently to parental wish, the proprietress of two or three bags of cash, which, as he observes, "he no more needs than curts do a third wheel." In a dialogue which ensues between him and Roger, Ramsay has introduced several of those maxims which his own happy

and contented life had taught him. Roger says—

They who have just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome* only fashes† folk to keep;

while Patie replies—

The poor and rich but differ in the name:
Content's the greatest bliss we can procure
From 'boon the lift:‡ without it, kings are poor.

Roger having departed, Patie sends for Peggy, and she comes to him, crying very bitterly. She is nigh heart-broken. Never for an instant does she dream that the heir of Sir William Worthy will fulfil the vows he has made to the penniless peasant girl, and she now comes, as she supposes, to bid farewell to her lover. But Patie, as in all duty bound, declares no change of fortune will ever make him forget or disown his old affection, and forthwith tells her that the acres which will soon be his are to him as nothing when compared to his darling Peggy. This happy news falls upon Peggy's tears like sunlight on an April shower, and she, with her sweet and maidenly face breaking into happy smiles, swears to be ever faithful unto him who has thus proved faithful unto her.

After drawing such fascinating pictures of mutual tenderness and constancy, no poet or play-writer could possibly have been heartless enough to make the drama a tragedy. He would have been hissed off the stage, on the one hand; he would have been told to burn his trashy volumes of rhymes, on the other. Men are much enduring in some things; but, having once formed an affection for a particular object, they rebel against any mortal hand that would arbitrarily intervene. The most successful novels always end with a marriage; and though in our youth we weep over the sorrows of Werther, by-and-by age teaches us that Werther was unmistakably a fool, who would have proved himself a wiser man by marrying some other Charlotte to "cut bread and butter for him," and who would have been cured of his bilious dreamings had he set himself down to the business of rearing children and providing bread for himself and his spouse.

"The Gentle Shepherd" ends his career by discovering Peggy to be a niece of Sir William Worthy, placed, as Patie had been, in charge of an old cottager. Of course nothing remains but a speedy and indissoluble marriage; in which ceremony all the desires of poets, the fears of readers, with many other graver evils, have, from time immemorial, ended. Nay, we have for a finale no less than three marriages, which surely should satisfy the most anti-Malthusian student.

WILLIAM BLACK.

* O'ercome—overplus. † Fashes—troubles.
‡ Lift—sky.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER VII. WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It has been said that Kate Galton was an active woman, little disposed towards reclining even in the most graceful of attitudes when there were none near to see her. With a wider scope in the world, and as the wife of an utterly different husband, this activity of hers might have been turned to good account. As it was, the arena of ambition was closed to her, for she was simply the wife of a country gentleman whose name was unknown beyond the limits of his own parish, and whose fame rested solely on "Beelzebub" and his invariably early crops.

Kate told herself and Harold Ffrench that she "had missed her vocation" in marrying John Galton. She thought that she had a diplomatic mind, and that she would have been a charming repository for any man's state and political secrets. "I'm so sympathetic, you see," she would say in her not unfrequent moments of confidence with her cousin, "and I can always expand to the occasion. I ought to be other than I am, in fact."

"There I heartily agree with you," he would reply, leaving Kate in a state of uncertainty as to whether he agreed with the spirit or the letter merely of her statement respecting herself.

"I seem to have nothing to live for; it's impossible to stir John up to do anything."

"What should he do, save breed another two-year-old to run for the Two Thousand? Let John alone, Kate; when country gentlemen get stirred up, as you call it, they develop into pragmatic, egotistical, twaddling prigs. You wouldn't have him go about and adorn country-town platforms with his flowers of ungrammatical oratory, and his honest, stupid face, would you? And what other vent would his enthusiasm find if you did stir him up to feel any?"

"There is the sting; his orations would be ungrammatical, and his face is honest, but stupid. If he were other than he is, I should not be so anxious for him to prove himself something higher than he seems."

"Why can't you take him as he is, and be content?" Harold Ffrench would say; but despite this affected toleration towards his cousin's husband, he was far from unpleasantly conscious that her complaint of John was an implied acknowledgment of his (Harold Ffrench's) superiority, and this consciousness

rendered him not by any means intolerant to the complainer. Harold was aware that, were his own deeds brought to light and his life carefully analysed, he would be found to have done less good in his generation than even John Galton. But he felt that there was no need to impress this fact upon his cousin, since she had not displayed sufficient acumen to discover it for herself. Therefore he was compassionately tolerant to John Galton's ignominious career and satisfaction in the same, and sublimely resigned to having honours thrust upon him that he did not at all deserve.

In a measure, he sympathised with and understood Kate's vain-glorious desire to be a something, not better and higher, but more talked about, more before the world, than she was. For in his own lazy way he, too, had had his hopes and ambitions, and he had girded fiercely at fate when they had failed. But, after all, a woman's ambition must ever be a poor small thing, he judged; and therefore, whether it were realised, or whether it failed, was of little consequence: it could do no lasting harm.

Really in Kate's case he had good reason for supposing this; for Mrs. Galton had ambitions whose name was legion, and they failed her continually, and she bloomed while the memory of them was green just as if nothing had happened. Harold himself was a permanent disappointment to her, and he knew it. Yet not even the vanity of which he possessed an average share could make him believe that he was thought of by Mrs. Galton as aught but a possible cause of sensation of some sort in the future ten minutes after his exit from her presence, if another agreeable man appeared.

Just now, however, he was the cause of indignation vexing her soul continually, for she was up in lodgings in Piccadilly with her husband, and Harold Ffrench was aware of the fact, and still he abstained from seeking her presence. It was hard on her, cruelly hard on her; for Mr. Galton insisted on patronising the local tailor, a man who lived in the market-town nearest to Haversham, and his coats, one and all, had a ruck in the back that was horribly suggestive of the country and all its abominations to her. It was good broad-cloth that John Galton wore, but the cut of it was a maddening thing to the woman who bore his name and leant upon his arm

in the haunts of fashionable men in that year of grace. He marred the effect of her own exquisite toilettes, and made her miserable. He took the edge off the Great Exhibition, and made her doubt, for the first time in her life, whether the many stares which were directed towards her were of unmixed admiration or not. After three or four days' endurance of this agony she could bear it no longer.

"I will write to Harold Ffrench," she said to herself on the impulse of the moment, but she thought better of that presently. Mr. Galton had not suggested that she should write to her cousin, even about that operabox of which mention had been made.

"I will take you there, Kate; never mind bothering your cousin; he seemed to me to want to shake us off. Country cousins, you know, are not always agreeable, are they?"

"I hope Harold does not look upon me as a country cousin," Kate had retorted indignantly; but still she had said no more about writing to Harold, for John Galton was one who would foist his society on no man, and he would not make the suggestion without which Kate was too wary to write. "I will get that Miss Theo Leigh here," she said to herself one morning when she was languidly adorning herself for a sacrificial saunter under conjugal auspices, "and then, John is always so good-natured, and such a fool, that he will soon propose bringing them together again."

Rather than not have the society of the man at all, she would have used Venus herself to lure him into her presence. Mrs. Galton's scruples about abolishing Venus as soon as she ceased to be necessary as a lure would have been few, as may be supposed. So now she resolved to bribe Harold to come to her by promising him a sight of Theo, little caring what came to Theo through the means.

Theo, meanwhile, had been struggling very hard to live in the present and think alone of the future, and forget as much as might be forgotten of the past. She had her reward in finding the present slightly fatiguing, but pleasantly so, and the future not a blank by any means; the wound that she had received was deep, but it was, as has been said, a clean cut, and the edges did not fester and fret her constantly.

Nevertheless, sensible girl and dutiful daughter as she was, she did occasionally feel that other companionship than her father's would have been desirable. He exerted himself much to give her pleasure, wearied himself daily for hours in that fairy palace in Hyde Park, and nightly at the theatres where he distracted Theo by comparing modern actors

to the Siddons, Kembles, and Kean, to the invariable disadvantage of the former. Then for a rest he took her to Greenwich, and showed her the Hospital (for an appointment to which he yearned), and partook of luncheon with an old comrade who was eloquent on the delights of the place and the advantages derivable from a residence in it. He was a plethoric old gentleman, this late comrade of her papa's, who grunted and swore a great deal more than was necessary, Theo thought; but he appeared to be admirably contented with his position, which Theo's experience of old naval officers taught her was a remarkable thing.

"No place like it for a man with a family, sir,—no place like it; to live rent-free in a palace is something after knocking about all one's life, eh, Miss Leigh?"

"I don't think that it's too much after knocking about all one's life," Theo replied dubiously.

"You don't, eh? you don't. My dear young lady, let me tell you that it is the highest reward the Service offers us, an appointment here, and that a man doesn't get it for nothing, I can tell you."

In her heart Theo thought that no man had seen so much service or done such doughty deeds as her father. His old comrade's satisfaction in the boon bestowed savoured, she thought, of disparagement to her father's claim to it. The young lady had yet to learn that the old gentleman who grunted and swore held a different tone to outsiders to that which those within the gates were accustomed to hear from his lips. She did not know this, so she only said,

"I suppose papa will have it, then."

"You'll find the society here delightful," one of the daughters of the house observed with animation. Theo had mentioned that she lived in a dull little village; it was pleasant to the daughter of the house to point the difference in the places in which they were running the best years of their respective careers. She then went on to give Theo a list of the names and number of the families resident at the time, and Theo remarked that there seemed "to be a great many ladies."

The daughter of the house tried to look as if she had never thought this fact a drawback to the delights of the place before.

"There are a good many; yes, certainly, there are a good many; of course, if you don't like ladies' society, you won't think such a number of girls in the place any recommendation."

"Ladies' society in moderation I like, but such a number! Papa, you mustn't come

here. I should feel ashamed of myself for adding to such a heavy brigade," Theo said laughingly to Mr. Leigh, whose heart was heavy at the thought of not being there already, living in "rooms in a palace rent-free, and having as many barrels of small beer as he liked at cost-price." He was making up his mind to "memorialise" again for the next vacancy, and looking at his old comrade attentively, in order to detect whether there were any signs of dissolution about that hale but aged man, who fathomed the motive of the attentive gaze, and resented it by being haler and heartier than before, out of sheer opposition.

They made the tour of the place after luncheon, went into the Chapel, and were brought up by the rope before the viper and bundle of sticks, and into the Painted Hall, where they duly dislocated their necks and got headaches in the cause of art, and into the wards and kitchens.

These latter places deepened Mr. Leigh's admiration for the "*mag-nificent scale*" on which everything was done, for he was in an admiring mood, and thoroughly believed that the height of naval bliss was to be found here. But aged seamen feeding are pleasanter on canvas than in real life. Theo was quite ready to believe in the place also, but the gastronomic odours on this hot June day did not increase her faith in this paradise to which she, fate and the Admiralty willing, was to be consigned.

But there is a great charm about this place after all,—at least there soon was to Theo. It is utterly unlike every other place; and this characteristic of singularity always will tell in the end. The library and the librarian; the feudal observances of banging a gong at sunset, and barring out visitors at nine; the solemn sorry state that is maintained; the pertinacity with which certain benches are guarded from the contaminating touch of those who "don't belong to the place,"—all these things struck her, and caused her to experience a throb of the same sort of feeling that made her father linger in the machinery department at the Exhibition; for, as that modern sage Dundreary says, human nature "likes to wonder."

She did wonder; wonder greatly about many things that she saw and heard. Amongst other things she wondered whether Queen Mary looked down and smiled upon her work, and whether William was as well satisfied with it as he has cause to be with the majority of the acts of his reign? At least, I am not sure that the wonderings took the form of those precise words at the time, but she did after-

wards, when the habit of Greenwich Hospital was no longer upon her.

She had other cause for wonderment when she reached her temporary home in the lodgings in Great George Street, Westminster, that night, for on the table in the drawing-room she found the card of "Mrs. John Galton." The unsolved problem of how Mrs. Galton, his cousin, had found her out, kept Theo awake the whole night, and ill prepared her for bearing the burden and heat of the following day.

With the nine-o'clock post that day came an explanation in the form of an epistle from Mrs. Leigh, acquainting her daughter with the gratifying fact of the kindest letter having been received by her from Mrs. Galton, asking so particularly for Theo's address in town, and wishing so much to see her. "I answered it at once," the mother wrote, "and I should not be surprised to hear that she has been to call upon you already; she seems to be a very sweet-tempered domestic woman; she says she wishes that Houghton and Haversham were nearer to each other, in which case she should ask me to have an eye to her dear little daughter during her absence. As a mother," she feelingly remarks, "I can enter into the continual anxiety she experiences while away from the dear child. It is not often," Mrs. Leigh sagaciously added, "that a young and beautiful woman such as Mrs. Galton, is so devoted a mother as she appears to be." (Some few weeks after this, Theo showed her mamma's letter to her fascinating friend in a moment of blind admiration and unlimited confidence, and the fascinating friend performed a mental *pas* of pleasure at having "so successfully hoodwinked the old lady.")

On Mrs. Galton's card was a pencilled statement of an intention to call on Miss Leigh at three o'clock on the following day. Before that hour came, Theo had woven a vision of Harold Ffrench accompanying his cousin; indeed his figure was the prominent one in the pattern, and Mrs. Galton fell into position as merely an accessory, the cause of an effect which should banish thoughts of all beside itself.

She inducted herself into the blue muslin for the first time this day. The sight of the frills had been painful to her hitherto; they had been hemmed that day when she got her "woeful prick," poor child, and they possessed the balsamic quality of making the wound smart. So just in this one thing she had been indulgent to her weakness, and she congratulated herself on this indulgence now, when she put it on in all its freshness towards solemnising with all due splendour the advent of her ex-

pected guests, and saw that she looked very well in it.

She would not go out at all this day. When she had deemed that it was all over, and that she should never see him again, she had been most wisely patient, most bravely determined on doing just as she had ever done. But this sudden revulsion, this relighting of the torch of hope, upset her philosophy, and though she resolved to meet and greet him as a friend,—nothing more, never anything more,—still till the time of such meeting came she could but let agitation reign supreme.

It was a long dull morning that Theo passed in the drawing-room of their lodgings. It would have been better for her had she gone to the Admiralty with her father, as he had invited her to do; but she had refused this slight diversion, fearing that three o'clock would come upon her like a thief in the night, and that they would come and go and miss her, and make no further attempt. Such a catastrophe was of too horrible a nature to be lightly brought upon herself, therefore she suffered her papa to go off to a possible interview with the First Lord alone.

It was not a hopeful room to contemplate, with the prospect before you of spending several hours in it by yourself, that drawing-room in the house in Great George Street. Everything in it was for show and not for use, and the show was not fair to look upon. There was an undesirable carpet on the floor, a dark-green ground with branches of red trees strewn all over it, and those branches stood out so well from the green that one involuntarily stepped high in order to avoid catching in and tripping over them; there were *papier mâché* stands sprinkled with a lavish hand about the apartment, and these supported busts of Byron and Scott and Shakespeare (the latter with an evident predisposition to water on the brain), and glass shades full of wax fruit and flowers. The chairs, too, were of an order from which one would turn with loathing and disgust when fatigued mentally or bodily, for they were heavy hot velvet; and if one deposited one's self upon one of them with anything like velocity, clouds of dust arose and rendered all things obscure for many minutes. When to this is added the fact, that the French clock on the mantel-piece was addicted to loud ticking, and being always an hour too slow or four hours too fast by reason of its purposeless minute perpetually catching in a feeble kind of way in its stumpy hour-hand, it will readily be believed that the room was not hopeful—that it was, on the contrary, decidedly disheartening. It was not at all a room in a corner or portion of which Theo could enshrine herself

and becomingly await the arrival of possible devotees.

It never occurred to Theo to seek relief from the tedium by taking up woman's universal panacea, work. She was not one who could find partial oblivion in a thimble, and alleviation for much in the wielding of that useful little weapon, by aid of which many women keep *ennui*, even despair, at bay. The girl was far from being muscular or coarse in her tastes or appearance; still a needle never looked quite at home in her slender restless hand; she had no liking for the most customary of all feminine occupations.

Cut off, therefore, by habit from this resource; cut off by circumstances from others that were more congenial; Theo sat all the morning in idleness, and though Satan did not find some mischief for her idle hands to do, the fiend Imagination had a rare time of it, waved on by the recently relighted torch of Hope.

She had tutored herself into the belief that she should not be very impatient even if three o'clock passed and they came not. But the schooling was unnecessary, for with the striking of the hour mingled the sound of a resolutely plied knocker, and presently Mrs. Galton alone came into the room.

"I am very punctual, am I not?" Mrs. Galton asked, as she was shaking hands. "I always keep my word." And so, to do her justice, she did in some things; she never broke small promises to casual acquaintances; when Kate Galton ruptured a faith it was a fine big one invariably.

"It is very kind of you to have taken the trouble to find me out," Theo replied; her knees were trembling with excitement and disappointment, and, despite her efforts, her eyes rolled towards the door and rosted there lingeringly. Kate Galton quite understood why they did so, and resolved to punish this folly lightly in some way or other. Theo Leigh conceiving a genuine passion for a man she (Kate) had elected to honour with an elastic regard, was a person to be abased when she had served the contemplated purpose.

"Ah, I see you looking; but little Katy is not with me, nor is my husband, for a marvel."

"Oh, I know that you did not bring your little girl up; I was not looking for her," Theo said honestly; and Mrs. Galton's brow clouded ever so slightly as she weighed the probabilities of Theo having heard thus much from Harold French.

"Have you seen my cousin, then, lately?" she asked.

Theo shook her head and said "No."

"Ah, I thought it was most extraordinarily

negligent of him, if he had seen you, not to have told me, knowing, as he does, how anxious I am to see a great deal of you while in town, and in the country too, I hope; but Harold is so forgetful that, after all, I ought not to have been surprised if it had escaped his memory."

This speech was designed to show Theo how absolutely unimportant a thing she was in Harold Ffrench's eyes, and also that Mrs. Galton's intercourse with her cousin was incessant and familiar. It failed in achieving the first object, for Theo did not believe that she was forgotten by or utterly unimportant to the man who had seemed to love her so warmly but the other day. But the latter and equally natural implication she firmly credited. Why should she have doubted it, indeed? It seemed to her to be in the order of things that Mrs. Galton and her cousin Harold should be much together. Theo had not begun to fear that there was either sin or shame in the combination, or to suspect it of being other than right, proper, highly desirable, and extremely natural.

"And what have you been doing?" Mrs. Galton asked, after a few desultory remarks that did not bear upon anything in particular, and shall therefore be suffered to pass unrecorded. "I suppose you have seen the principal things that are going on; isn't it a wonderful season?"

"It is my first experience of one; of course it is wonderful to me; but I am not in the vortex, you know."

"Ah, how should you be in the vortex with no chaperone save your papa? I forgot that when I asked you what you had been doing. I have ebbed away from London society since my marriage, but I do know some people still, and it would give me great pleasure to take you wherever I go myself."

Theo thanked Mrs. Galton for the kindly disposition evinced, but it was all she could do, for she was beginning to develop the idea that a little more was said than was meant on all occasions. It is unpleasant to accept warmly a conditional invitation and then to discover that the inviter did not intend to go quite so far in the matter as you in your innocence imagined from the manner.

"It would really give me great pleasure to have you with me, Miss Leigh; do you think you could persuade your papa to leave you with me when he returns?"

Theo tried to say that she thought she ought to go home with papa firmly, and she failed. The thought that she would surely see Harold Ffrench at his cousin's house would arise, and it caused her resolution to totter. Mrs. Galton felt persuaded of Theo's acquiescence in the proposed scheme, despite that

young lady's gentle indication of a wish to sacrifice inclination to duty; and Mrs. Galton fathomed the cause of this acquiescence, and again resented it in the innermost recesses of her mind.

"Little fool! to nurse hopes of Harold in such a way," Kate thought, even while she was saying:—

"Let us leave the decision to your mamma. I will write to her about it, and if she will trust you with me you need have no scruples about staying. Mr. Galton will be obliged to return to Haversham, but we shall never lack an escort with my cousin Mr. Ffrench in town. I do not like to think of your going back after only three weeks' experience of this exceptional year."

Theo glowed at the prospect.

"It is very kind of you, very kind indeed, to a stranger such as I am. I shall enjoy staying with you above everything, but it does seem a great thing for you to do for such a recent acquaintance."

"Not at all. I have no sisters, no cousins, no grown-up daughters" (she tinkled out a little laugh here at the preposterousness of the notion of her having grown-up daughters). "Perhaps when Katy's of a fit and proper age to be given her chance, I shall be disinclined for society, and shall be glad of some friend doing for her what I am going to do for you." Then Kate rose up to go, and added, "Mind, Miss Leigh, that you reward me by marrying brilliantly at the end of the season; my *protégée's* glories will be mine, remember."

"Papa, papa!" Theo cried, when her father came home from that interview with a suave First Lord, who made him happy even while refusing him all he asked,— "Mrs. Galton has asked me to stay with her; she's going to remain entirely on my account and take me everywhere, though Mr. Galton won't be able to,—that is to say, Mr. Ffrench will, you know, instead. Will you let me go?"

"I don't quite understand the case. When do you want to go to her?"

"Not while you can stay here with me, papa; not till you go back, dear; but then I thought—that is, she thought that you would let me go and stay with her and see a little more of what is going on; and she would take me to parties, she says."

"I know so little of the woman, and what I do know I don't like."

"That's mere prejudice, papa; she's the sweetest, kindest woman; I wish you could have seen her to-day, you wouldn't have been able to help liking her; even if you can't let me go to her, don't say a word against her, please."

"We will hear what your mother says," Mr. Leigh said meditatively; he was in a difficulty—a difficulty that frequently oppresses parents. He could not bear to deprive the child of one jot or tittle of pleasure which might be hers. But at the same time he sorely distrusted this woman who was offering to give it to her.

(To be continued.)

THE STAGE HAMLET.

SOME people, misled by their love for the notion of Shakespeare's surpassing greatness, are unwilling to believe that he ever did anything as anybody else would do it. They forget that a great genius is always practical, adaptable, protean, universal; that it is only the small celebrity who is afraid to stir from one particular attitude, and prefers to stand solemnly aloof with folded arms, lest some doubt concerning his claim to consideration should arise—just as a man with an accidental rent in his garment hesitates about shifting his position for fear the disclosure of his misadventure should ensue. The small genius cannot afford to be common-place: the great can afford to be and to do anything.

However degrading and shocking many of his admirers may deem it, therefore, to Shakespeare, the shaping of his immortal words to suit them to the stage, the players, and the public of his time, was doubtless but a simple and natural sort of business. His genius, if hidden and repressed in one direction, revenged itself by bursting out more resplendently than ever in another. The poet had to please his time as well as himself; to put money in his pocket; to live to please that he might please to live. Is it likely he condescended to fret about these conditions of his life? Surely he was too supreme a philosopher. So, a new play being wanted, he took the measure of the company for the characters, as a tailor might jot down their bodily proportions, with a view to the providing for them new doublets and trunks; and when, with some notions in his head of a tragedy to be called "Hamlet," he, as it were, threw a tape round Mr. Burbadge, the leading actor of the period, and found him decidedly full about the region of the waist, he determined that his *Prince of Denmark* should be of corresponding contour, and "fat and scant of breath," needing the *Queen's* napkin to rub his moist brows with, after the exercise of fencing.

For Richard Burbadge was no doubt the actor who introduced "Hamlet" to the stage. Of his age when he did this there is some question. Mr. Collier, who has diligently investi-

gated this, as most other matters relating to Shakespeare and his times, conjectures that the player was born about 1567, or three years later than the poet whose heroes he personified. "Hamlet" was first performed in the winter of 1601 or the spring of 1602. Burbadge would be then in the vigour of life and at the height of his reputation. On the authority of Wright's "Historia Histrionica" (1699), it has been suggested that Joseph Taylor was the original *Hamlet*; but although Wright mentions Taylor as performing the part "incomparably well," he does not state that Taylor was its first representative. If, as Mr. Collier supposes, Taylor was not born until 1585, it is clear he was too young at the date of the production of the play to have sustained its chief character. Burbadge was hardly likely to have resigned so prominent and applauded a part to a mere tyro in the profession, as Taylor must have been then. Taylor may, however, in later years have played it as the "double" of the great actor, and on his death (in 1618) have become fully possessed of the part as a matter of right. The elegy on the death of Burbadge, printed by the Shakespeare Society from a manuscript in the possession of the late Mr. Heber, makes pointed reference to the actor's *Hamlet*, with a hint at his physical peculiarities.

No more young *Hamlet*, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry "Revenge!" for his dear father's death.

It may be noted too that the same poem applies to the actor a complimentary appellation which an after age fitted to David Garrick:

England's great Roscius! for what Roscius
Was unto Rome that Burbadge was to us!
How did his speech become him, and his pace
Suit with his speech, and every action grace
Them both alike, whilst not a word did fall
Without just weight to ballast it withal.
Had'st thou but spoke to Death, and used the power
Of thy enchanting tongue, at that first hour
Of his assault, he had let fall his dart,
And quite been charmed with thy all-charming art:
This Death well knew, and, to prevent this wrong,
He first made seizure on thy wondrous tongue;
Then on the rest; 'twas easy: by degrees
The slender ivy twines the hugest trees.

From the mention made here of the manner of his death, it has been inferred that Burbadge was stricken fatally with paralysis, which in the first instance affected his speech. A further hint as to the actor's personal appearance may be gathered from the lines,

Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
Might thoroughly from thy face be understood.

Tribute is paid to the high position of Burbadge by Ben Jonson in his "Bartholomew Fair;" and the passage containing this makes

allusion to another Shakespearean actor of fame, Nathaniel Field. y

Cokes. I thank you for that, Master Littlewit; a good jest! Which is your BURBADGE now?

Lantern Leatherhead. What mean you by that, sir?

Cokes. Your best actor, your FIELD.

The *Roscius Anglicanus*, a small octavo pamphlet written by Downes, prompter to the players who, after the Restoration, assembled at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, under Davenant's patent, contains a brief history of the stage from 1660 to 1706. But for this little work the world would know little of theatrical occurrences in the days of Charles and James the Second. "Hamlet" was the first play of Shakespeare's acted at the Duke's Theatre, and it was one of Davenant's earliest productions. "Sir William Davenant," says Downes, "taught the players the representation of 'Hamlet,' as he had seen it before the Civil War. . . . No succeeding tragedy for many years gained more money and reputation to the company than this." Mr. Betterton, the leading actor of the company, sustained the part of *Hamlet*, and his performance invariably attracted a large audience. Actors, it is well known, set much store upon the traditions of their predecessors, submitting to be governed in this respect by a sort of unwritten law. The fact that great A., in a past generation, in a particular part, did or said a certain thing in a certain way, is accounted a sufficient reason for little B. saying or doing the same thing in the same part at a later period. It is alleged that the received method of presenting the part of *Hamlet* was handed down to Mr. Betterton in a direct line from the poet. Mr. Betterton benefited by the instructions of Davenant, and Davenant spoke with the air of one having authority. As Mr. Downes the prompter says quaintly, "Mr. Betterton took every particle of *Hamlet* from Sir William Davenant, who had seen Mr. Taylor, who was taught by Mr. Shakespeare himself." Downes, of course, only wrote from hearsay, he knew nothing of himself about the matter. It is doubtful if Shakespeare, who died before Burbadge, taught Taylor how to play *Hamlet*; Taylor not being in complete possession of the part until the death of Burbadge. But Taylor had, of course, seen Burbadge play *Hamlet* often enough, and it is likely that Burbadge had the benefit of Shakespeare's instructions how the character should be presented, and Taylor, following Burbadge's manner pretty closely, enabled Davenant to give to Betterton, and so on to his successors, much of the original method of the first *Hamlet*.

In 1671 a new theatre was built for the Duke's company in Salisbury Court, Fleet

Street. This was the Dorset Garden Theatre, the site having been part of the garden of the Earl of Dorset in Queen Elizabeth's time. Mr. Betterton's *Hamlet* still continued to attract the town, and about this time the character of *Ophelia* was sustained by Mrs. Betterton. The play, as performed, appears to have been most injudiciously abridged. The noble lines which follow—

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

are omitted, and the actor continues immediately

What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel? &c.

The speech of the players is also left out.

Of the personal appearance of Betterton, Anthony Aston, who published a supplement to Cibber's "Life," gives a very disparaging account. The great actor is described as labouring under an ill figure, being clumsily made, with a large head, a bull neck, round shoulders, and short arms, which he seldom raised above his waist; he avoided much action, and had a way of lodging his left hand in his breast. His eyes were small, his face broad and scarred with the small-pox. He was corpulent, with thick legs and large feet. His voice was "low and grumbling, yet he could tune it by an artful climax, which enforced universal attention even from the fops and orange girls." While it was often wished that he would resign the part of *Hamlet* to some younger actor, Mr. Aston acknowledges that no one else could have pleased the town so well:—"he was rooted in their opinion, he was the Phoenix of the stage, the most extensive actor, from *Alexander* to *Falstaff*; if I was to write of him all day I should still remember fresh matter in his behalf."

Aston's criticism is not very flattering to the physical peculiarities of Betterton. Kneller's portrait of the great actor, however, which Cibber certifies to be "extremely like," exhibits a grand head, with handsome strongly-marked features, broad manly brow, and fine expressive eyes; altogether, putting away the cloud of curly wig which surrounds the head, a very admirable stage face. Cibber says that Betterton's person was suitable to his voice: more manly than sweet; that he was of the middle height, inclining to be corpulent, of a serious and penetrating aspect, his limbs of athletic form. "Yet," he winds up with, "however formed, there arose from the harmony of the whole, a commanding mien of majesty which the fairer faced, or, as Shakespeare calls them, the 'curled darlings' of his time, ever wanted something to be equal masters of."

Hamlet seems to have been Betterton's most esteemed performance, though Steele, in the *Tatler* (No. 167), lavishes extraordinary praise upon his *Othello*. It was his *Hamlet*, however, which induced Mr. Pepys to cry out ecstatically, "It's the best acted part ever done by mortal man." Mr. Booth, playing the *Ghost* to Betterton's *Hamlet*, confessed that he was so awed by the sight of the great actor's affected terror and amazement, that he could hardly proceed with his part. It had been customary with many *Hamlets* to indulge in much vociferation, to exhibit extreme rage and fury at the appearance of the shadow of the departed king. Mr. Addison once inquired why *Hamlet* should be in so violent a passion with the *Ghost*, which, though it might have astonished, clearly had not provoked him? Booth, playing the *Ghost* to Wilks's *Hamlet*, rebuked him for his needless vehemence: "I thought, Bob, you wanted to play at fisticuffs with me; you bullied where you ought to have revered." He then proceeded to explain how differently Betterton had played the part, adding enthusiastically, "But divinity hung round that man." To this Wilks replied, with a happy modesty, "that Mr. Betterton and Mr. Booth could always act as they pleased; but that, for his own poor part, he must be content to do as well as he could."

Cibber describes Betterton's manner of rendering this portion of the play: "He opened the scene with a pause of mute amazement, then rising slowly to a solemn trembling voice he made the *Ghost* equally terrible to the spectator as to himself, and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghastly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency and manly, but not braving; his voice never rising to that seeming outrage or wild defiance of what he naturally revered." What Betterton desired far more than the applause of his hearers was their attentive silence; he maintained that there were many ways of extorting loud expressions of pleasure from an audience, but that to keep them hushed and quiet was the result of truth and merit solely. From his first entrance upon the scene he took full possession of the esteem and regard of the house, seeming to seize upon the eyes and ears even of the most giddy and inadvertent. "To have talked or looked another way would then have been thought insensibility or ignorance. In all his soliloquies of moment, the strong intelligence of his attitude and aspect drew you into such an impatient gaze, that you almost imbibed the sentiment with your eye before the ear could reach it."

One critical notes that during Betterton's representation of *Hamlet* it had frequently

been noticed that the countenance of the actor, which was naturally ruddy and sanguine, in the scene of the third act where the *Ghost* appears, from the effect of sudden amazement and horror turned instantly as pale as his neckcloth, while his whole body was seized with an irrepressible trembling. The cunning of the scene was so strongly brought home to the audience, "that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise, and they in some measure partook of the astonishment and horror with which they saw this excellent actor affected." In the *Tatler* (No. 74), September, 1709, we find Mr. Greenleaf addressing Mr. Bickerstaff on a performance of *Hamlet*: "Had you been to-night at the playhouse you would have seen the force of action in perfection; your admired Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, that though now above seventy, he acted youth, and by the prevalent power of proper manner, gesture, and voice, appeared throughout the whole drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprise. The soliloquy where he began the celebrated sentence of 'To be or not to be,'—the expostulation where he explains with his mother in her closet,—the noble ardour after seeing his father's ghost, and his generous distress for the death of *Ophelia*, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasion in their own lives."

After the death of Betterton, the part of *Hamlet* seems to have been generally sustained by Wilks, who, though an actor of grace and feeling rather than of force and intensity, seems to have given general satisfaction to his audience. No doubt, however, he was far beneath both Betterton who preceded him and Garrick who followed him in the part. Booth contented himself with the part of the *Ghost*, in which he gained extraordinary fame from his deep deliberate tones, his noiseless tread, and the solemnity of his demeanour. One of Booth's admirers stated that when present at a representation of "*Hamlet*" long after the actor's death, as soon as there had been mention of the *Ghost*, he felt a return of the peculiar awe and terror with which Booth's performance of the part had always inspired him; he was soon cured of this sensation, however, by the ghosts after Booth. Quin upon one occasion undertook the part, and endeavoured to imitate Booth's manner as closely as he well could.

Wilks acquired great fame by his recitation of the speech at the close of the third act, as indeed did Barry, whose noble figure and touching voice were of especial advantage

to him at this portion of the play. But Garrick is admitted to have risen superior to all rivalry ; his rapid change of feature and expression during his self-questioning and upbraiding, his tempest of fury at the thought of his uncle's crime, subsiding into the deepest woe as his father's loss returned with fresh force to his recollection, and the earnestness with which he planned to catch the conscience of the *King* by means of the play, distanced all competitors. "He filled the whole soul of the spectator, and transcended the most finished idea of the poet," cried Hannah More, enthusiastically. But in the great scene with *Ophelia*, Garrick was considered to be too rude and boisterous, and the critics generally preferred the tenderer manner of Wilks and Barry. The address to the players had been omitted in all stage versions of "Hamlet" from Betterton's time, until Garrick had the good sense to restore it, though he was guilty of tampering with the play in many other most shameful ways. Wilks never spoke this speech therefore. Garrick's delivery of it was striking and intelligent, but was considered to be wanting in dignity. His manner was said to be rather than that of a stage-manager and teacher of acting than that of a princely patron and monitor. Henderson was admitted to speak the lines "with less of the pedagogue and more of the gentleman." When the *King* rises, and brings the tragedy of the "Mousetrap" to an abrupt conclusion, it was Garrick's constant practice to pull out a white handkerchief and twirl it round vehemently as he hurriedly paced the stage and uttered the lines

For some must laugh and some must weep,
Thus runs the world away.

A stage trick which *Hamlets* of our own time have deemed worthy of perpetuation.

In the closet scene at the commencement of the speech

Look here, upon this picture and on this,

it appears to have been the constant practice of the stage since the Restoration, for *Hamlet*, instead of pointing to representations upon the arras of the late and the reigning kings of Denmark, to produce the miniature of one from his breast, and to hold up a miniature of the other hung locket-wise round the *Queen's* neck. This last plan, though the most convenient, inasmuch as it dispenses with the necessity for a scene expressly painted for the occasion, is by no means the most correct. The small hand portraits generally used could hardly convey the full length portraiture implied in the words

A station like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.

When "Hamlet" was played at Covent Garden in 1793, with some attempt at correctness of costume and stage decoration, a sort of compromise was effected. There was a half-length portrait of the late king upon the wall, and the *Queen* wore upon her wrist, as a bracelet, a miniature of the reigning monarch. Mr. Macready, when the appliances of the theatre permitted it, adopted the unquestionably correct plan of drawing the *Queen's* attention to the pictures of her two husbands upon the tapestry. The throwing down the chair in this scene to add to the excitement consequent on the *Ghost's* re-appearance, is a very old stage tradition. Garrick (according to Ireland) even went so far as to have a chair expressly prepared with tapering feet so that it might fall instantly upon a touch.

Garrick was in the habit of receiving a number of curious letters from anonymous correspondents, commenting upon his performances. These communications have preserved to us a record of some of the smaller points of his acting. One of these his unknown critics complains that the actor pronounces the *o* in *tropically* long instead of short, and is too solemn in his demeanour to the grave-digger. Another charges him with changing the proper pronunciation of the words *matron*, *Israel*, *villain*, *appal*, *Horatio*, *wind*, to *metron*, *Iserel*, *villin*, *appeal*, *Horetio*, and *wind* with a short *i*. There is a complaint too of the long pause made by *Hamlet* on the appearance of the *Ghost*. The writer then goes on : "There is one thing I must mention, which I think has but a very ridiculous appearance, although it has been practised by everyone that I have seen in the character, and it is this : when the *Ghost* beckons *Hamlet* to follow him, he, enraged at *Horatio* for detaining him, draws his sword, and in that manner follows the *Ghost* ; presently he returns, *Hamlet* still following him, sword in hand, till the *Ghost* says

I am thy father's spirit !

at which words *Hamlet*, with a very respectful bow, sheaths his sword, which is as much as to say that if he had not been a ghost upon whom he could depend, he dared not have ventured to put up his sword." From this letter (dated August 14, 1742) it appears that the advice to the players was omitted ; it was probably not until he became manager (in 1746) that Garrick was able to restore it ; while the scene where *Hamlet* meditates

killing the *King*, "pat while he is praying," excised from all modern versions of the play, was given in full. Another critic considers Mr. Garrick's utterance of the words,

How, the fair Ophelia!

wanting in feeling. "Certainly," he says, in the funeral scene, "if you were a hired mourner and paid for repeating the sentence, you could not do it with more seeming unconcern." Indeed, it seems to be admitted that Henderson surpassed all other *Hamlets* in his mode of rendering this passage, making it "thrill through every bosom." One correspondent thinks Mr. Garrick plays *Hamlet* with too much colour in his face for a melancholy prince, and another that he is far too choleric and pettish in his manner to *Polonius*. That Garrick attached consequence to these criticisms is evident from the changes they occasionally induced him to make in his mode of acting, and from a long letter or two in reply he sent to "H. H. at the Hungerford Coffee House in the Strand," a correspondent who had given an address though he had concealed his name.

The close criticism with which the actors were followed manifests the extraordinary interest taken by the public of the last century in theatrical performances. Henderson on one occasion, in the excitement of the closet scene in "*Hamlet*," flung from him the portrait of *King Claudius*. Immediately this is denounced as an innovation "too violent for a young man; Mr. Garrick never did it." The following night, having greater command over himself, he retained the picture in his grasp, whereupon the critic, writing under the appropriate name of "Scourge," observes, that if right the first night the actor must be clearly wrong the second, and proceeds to add, "in our opinion, Mr. Henderson, departing from the established custom of the theatre by sometimes neglecting to kick down the chair on the appearance of the *Ghost*, which was never omitted by the greatest actor who ever graced the stage, and not having got quit of his hat when he starts in the first scene, is a violation of dramatic decorum, and deserves severe reprehension from the critic. Deviations so slight as to evade the common eye, and innovations so trifling as to be thought unworthy of notice, have led the way to heresies in religion and the abolishment of order in civil government (!) Let us nip the error in the bud, and not by our silence give sanction to impropriety. Being once right let us remain so (!)"

A complaint was made that the *Hamlet* of Mr. J. P. Kemble was too *scrupulously graceful*. His performance attracted much attention, from the fact that he could hardly help

being new and original, never having seen any of his great predecessors in the part. Certain of his readings occasioned much discussion. His "Good even, sir," courteously but formally addressed to *Bernardo*, marking a less intimate acquaintanceship with him than with *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, was regarded as a novelty. It was noticed that he insinuated the *King's* habit of intemperance by his marked emphasis of his delivery of the line

We'll teach you to DRINK deep—ere you depart.

His stress upon the pronoun in the inquiry

Did you not speak to it?

excited the wrath of Mr. Steevens, the commentator upon Shakespeare. Kemble submitted the matter to Johnson. "To be sure, sir," said the Doctor, "the you should be strongly marked. I told Garrick so long since, but Davy never could see it." Kemble preferred

And for my soul, what CAN it do to that?

whereas Garrick had always said with extreme rapidity

What can it do to THAT?

Having drawn his sword to menace the friends who hindered his following the *Ghost*, every *Hamlet* before Kemble had presented the point to the phantom as he followed it to more removed ground. Kemble trailed the weapon after him, having his left hand raised toward the spirit. His sinking on his knees as the *Ghost* disappeared (he sunk down a trap in those days) was censured as a stage trick. Henderson, however, admired it, and afterwards adopted it. In the scene where *Hamlet* answers *Polonius*—"Sianders, sir,"—Kemble, to give a stronger expression of his wildness, tore the leaf out of the book. Garrick had always repeated, "the mobled queen?" after the player, as in doubt of the propriety or meaning of the term. Kemble echoed the words as in sympathy. In the scene with *Ophelia*, he pronounced the word *lisp* lispingly, *lithp*, "a refinement below him," says Mr. Boaden, his biographer. Henderson and Kemble in the speech to *Horatio*, preferred

Aye, in my heart of heart, as I do thee.

Garrick gave it differently, "heart of heart." Garrick in the play scene threw out as a wild piece of rant

The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Kemble and Henderson uttered the words with a reflective air, applying them to *Hamlet's* own case. The stately march from *Guildenstern* to *Rosencrantz*, presenting the pipe to the latter, with the words

I do beseech you,

was an innovation of Kemble's; as also was the

kneeling down to pronounce the adjuration to the Queen in the closet scene—

Mother, for the love of grace, &c.

Generally, it may be added, Kemble was slower of utterance and indulged in longer pauses than other *Hamlets*, habits which grew upon him as he advanced in life, when from his frequent attacks of asthma his voice did not always come when he called for it. It was his nature, too, to be solemn and deliberate; his walk was always slow and pompous, the expression of his countenance was contemplative, and did not easily lend itself to rapid transitions. His acting was perhaps impressive from its weight and majesty rather than from its impetuosity or impulse.

Although *Hamlet* is not one of the characters most completely identified with Edmund Kean's great fame, it is clear that his performance of the part made an extraordinary impression upon the town. Hazlitt speaks of it as a "brilliant success," while he yet suggests that it was too harsh and bitter, that in Kean's hands *Hamlet's* misanthropy had nothing amiable about it, but was fierce and gloomy as *Timon's*, while occasionally the virulence of crook-backed *Richard* showed itself from beneath the inky cloak of the Royal Dane. Yet the critic commends highly the passionate tenderness of the interview with *Ophelia*, and admits that, although the play-scene bordered upon extravagance (Mr. Kean was perhaps the first *Hamlet* that crawled across the stage reptile-wise from *Ophelia* to the *King*), its force and animation could not be too highly applauded.

There can be no doubt that the costume worn by Burbadge and Taylor was simply that of the actors' own time. Betterton and Wilks, we know, covered their heads with enormous full-bottomed periwigs (costing some forty or fifty guineas each), which came in fashion at the time of the Restoration, and remained in favour until about 1720, and were probably, in parts of dignity and importance, to be seen upon the stage for some years later. Garrick as *Hamlet* wore a court suit with a bag wig powdered. Kemble appeared at first in a rich black velvet court dress, with a star upon his breast, the garter and pendant ribbon of an order, mourning sword and buckles with deep ruffles; his hair powdered, and permitted in the scenes of feigned madness to flow down dishevelled on his shoulders. In later years he assumed a "Vandyke dress" of black satin and bugles. Particularity in the matter of stage costume was coming into fashion, though some hypocritics censured his suspending from his neck by a sky-blue ribbon the Danish

order of the Elephant, which was stated to have been instituted in the fifteenth century, at a decidedly post-*Hamlet* period. Hair-powder in time vanished from the stage, as from everywhere else—Mr. Bowden regretted it because of the brilliance it gave to the eyes—and the French Revolution bringing close-cropped Brutus heads into fashion, later *Hamlets* adopted the short curly wig with which modern audiences are familiar. This however, at last, it seems is threatened with abolition in favour of the flowing flaxen Scandinavian locks which Mr. Fechter's picturesque *Hamlet* has brought upon the boards.

Looking back upon the records of the great departed actors, and trying to form some conception of their rendering of this wondrous creation of our Shakespeare's,—passing before us in imaginary review the players who have strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage in *Hamlet's* sable garments,—we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that David Garrick must have approached the nearest to the ideal of the character. Allowance would have to be made for his low stature, and perhaps for a certain stage-trickiness to which the Roscius was clearly prone; but grace and vigour of action, wonderful variety of expression, passion, fire, rapidity, a voice of great power and compass, and surpassing and over-ruling intelligence, all these remain: a sum of attractions no other player can show forth. Betterton, with all his majesty of mien and noble elocution, had physical disqualifications, as had Henderson, in spite of peculiar skill and attainments. Wilks and Barry, with great personal advantages, were wanting perhaps in solidity and intensity of emotion: "The gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul." And if Kean's virulence and sullen passion were opposed to *Hamlet's* princely philosophic nature, Kemble surely had far more of the Roman than the Dane; was too sober when excitement was needed of him, and statuesque when he should be moving. With living *Hamlets* it is not within the purpose of this paper to deal.

It may be noted, as a precedent to be particularly avoided, that Mrs. Siddons, on the occasion of her benefit, to stimulate the sluggish curiosity of a provincial audience, played *Hamlet* repeating her performance more than once, especially at Bristol in 1781. A female *Hamlet* ("that's villainous," as *Hamlet* says in reference to another stage enormity), because, forsooth, it has been discovered there is something feminine in *Hamlet's* nature! With equal right might there be a male *Lady Macbeth*, because certain of the lady's sentiments and her manner of delivering them manifest a masculine tone.

DUTTON COOK.

THE METROPOLIS OF GABLEDOM.

It is, I presume from the frequency with which people indulge in it, agreeable on a tour to have a habit of finding out defects and blemishes, especially when one has a companion to utter one's moans to : but, in my strolls last September up and about the valley of Urach in Suabia, my critical faculty, possibly from the want of an audience, became completely one-sided and tediously benignant. In the soft rainless weather, with a delicate white veil of mist drawn over the sun, I found it very pleasant (the pleasanter for reminiscences of groaning Eilwagens and dusty high-ways) to walk leisurely through a twenty-mile orchard, where the work of life seemed to be for the men, to pull down, with long rake-like poles, and for the women, to gather up, piles of purple plums and rosy-red or greenish-yellow apples. What a sight must these valleys of Wurtemberg, the very kingdom of apples, be in spring, with forests of fruit trees imbedded in meadow grass, and all in blossom ! After all, flowers are charming, but they fade, and become ugly mementoes of the decay of all things, after a few days ; but an orchard is a "joy for ever."

There are castles too in Urachthal, as in all these Suabian highlands, which have fostered so many princely German houses, the Hohenstauffens of the past, the Hohenzollerns of the present. The country is indeed admirably adapted as a nursery for such products, as well as for apples, with dales rich and fertile for the peasants to till, and mountains which break at the top into vast wall-like precipices, and the show of fortresses where-with nature mimics art, for knights to descend from to their pillage, and to fly back to on their retreat. But though there are castles there are no beggars, those usual custodians of the picturesque—at least, I found none, except indeed a couple of infants playing at mendicancy, who relieved me of a Prussian groshen which had been troubling my serenity for days.

At any rate, the dalesmen are as friendly as though a tourist were a special source of wealth to every one of them, and they offer one the Wurtemberg salutation, *Grüss Gott*, with an earnestness which is delightful. They live too so much in the open air in this early autumn weather, that by simply looking on one learns as much of their ways and habits as by talking, which is a charming discovery for persons who do not know the language. Thus, on the second afternoon after my arrival at the town of Urach, I sat in the balcony of my inn, and held, as it were, a levee of the population of peasants and burghers gathered in the

market-place, with its eighteen gabled houses, below. There were the old women (old before their time from hard open-air work, but seemingly not the less happy for that) scolding the boys, and garrulous ; and the servants of the citizens (for Urach is a Stadt, and talks much of its prefeudal grandeur) sitting outside their doors, gossiping ; and a young father and mother and three-year old daughter admiring the grave deportment of the baby with a kitten (which was by no means so enthusiastic a spectator) put into its Suabian perambulator. Then the hay-carts come home, drawn by sleek meek-eyed oxen, led by hay-making women in broad black flap hats, as though they had a complexion to spoil ; and a great calvacade of goats walks in from the hills, without any one asking them where they are going. Meantime, the big dog of the market-place promenades for the benefit of the cool evening air, and with just a cursory view to broken victuals ; and the two rival troops of ducks, in harmonious jealousy of this latter canine weakness, leave off flapping about and melodiously quacking, and making believe to paddle and swim in the dry gutters, and fly into the most uncalled-for paroxysms of rage, in fine-lady-like affectation of nervousness, at their neighbour, whom they have known from duckling-hood. Later on into the evening, the stage-coaches rattle in noisily from each of the four opposite valleys of which Urach is the sun and centre, with horn-blowing and yellow-and-scarlet coachmen looking unabashed as though their dress were not an absurd costume for sensible men anywhere out of a play ; and, at their advent, once again the chattering of women and children seems to blaze up before sinking into repose, which however, in this bright September, it will hardly do till the ripe hour of nine. At last the watchman begins his rounds, singing beneath my window every hour a long lament about the good of early to bed and early to rise, or saving of candles, or something or other of a highly moral tendency ; and white gables start in the moonshine into sudden relief from all the houses of the Markt-Platz, except my inn, which, being an inn which thinks much of itself, and is the Royal Postamt, is up to the spirit of the times, and has planed itself down into genteel ugliness. When I go to bed, I can watch from my pillow the pointed roofs of the old place, as they seem in solemn conclave to nod their garrulous heads together, and two mountains, broad and black, leaning over all.

My inn, the Post Gasthof, considers itself a model inn, and so it is. Baedeker calls it the best inn in these highlands, and that is true also. The landlady is comely and civil ; the landlord, besides being courteous, must

doubtless be an excellent politician, for he does nothing but read the papers (and what can German landlords do more?); and the boy-waiters, like most German boy-waiters, are handy and attentive, though with a weight of care upon their shoulders which would bring a newspaper-boy or youthful clerk anywhere about New Square to an untimely grave. Here, too, I heard again, for the first time this year, the friendly blessing, "*Gut appetit!*" ejaculated by the chambermaid or waiters as they set down the first dish. And intellectual food is not wanting. An old-fashioned German town has no *cafés*, where citizens and strangers meet to read the journals, play dominoes, cards, and billiards, smoke, and drink beer and cognac and coffee, as in France, where every village, even a Breton one, has its two or three. So here the inn of the place provides the local paper, and may be also the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and thither come at night the substantial townsmen and farmers to read and discuss the news, and sup, or simply drink a seitel of wine. But the Post Gasthof at Urach is magnificent in its literary stores, for it takes in, besides provincial and Augsburg papers, even an *Illustrierte Zeitung*. Let it not detract from the glory of this announcement that I was reading a romance in the latter periodical, with much painfulness, with a view to studying the tone (a very low one) of modern German fiction, when turning to the title, on being surprised by a certain brassy ring in the pathos or bathos, which carried me back to the days of my childhood, I discovered to my disgust that I had been all this time absorbing the sentiments of our renowned fellow-countryman, the most celebrated of all novelists of the name of Smith, for whom a certain penny London weekly paper is said to have temporarily substituted poor Sir Walter Scott at a cost of half its enormous circulation. Nor are all these luxuries for the spirit mere excuses for neglect of material cravings. My hostelry offers to its guests once or even twice a day, if there exist persons capable of the double exertion, half a dozen varieties of herbs and potatoes dressed with vinegar, and an equal assortment of cherries and plums and apples (so impartial is the German stomach), to eat with savoury dishes. Here also, I am proud to record, I, for the first, and certainly for the last time, partook of morsels of red-herring served as sauce to the bouilli. But its grandest and most aspiring culinary effort was displayed on the day of my arrival. We dined at half-past twelve, and at that hour the day had, as usual, shaken off the mist and turned hot beyond compare. It was when the sunshine was flaming in most fur-

iously at the windows, that there made its appearance a species of plum-pudding literally blazing with lighted spirits, for which the *chef* must have employed naphtha or oil of turpentine at the least. Unlike what I must henceforth regard as the unseasonable and effete ceremonial with brandy at a Christmas dinner, the sparks at Urach flew about for I do not know how long, and singed both the sides of the pudding and the hands of the two waiters in a manner frightful to behold.

We had during my visit great doings there. Two stout generals of the German Bund, with appropriate aides-de-camp, in a fair way to become stout enough in time to fill their present superior's waistcoats, drove up while we were at dinner, and forthwith there assembled a military band, and serenaded the warrior chieftains through a multitude of dishes for an hour or so. For that space of time the whole population of Urach remained collected in the market-place, the girls laughing and whispering, children playing and quarrelling, and old men listening, just as in a scene in a German opera. After dinner the satiated heroes and their satellites adjourned to the greenest of meadows, and there a miniature army formed into platoons and broke and formed again, the glens and dells all round panting and throbbing with the echoes of their musketry. I had strolled, after coffee, up to the wide-spread ruins of Hohen Urach, famous to the German mind for the death of the poet Nicodemus Frischlin. On the one side was Urach, compact, and with the sound of carpenters' hammers rising clearly from the old church full of carved wood and stone, where I hope they are preparing to obliterate the signs of churchwardenly taste, of which I find England cannot boast a monopoly: on the other side rose many hills, which enclosed on three sides, according to the custom of this country, deep green meadows. I could also see, far below, a hut camp, and near it acres covered with bleaching linen, which at first I imagined (and was startled at it) to be German soldiers' linen, but which doubtless belonged to one of the manufactories, which about Urach, as about Reutlingen, are seated by the streams, but without soiling the purity of these greenest of landscapes, or, apparently, killing the trout.

An exquisite woodland path led me from the summit to the meadow below, which was shared by manœuvring troops and mowers deep in waves of hay. It is closed on two sides by beechwoods swarming up the hill, and at its mouth by Hohen Urach and its great skeleton of a fortress, now surmounted by many bowery trees, while at the upper end rise crags over which falls a silvery waterfall.

The scene, in the tender evening glow, had a delicate grace which is indescribable, so largely was the loveliness due to harmonious combination of many gradual lights and shades and tremulous touches of tint and form. The fall itself is, in its kind, like the Staubbach; a sight to be sneered at by those who know how in Scotland ever and anon a real river comes tumbling down the rocks, but not by the rest of the world. For my part, being of an imaginative turn, I stood in a stalactite-hung recess under it, with the same feelings, I presume, as men stand under Niagara, and I certainly got wetted as do they. Its birth-place as a waterfall is a semicircle, halfway up the dwarf mountain, with rocky precipices above and around, and groups of beeches sprinkling the grassy area. What a place would Urach be for a German bath, if the chemists would only discover some mineral springs hereabouts! It has all the necessary *properties*: a castle, waterfall, mountains, forests, meadows, and ravines, and even antiquities, all ready to hand, and in inexhaustible variety. The burghers seem aware of their advantages, and you find friendly finger-posts guiding you to the best points of view, with trim forest roads in every direction, and benches, and, in the plateau by the fall, clumps of ornamental shrubs planted by official hands. Who, the most bigoted amateur of untrodden valleys and towns yet unknown to Weld and White, could spurn luxuries like these, let alone Vesuvian puddings, when connoting, unless these pages bring them, no Anglo-Saxon tourists, but only an æsthetic student from Tübingen, or a comfortable native *negociant*, combining pleasure with business, and over his wine talking of having come "over the mountains" from Reutlingen, as though just fresh from the Jungfrau or Monte Rosa!

The valley, up to within a couple of miles of Urach, is too wide to be picturesque, though it is pleasant enough for a walk when people are in a happy humour. Beyond Dettingen, indeed, with its parti-coloured steeple, the half circle of hills about and on the other side of Urach, with the noble ruin enthroned in the centre, looks full of promise. But the most striking scenes open up beyond the town. The day after my arrival I made an excursion to Hohenneufen. The road led me for an hour up a narrow glen with many beeches, which, however, as well as the cliffs, from an unpardonable mistake of the pioneers in choosing the site of the path, threw their shade on the wrong side. A hot bit of table-land succeeded, without any shade except from fitful ranges of piled-up logs, and in the midst lay basking and sweltering the "long unlovely

street" of dirty Dorf Hülben, whose most surprising wealth in manure heaps suggested the Green Isle of the Ocean. When this ended, there dawned upon me a far swimming prospect over a vast sunlit plain to the left, towards which a deep road cut in the mountain-side descends abruptly. As, however, I found that this was fast carrying me right away from the tower and grey walls of Hohenneufen, which had been long greeting me on the side of the opposite hill, I started aside over brooks and ploughed fields, braving the extreme penalties of the law, and fines, it may be, of full four and sixpence, and at last found myself close to the castle. I confess to having indulged in immense jubilation at my mingled courage and sagacity in daring a short cut, which, alas, I have so often found a long one, till, on returning, my triumph was cruelly dashed by discovering a side path, by which, had I been less prematurely enterprising, I might have reached my destination in half the time, and without any need for despair or ploughed fields. But that knowledge was a thing of the future. What I saw before me was a vast dismantled fortress, occupying on the hills a space which was almost precipitous on three sides, and on the fourth is connected with a range of heights by a long narrow *saddle-bow*. The ruins, which cover a great space, show the fort to have been none of your robber knights' puny lurking-places, as those on the Rhine or the Neckar, but designed to embrace roomy barracks and ladies' bowers, and dungeons too. The view is wide enough to make one dizzy. It ranges over a vast plain, or what seems one, into which the castle-crowned promontory advances proudly. I counted twenty-two red-tiled towns and villages, all visible at a glance, intersected by vineyards, orchards, woods, and fields, while the sounds of human toil and children's mingled laughter and crying, and the sweet chimes of a little church on the plain, I think, at Neufen, fluttered lightly up to where I stood.

The next morning was market day at Urach. The Platz was crowded with piles of oats, and with meat and sacks of fruit. But just as all the world was streaming into Urach, it occurred to me that other duties made it incumbent upon me to leave off being serenely comfortable amidst Suabian orchards. So away I hurried into the outer world, leaving behind me regretfully the prettiest valleys that I have ever seen, and doomed for weeks after to be haunted by memories of mysterious pathways straying off into cool woodland retreats far away from the hot sunshine, and towards villages with names breathing the very essence of apples and gables. WILLIAM STEBBING.

A LOVE TALE.

BY AN OLD FOGGY.



I AM an old fogey of a bachelor, the worse luck for me ; it's not my fault, though. I was in love once, deeply, desperately—too deeply to love again ; but I am not going to maunder

over that story ; I merely mention the fact to show that notwithstanding these scanty grey hairs, matter-of-fact face, and solid business habits, I do understand the workings of the

"tender passion." Looking at my face, you would never imagine the madcap, illogical things I did at that period of my life. There is a lot of solemn old fogies who go to town in the same omnibus with me every morning; I often wonder whether they ever did the wild things I was guilty of. Now I detest talking in an omnibus—a top-of-the-voice dialogue jolted into falsetto—so I frequently amuse myself with meditating upon my fellow-passengers. I know they fancy I am thinking about Consols or indigo, and such matters; but no, I fix my thoughts on the face of one of them, perhaps I know the man in business, and then I picture his home life; there he sits in the omnibus, stately, starched, and grand; there are clerks and business honours grimly awaiting him in the city—I wonder whether he snubs and bullies in the household as he does at his office? or whether that starched pomposity crumbles away in the majestic presence of madam, his wife?

I dine with one or two of these men at their houses, not that I particularly care for them or they for me; but it is convenient on both sides to be friendly, so I become somewhat acquainted with their home life, and participate in their conversation, which is "city" transferred to the dining and drawing room, interlarded on the lady's part with Morning Post fashion. Now, though all this is dull enough, it affords food for amusing speculation.

I meet my host Brown in the omnibus. I have known Brown for years; his conversation has never varied in subject: it becomes a question whether he ever did talk on any other matter than business; well, admitting that he did, those matters were doubtless not very edifying, or he would talk about them now; they most likely consisted of "life about town" or sporting talk, which were discarded when the youth solidified into the business-man. In all probability my friend did not marry until he became a business-man, and I am forced into a curious inquiry as to what he talked about when he was courting. It is always held that love gives a poetic colouring to life, but then the elements in my friend's mind for love to work upon must have been so very meagre; nevertheless I fall to and try to construct a love conversation based upon Consols and shares, exports and imports, indigo, and light French goods.

I fall into a sort of day-dream over this idea, which the conductor at last destroys by the magic word "Bank," and I laugh as I fumble for the sixpence.

"What's the joke?" asks Brown, with his solemn face.

"A bit of nonsense that won't bear the

telling," I reply; and we trudge a hundred yards or so in the direction of our respective offices, Brown dinning into my ears the merits of that "capital thing" in which I must take shares—ought really to be a director—"The Patent Traction Steam Omnibus Company, Limited."

Brown was bent upon that company, and he was always boring me to be a director, but I was doubtful of the principle. A brougham bound from Grosvenor Place to Hyde Park, poled in the transverse current of Knightsbridge by an ordinary omnibus is bad enough, but athwart a steam omnibus with its relentless mechanical propulsion, why, the brougham would be a crushed bandbox in a moment—and then, last not least, Brown did not succeed in convincing me about dividends; so before I did anything I decided to talk the matter well over with my great chum, Harry Smith.

This friend of mine is a young fellow in whom I take the greatest interest, and whom I try to push as much as I can in business; he's in and out of my office half a dozen times a day; we are the greatest friends in the world, though there is five-and-thirty years or more difference in our ages. I may as well say who he is: he is the son of the lady I loved so well; both his parents died long ago. I took a fancy to him before I knew who he was; he is a noble, handsome fellow, with his mother's blue eyes, light hair, fine complexion, and delicate features; at some moments he becomes the very image of her, and then I am obliged to busy myself with my glasses and the ledgers—but I'm getting stupid! Well, as I said before, we two are very intimate, and always confide to one another our different business plans. I asked him what he thought of Brown's company. He hummed and hawed and did not know what to advise either way. "Come," said I, "to please Brown, I'll take five-and-twenty shares; no great loss if the thing does not pay; but mind you don't speculate in it, Harry."

"I have taken twenty-five shares myself," he answered.

"What on earth for?—you haven't yet made up your mind whether it is a good thing or not."

"Why, you see, Brown asked me."

"Fiddlesticks! Brown ought to be ashamed of himself, leading you into doubtful speculations. I'll take your shares instead of buying myself."

"But I don't like to sell; Brown will think——"

I was rather puzzled to discover why Harry should care so much for Brown; but I hit the

truth at last—Harry was in love with Miss Fanny Brown.

"My boy," said I, "I fear this is an uphill business; Brown is such an infernally purse-proud fellow, he'll never think you rich enough."

"Fanny has given her promise to me."

"Well, Harry, we'll do our best in the affair. Just step round to Brown's office, say I'm too busy to come myself, tell him to put me down as a director, and say I'll take a hundred shares in the omnibus company."

Harry pressed my hand very hard and hurried off.

"Poor boy," I thought to myself. "I trust it is not a very serious business; I know Brown will never let him have his daughter."

In a quarter of an hour, Harry burst with glee into my office; "Father," said he,—he sometimes calls me father—"Brown is so pleased; he's asked us to dine with him to-morrow, quite in a friendly way, to talk over the company. I was to be sure and tell you it was only a family dinner."

"We will go by all means, Harry."

"You dear good friend!" said he, clasping my hand, "I must tell you all about it."

"But I'm very busy, my boy." I might as well have tried to stop an express train with my hands.

It was the old story; fresh and new to Harry as the words fell from his fluent lips. Bless the lad! he thought his love tale, his experiences, were quite novel, that mortal had never uttered the like before—it was just as if some one were telling me my own love story, word for word, with the names changed. A young man with next to nothing had fallen deeply in love with the daughter of rich parents—they two had sworn eternal fidelity. How Harry clung to that pledge! He knew she would be true to him! I looked up at his face, I saw how hopeful and confident he was—well-a-day, years ago I too had been very hopeful, very confident, but—

"Why, father," he exclaimed, "how weak your eyes are."

"They are not so young as they were, Harry," I replied, glad of the excuse; "I don't think these glasses quite suit me. So, my boy, you haven't said anything to Brown yet?"

"Why, I haven't had a good opportunity, but perhaps to-morrow night—" he answered, hesitatingly.

It was agreed that Harry should call for me at my little bachelor box at Bayswater, and that we should go together to Brown's. He came at the appointed moment; the fellow never looked handsomer in his life; we did not

speak much as we drove along. I recollect thinking that Brown ought to be proud of such a son-in-law.

I know that I was very nervous when we arrived at Brown's, and I fancy Harry was also. There was a look of greater display about the house than a "family dinner" required, for although Brown is as rich as Cræsus, he is an essentially mean man, and never makes a display unless it is advantageous to do so.

Mrs. Brown was in the drawing-room, and received us with cold stateliness. Her dress was a magnificent triumph of cost over taste, and her manner told me in a moment that she had never intended us to be invited. Presently in came Brown and his daughter. Brown was very cordial in his manner, only I could see he did not mean it; he was profusely polite to Harry, engaging him in eager conversation, which prevented Harry from more than saying "How d'ye do?" to Fanny, who sat some way apart. She really is a very pretty girl, a charming figure, dark hair, dark pensive eyes, a nose delicately *retroussé*—I wish I could describe faces; I can't, I can only say it was a face that went to your heart and stopped there—the red roses twined in that dark hair, and the misty white dress, it was a pretty sight, even to my old eyes—it must have driven Harry half wild to have to listen to this and that "spec." instead of talking to her. I endeavoured to rescue him, but Mrs. Brown kept me engaged in conversation.

Presently, bang bang! bang bang! at the house door.

In a moment Mrs. Brown's stately aspect forsook her, she grew very nervous, and Brown fidgeted about the room in an anxious manner.

The Honourable Mrs. Denby and Mr. Denby were announced.

They appeared to be mother and son, and were evidently people of great account, Mr. and Mrs. Brown being so wonderfully deferential in their greeting. I could see Mr. Denby's well-bred lip curl beneath the overwhelming attentions of Mrs. Brown; as for Brown himself, his head was totally lost—he introduced us under wrong names, talked wildly and at random about the weather, and at last subsided into hopeless silence on a spider chair.

Mrs. Denby's easy manner lulled the assiduous of Mrs. Brown, and they sat confidentially talking on a sofa, whence the murmur of a conversation fell on my ears which was studded with rich words—"Lord, Lady, Earl, Countess, Duke, Duchess, Court, Queen, feathers, trains, diamonds, carriages, Morning Post."

As for that fellow Denby, I took a dislike

to the man at once ; there was a superciliousness about him that greatly annoyed me.

Dinner was announced ; Brown's head was off again.

To my astonishment I was thrust halfway towards the door with Mrs. Denby on my arm ; Harry in the scramble had got hold of Fanny ; when a false start was declared, the order of the company was changed, and Fanny was assigned to Denby.

"Treat you quite in a friendly way !" said Brown, pompously, addressing the company generally. I was out of patience to hear the man talk such nonsense. It was a most elaborate dinner ; the table was arranged with ware of the Copeland or Minton order, charming fancies, delicately modelled, crowned with flower and fruit superstructures.

"Quite in a friendly way, ma'am," said Brown, addressing Mrs. Denby specially. I could see the smile which Mrs. Denby took care to hide from her host ; she was evidently a woman of great tact ; in a few minutes Brown was talking to her quite at his ease about the Stock Exchange.

Harry sat between Mrs. Denby and myself, she contrived to draw him into conversation—poor boy ! I could see he was ill at ease ; the centre ornament of the table completely shut him out from Fanny, who sat opposite with Denby.

I declare I was quite angry at the way that fellow Denby kept on talking to Fanny ; I could see he completely bored her. I tried to divert his conversation to myself. I spoke to him upon every subject I could think of, but he only vouchsafed polite monosyllables to me, and still kept on conversing with Fanny, and then Mrs. Brown attacked me on the flank and forced me to listen to her.

"Did I know Lord This That ? a very handsome man ! and Lady The Other, such a beautiful woman ! didn't I think so ? and then her cousin the Countess of What's-her-name."

I told Mrs. Brown I was not acquainted with any of these people, but nothing could stop her conversation about fashionable folks ; it was positively as if the whole of Burke's Peerage were fermenting in her head, every other word she uttered was a title, and then she would appeal on doubtful points to Mrs. Denby, and to my surprise Brown himself chimed into the conversation and talked very glibly of high people. Why, I could recollect the time when he sneered at aristocracies and great folks, and wanted to make short work of the House of Lords.

I was determined, however, not to be diverted from my resolution of breaking up Denby's conversation with Fanny. I based my

attack upon the Danish question, and went from thence to diplomacy in general ; at last I observed that he began to listen to me with attention. My opinions are adverse to our present system of diplomacy, and I expressed them freely ; my sarcastic strictures appeared to amuse Mr. Denby, when suddenly, to my surprise, Brown bridled up fiercely in favour of the present system, and in a somewhat hectoring manner tried to controvert all I said. Brown quite puzzled me. I recollected, when he belonged to the Administrative Reform Association, that the inefficiency of our diplomacy was his pet point, but the secret came out on my appealing to Mr. Denby for his support.

"Well," said that gentleman, speaking in a perfectly unconcerned manner, "I am aware that there are certain anomalies in the system——"

"There !" said I triumphantly to Brown.

"But," continued he, "with regard to the gross stupidity, as you are pleased to term it, of the persons employed in the diplomatic service, it is scarcely becoming that I should give an opinion either way, having myself had the honour of belonging to that service for many years."

Confound the fellow ! I had to stammer out some stupid apology, which he received with irritating politeness.

I was never so wearied of an affair in my life, and was quite relieved when the ladies left us.

All this time Brown had been gradually getting quite at his ease. I take it that dinner is a great democrat and leveller of distinctions ; a participation in the same *entrée* is a declaration of that humanity which belongs alike to great dukes and insignificant commoners. Dinner, at least, had this effect upon Brown ; he became quite at home with Denby, calling him "My boy ! Old fellow !" toasting him as future chairman of the Steam Omnibus Company. I could see that Denby winced under all this, but he was just as polite as his mother.

"It must be that the man is hard up and wants to borrow money," I thought ; "that's the meaning, too, of all the attention he has been paying to Brown's daughter." At last Brown grew supremely confidential, and informed us of the cost of all the prominent objects in the room, from the big pine and fine dessert service on the table, to the black old masters on the walls.

At length a move was made for the drawing-room ; the two younger gentlemen had departed, and I was about to follow them, when Brown playfully detained me by the tails of my coat, and then, as I was such an old friend,

he confided to me his plan for marrying his daughter to Denby, who was, he told me, old Lord Debtford's nephew, and would succeed to the title on the death of the present lord. "And a peer's name as chairman of a company gives such a genuine look to the concern," chuckled Brown, patting me on the back. "Denby has not got a penny, but I am rich enough to buy a coronet for my daughter."

I could not trust myself to answer him; I was never more agitated in my life than when I entered the drawing-room. I found that Fanny was looking at some photographs which Harry was turning over for her, Mrs. Denby was also looking at the same photographs with great attention. I felt that that clever lady had discovered the real state of affairs. Denby was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Brown. I joined myself to the photograph party, and stood racking my head to find something that would entertain Mrs. Denby, and so allow the lovers a few words, but my lips were glued together and my head was a great blank. At last to my relief Brown came up and requested his daughter to sing; she readily obeyed, and went to the pianoforte accompanied by Harry. I made a strong effort, and feigned intense enthusiasm for a photograph which was before Mrs. Denby.

"Magnificent effect, that doorway!" said I; "light and shade wonderful! the details perfect!" I was watching the lovers all the time I spoke; they were making the selection of the music an excuse for a few words.

"Very cleverly executed," said Mrs. Denby, in reply to my observations. "I recollect the scene perfectly, Venice." I glanced down at her, she was not looking at the photograph. her eyes were also devoted to the lovers. "Frederick," she exclaimed, addressing her son. "Mrs. Brown, would you be kind enough to allow him? I want him to ask your daughter to sing that favourite song of mine, by Edward Lear, Tennyson's words, 'Farewell,' I think it's called," and giving her son a significant glance, she took his place beside Mrs. Brown. Denby went immediately to the pianoforte. I declare I was in such a rage, I could almost have quarrelled with the man, when Brown came up and would make me listen to some stupid story. At last Harry left the pianoforte and whispered to me that we had better go, that our remaining was merely a useless distress to Fanny. We took leave with as good grace as possible. I could see triumph in Mrs. Denby's grey eyes as I bowed to her, and I saw how intently she watched Fanny as the girl hurriedly snatched her hand from Harry's lingering grasp.

We agreed that the only thing was for Harry

to write to Brown immediately. When we got to my cottage I persuaded the boy to come in and stop the night. I lighted the candles in my little sanctum. Harry sat down at the table pen in hand. I took up a book which I pretended to read in my arm-chair, but I was watching him all the time. He wrote and tore up, and wrote again, till the pen trembled in his hand. It came back to me with wonderful clearness, that night of my life when I had been engaged in writing a letter of the same kind. I sympathised in the agitating feverish anxiety which beset him, for I had experienced it years before.

"I can't tell what to write to Brown!" he exclaimed; "do try and assist me." I put down my book and came close to him. I dictated a sentence which he wrote. "That's just what I wanted to say!" he exclaimed. The words seemed strangely familiar to me; I looked over his shoulder at what he had written. I remembered it in a moment, they were the words of my own letter years ago. "Do go on!" said he, anxiously. It was not the want of words that kept me silent—the old words were ready enough on my tongue; I was puzzling out new thoughts and words; I could find no new thoughts, every sentence insensibly shaped itself to the old form; he kept urging me to dictate, and in the end there was my old letter rewritten, as it seemed to me, word for word.

It was with sad feelings that I conned over that letter to make corrections, Harry looking at it with the young feelings and young eyes with which I had looked at my former letter years ago. I suppose it was a tolerably good letter in its way, because Harry declared it expressed exactly what he had wished to say.

"It's all so true, so convincing!" he exclaimed. "That part where you hint at the uncertainty of wealth, the little value of high worldly position when life is so short—considerations like those must influence even a man like Brown!"

Well, I could recollect in my day that I had scanned over and over again that bit of moralizing, and its incontestable truth had seemed, to my anxious eyes, certain to turn *her* father's heart, but the longer I now looked at the words through my glasses, the more trite and unsatisfactory did they become.

I told him he must not be too sanguine.

"But that part of the letter is so true," he urged, with confidence.

"Quite true," I replied. "Why there's not a man living who would not readily confess that life was very short, that death makes quick ending of social distinctions; but you must not think that Brown's readiness to ac-

knowledge that proposition will make one jot of difference to his thirst for worldly position and wealth."

He looked at me with mixed surprise and sadness.

"No, no, my boy," I continued; "logic is very pretty, but it don't rule men's lives. However, we may just as well chance the letter, only I don't want you to build too hopefully upon its effect."

So the letter was sent to Brown; Harry gave me Brown's answer to read a day or two after in my office. I read the result I had feared in his countenance, he was striving to be so very calm and self-possessed. Well, Brown's reply was very like the answer I had received years ago; I suppose in these love matters there is a set of stereotyped forms supplied to men's minds which they use and modify at their need. I thought to myself whether it would be any use for me to see Brown, and before I could determine whether it would be any use or not, I was off.

It happened I was the very man Brown wanted to see, he had been on the point of sending for me, he had wished to have a talk about the Company; he had made an appointment with Denby, who would be with us in a few minutes. That man's name started me on my subject at once. I scarcely recollect the details of our conversation, I was so greatly excited; I believe in my desire to move him I recounted my own history, my early love and disappointment; how it had cankered my existence, the sorrow which had attended *her* marriage with the man she disliked. Brown stared at me with surprise in his stolid face. "You," said he, "you, such a plain, practical, business-man, I could not have believed it!" Brown was not to be changed. I promised to give Harry money, declared I would treat him as my son, but all in vain; and then I found I was talking in the strain of my letter about the vanity of wealth. I told him that we were both of us old, and I asked him if we were not sure to die in a few years?"

"Certainly," he replied, with solemnity; "whenever God wills."

And then I asked him what was the worth, for the last few years of our lives, of feasting great folks who did not care twopence for us, and figuring at the tail of the list in the "Morning Post?"

Of course he took care to evade the answer, and this greatly provoked my anger, which was very absurd, considering what I had said on the subject to Harry; but a man can't be perfectly consistent at all times. I abruptly took leave of Brown, ruffled in temper, yet comforted in the conviction that if Harry's case was

beyond my mending, Brown had at least heard a few words of wholesome truth.

I must say that Harry behaved admirably under the circumstances; I made him come and stay at my house. He was very silent and thoughtful, we were neither of us inclined for much talking, and when he did speak it was not about his love affair. I had not been quite myself for the last month or so, and I declared that my doctor had recommended me a change to the German baths, for I was anxious to get him away from London. He readily consented to be my companion, and we began to make arrangements for our tour. But Harry, after all, was not destined to be my companion on the continent this year. Three days after my interview with Brown, Harry burst into my room with a letter; he could not utter a word; he thrust the letter into my hand, it ran thus:—

"DEAR HARRY,—Papa and mamma have consented to our marriage; come this evening.

"Ever yours,

"FANNY BROWN."

Harry declared it was Fanny's writing: for the moment I almost thought it must be some wretched hoax. Harry did go to the Browns in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very polite, though cold, but the marriage was agreed to.

I can safely affirm I was never more puzzled in my life than to discover the reason why the Browns had given their consent. I apologised to Brown for the warmth of my language; he was very polite, but cold, so was Mrs. Brown; their manner was just the same to Harry, and they evidently wished us both at the bottom of the sea. Harry, generous-like, would have it that my conversation with Brown, or perhaps a second reading of the letter, had touched their hearts; but this solution was not satisfactory to me. We went the day before the wedding to dine at Brown's with the lawyer. I am a trustee and so forth in the matter, and I had to sign a mass of parchment, which took the lawyer a good half hour to mumble over, the purport of which appeared to be that everybody had assigned their property to somebody else, and that somebody, I could not discover who, was regularly to pay the dividends half-yearly to nobody. I protest I should have had some doubts about putting my signature to such a confused heap of words had not Brown's lawyer who happens to be my lawyer too, clearly explained to me in five minutes at his office what it afterwards took him half an hour to mystify.

Harry was to sleep at my cottage that night,

and we left Brown's house together. He was in excellent spirits, so was I too; but happiness at my time of life always makes me rather sedate and meditative. I observed every now and then that Harry broke into a hearty laugh, which rather jarred upon my feelings. "What's the joke, my boy?" I inquired at last.

"I've found out why the Browns gave in," he replied.

"Out with it, Harry," said I impatiently.

"You will never be able to look Brown in the face without laughing."

"I don't mind, if that's to be the only penalty."

"Well," said he, "when my letter arrived at the Browns' there was a tremendous disturbance; they tried every method to make Fanny give me up—coaxing, persuading, threatening. Mrs. Denby, too, was brought up to the attack, and very skillfully did she allude to the effect Fanny's youth and beauty would make in the great world, and all the court and honour that would be paid her. One morning Mrs. Brown discovered that I had written several letters to Fanny; these she confiscated, and carefully placed under lock and key in her own particular and sacred desk."

I felt indignant at this; but Harry, to my great surprise, only laughed.

"The evening of that day," he continued, "Fanny was by herself in the back drawing-room, when her father suddenly entered with the packet of letters in his hand, which he requested her to return to me herself, and also to write a note saying that our affair had come to an end. Fanny of course expostulated, and then Mr. Brown said that he had just glanced at one or two of the letters as he came down from Mrs. Brown's room, and that he had never read such precious stuff."

I declared that Brown had no right to read the letters.

"I think perhaps he had," said Harry, bursting into a positive fit of laughter. "He declared they were precious stuff, recollect that—love in a cottage, and that sort of folly. Presently he took up another letter, and after fumbling at it with his glasses, he exclaimed in a state of great indignation, 'Why, Fanny, this is too bad! scandalous! the fellow positively asks you to run away!'"

"Harry," said I, seriously, "you never told me about this running-off scheme—you must know that I don't approve of such things."

"Fanny would never have agreed," he replied.

"Then I am surprised that you should have written such a letter."

"Fanny was surprised too, I can assure you;

she snatched the letter from her father's hand and took it to the light of the window."

"Whose is this letter, papa?" she exclaimed.

"It's not Harry's handwriting!"

"Don't tell me!" said Mr. Brown, angrily.

"Why, papa! it can't be; yes, yes it is though, here's the date; why, it must be a letter of yours to mamma!"

"The fact is," continued Harry, who was almost choked with laughing, "Mr. Brown had been all the while criticising his own love-letters, which Mrs. Brown had in the confusion of the moment and darkness of the room taken from her desk instead of mine."

"Fanny says, she was at first somewhat puzzled by the writing, her father's hand having so greatly changed since he wrote those letters, when he was quite a young man."

Harry went on to say that Brown was overwhelmed with astonishment, and could not be brought for a long time to believe that he had ever written the letters, declaring, notwithstanding the evidence of the writing, that he never could have been such a fool. Mrs. Brown was equally astonished; she managed with some difficulty to call to mind that many years previously she had sorted out some old letters, burning some and keeping others. It was evident she had preserved Mr. Brown's early letters, though she had quite forgotten having done so.

It gradually transpired that Mr. and Mrs. Brown's early attachment had been most imprudent in a worldly point of view—that they had absolutely married without a penny, and had to be supported by relations for some years.

This sudden resurrection of long-buried feelings and sentiments had its effect on Mrs. Brown; in addition to that, the old arguments which had been used against Fanny were no longer available; and at last, after many entreaties, Mr. and Mrs. Brown reluctantly gave up their cherished plan of forming a grand alliance for their daughter.

Harry and Fanny were married the next day. Mrs. Brown wept immensely; everybody said it was so natural, a mother losing her daughter. Mr. Brown declared "it was the happiest day of his life," but he looked most grievously solemn: there would be no coronet for Fanny, and no reflected honour for himself. I prayed very earnestly for the happiness of both, and I was very thankful that *her* son had married the woman of his love. They have gone to Switzerland. I must say they are very good; they have written to me several times, but I shall be glad when they return, for I miss Harry sadly.

G. U. S.

THE WHALER FLEET.



FULL merrily sail'd our whaler fleet
 When the wind blew out to sea ;
 And many a one came forth to greet
 Each good ship's company.

For there was the Dove and the Good Intent
 (How the wind blew out to sea !)
 And the Polly o' Sleights with her bran-new sails;
 But the Mary Jane for me !

Oh, Captain Thwaites of the Mary Jane,
 When the wind blew out to sea,
 Full many a time his ship had sail'd,
 Full many a time had he.

He has Jack of Grosmont and Tom o' the staith,
 (How the wind blew out to sea !)
 And Handsome Jim from Hayburn Wyke ;
 But 'twas Robin Hood Will for me.

My Willy he kiss'd me before them all,
When the wind blew out to sea;
My Willy he stood the last on deck
A-waving his cap to me.

So off they sail'd out over the main,
While the wind blew out to sea;
Till the ice was all under their beamed bows,
And the ice drove under their lee.

The months they went and the months they came,
And the wind blew hard at sea;
And many a time in the stormy nights
My mammy she wept with me.

But when the harvest moon came round,
And the wind blew in from sea,
'Twas merrily came our whaler fleet
All home from the north country.

The folk they call'd and the folk they ran,
And the wind blew in from sea;
From the thick of the town to the lighthouse tower,
'Twas throng as throng could be.

I saw them atop of the old church stairs,
When the wind blew in from sea;
And the waves danced under their beamed bows,
And the foam flew under their lee.

I saw them at foot of the old church stairs,
When the wind blew in from sea;
And the foremost ship of our whaler fleet
Was rounding the lighthouse quay.

Oh there's the Dove and the Good Intent,
(Still the wind blows in from sea),
And the red red sails of the Polly o' Sleights—
Her men are plain to see.

Now every each hath pass'd the bar,
And the winds blows in from sea;
And every each in harbour lies,
Right up against the quay.

But where, oh where, is the Mary Jane,
Now the wind blows in from sea?
There's many a lad hath clipt his lass,
And when doth my lad clip me?

"Oh tell me where is the Mary Jane,
For the wind blows in from sea?"
"The Mary Jane went down by her head
With all her company!"

Now take me home to my mammy so dear,
Though the wind blows in from sea;
There's never a billow rolls over my lad,
But I wish it roll'd over me!

And take me home, for I care not now
If the wind blows in from sea:
My Willy he lies in the deeps of the dead,
But his heart lives on in me.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

AN ICE CAVERN IN THE JUSTIS- THAL.

FIVE o'clock. The morning magnificent. I had heard the rain pattering down during the night, and had fallen asleep under the uneasy impression that our excursion for the ensuing day would be forcibly postponed by one of those caprices of nature which we feeble creatures of circumstance cannot control.

Five o'clock, however, came, and a gentle tap at my bed-room door: "Fine morning, mein herr; the mists are creeping up the sides of the Stockhorn and Niesen, the Blumli-Alps are clear as glass, whilst a rosy light behind the Shreckhorn and Jungfrau throw them out into glorious relief; there'll not be a spot of rain to-day."

"Gut," I replied, "and in the twinkle of an eye I'll be amongst you."

The day was propitious for our excursion, and we were determined that it should take place.

What tourist, nay, what stay-at-home, has not heard of Thun and its beautiful lake, set like a burnished mirror in the midst of the lofty mountains of the Bernese Oberland? What visitor of Swiss scenery has not floated upon its clear green bosom, lost in transports at the chain of splendid landscapes which stretch along its shores? But not every one who has once visited this charming water has heard of, much less seen, the wonders that lie far up in the recesses of those hills which he admires while passing beneath their shadows in the routine steamer. It was one of these wonders that we were determined to explore on the day of which I speak, and to which it is my pleasant duty to introduce the reader.

I was as good as my word. In the twinkling of an eye I was busy amongst a company of busy-bodies occupied at the boat station on the banks of the river, taking their places, handing in provisions, calling for cloaks, looking after a stray friend, settling the oars, erecting the sail, preparing the rudder, unloosing the rope, laughing, talking, jesting, singing, yawning, running, standing, waiting. At length the signal was given, and a strong pull and a long pull sent the boat off from land. It requires, however, many a long pull and many a strong pull to make head against the Aar that here, more like a torrent than a river, comes rushing out of the lake. But *nil desperandum*. We plied ourselves like Trojans, and were soon clear of the Schadau, and out upon the smooth, softly-flowing burnished water. And here what a magnificent picture burst upon us! What pen, what pencil, not dipped in light, can describe it? The broad breast of the lake lay before us, tinted with rose colour. On the left the lofty wooded heights, which, indented with valleys and defiles, overhang the town and sweep away eastward, swelling larger and mightier till they break in abrupt and rocky grandeur upon the Justis-Thal, were overspread with a deep purple flush, as the darkness, contending with the light, infused its sombre colours into the morning hues. On the opposite shore the sun had full

play, and poured down a deluge of brilliance upon the fir-forests that clothed the plains or level spaces at the feet of the craggy Stockhorn, or the ponderous pyramid of the Niesen. How beautiful, too, are the grassy intervals up the hill-side, where a stray pine looks no bigger than a bush, and the hospitable chalet than a doll's house ! Nor shall I forget you, ye glorious mountains, veiled in everlasting snows, and encompassed about with impenetrable solitude ! Shreckhorn, Eigher, Mönch, Jungfrau—how gloriously shone ye out into the azure zenith ! How calmly ye threw your long shadows upon the lake. "Surely," I exclaimed, "in the region of silence, where not the fall of the avalanche is heard, and far above the turbulent mutterings of the thunder—there, there must be peace. With you there must be rest."

"Rest ! pshaw, man," broke in Crypps upon my soliloquy. "Rest—don't you know rest was never meant for mortals ? Listen to Paddy's song :—

There was a young man in Ballinacrazy,
He wanted a wife for to make him unaisy :

logical proof that rest ain't one of the conditions of mortality."

I wished Crypps anywhere than at my elbow ; but—ah, hy-the-bye—but I hear the reader exclaim, "Who is Crypps ? and besides, sir, you promised us a list of your crew."

"True. Then you shall have it ; and, as Crypps has thus unceremoniously introduced himself, he shall be first described."

The Hon. Weldon Crypps was a Cambridge student, who during the long vacation had found his way to Switzerland in company with some fellow-students, who were resolved to read hard under a regular tutor, and enjoy the benefits of travel at the same time. He was an excellent fellow in his way, but would have offended against the proprieties less if he had not constantly worn a white hat and light green gloves, and ogled one all day long with an eye-glass. Nothing is more discouraging than to have the essence of a monocular glance focussed upon one. Two eyes being, according to the eternal fitness of things, the etiquette of nature, a pair of spectacles does not seem so much out of the way ; but a glass, a Cyclopean glass, *à la* Dundreary, is to me intolerable. Crypps was, I should however observe, full of fun and chaff and practical joking, though the mischief was innocent enough. He often said a smart thing, which readily went down with the ladies, who kindly mistook him for a wit. Of the rest of the company I should say there were two fair damsels who had been persuaded to join in the enterprise of climbing the moun-

tains by the gay and lively eloquence of Crypps. They came under the protection of an uncle, an opulent alderman of London, who, being exceptional and of small proportions, fancied himself sufficiently agile and in proper condition enough to contend against the arduous difficulties of the day to oblige his nieces. A Frenchman, a German, two guides, and an amusing droll, some three feet and a half high (who, we were assured, had numbered some five-and-thirty summers, and whom we secured to look after the cloaks and the provisions), formed the complement of the party.

One idiosyncratic trait in Crypps's spiritual, mental, or physical organisation I must not omit—a trait I charitably place under the category of "innocent mischief." He always delighted in sports that created alarm in others. To be out on the water in a small boat with a prodigious sail, to be attended by a ferocious terrier which even its master could not always keep under subjection, to ride the most spirited horses, to mount the most dangerous and inaccessible paths and pinnacles—always, be it observed, if there were persons present whose interest in him was sufficient to give them a world of pain and anxiety for his safety—was "nuts" and "fun" to him. On the present occasion, he had resolved that our progress should not be unaccompanied with those honours which are accorded to the great and the glorious ; so, no sooner were we fairly free from the current than he drew from his pocket a huge horse-pistol, and informed us of his intention of practising "duck and drake" along the surface of the water with sundry bullets he had safely stored in a leathern pouch. The ladies, with natural consistency, at once set up a scream of horror ; the alderman protested that he had never been within earshot of a loaded pistol ; the Frenchman and the German respectively ejaculated "Mon Dieu" and "Donner und Blitz ;" whilst I, jammed in miserable proximity to my eccentric friend, in vain tried to argue him into a sense of the dangers of an explosion. Crypps was never more himself than on this, to us, trying occasion. To say that he was calm would be to depreciate him. He smiled, he bowed with the most winning blandness, entreated us not to dream of accident, assured us we were out for a day's pleasure, explained how innocent an amusement it was to shoot the tops of the wavelets, and ended by giving an unexpected practical confirmation of his assertion. The report of the discharge had no sooner thrilled through our nerves than Crypps was nearly capsizing the boat by leaning over its side to point out in what exquisite style the bullet went skimming.

along the water. Poor Amelia, and poor Julia—it required all the collected powers of the Hon. Weldon himself to calm them. They would have fainted had they had time; but without an interval of delay another report, and another bullet scampering over the waves, arrested their attention and defeated their intention. Again another, and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth. The imperturbable Crypps fairly broke them in to stand fire, and he was allowed to expend as much powder as he chose for the rest of the day unmolested. The only casualty that took place occurred just as we touched land. Crypps, eager to celebrate our approach, had put in an extra charge. As it went off, the muzzle came too close upon my cheek, singed a portion of my left whisker, and so stunned my sense of hearing that I was deaf for that day, and for three weeks after.

As soon as we were fairly debarked, that is, as soon as the provisions, and cloaks, and coats, and wrappers, and over-shoes, and other things necessary for our expedition were piled in due order upon the shoulders of our guides and the diminutive droll that accompanied us, we commenced the ascent. But surely the little village—if such a cluster of pine-wood cottages, brown with age, which we entered on landing deserves the name—where we moored our boat demands some notice. How charmingly it looked, embosomed in its secluded hollow! The rocks, or rather mountains, that here hang almost perpendicularly over the lake seem to have been cleft open to let a gentle stream escape from the forest highlands, instead of falling, like so many others, headlong over some jutting ledge without being of service to man or animal. The *débris*, or, geologically speaking, detritus, which this rivulet brought down with it when swollen with the early melting snows, had developed into a plain of some few acres on the shore, and this, in addition to the sides of the gorge, moderately sloping at its feet, formed a delightful nook. Nature, taking advantage of the beauty of the locality, had enriched it with a fine greensward and an abundance of fruit trees; and man, following her example, seized the domain, and constructed snug chalets beneath the shade of their foliage.

Whilst I have been describing this lovely little village at which—had I the disposition of my future, I would spend many a tranquil hour—the reader must suppose our party to have advanced up the hills as far as Sigrisville, and be prepared to turn off with us from the comparatively cultivated and habited parts of this high region into the rugged, wild, pathless tracts we had now to traverse.

Slowly and slowly we toiled up steep after steep. So well had we managed the hour of our departure that the dew was still heavy and chill as we proceeded. Yet the air was bracing, the sun glorious, and the view at every point animating us on. Amelia and Julia, would we could have procured a horse, a mule, or any aid of the kind for you! But we were out of the track of such beasts or such conveyance. The Alpine sheep and the chamois alone kept us company. When we had mounted the first range of rocks it was comparatively easy work, for we had to pass along on the level heights of the ridge. How grandly picturesque are the mountains from this spot! No one can conceive their beauty and grandeur who has not seen them. The principal feature is that of gigantic battlemented walls, a thousand feet perpendicular, running along for miles on either side, broken at intervals by lofty turrets; whilst the forests of fir which clothe their precipitous flanks, and overhang their summits, give them an expression at once soft and savage. Further up, we alighted upon a spot so fearfully and fantastically wild that it seemed to have been the workshop of Nature, and the mighty monoliths of broken rocks that strewed the ground, the surplus fragments of material she had used in the construction of the world. Huge boulders, some sixty or a hundred feet in girth, cast anywhere and everywhere,—lofty pillars, some leaning against others, some standing alone, and so inclined that you expected to see them fall every instant,—trees stripped of their bark and rotting into touch-wood, or reduced to charcoal by lightning,—deep pits and promontories jutting out over deep chasms,—such are the elements of the wondrous and weird picture which presented itself to us as we drew near the bold Rothorn. Everything wore the aspect of desolation except the little blue-eyed flowers which sprang up in every crevice, or under any shelter they could find, and smiled with exquisite beauty where all else frowned around you.

A serious matter, however, now began to agitate us. We had been labouring and toiling for many hours over rough pathways, and in vain we questioned the guides as to our proximity to the Schafloch, or ice cavern, the point of our destination. When first asked they told us it was about half an hour's march farther on. Patiently we suffered an hour to elapse before we ventured to put them through a second examination. A quarter of an hour, we were assured, would bring us to the goal. Another hour passed. In the meantime there were whisperings amongst our

conductors. One left his comrades, advanced up a rock in one direction, and then, in another, came back to his fellow, held a consultation in an undertone, moved slowly on, and after a few minutes repeated the same manœuvre. It was plain to us, their victims, that they were ignorant of the route to take. Their private conference was merely a council of war, and the digressions of the one, a reconnoitring expedition. Yet, whenever interrogated, they still persisted that we were in the right direction, and that a few minutes more would bring us in sight of the cavern. At last, the little droll, as we called him, came up to me and pointed out that the men had taken the wrong valley; that we ought to keep on the left side of a ridge of rocks instead of pursuing the right, as we did in obedience to our guides, and that, if we would trust to him, he would conduct us there in a short time. A council of war was now held on our side, at which Crypps declared the men knew no more than he did about this region, and that, though it was jolly to be in such a plight, it were unwise, considering the ladies, to continue our expedition further. This idea was seconded by myself, and unanimously adopted. Our decision was then made known to the guides. At first they demurred, asserting that they knew every inch of the ground. But this would not do for us. We were resolved, we told them, not to go a step farther. They then came to a compromise. They admitted that they had only been there once before in their lives, and that was "many a year ago;" that people never came to see such an out-of-the-way place; and that it was probable the droll—whom they had excluded from their councils, as other wise corporalities exclude men of knowledge from their councils—might know something about it, as he had been accustomed to look after the goats in the forests close by. This was the most satisfactory part of their speech. Here was involuntary testimony in favour of the droll; so, after another conference on our side, in which the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders prodigiously, and the German twisted the ends of his mustaches convulsively, and the alderman declared the exertion and fright he had undergone would make him eat for a month, we agreed to put ourselves under the leadership of our stunted "ancient," and marched on.

At last, after many groans of despair from Amelia and Julia as we wound up midway along rocks, and under rocks by a pathway hardly safe for a cat, we turned suddenly round a sharp angle of the mountain, and, to our great joy and surprise, the mouth of the cavern gaped before us.

The Schafloch, or ice cavern, the object of our expedition, is situated about two-thirds up the side of a nearly perpendicular mountain, some three thousand feet high, which flanks the valley of the Justis-Thal. A visit to this extraordinary place is amply repaid, and though the toil and fatigue to reach it are considerable, they are wonderfully soon forgotten when once you are safely ensconced in front of this spacious vault, especially if you have, as we had, an ample *déjeuner à la fourchette* quickly spread out before us by the guides. It is unnecessary to give the bill of fare, or the quantity of good warm things—I mean, of course, of an alcoholic character—we took internally to preserve us against the cold that was likely to attack us externally. The reader must now suppose us to have chanted the post-prandial grace, and lighted our wax-candles and torches ready for our descent into the jaws of this Alpine Gehenna. He must also understand that this cavern is by no means a small one; the entrance itself is at least fifty feet wide by thirty feet high, and these dimensions rapidly and considerably increase as the cavern deepens.

We entered first of all a vast vestibule, cut out of the living stone, but so ruggedly and unevenly that boulders threatened to fall down from its gigantic ceiling at every step we took. The floor is no less uneven than the ceiling. This hall was still lighted with the light of day, but so feebly that the gloom, it ought properly to be called, was in perfect harmony with the place. From the vestibule we turned off to the left into a continuation of the chasm which became dark as Erebus, and in a moment we experienced a striking difference of temperature. Outside it was a bright, hot July day; in the entrance there were a restrained warmth and a modified cold. We had no sooner descended into this spacious subterranean gallery than a dull, heavy Cimmerian chill seized upon our limbs, and we had need of all the cloaks, coats, wrappers, and comforters we could amass. However, we found this state of the atmosphere in some degree relieved by the exercise it cost us in clambering over steep sharp blocks of stone, or every now and then slipping down into an unperceived hole, or nearly wrenching off a foot by jamming it in a narrow cleft of the ground into which we had accidentally trodden.

This charming pavement—an admirable place of penance for bare-footed pilgrims—continued for about three or four hundred feet, when we came upon a still more delightful flooring of smooth ice, interrupted here and there by projecting noses of rock, and so admirably inclined as to render it impossible for the most

upright of mortals to maintain his equilibrium. It was equally dangerous to attempt to slide down this crystal surface, for at the bottom of it the floor rounded off abruptly into a watery gulf, the Tartarean depth of which the guides assured us had never been fathomed.

However, we were not to be daunted by the dread of unfathomable abysses, especially as to penetrate into the farthest recesses of this cavern was the object of our excursion. Columbus on the Atlantic was our model; so one after another we put foot on this treacherous platform, and happily found that by taking due precaution we need not slide more than a yard or so at a time. In this manner we eventually arrived on to a ledge of rocks that broke through the ice, and again we stood on *terra firma*. The darkness and fear passed away, for we had rekindled our extinguished torches and courage, and were prepared to take a full survey of the new stage to which we were advanced. Let no one say that the sight we now beheld was not worth all the risk and labour we had undergone. By the combined light of our torches and candles, we beheld a vast number of transparent columns descending from the roof to the floor. They were of different dimensions. As they approached the ground they increased considerably in size, assuming the shape and proportions of crystal pavilions. A beautiful filigree-work and sometimes a series of transparent pinnacles ornamented the exterior of these subterranean kiosques, which sparkled in the rays of our torches and reflected all the hues of the rainbow. These little palaces, I found by breaking open the side of one of them, were hollow, and capable of containing four or five persons. Nothing would do but we must improvise a general illumination on the largest scale; so all the available ends of wax-candles were brought into requisition, and the indefatigable Crypps lit up the interior brilliantly in an incredibly short time. The enchantment was now complete. We might have fancied ourselves dropped down into fairy-land but for the darkness, chill, and silence without.

When we had gratified our curiosity sufficiently in this quarter we proceeded to the farther end of the cavern, or at least as far as we thought it prudent, to ascertain where the flooring of ice rounded off into the abyss of unfathomable water we heard trickling below. Like a true Briton the Hon. Weldon Crypps was bent on experimentalising; so, having taken some large stones with him, he began hurling them into the profound mystery. Presently a heavy double-bass gurgie issued forth with ominous depth of voice, indicating

the danger of further progress. Having thus ascertained that if either of us ventured farther he would most probably not return by the way he went, the signal of retreat was given, and in about forty minutes after encountering the same amusing difficulties which had enlivened our descent, Æneas-like we gained the upper air,—by no means, as Crypps humorously observed, agreeing with him that

Facilis descensus Caverni.

We then made our way through the Justis-Thal—it took us four hours, by-the-by—to our boat, and arrived at Thun shortly after sunset, having taken fifteen hours to accomplish what a guide-book facetiously calls—a morning's walk.

HAROLD KING.

LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE'S CITY.

No. VII.—FASTRADA'S RING.

HILDEGARDE had gone to her God. Her husband had mourned her, and then raised another to her vacant place. This third wife of his was Fastrada, daughter of Rudolf, a Frankish count. She was married to Charlemagne at Worms in 783. She had not Hildegard's noble heart, nor her sweet and loving nature; but the young bride's dazzling beauty, liveliness, and wit, made her perfect mistress of her husband's heart. Her lightest wish was his law. Even the squabbings, bickerings, and feuds with which her petulance filled his court failed to shake his love and fealty to this spoiled and malicious beauty. Stern as he was, he humoured her with a criminal weakness which made her doubly capricious and overbearing. Still he was wilfully blind. In the midst of his dream of love and bliss, death tore the blooming lady from his arms. She drooped and died at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, after nine short years of wedlock. Her husband's anguish was unutterable. He who faced death and disaster without flinching, who had borne all other woes with kingly dignity, now seemed to have lost his manhood and his faith. He gave way to such frenzied paroxysms of despair, that his faithful followers thought grief had driven him well-nigh crazy. Night and day he watched beside the corpse; they could not tear him from it. He seemed to fancy that life *must* come back to the senseless clay. He called on her name without ceasing; sometimes he would cry out, "She is not dead, but sleeping," and stare wildly into the blank faces of the living, into the still, white face of the dead. He could not be induced to seek his lonely pillow, he loathed the sight of food and drink, and when his paladins besought him to let them bury the remains, they actually quailed before his fury. He swore that she

would waken from her trance, and, as if to bear him out, corruption seemed to have spared the beauty of the dead. He was lean and frightful to behold,—so wan with grief and fasting. None dared to meddle with him, he looked so like a phantom from the world of gloom, so haggard, gaunt, and hollow-eyed; now raging like a maniac at those who would have lured him away, now plaintively calling on the much-loved name. Even good Archbishop Turpin, who heretofore had never spoken in vain, was unheeded. Men feared that not only the Emperor's reason but his very life was in jeopardy. In this hour of distress the good archbishop and the sorrowing dwellers in the palace wearied Heaven with prayers, and God came to their aid at last. Turpin slept, and in the small hours of the night a vision revealed to him the secret spell that enthralled his master, body and soul. He saw the corpse and the watcher, and a ring plaited in the shining tresses that mocked the death-pallor with their golden gleam. He knew by intuition that in the gem lay the magic bond between the living and the dead. He suddenly awoke, fell on his knees, gave glory to God, and stole on tiptoe to the death-chamber. The weary watcher never heeded him; he stooped down over the corpse, trembling; he lifted the silken tresses one moment, and the ring was in his hand. That instant Charlemagne started as from a troubled dream, and, shuddering, faced the bitter reality. He saw, he owned, that she who was the joy of his life was indeed gone from him, and he bore it like a man. He listened to the holy man's words of resignation, threw himself on his bosom, and wept aloud. These grey-haired men wept together, and of his own accord, Charlemagne followed the prelate from the death-chamber. He ordered Fastrada to be wrapped in purple and gold, and carried with unheard-of pomp to Mayence, and buried there right royally in the abbey church of St. Alban, where he erected a splendid tomb to her memory. No mention is made of his having attended her funeral. Perhaps he could not bear to hear the clay rattle on the coffin that held all he loved best on earth.

Great was the joy of his people when they saw him issue once more from the gloomy portals of his castle, and ride once more through the streets of Frankfort. All the time of his infatuation, the neglected business of the state had accumulated, and now he set to work to put all to rights. In his gloomy castle of Ingelheim he plodded through the business of his realm, striving to stifle the pangs of bereavement in the manifold cares of state, thus to deaden his ceaseless regret for the bewitching woman whom he could never forget.

He had ever loved and respected good Archbishop Turpin as one of the trustiest of his councillors; but since the prelate had got hold of the ring, he would hardly suffer him a moment out of his sight. This influence became so great, that the man of God actually trembled at the extent of his own secret sway. He had ever exerted it for the weal of church and state, never to forward any private interests of his own; still he foresaw the terrible consequences that might ensue, were the talisman to pass into other and less scrupulous hands. Long and anxious meditation convinced him that he had best rid himself of the gem and its load of cares, and thus also prevent others from becoming possessed of it. He long sought his opportunity, and chance favoured him at last. He had accompanied the Emperor to his hunting-seat, raised on the site of the ruins of Ephraïm, just beside Aix-la-Chapelle.

The castle stood in the midst of a little lake. One morning Turpin stole away from his master's side, dropped in the ring, and the blue waters closed on it for ever. From that hour a mystic tie bound Charlemagne to the spot. He had always liked the city he had created. Henceforth he loved it better than any spot on earth. He never slept out of his hunting-seat, unless imperatively summoned away by the most urgent calls of business; and each return endeared it more and more. No matter how far away he had to go, the magic gem, sparkling unseen in the waters of Ephraïm, brought him back again. Towards the end of his days the Castle of Ephraïm was his favourite refuge from the cares of state. For whole hours at a time he would sit under the shady trees looking down into the still water. Men said his brain was busy recreating the eventful past—the bloody wars, the glorious triumphs of his prime—the hours of fleeting rapture passed within those very walls with Fastrada by his side.

A modern manor-house, called Frankensberg, is built on the old foundations of his castle. The lake, though hardly larger than a mill-pond, is beautifully still and clear and deep. They say the magic ring yet lies where Turpin cast it, buried in the lake's unruffled depths. I saw the spot in the early spring time, and can well excuse my good old author's rapture when the professor exclaims in rolling long-worded periods, "When the bright spring time gladdens all the land, and trees are green with tender leaves, and meadows gay with flowers; when nightingales warble in the budding woods around, then let the weary wanderer seek this spell-haunted spot, and let him, like Imperial Charlemagne, suffer the balm of God's own lovely nature to soothe this life's gnawing cares."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER VIII. KATE GALTON MEANS SO KINDLY !

KATE had secured the bait! She knew that she had done so as soon as she saw that the girl's desire pointed to remaining with her, for she had fathomed that Theo was a pet daughter who could move her parents to consent to any plan. The sole difficulty now was to win her husband's consent to the retention of the cage in which the bait was to be placed. For rooms in Piccadilly let at their full value in 1851, and John Galton was a man who gave thought as to the disbursement of his cash.

It was not alone for the sake of luring Harold Ffrench into her net that the pretty spider with the nut-brown hair made use of the fresh young country fly. Mrs. Galton wanted an excuse, a fair and valid excuse with which neither man nor woman could quarrel, for remaining in London and enjoying herself as much as was seemly; therefore she converted herself into a chaperone and appealed to John Galton's good-heartedness on behalf of her interesting young friend.

"I have been to call on that pretty Miss Leigh this morning, John," she said to her husband while they were at dinner on the evening of the day on which Hope told a flattering tale to Theo. "Poor child! she looked so doleful at the idea of going back to Houghton so soon that I couldn't help asking her to come and stay with us here when her father goes back."

"When is he going back?"

"In five or six days."

"We shall not be long after him; in ten days at the latest I shall go back; I don't like leaving the place for longer: things get neglected when the master is away."

"John! that's awkward in the extreme: I have asked her, and she has accepted the invitation."

"Take her down to the Grange with you, then."

"She won't thank me for that alteration in the programme; really it's very awkward."

Mrs. Galton put down her knife and fork and rested her elbow on the table and her head on her hand in very weariness and vexation of spirit.

"Very awkward indeed," she repeated. "I forgot when I was talking to her that I had virtually done with London life. I remembered the days when I was a young girl myself, and

I tried to show her the sort of kindness I used to appreciate most highly myself."

"It's impossible that I can stay more than ten days longer, Kate," John Galton said in a vexed tone.

"And it would be miserable without you," his wife replied calmly.

"It would be miserable for me, dear. But if you have set your heart on giving this young lady a treat, you shall stay—if you care to stay here without me."

"I should renew a good many acquaintances, for Aunt Glaskill is in town—she may be very useful to my daughter when she is grown up," Mrs. Galton replied pensively, but promptly.

"Haversham will seem duller than ever to you after such a taste of your old life."

She opened her eyes with a little stae of inquiry and astonishment.

"Haversham dull to me?"

"There, I didn't mean to say it, Kate. I don't think that you find it dull, dear, and it would be confoundedly hard," he continued, defending her against himself as it were, "if you, who are not much more than a girl yourself, mightn't want a change sometimes: you shall stay here and enjoy yourself with Miss Theo Leigh, and as soon as I have set things going on the land, I'll come back to you."

He got up and kissed her as he said it, but I fear that the promise contained in his last sentence robbed her response of a little of its warmth.

"I haven't said much about my own connections heretofore, John," she said, virtuously, "but I often think that it is almost a pity that we should drift away from them altogether. Aunt Glaskill's countenance will be a good thing for Katy when she is grown up, and Aunt Glaskill won't be ill pleased at my taking a pretty girl like Theo Leigh to her house."

"Take her by all means and please Lady Glaskill, but my daughter won't want the countenance of an old paint-pot when she's grown up, thank God."

"Then you really think that I had better remain?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do so."

"Not unless you wish it too, John: I had rather be made downright rude to a dozen Miss Leighs than displease you."

"I would not have my wife rude to anybody; no, Kate, you have asked this young lady to stay with you, and you must not dis-

appoint her. Katy and I will try to get on without you, but it will be dull work."

"As you will; of course, if you think it right that I should stay, I will do so; and, John?"

"Well, what is it now?"

"About a brougham? It won't do to risk Miss Leigh's evening dresses in common cabs, you know."

"Oh, won't it; well, dear, as I shall not be here, you can please yourself as to where you like to send when you want a carriage for the night."

"With a young lady on my hands—a young lady towards whom my fastidious cousin Harold inclines most kindly,—I shall want a carriage for other things besides night-work."

"Do you think there is anything in that quarter with Ffrench, then? He denied it when I chaffed him."

"Of course he denied it, and you must not 'chaff him,' as you call it; how can I tell whether or not there is anything in it yet? That remains to be seen. I think that there is a very fair chance of Theo Leigh marrying if she is brought out properly; marrying well, even if she does not marry Harold, which is more than probable."

"It would be different if you had a town house and town connection, Kate. However, you mean it so kindly that I hope your plan will succeed, though I don't think much of it myself. You can't do much for a girl when you're living in lodgings and don't entertain."

"My friends can do a great deal for her. Lady Glaskill (I was under her auspices when I met you, remember, John) is always very kind to aspirants in anything, and she sees a great many people. But about the brougham?"

"You must have it, I suppose."

"And will you see about it, dear?"

"Yes; a single one will do, won't it?"

"No, John, no; were I alone concerned I should infinitely prefer a single one, because—because I do infinitely prefer it; but supposing we are invited to any party at Richmond or Greenwich, and asked to give any one a lift home, my inability to do so might stop an offer. No, there must be room for a third in the brougham, and it must be very dark, and the horse I should like to be black or grey and a very high stepper. Of course you'll send up Rogers and Williams, so that I shall have my own liveries."

"Why, you're regularly going in for a town establishment, Kate; but you mean it so kindly, little woman, that you shall have your own way about it. I hope Ffrench won't dis-appoint you after all."

"I hope he will not," she said dryly.

"Or the girl herself, for that matter. Is she a beauty?"

"No: too dark; but there is something attractive about her, something very attractive indeed; otherwise I shouldn't take all this trouble to cultivate Harold's possible fancy. I shall call on Lady Glaskill to-morrow and secure her co-operation."

"Is she bent on marrying Harold off also?"

"Oh, no; doesn't care for him a bit; believes him to be all bad, an utterly irreclaimable selfish man, who is rightly dealt with in being wifeless and homeless. She isn't his aunt, you know; she was my mother's sister, no relation to Harold at all."

"Where has your aunt pitched her tent this year? I didn't know she was in town."

"In Wilton Place; but we won't speak about it any more, for when I remember that you won't bewith me, all the edge of the pleasure I should otherwise feel is taken off."

"I will run up as often as I can," John Galton said, heartily; "in fact, when I have set things going I may as well come up altogether."

Which promise of happiness struck Mrs. Galton speechless for a minute or two; but after a time her powers of eloquence returned, and she enlarged with a wifely interest on the short-comings of his farm-bailiff—a man whom she "never trusted farther than she could see," she said—and on the general and proverbial dishonesty and laziness of the Haversham labourers. It was an unfortunate topic to have chosen if she desired to have her husband's society in town. The upshot of it was, that he declared the fact to be "that they were not to be trusted, unless they knew they were liable to the inspection of the master every hour of the day; farming won't do itself, and of course I have more interest in seeing it well done than any one else. Ah! well, I shan't give them such another spell of their own way for some time to come."

It was a most unfortunate topic to have chosen, this one which had terminated in such a decision. And so Kate thought, it is to be hoped.

The days passed quickly, and the call was made on Lady Glaskill, and a rapturous consent to Theo's going to Mrs. Galton came up from Mrs. Leigh, and the brougham was placed at Mrs. Galton's absolute disposal; and the happy husband went home to superintend the ripening of his crops and other things appertaining to his occupation—and the young fly walked confidently into the spider's net, which was in process of renovator, almost of reconstruction; and still Harold Ffrench kept out of the way.

The apartments which Mrs. Galton occupied

in Piccadilly were situate opposite to the Green Park. They were spacious and lofty, as became their position in the world, but they were not all that seemed desirable to her: they were furnished after a grim and heavy fashion that was repulsive to her, although the furniture itself was good. The people to whom the house belonged, before letting it for the season and decamping for economic reasons, had carefully denuded their rooms of everything that could by any possibility be broken or easily carried away; and this precaution had imparted an air of rigidity and general dreariness to the rooms, which it now became Mrs. Galton's task to modify.

The task was one upon which she entered with an avidity which only a pretty woman desirous of worthily enshrining herself and rendering the casket deserving of so fair a jewel as she feels herself to be can experience. She resolved upon having a share in the glories that were going. She had always sighed for a fashionable life, and here was an opportunity of leading one, for a brief space at any rate. Old friends should be looked up and new ones formed through their means, and a lion or two caught and persuaded to roar in her rooms—all for Theo's sake, of course. The utmost triumph she could attain would be in a small way; but these were better than none at all, she told herself. Indeed her vanity led her to believe, that once seen and known and spoken about, but a very small effort would be necessary to make her rooms the resort of all that was most brilliant: it would be a second Gore House, and she rather an improvement on Lady Blesington by right of her youth.

If John Galton imagined the rooms in which he left his wife to be already furnished, it was a pity he could not have been shown the upholstery bill which was run up the day of his departure and learnt his mistake. "There is no extravagance in it," Kate said when her aunt, Lady Glaskill, reproached her with extravagance in a tone of jocular. "There is no extravagance in it, for all these things will do for Haversham Grange by-and-by, when I am forced to go back; at all events you must acknowledge the things are very pretty."

They were that, undoubtedly. The rooms seemed to Theo when she saw them first to be such a combination of fragrance and beauty as she had believed existed only in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." There were hanging baskets of ferns and orchids, and creeping things innumerable, and vases of rare roses and pyramids of hot-house flowers of every hue, and sweeping curtains of green velvet and filmy muslin dividing one portion of the apartment from another, and seductive couches,

and beauty-fraught statuettes, and a few pictures (all historical) very warm in colouring, and mirrors and tall pier-glasses on every side reflecting all these things.

"It was hardly worth while to get them up in this way for the short time you'll be allowed to stay, my dear," Lady Glaskill observed, when she had marked and approved of her niece's renovated web.

"I don't mean it to be for a short time; I have a plan in my head."

"You always had, if I remember, my dear, a good many plans in your head, and some of them came to nothing."

Lady Glaskill was one of those pleasant old ladies who never neglect an opportunity of saying a possibly disagreeable thing to another woman. She was a little old lady, slightly deformed, but she declared herself to have been a fairy, a sylph, an ethereal beauty in the days of her youth; and as no one could remember those days, she was never contradicted. She was an active, restless little woman even now, agile and kittenish and gushing, and full of false enthusiasm and sham brilliancy and fearfully high spirits; a ghastly old coquette who believed in herself and her love-winning properties long after every one who knew her had come to the conclusion that the only things real about her were her bones: for the skin was enamel and the colour was paint, and the teeth and hair were constantly renewed and extremely variable, and the heart and sentiments were falser than everything else. She was a nice old lady! a very nice old lady indeed was Lady Glaskill; and people frequented her house largely when she was in town, and only speculated as to whether she had really poisoned her husband for threatening to tell that he had been forced to marry her at the point of her papa's sword when she was away.

Lady Glaskill's hair was a great joke amongst her acquaintances; she was always imagining herself to be like some heroine of romance or history, and investing in new hair that might further the illusion. On one hot day in a long long past year she had fancied a resemblance in herself to Cleopatra, and forthwith she organized a Richmond party and went up the river in a boat under a flame-coloured canopy with black locks streaming wildly around her, a sandalled foot in full view, and a fancy Egyptian garment of scanty proportion over her skinny little person, to the scandal of so much of the world as thronged the banks to look at Lady Glaskill's current folly. Shortly after this she had costumed as "Corinne," and crowned herself with a wreath of bays on the strength of having written a volume of very immoral and unmetrical poetry,

which she read aloud with passion and emphasis at several of her evening parties. She had been robbed to the chin and she had been desperately *décolletée* in rapid succession for a longer series of years than one would care to enumerate. She had gained a name for foolish vanity beyond every one of her foolishly vain compeers; her name had been called in question (mainly through her own vainglorious boasts), and her stories had been refuted a thousand times. Yet still she kept her place in the world, and the denizens of it flocked around her tattered mud-bespattered old standard wheresoever she erected it and called attention to the fact.

She was not a good, a worthy, or a respected woman, but she was a popular and very well-known woman; and she struggled hard to remain this latter thing, and never faded away from any one's mind through lack of continually stirring that mind up with a hint of her existence. She had married Sir Archibald Glaskill by force, and fought her way into society like the enterprising woman she was, and she had held her place hardly but warily, and won for herself a name with which every one, who was any one at least, was acquainted. This was something all must allow, even if they do not rate the honour as highly as Lady Glaskill did; to her it was as the breath of her nostrils; and Kate Galton had been in the way of this breath passing over her very often when she was a girl.

But Lady Glaskill was a clever fool only, and Kate was something a trifle higher in the scale. The former told her eccentric, enthusiastic, purposeless lies only for the sake of being stared at and called "so very peculiar you know;" the latter told her better modulated ones for an end always. Kate liked to be stared at, but not to be stared at solely on account of her peculiarities. Her aunt, wizened, ruddled old Lady Glaskill, was happy and content in the assertion that every unmarried man she had ever met had loved and proposed to her, and every married one had lost his head and heart and honour. Lady Glaskill was happy and content with the mere assertion of these things. But Kate was not satisfied unless such things were. The shadow was enough for the voracious vanity of the old woman, but the substance alone sufficed for the not less voracious vanity of the younger one.

It was at Lady Glaskill's house in Wilton Place that Theo Leigh made her entrance into London society. Lady Glaskill had issued cards for a *conversazione*, and it promised to be brilliantly attended, for she audaciously asked, or caused her friends to ask, every one

whose name sounded that year, and her audacity was well rewarded.

"That little girl you have taken up shall be noticeable, my dear, for I won't have too many other women," Lady Glaskill had said to her niece Mrs. Galton, with the rarest magnanimity, or rather with what would have sounded like the rarest magnanimity if her niece had not been fully aware of the fact that "too many women," were not wont to grace her aunt's reunions. So when Miss Leigh and her chaperone floated into the crowded rooms in Wilton Place, it was through a lane hedged almost entirely by men that Theo walked unconsciously to meet her fate.

CHAPTER IX. THE SHADOW BEGINS TO FALL.

THERE was a man at Lady Glaskill's that night who had written a successful novel. No personality is intended; hundreds of men wrote novels that were successful or the reverse in 1851; and there was also a political martyr, and an African explorer, and a scientific man who had poisoned his wife by accident, and found himself the centre of attraction in the fashionable world ever since the catastrophe. Around these revolved the usual throng that one meets at such places. In their midst rose the fez of an Oriental ambassador, who had been inveigled into gracing the rooms for a few minutes.

The successful novelist and the scientific murderer faded into insignificance, and paled into nothing before the light of Osmanli Effendi, around whom all the women were crowding, basking unctuously in the oily refulgence of the smiles of the child of the sun, who was gazing calmly at their long English throats bared for the occasion, and thinking that not one of them was worthy to be compared with the least lovely of the lights of his far-off harem, and of how many pounds of Rahat La Koum it would take to improve their appearance.

The rooms were very full; people stood thick as ears of corn in a well-grown field, and the buzz confused Theo as she advanced up that aforesaid lane, hedged in by masculine humanity on either side, in the wake of her chaperone, who made straight, with the rush of an adept, towards her hostess. Mrs. Galton never faltered when she entered a room or undulated up and down like an elastic female figure in cork—she just floated on, cool, quiet, erect, and fair, towards her goal. But her advent always made a sensation.

She had the art of entering at the right moment. I do not know whether she lurked in the doorway until such time as those whose gaze would guide the rest began to yawn, and

look as if they needed something new. But at all events, this was the juncture at which she almost invariably appeared, and this night she made no exception to her usual rule.

Her heart beat thickly at finding herself once more amidst scenes from which she had blindly gone at twenty to grace a country Grange. She was radiant in her white robes—in the thick sheeny silk and cloudy *tulle* that became her fair loveliness so well. She was marked as a married woman by the head-dress of downy plumes, fastened by a diamond aigrette, which she wore.

The girl, following in her wake, led the eye off from this beautiful woman very pleasingly, for Theo Leigh was all alight with excitement,—excitement that was partly due to the novelty, but still more to the fact of Mrs. Galton's having imparted to her the probability “of their meeting Harold there.” Now this probability had been alluded to by Mrs. Galton in what Mr. Leigh would have termed a “mincing manner,” for she had spoken of it softly, and with one of the blushes she could call up at will. But Theo had marked neither manner nor blush in the joy consequent on this announcement. She was going to see him again!—to see him once more, and that was enough.

The hour of dressing had not been one of unmixed satisfaction to Theo, for Mrs. Galton was one of those sweet women who are specially skilful in the sticking in of small mental pins to another woman. She had left it till the day of the party to question Theo as to what she meant to wear. When Theo told her what, and “hoped it would do,” Mrs. Galton did not exactly say that it was not fitting and proper, but she damned it with the faintest praise, and Theo felt uncomfortable.

Not that Mrs. Galton in reality disapproved of her young friend's choice of toilette, but it was a point of conscience with her never to let an opportunity pass of putting a sister out of conceit with her appearance, and she was rigorous in attending to the demands of her conscience on this point.

“It's very nice, but do you think it's becoming?” she had asked when Theo told her that she was going to wear pale blue net over white muslin skirts. When Theo said she “thought blue generally suited her,” Mrs. Galton replied,

“Oh, if you think it does, it's all right,” in a tone which implied that she (Mrs. Galton) did not think that it did become Theo by any means. Kate then went on to inquire about the wreath Theo designed to wear, and to opine that “forget-me-nots were pretty, but affectedly simple, didn't Theo think, as a

rule; only becoming, in fact, to very fair women with little colour.”

However, Theo inducted herself into both dress and wreath perforce—she had none other to wear. As she caught a glimpse of herself in the pier-glass she felt that if Mrs. John Galton were dissatisfied with her appearance, then was Mrs. John Galton a difficult woman to please. Theo had yet to learn that it is not invariably excess of affection which renders our friends hypercritical about us. “I will consult her beforehand another time, and get her to order my dress for me,” the unsophisticated Miss Leigh thought, as she stepped into the carriage after her chaperrone.

It was very exciting to her and very brilliant, she thought, this new scene in which she found herself, but it had not the power to absorb her sufficiently to make her forget the hope that had brightened her journey thither. Even as her hostess was introducing her to His Excellency, Theo's eyes wandered away in search of Harold Ffrench.

“Aunt Glaskill is making a terrible goose of herself to-night,” Mrs. Galton whispered contemptuously to Theo after the expiration of a few minutes, during which Lady Glaskill had succeeded in attracting all attention to herself by being ecstatic about “the Orient,” to the neglect and partial oblivion of her niece. When Lady Glaskill's follies led attention away from Kate, Kate was as intolerant to them as the wisest could desire. “She's boring that poor man insufferably,” Mrs. Galton continued; “any one can see that he wants to talk to me; but Lady Glaskill does hold on so pertinaciously when she once gains a man's ear.”

The fact was that the majority of those who stood within speaking range of Mrs. Galton were strangers to her; she would, therefore, have been condemned to a silence which it is always painful to maintain perforce in a gay throng of talkers and laughers. No wonder that she thought Lady Glaskill in a turban and ecstasies was making a goose of herself by engrossing that which Kate herself sighed for—the attention of the mightiest in the room.

The crowd broke up into portions and re-adjusted itself presently, when ices were brought in and handed round, and then Mrs. Galton found herself draughted on into the immediate circle of which the ineffably bored Oriental was the centre. The opportunity was one which she would not suffer to pass; mental molestation from her would, she rightly judged, be preferable to the same from her aunt, therefore she smiled and spoke with all the fascination of which she was mistress. To this his Mightiness listened with calm courtesy,

and replied with solemn stupidity; but that he did listen and reply was enough for Mrs. Galton.

She entirely baffled all Lady Glaskill's innocent attempts to win him solely and wholly to herself again. The younger prettier woman had the will to take and the power to hold, and Lady Glaskill retired routed—ignominiously routed by one of her own allies. She was put out by her defeat for a brief time, but although an insatiably vain, she was a good-natured woman; therefore the sole revenge she took on her audacious niece was couched in these words, which she uttered in no very low tone when the Oriental 'vantage-ground that Kate had gained departed:—

"Well, my dear, I'm sorry that you have so soon lost the opportunity of making yourself conspicuous; now, perhaps, you will be good enough to come here and let me introduce some of my particular friends to you. I suppose *you* are disappointed that it isn't a dance, you're looking so blank," she continued, turning sharply to Theo, "never allow dancing in my house, my dear; wear out your tongues as much as you like, but not my carpets."

Which sally was rewarded by a brace of sycophants observing audibly that "Lady Glaskill was as astonishingly vivacious as ever," which remark caused Lady Glaskill to suppose that they were hoping to be invited to her next entertainment, and to decide that they should be disappointed. Flattery, if she fathomed it, was wont to receive mild punishment from her.

Amongst the particular friends whom Lady Glaskill specially selected to honour with an introduction to the handsome niece of whom she was slightly jealous, was the successful novelist, whose light had been put under a bushel while the Oriental remained. Mrs. Galton, whose object it was to make a party of her own before she quarrelled with her aunt, which past experience taught she was liable to do at any moment after a week's intercourse—Mrs. Galton, knowing this, made the man of letters her own adroitly in a very short time.

Not by praising his new novel; she was no such bungler as to seek her end by using such clumsy means. She did not open a heavy fire of her opinions respecting it upon him, reducing him to the verge of imbecility by declaring his book to be "so delightful," and herself "so much interested in it," and the heroine to be "a dear," and the end "delicious" or "dreadful," as the case might be. But she anatomised it; spoke of it as a whole as no one who did not know it thoroughly could speak, he told himself; judiciously extracted from him

a statement of what he considered to be the finest passages, and then spoke with great feeling and sympathy of those very passages in a way that was more subtly flattering than any open praise would have been. Men, even successful novelists, are but mortal. Mr. Linley was not ill pleased to find that a work of his was deemed so profound by a woman who was "far from shallow," so he phrased it in his mind. Theo Leigh, standing by, wondered greatly that Mrs. Galton should so rashly venture upon the discussion of a book which she only knew through the medium of reviews, with its author, and still more whether this Linley was the one of whom her father had spoken—the man who had been a young Englishman in Greece contemporaneously with Harold Ffrench.

But speculation on any subject ceased to occupy her mind almost immediately, for a man made his way very quietly to her side and addressed her, and took her hand in his as though they had parted on the most ordinary terms. His coolness cooled her, and his steadiness steadied her, and though she was disappointed—wisely as she had resolved—at this casual-acquaintance manner which Mr. Ffrench adopted towards her, she still could but feel glad that it so immediately reacted upon her own.

"I was very glad to hear from Mrs. Galton that you and she are going to enjoy yourselves together; it was the most sensible plan I ever knew her form. Is your father in town still?—how is he?"

"Papa is gone home—he is very well."

"What is the move?—oh! going down to supper; my experience of this sort of thing teaches me that it is well to go down at once if you want to get anything; the hindmost are overtaken by evil and hunger; shall we go down?"

He held his arm out for her to take as he spoke, and she placed her hand upon it, and would not suffer that hand to tremble. But she kept her face partially averted from him, and he marked that she did so.

"Theo!" he exclaimed suddenly, as they came to a compulsory pause on the staircase, "I am very glad to see you again."

"And I am glad to see you," she said frankly; and as she said it she made one of the many efforts to be brave and non-emotional that women situated in her position are compelled to make; she looked him in the face and met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Glad to see me? very quietly 'glad'; well, no matter, what can I expect but a very sober satisfaction to be yours at sight of me. You see many other people now. I ought to

have known that I should probably merely bore you, yet I could not resist coming to meet you to-night."

"You know very well that you could never bore me; how can you be so unkind as to pretend to think it?" she cried. Then she was afraid that she had said too much, and said it too warmly, and her hand began to tremble on his arm.

"Theo," he whispered softly, "have you forgiven me?"

"I have nothing to forgive, Mr. Ffrench," she replied proudly, for there was the same tender inflection in his voice that had been in it on that night when he had told his love for her, and won her to show hers in return. She remembered this, and the remembrance stung her.

"Nothing to forgive! I wish to Heaven you had not anything to forgive," he muttered. Then he went to get her a glass of wine; and Theo marked him as he walked away, and thought what a grand gentleman he looked amongst them all, and how no young man in the room could compete with this one, who carried his forty years so gracefully.

"You have not been long with Kate?" he asked when he came back to her; and when she had said "No," he went on to ask her how long, and where had she been, and whom had she seen; he was very particular on this last point.

"This is my first party; I have been to the Academy several times."

"With whom?"

"Mrs. Galton."

"Without Galton?—had you no gentleman with you?"

"Mr. Galton is down at Haversham," Theo replied; she did not know that Harold Ffrench was very indifferent as to John Galton's whereabouts, and only anxious to learn whether they had been to the Academy unescorted, in order that he might find out if Kate were fulfilling her threat of introducing some desirable *parti* to Theo.

"It's not much use your going to the Academy with Mrs. Galton alone; she knows nothing at all about pictures; when I can speak to her I will make an appointment to accompany you there to-morrow—she appears to be very deeply interested just now," he continued with a laugh as Kate sailed into the supper-room on Mr. Linley's arm, and then (it was a supper that people took in a sketchy manner, standing up) posed herself against the wall, and continued to converse enthusiastically.

"I think she is very much interested in his book," Theo replied.

"What is his book about?"

"I don't know; ask Mrs. Galton, *she* knows though she hasn't read it," Theo said laughing; "it's a novel, and it's a success."

"What is his name?"

"Linley—I was wondering——"

"Oh! Linley—oh, ah! I have heard something about his novel; one of the reviews said that it was the work of 'a mighty mind accustomed to profound reflections,' and another that it was 'full of the clearly defined thoughts of a hard thinker,'—it struck me that it must be rather dull."

"But it's not dull at all; I should think, from what they were saying, that it must be very amusing; but I was going to say I was wondering whether he could be the same Mr. Linley who, papa says, was in Greece at the same time you were there; did you know him? do you remember him?"

It happened that as Theo asked this of Harold Ffrench that Mrs. Galton and her cavalier were advancing towards them. The men were face to face, and were naturally looking directly at one another.

"I do not know him," Harold Ffrench replied to Theo's question in a tone loud enough, Theo thought, to reach the ears of the man who was spoken about. But the next instant Harold Ffrench did know him, for Mrs. Galton introduced her cousin to her new friend with effusion.

The supper-room was rather crowded now, consequently the drawing-room, to which the quadrilateral with whom my story has to do presently returned, was comparatively deserted and free. When they regained it Kate began to tell Harold how that they had had a specimen of "the land of the east and the clime of the sun" there earlier in the evening, and to lament that he had not seen the same.

"And do you know he appeared to be very prosaic, not to say stupid and common-place, despite his turban and his wonderful costume," she continued.

Then the author, who did not appear to like the probability of lapsing into obscurity again, said that if she liked he would give them a specimen of eastern story-telling, and endeavour to bring the Orient more vividly before them than Osmanli Effendi had succeeded in doing.

"What? will you sit cross-legged on some cushions and tell us a story?" Kate asked; and Mr. Linley said, "Yes, if she pleased—a story with plenty of thrill in it," and forthwith deposited himself in the position she described and commenced:—

"It does not matter whether it was one, or ten, or forty years ago that two Franks, two Giaours, two infidels wandering about the streets of an eastern city, saw a face at the

grating of a well-secured window that struck them both as being lovely as that of the young Häidee; the loveliest, in fact, that they had ever seen. Both men—they were Englishmen—thought that face beautiful as that of Venus herself can be, but the younger and warmer-natured man loved it on the instant.

"It will give a greater air of reality to my story, and save a confusion of ideas respecting which of the men I mean, if I give names both to them and to the place; you agree with me?" he continued, throwing a questioning glance around. "Any names will do; help me to some, Mrs. Galton, for I am in the novelist's usual difficulty; any names will do, my own for one (just to avoid confusion) and yours for the other."

"Thank you"—Harold Ffrench had been the one addressed, and Harold Ffrench was now the speaker—"but I had rather that you kept my name out of the story."

"As you will," Mr. Linley replied carelessly, "it was only to avoid confusion. Well, I will call them Stinton and Forbes then. The elder of the two," he went on rapidly, dashing into his story again with velocity, "the elder of the two men thought that face beautiful as that of Venus herself—the younger, warmer-natured man, loved it on the instant."

"I will say that the city was Constantinople; can you help me to a description of Constantinople—a photographic description, a description such as will bring the city itself before these ladies?" he asked, pulling himself up abruptly in his narrative, and addressing Harold Ffrench.

"I regret that I cannot assist you, for I never saw Constantinople," Harold replied, and Theo fancied that he looked annoyed at the attempt to draw him into this "drawing-room entertainment."

"You can't assist me?—good," the man of letters went on glibly. "Briefly, then, the tale of the mosques and minarets has been better told before, so I will spare you the recital; but the window of the house at which this face appeared must be described."

"It was a broad, high, thickly-grated window, and from immediately beneath it projected a huge drawer. This drawer revolved, the two men discovered on a nearer inspection, and was used as a sort of bazaar. That is to say, the females of the house placed therein articles of their own handiwork; then spun the drawer round, and passers-by took these articles away, leaving money in exchange. Forbes, the younger man, had learnt the Turkish language; he could speak it well, and write it indifferently. But the other language that is familiar as their mother-tongue to the

women of Stamboul—the language of flowers—he was an adept in. And soon single sprigs and deftly arranged bouquets were laid constantly in that revolving drawer, and the girl came oftener to the grating without her yashmak on.

"It was a brother and two sisters who dwelt in that house; the brother had been impoverished by the revolution, and the sisters' fate, despite the beauty of the elder one, was not ordained to be bright. She was to go to the seraglio of a small pacha, an old man against whom she revolted; the younger girl's fate was to be harder and more horrible still,—she was to be immured for life amongst other women whom no man would buy."

"Forbes was as handsome a fellow as the sun ever shone upon; a well-born, well-bred Englishman; and the Moslem girl with the glorious face soon owned him, not lord of her soul, for Moslem girls are not supposed to possess any, and Leila didn't presume to set herself up above her sisters—but of her heart. And then the solitary sprigs and well-arranged bouquets went on thicker than before. And finally Forbes told Stinton one day that he must assist in carrying Leila off."

"In the dead hour of the night Leila placed herself in the revolving drawer, which was then slowly turned round by the sister who was left, and whose sobs sounded mournfully in the ears of the two men who were rescuing the beauty. The drawer moved heavily and uneasily; in fact, the eastern houri was of rather substantial proportions, and though she shrank into a marvellously small space under the influence of fear, she was pulled through with difficulty, and not without slight detriment to her back, which got grazed in the passage even through the folds of muslin."

"He was a chivalrous young Englishman; the act was foolishly romantic, but foolish romance was the worst of his offences. The girl he had abducted he resolved to make his wife according to the laws of the church and land to which he belonged. So, with his friend Stinton—the lady still being closely veiled—Forbes took his Leila away without delay, and put her on board an English man-of-war, the chaplain of which married the Ottoman lady to the hope of an English house."

"The romance is generally over when the ring is on and the service read. In this case, though, the romance began at this juncture. I have said that Leila, now Mrs. Forbes, had remained closely veiled all the while, but now that she was his wife, and under the protection of the English flag, the ardent husband tore down the yashmak and saw—not Leila, but her younger sister."

"She fell upon her knees, and he did not kill or curse her, as I think I should have done in the like case. He took her away to Europe, and did not hear what his friend Stinton, who remained in the city, learnt the following day; namely, that Leila, who had sacrificed her lover and herself to her selfish little sister—who, in addition to her other sins, was as ugly as the devil—that Leila expiated her offence against the heaven-born passion, love, in the dark blue waters of the Bosphorus."

(To be continued.)

ANA.

In the "Siege of Rome," a piece brought out at Paris, the French soldiers are made to cry, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" as they rushed to the assault, though France had certainly no emperor at that time. Also in the play of "Marengo" (the battle was fought under the Consulate), the troops cry lustily "*Vive l'Empereur*" as they march off the stage to the scene of combat. In Dumas's play of "Richard Darlington" there is a scene in which figures a vehicle drawn by a horse. In the discussion between the manager and the proprietor of these articles as to the price to be paid at each representation, the latter held out for higher pay. "Surely," said the manager, "what I offer you is enough; the horse will have very little to do: it merely walks on the stage, and in two minutes walks off again." "Oh," replied the owner, "it is not what he would have to do, but the *disgrace!*"

THE MASTAI FAMILY.—The present Pope is the youngest of three living brothers. His eldest brother, Count Gabriel, is eighty-four years of age, and the next, Count Gaetan, is eighty; he has one sister, the Countess Benigni, a vigorous old lady, seventy-seven years of age. Count Jerome, his father, died at fourscore-and-four years; and the Countess Catherine, his mother, at fourscore-and-two. Finally, Count Hercules, his grandfather, lived to the patriarchal age of fourscore-and-sixteen. Altogether, the family of the Mastai is a numerous one. Count Gabriel has two sons, the eldest, Count Louis, married to the Princess del Drago; and Count Hercules, who married the niece of Cardinal Cadolini. Count Gaetan is a widower and has no children, nor did Count Joseph, another brother, who died a few years ago, leave any; but his sisters have made amends in this respect, and the Pope has no lack of nephews and grand-nephews.

RECRUITING IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Our recruiting sergeants used to tell a pretty good tale to entice recruits, but we do not remember

to have ever seen an official notice, not even among those issued by the East India Company in times gone by, which in its attractiveness equalled the following invitation to good-looking young men to enter the regiment of La Fere of the French Royal Artillery:—"By command of the King.—Those who desire to enter the Royal Corps of Artillery, the regiment of La Fere, Richoufftz's company, are informed it is that of the Picards. In it they dance three days in the week, and play at rackets twice; the rest of the time is spent at skittles and other games, and in the exercise of arms. Amusements abound, every soldier has high pay. Applications to be made to M. de Richoufftz, at his chateau of Vauchelles, near Noyon, in Picardy. He will reward those who bring him well-grown recruits." It was this regiment which Napoleon Bonaparte entered as a junior lieutenant in 1785, shortly after leaving the military school.

COURT ETIQUETTE.—A very curious regulation of the Chamberlain's office, bearing date 1624, touching the conduct to be observed by cadets who were invited to dine with an Austrian archduke runs as follows:—"His Imperial and Royal Highness having deigned to invite several officers to dine at his table, and having had frequent opportunities of observing that the greater part of these officers behave with the strictest courtesy and good-breeding towards each other, and generally conduct themselves like true and worthy cavaliers, nevertheless deems it advisable that the less experienced cadets should have their attention directed to the following code of regulations:—

1. To present their respects to His Imperial and Royal Highness on their arrival, to come neatly dressed, coat and boots, and not to enter the room in a half-drunken condition.
2. At table they are not to tilt up their chairs or rock themselves therein, nor stretch their legs at full length.
3. Nor drink after each mouthful, for if they do they will get tipsy too soon; nor empty the goblet to the extent of more than one half after each dish, and, before drinking therefrom, they should wipe the mouth and moustaches in a cleanly manner.
4. Neither are they to thrust their hands into the dishes, nor to throw the bones under the table.
5. Nor to lick their fingers, nor to expectorate in their plates, nor to wipe their noses on the tablecloth.
6. Nor drink so bestially as to fall from their chair, and make themselves incapable of walking straight."

We may well wonder what kind of manners prevailed at that period among the lower grades of society when we find a code like the above considered necessary to regulate the behaviour of young officers who must have belonged to the noblest families.

"THE LESSER LIGHT."



Day upon the Moon; a Lunar Landscape, showing the Interior of a Crater.

PART I.

As a sequel to a recent paper,* "The Greater Light," in which we endeavoured to familiarise the reader with the principal matters of interest connected with the sun, we propose now to offer a few remarks upon the world's secondary luminary—the Moon. We cannot preface our subject with an encomium or panegyric upon the moon's splendour and beauty, for fear of laying ourselves open to a charge of plagiarism; for poets and poetasters in all ages, from Homer down to the last scribbler who poured out his little soul in "Lines on a Moonbeam," seem to have laid claim to the moon as an object created for their especial use and benefit, and they have

Bayed and bruited the silver moon,
Till they made her as dull as a leaden spoon.

But while singing the praises of her beauty they have entirely ignored her utility, and overlooked the important part she plays in ministering to the wants of the inhabitants of this earth. They have loudly glorified the little "Star in the north that can guide the wand'rer where'er he may roam," and that "In the waste of the desert or tide still points out the path to his home;" but they have omitted to render Cynthia her due measure of praise for her aid in piloting the mariner across the ocean, for she is his true guiding star, and it is to her that we owe the present advanced state of the art of navigation. The

long mysterious problem, the determination of the longitude at sea, the key to a successful means of traversing the ocean, was only fully solved when the result of astronomical observation and analysis led to the perfection of that transcendent achievement of human genius, the *Lunar Theory*, or the applications of mechanical laws and mathematical reasoning to an attainment of a knowledge of the intricate motions of our satellite, and the subsequent formation of tables by which the exact position of the moon in the heavens could be predicted, as is now done, for any moment of time for many years in advance. More than this, the moon, through the agency of the tides of which she is the immediate cause, assists in the transport of the world's merchandise from shore to shore and from sea to cities far inland, bearing away with the ebbing waters of our tidal rivers the cities' pestilential refuse, and dissipating it in the harmless sea. The moon also assists the historian or chronologer by affording him at times the means of defining a distant date, or establishing the disputed locality or period of a historical event. For instance, Herodotus relates that during a battle between the Medes and Lydians a total eclipse of the sun occurred that struck the rival armies with terror, and brought about a pacific arrangement between the two nations. Various chronologers, unable to agree upon the date of this event, have assigned various times for it between B.C. 630 and B.C. 585; but the astronomer, armed with his "Lunar Tables," enters the field of dispute, and boldly declares

* See Vol. X., p. 565.

that the only eclipse that could have been seen in that part of Asia Minor where the armies encountered, took place on the 28th of May, B.C. 584. Other instances of this kind might be cited, but we cannot afford our limited space for the multiplication of examples any further.

The moon is the earth's only satellite. A satellite in astronomical parlance is a small or secondary planet revolving round a larger or its primary, and forming thus a subordinate system in which the great solar system is, as it were, reproduced on a smaller scale; just as we see in organic life types of larger creations repeated in miniature reproductions. We apply the term only to our satellite because the earth is perhaps the only planet in the system that is graced with but a single satellite. The two planets nearest the sun, Mercury and Venus, have, however, none; and Mars, our nearest neighbour in the opposite direction, has none; but Jupiter has four, and Saturn eight. Of the remote members of our system, Uranus is supposed to have six, and Neptune probably two or more, though only one is established; but it seems highly probable, considering the increase of satellites corresponding with increased distance of the primary from the sun that we observe in the nearer planets, that Uranus and Neptune have many more; but the most powerful telescopes in existence are required to see those we have referred to, and if any smaller exist we can scarcely hope to detect them, for the planets themselves are smaller and fainter when viewed with the telescope than some of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. But what the earth lacks in number as regards satellitic accompaniment is made up by the magnitude of the one it does possess, for the moon is the largest satellite, compared to its primary, in the system, its diameter being one-fourth that of the earth, while Jupiter's moons range from a thirtieth to a fortieth of his diameter, and Saturn's are comparatively much less than these. The absolute diameter of the moon is about 2150 miles; its weight is sixty-nine trillions of tons, and its average distance from the earth 237,000 miles, so that the sixty-mile-an-hour train we made use of to express the sun's distance would run to the moon in about six months, and round it in a little over four days and a half. It revolves round the earth in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes, and in the course of this revolution presents us with the familiar aspects known as the phases. The cause of these phases is remarkably simple, yet the common explanations given of them are so complicated that we venture to devote a few lines to the

description of a simple experiment that will make the matter more understandable than pages of written explanation could do. Take in your hand a white or lightly-coloured ball, say a lightly-painted croquet ball, and place yourself at some distance from a lamp or the window of a room lighted by one window only. Hold the ball at arm's length between your eye and the light, and then your face, the ball, and the light will respectively represent the earth, moon, and sun. Now turn gently upon your heel, keeping your eye on the ball; when you have moved a few degrees round you will see a narrow line of light appear on the side of the ball nearest the lamp or window; this represents the crescent moon. Go on turning till you get just a quarter round, and the ball will appear as the moon at "first quarter;" still turn on, and it will present a "gibbous" appearance, which will enlarge to "full moon" just when your back is turned to the light. By continuing your revolution the ball will re-pass through the gibbous phase to the last quarter, and so on till it comes just between you and the light, when, as it no longer will present any illuminated edge, it will represent "new moon." If you perform the experiment at night, with a lamp, and the ball, when between your eye and the lamp, hides the latter, you will have the best possible example of an eclipse of the sun, and if, when at "full moon," the shadow of your head falls upon the ball, you will reproduce an eclipse of the moon.

Every one is familiar with the singular phenomenon known as the "new moon carrying the old moon in her arms," when, in addition to the slender crescent, the whole disc is more or less distinctly visible, a few days after new moon; the same appearance, or "the old moon nursing the new," presents itself in like manner in the waning moon, when she rises a few hours before the sun, but we fear there are few who shake off dull sleep in time to see it. This is what is called the *lumière cendrée*, or ash-light of the moon. Its appearance used to be taken as an indication that the moon was phosphorescent, or possessed some light of her own independent of that she receives from the sun. Now, however, it is satisfactorily proved to arise from the sunlight reflected from the earth upon the dark room, for it must be remembered that the earth is to the moon what the moon is to the earth, a reflector of the sun's light, and that when it is *new moon* to the earth it is *full earth* to the moon, and *vice versa*, and thus the opaque moon becomes illuminated by earthlight—to use a term analogous to moonlight—but on account of the great size of the earth com-

pared to the moon, this light is fourteen times as bright as our moonlight, and thus the occasional brilliancy of this "reflection of a reflection" is accounted for.

The moon, as we have said, revolves round the earth in about 27 days. The direction of this motion is contrary to that of the earth upon its axis, or the apparent motion of the sun, and hence the moon appears to be always lagging behind the sun, rising, as it does, about 50 minutes later every day. In just the same time that the moon occupies in revolving round the earth, she also rotates upon her own axis, and this is why we always behold the same face turned towards us. This seems like a paradox, but it is a demonstrable fact.

Some six or eight years ago, considerable discussion took place upon this subject in the columns of our public journals, and a number of "half-fledged savans," better able to comprehend theories of their own creation than those established by fact and demonstrated by experiment, endeavoured, in various ways, to prove that the moon does not rotate upon her axis, and even at the present time the argument is fiercely raging among a certain grade of philosophers. If any one has a lingering notion in favour of this non-rotatory theory we would suggest the performance of one of a vast number of simple experiments that completely disprove it, and at the same time explain the apparent paradox. Let the reader place himself before a round table with a ball or basin or any other object in its centre; let him suppose this central object represents the earth and himself the moon; let him tie one end of a long string to his button-hole and fasten the other end to a chair, or any other object in the room, leaving plenty of space; then let him glide round the table, keeping his face towards the central object (as the moon keeps her face towards the earth), and by the time he has completed one revolution round the table he will find the string *twisted round his body*; here is proof positive that he rotated on his axis, or how else came the string around him? As a converse to this experiment let him repeat it, but this time keeping his face towards an opposite wall, or appearing to rotate to the object on the table: the string in this case will not be wound round him, because he has not rotated on his axis.

But while the moon's motion on her axis is uniform, her motion round the earth is not so; and this gives rise to an apparent wobbling motion which enables us to see sometimes a little more of one side of her face and sometimes a little more of the other; in this way,

instead of half, four-sevenths of the moon's surface is rendered visible to us. Of the remaining three-sevenths we inhabitants of this earth must remain ignorant to all eternity.

The proximity of our satellite, and the plenitude of objects it presents for observation, conspire to render it one of the most favourite and most striking telescopic objects in the whole universe, and even before the invention of the telescope intelligent views and suppositions were formed respecting the inequalities visible to the naked eye upon its surface. Plutarch, in a treatise "On the Face of the Moon," expresses an opinion that from the spots seen upon it might be surmised the existence of deep clefts, and valleys, and mountain summits "which cast long shadows like Mount Athos, whose shadow reaches to Lemnos." A more fanciful theorist of ancient times conceived the moon to be a mirror reflecting back an image of the forms and outlines of the continents and seas of the earth, and even in these days some such opinion seems to hold ground among some nations, for Humboldt tells us that, while showing the moon through a telescope to an accomplished Persian, he was astonished to hear him propound the same hypothesis as one generally accepted in his country. "It is ourselves that we see in the moon," said the Persian, "that is the map of the earth."

Telescopic scrutiny reveals to us surface peculiarities wonderfully diversified in their configuration, for, besides the level plains that form the dusky spots visible without a telescope, we perceive extensive mountain ranges with their attendant valleys, huge isolated hills and masses of rock flanked by projecting crags and strewn round their bases with detached and unconnected fragments apparently broken from the parent mass, rents and ravines and yawning chasms, and, above all, the striking circular craters and volcanic formations that form the chief and most extraordinary element of the lunar scenery. Reviewing these in the order in which we have mentioned them, we have first to notice the extensive dusky spots. These, in consequence of their smooth appearance, were for a long time supposed to consist of water, and the ancient selenographers (this is the analogous term to geographer) gave them the appellations of seas and lakes, and distinguished them by designations derived from influences supposed to be exercised by the moon over meteorological and other natural phenomena: for instance, there is the Oceanus Procellarius, or ocean of storms, the largest of the so-called seas, covering a surface of 90,000 square miles; the Mare Tranquillitatis, or sea of tranquillity; the Sinus Iridum,

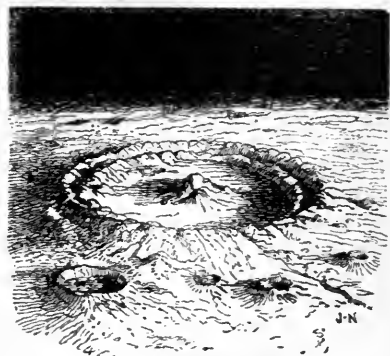
or bay of rainbows, and many others, covering, in the aggregate, about two-thirds of the visible hemisphere of the moon. The appellations of seas, &c., are still retained for convenience's sake in referring to these portions of the moon's disc; but the telescope has long ago determined that they cannot be bodies of water, for their surfaces are diversified with permanent undulations and irregularities, and are more or less covered with volcanic and other selenological peculiarities. They are mostly skirted by lofty chains of mountains, and some of them are variously tinted with colour; some with a greenish tinge, others red, and others slightly blue. These different tints are exceedingly enigmatical, and have been supposed to indicate the existence of something like vegetation covering these vast areas; but this idea is negatived when we bear in mind the fact, to which we shall have further occasion to allude, that the moon is destitute of such an atmosphere as would be required to sustain vegetable life. Since then we cannot suppose them to be seas or districts of fertility, we are driven to the conclusion that they are vast flats or tracts of level land, and, regarding the moon as having once been the scene of tremendous eruptive disturbances, we must assume these to represent the comparatively undisturbed regions of her surface.

Passing from the plains to the mountainous regions, we remark that the lunar mountain chains present a strong family likeness to those of the earth, and doubtless owe their origin to the workings of the same cause acting upon similar materials, but under different conditions. A striking feature in all the mountainous formations of the moon is their enormous height relatively to the moon's diameter, for in this respect they greatly exceed in magnitude the mountains of the earth. We may here mention incidentally, that if a globe two feet in diameter were taken to represent the earth, the highest earthly mountain would be justly represented by a grain of sand laid upon that globe's surface. The highest of the earth's mountains attains an altitude of about 28,000 feet, and the highest of those on the moon about 25,000: but considering the diameter of the moon is only a fourth of that of the earth, it follows that the lunar mountains are thus comparatively four times higher than ours. Near the moon's south pole some of these lofty mountain summits glitter in perpetual sunlight, "eternal sunshine" literally "settles on their heads;" but in striking contrast to these there are in their neighbourhood immense cavities into which the sun's rays never penetrate, and which are thus shrouded in perpetual darkness. The

most remarkable of the lunar mountain chains are named after those of the earth, as the Alps, Apennines, Caucasus, and Carpathians. The first of these is the most extensive, and may be detected with the naked eye when the moon is about half-full; it is suspected that the ancients from this fact derived their notion that the moon was covered with mountains and valleys. In addition to these chains and ridges there exists on the moon every phase of mountain character that we find on the earth down to isolated peaks (with which, however, we have but few in common on the earth) that shoot from the plains like gigantic sugar-loaves several thousand feet in height, and seem to have been protruded through the surface by some sudden internal force just as a needle would be driven through a sheet of paper.

But we pass thus cursorily over these less peculiar features that we may dwell the longer and devote the more space to the consideration of the most interesting and important characteristics of the lunar surface, the striking circular formations known as the Ring Mountains. We are anxious to devote a little extra attention to this branch of our subject, because the explanations and illustrations we shall have occasion to offer are not to be found in even the more elaborate treatises purporting to give information upon this branch of celestial physics, and because the scrutiny of these annular mountains affords us a most interesting insight into the moon's physical history; and, inasmuch as the history of a satellite is doubtless typical of that of its primary, we may perhaps safely tread the field of conjecture, and from the moon's history infer the probable cosmical origin of our own globe.

The Ring Mountains are of so strikingly



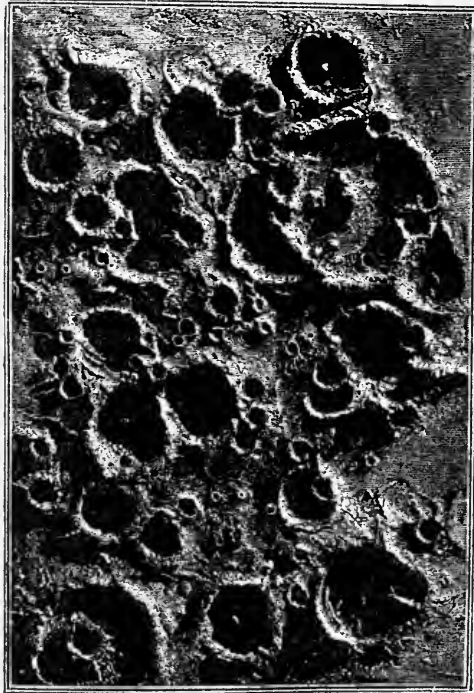
A Normal Lunar Crater.

similar character that the accompanying sketch may be taken as representing a fair

type of the whole family of them. They almost always consist of a circular rampart or mountainous amphitheatre more or less perfect in its structure, and with an isolated peak or mountain in the centre. But while their form can be so generally described, their individual appearances present many modifications; sometimes the central peak is wanting, sometimes the circular wall is in great part broken away and imperfect; sometimes the enclosed area takes the form of a level plain or plateau, at others it is hollowed out into a hemispherical cavity or vast cup, of which the rampart forms the brim. In size they vary from 30 or 40 miles in diameter down to a magnitude so small as to require the highest telescopic power to discern them. In numbers they are countless, the small ones being sometimes so thickly grouped together as to present an appearance like *solidified froth*. The altitude of the circular rampart and central peak varies like other lunar mountains from twenty thousand to a few feet in height.

We are enabled, through the kindness of Mr. Nasmith (to whose lunar researches we shall presently more fully allude) to give a representation as accurate as skilful engraving can make it of a portion of the lunar surface, showing in a highly satisfactory manner the aspect of a region most thickly covered with these peculiar formations.*

The space included in this illustration represents an area of about 30,000 square miles;



Portion of the Moon's Surface.

compared to the whole surface of the moon, this would be proportional to a square inch on a globe about a foot in diameter. These mountains are distinguished by the names of celebrities of all ages in science and literature; our drawing includes those named after Maurolycus, Cuvier, Clairaut, and Stöfler; but the reader doubtless will not care to be informed which is which. This nomenclature is open to considerable objections, for lately some hitherto unnamed mountains have been christened with names that will certainly be forgotten twenty years hence, and so when in

future times some really great names require a niche in this lunar temple, there will be no room for them.

"The neutral ground of mythology and classic antiquity," says Herschel, "would have been the safest foundation for a system of nomenclature, and we may hope that at some future survey of the moon some such will be adopted."

A striking feature in our illustration will doubtless have arrested the reader's attention; we allude to the intensely black shadows that shroud a portion of the details of the picture. This is a

consequence of the absence of a lunar atmosphere.

Daylight, or diffused light distinguished from the glaring sunshine on the earth, is produced by the reflection of the sun's rays from the earth's atmosphere, and thus it is that light pervades places where no sun shines; but nothing of this kind is seen on the moon; those parts of her surface that catch the direct rays of the sun shine with a dazzling brilliancy like frosted silver; but where no direct sunshine falls there is no light, but a region of pitchy darkness.

J. CARPENTER.

* We have not attempted to give an illustration of the whole disc of the moon, for the obvious reason that it is totally impossible, within the compass of a few inches, to give any but a grossly deceitful idea of the configuration of its surface. The spotty productions generally put forth in popular treatises on this subject bear no more resemblance to the reality than would the segment of a Stilton cheese.

ERIPHANIS.



ERIPHANIS, one of the Cyclic poetesses, was a native of Argos. She was of high birth and great beauty, but she accustomed herself to life in the woods, in order that she might marry the hunter Menalcaas.—“Athenæus,” xiv. 206.

THESE are the fairest woods in Argolis :
And, dwelling with Menaleas in their midst—
Brave, beautiful Menaleas, my bold hunter,—
I am the happiest of the Argolids.

Brave, beautiful Menalcaas, my bold hunter !
He came and wooed me long ago in Argos
With woodland gifts and stories of the woods,
And of their beauty, and the life in them.
And I began to love him from the first ;
And oftentimes, from the first, would sigh and say,
Communing cautiously with my own soul,
Lest he should see and press his vantage on me,—
“ Thy woods can scarce be fairer than thyself,
And life with thee were lovely everywhere ! ”

Yet—for I dreaded then to give my heart
 Its freedom, and to cut the gilded chains
 That bound me to my mean luxurious days
 Among the rich in rich and idle Argos;
 And, for I dreaded too the laughing tongues
 Of men and women, and their false contempt,
 And false pity for brave love—I lied,
 Ah, hypocrite! by an ignoble silence.
 But when I answered not, he would step back
 Among the pillars of the gleaming hall,
 The blushes of rebuked nobility
 Shrouding his face; while I, coward and fool,
 Well knowing that I wronged my heart and him,
 Would o'er self-censure draw the rags of pride,
 And cross to some gay group of Argolids,
 To drown in jest the sense of my own scorn.

Noble Menalcas! I have never dared
 To know what then thy tortured soul endured.
 For one, scarce out of earshot of the man,
 With that pert folly they call wit in towns,
 Would thus begin:—"What, my Eriphanis,
 Not ridged of thy satyr yet? This comes
 Of having fed him when he came astray:
 He'll follow thee for ever now." And then,
 Another would sigh, drawing, "Ah, poor beast!
 Send word to Bacchus or to Pan to fetch him.
 Some Dryad, doubtless, stays beneath her oak,
 Pouting and pining for her comely mate;
 For the poor thing is comely after all."

My beautiful Menalcas, my bold hunter!
 Comely,—ah! let those mockers tell me, who
 Of all the youths, whom, walking in white Argos,
 Their sidelong eyes beset, is comelier!
 Who hath a goodlier carriage, or whose limbs
 Are white as thine beneath thy hunter's dress?
 Or who could spring like thee to bend thy bow,
 Mine archer-god, my Phoebus of the wood—
 Thy bow that would not answer to their fingers—
 While all thy clustering hair breaks out behind
 Its bondage, and thy shapely limbs are poised
 In energy and grace alike divine!

Brave, beautiful Menalcas, my bold hunter!
 Nor only for thy beauty and thy hunting
 Like to the archer-god who loveth thee.
 For thou like him canst lay aside thy bow,
 And shape thy fingers to another string.
 Oft have I watched thee, when the close of day
 Found thee contented with thy counted spoils,
 Prompt on the gnarled roots of some ancient tree,
 Or sauntering at ease from glade to glade,
 With voice and lyre, that after thy wild hunt
 Filled the soothed forest, as the zephyr fills
 The places where the cleaving storm hath raged,
 Draw back the scared wood creatures up the lawns.
 Panting, with outstretched neck, and timorous eyes,
 And limbs that seemed to totter, would they come;
 Their sides still wet with anguish and the chase,
 While the long columns of their weary breath
 Drave in the evening air: for a brief space,
 With many a doubtful halt and sudden turn
 Of ear and eye, they would step trembling on;
 Till, calmed at length by music, that had grown
 Well known and welcome as the sunset hour,
 First one and then another would bend down,
 And the last lines of western light would fall
 On silent browsing groups and bedded groves
 Of antlers tossing o'er the peopled fern.

Oh! my Menalcas, my well-chosen husband!
 We Argolids in Argos knew no life,
 And deemed none worth the living save our own.
 Not to partake the fashion of our lot

We deemed was to be wretched, strange, and rude.
 And all that vast and beauteous expanse
 Of multitudinous and happy fates,
 Lying beyond the poor and narrow bound
 That measured our disdainful ignorance,
 We held in a contemptible contempt.
 Not knowing, what we learn who change our homes,
 That human life all over the broad world
 Hath many a centre, and no group of men,
 Save in the proof of their own worthlessness,
 Can say 'tis theirs to pity or despise.
 Oh! pride accursed, in which I stooped to take
 My portion with the others! Littlestness,
 In which with them I cooped my nature down!
 Oh! mean and coward fear, wherewith I strove
 Like them to fetter all that in me yearned
 To hazard one free act, to mount and set
 The sails of being to the wind, and turning
 A glad prow to the bounding seas of fate,
 Never look back on the cramped roadstead more!
 For long before I ceased to spurn thee, came
 The knowledge that I loved thee, and my scorn
 Fell back upon myself in burning showers.
 And every gibe of their vain girlish lips,
 Shaped in mean concert to my seeming humour,
 And every coward laugh I laughed with them
 Rose like a blister on my heart, and heated
 My fever of self-hatred higher. So,
 The months went by, and heavier grew the mask,
 And failure after failure, heavier
 The effort to uplift it; though one word
 Had been enough. Had I but risen, and said,—
 "Cease, for I love him," I had turned at once
 To flattery every taunting lip, and waked
 A harmony of chatter in thy praise.

At length, one autumn eve I sat alone
 Before the hearth-fire, in my father's hall.
 The last low breadth of ruddy sunlight lay
 Glowing along the columns; and above,
 High in the fretted ceiling, on the coils
 Of smoke that gathering clomb, and slowly swept
 Out through the dusky timbers of the roof,
 Flickered and flushed the mimicry of flame.
 I had been musing on my home and life,
 And how I theretofore had hoped to live;
 Thinking, what pain it was to crush out love
 For love of other things; and then, what pain
 To cast all other things away for love.
 And whether hearts, where love hath been and gone,
 Can take the glow of pleasure as of old,
 Or must for evermore be lit by love,
 Or lie for ever dark. "And if," thought I,
 "To keep alive the treasured joys of youth,
 The heart itself that treasures them must die,
 What good comes of the thrill? What good to move
 Cold and uncaring in the splendid crowds,
 Walking through pleasures as a blind man walks
 Through beauty with his blank and listless eyes?
 Who dreams of beauty who dreams not of love?
 And what—save that we hope for love at last—
 Were splendour, and the never-ending round
 On which wealth carries us by night and day,
 But weary brightness and laborious pomp?
 Is Argos, then, the world, or Argive life
 The summit and the archetype of all?
 Is all else cheerless, graceless, fashionless?
 Hath the broad range of human happiness
 Shrunk round one little company? Are none,
 Who are not of us, what we deem ourselves?
 Can I not go hence and be still myself?
 Will my poor beauty perish in the woods
 For lack of its old Argive flatterers?
 Or shall I cease to love and cherish it?"

Will my poor gifts of wit and poesy
Dwindle, like plants in an unsheltered air ?
Or will they flourish in a freer scene,
Tended by leisure, and watched o'er by love ?
In Argos men and women seek alike
To draw themselves to pattern, lest they lose
The impress of a fashion ; and for this
They shear and pare their very gifts away,
Each lowering each in efforts to be like.
Of all this in the woods I may be free ;
And what lies now unhonoured and unused

May be besides a pleasure and a power.
Perchance I may give luxury for life,
As heretofore my life for luxury ;
Perchance I go to knead the love of arts
That town-bred folk have wellnigh ceased to love,
Into the simpler and unsated lives
Of hunters, shepherds, and rough husbandmen.
So that my nature, now clipt down and shorn
To the trim hedge-row of society,
May branch abroad afresh on a fair field,
To mine own honour and the general good.



Menalcas hath said much of such a work
And how he scarce can compass it alone
Without a helpmate. To it I will go."

So, half in thought alone, and half in speech,
Little by little did my soul come forth,
And open out into its full resolve :
As in the bursting bud fold flings back fold,
And petal upon petal spreads and grows,
About the rim of the fast-broadening flower.
And then I rose and paced about the hall :
And stretched mine arms aloft ; and laughed, and
sighed,

And felt as those who have been long perplexed,
Or long in dread, but are no longer so.
And in a little while I went without,
And took my way under some cypresses
That flanked a terrace in the garden, set
With flowery urns and statues of the gods,
All gleaming in the moonlight ; and I sought
A seat beneath the cypresses, and there,
Still musing, sat me down in the deep shade.
And while I sat unseen, a spasm of pain
Beat through me ; and I heard from the dark end
Of the far terrace, in deep, half-hushed tones,
The voice of my Menalcas ; he had come,

As now I know he oft had come before,
 Hopeless, to haunt my home in his unrest.
 Still was the night, and I on fire to hear;
 But—for he spoke so low and to himself,—
 I crept along the turf, close by the trees,
 Panting with eagerness and stealthy fear.
 And when I came where I could listen well
 I stopt, with one hand grasping at the boughs,
 The other clutched over my plunging heart.
 And so I heard him, in his agony,
 Repeating some wild fragments of a verse,
 That he had made in dalliance with his woe,
 Chiding himself:

“Wilt thou not close thine eyes?

This is too lovely for thy peace: it wears
 A charm both delicate and perilous;
 Thou art but weakly yet; nay, close thine eyes;
 Linger no more!

“Still gazing? Through thy fascinated sight
 Stealeth the beauty that undoth thee. Come;
 ’Tis thus dead sorrows do inhale new life;
 And thine reviveth even now. Return;
 Linger no more!

“Alas! alas! thy look is changing fast,
 Thine eyes are setting to a wasted calm,
 Thy lip hath fallen trembling, and thy limbs
 Hang listlessly; and this is beauty’s work!
 Linger no more!

“The ills that time inflicts and will not heal
 Helpless and hopeless are to those alone
 Who chain themselves as slaves thereto. Such sow
 Their puny longings, and they reap despair.
 Linger no more!”

He paused, or seemed to pause, and move away;
 And I, in a quick ecstasy of fear
 Lest he should go for ever, and undo
 The peace that I had won for him and me,
 Sprang forth into the moonlight, crying out,—
 “Nay, stay, stay, for I love thee, and am changed!”
 He, for a space, stood still and dumb; and then
 With one long staggering bound o’er the low wall,
 Came crashing through the terraced flowers, and
 stood
 Fronting me, with his keen o’ershaded eyes
 And yearning face pressed forward near to mine.
 One wistful look up to the heavens he turned,
 As though he would ask aid of the weak moon
 To shed a clearer light, and let him solve
 His wonder from his fixed and faded eyes.
 And even while he looked, I felt my heart
 Pause, and about me a swift darkness grew.
 I knew his arms were round me as I fell,
 And heard a cry; and in a while I found
 My father bending o’er me, as I lay
 Propt on a long bench in the hall, and saw
 Menelaus with him: and I knew that all was well.

And all was well, and is, and would be more
 Could it but be for ever, and could all
 That I have learned and gained from a wise love
 Be taught broadest among my friends of old.
 For dearer far than ere white Argos was,
 Its ordered streets and marble-fronted fanes,
 Pillars, and porticoes, are these sweet lands;
 These pastoral slopes blinking beneath the sun,
 Streaked with white wavy lines of winding flocks,
 And fretted o’er with ruddy groups of kine;
 And these rich forest belts that gird us round,
 And, stretching out below us, hem the throne
 Of the deep heavenly mountains, far aloft,

Gleaming with peak and crag, and cone and spire.
 And dark with mystery of gorge and cave
 And cataract shrouded in the dim ravine.
 And free, and full of grace and joy, my life
 Among these simple people of the woods:
 And worthier far the honour that they give
 Than the false homage to my beauty paid
 In the old days, for it is better won.
 For something they do surely owe to me.
 They owe to me the songs the shepherd sings
 Along the windy tracks on the lone hills;
 The forest legends that the wood-cutter
 Tells to his fellows at their midday meal;
 And all the stories of the war for Troy,
 And poems of the gods, that old and young
 Crowd from the household hearths on winter nights
 To hear the goodwife chaunt behind her loom.
 To me they owe—for fierce were they and rude—
 The love of beauty in all things, and all
 That man is called to do; and of these chief
 The love of right because ’tis beautiful,
 Of gentleness, and love, and household grace,
 And order, and the peace of order born.
 And of all these I reap the full reward
 And honour in their general love and praise.
 And they bless me who made them what they are,
 And I my fate in that I made them so;
 For they are happy as their woods are fair.

THE FRENCH PALMER.

LATE in the evening of Thursday, the 29th
 of May, 1823, two young men arrived at Saint-
 Cloud, from Paris, in a public vehicle. They
 were unaccompanied by servants, and required
 only one room: at the Tête Noire they found
 a double-bedded room, and here they put up.
 On the evening of Friday, the following day,
 one of them was taken ill, after drinking a
 glass of warm wine; his malady increased on
 the Saturday, after taking a little cold milk;
 it grew still worse on the same day, after the
 administration of a cooling draught; the sick
 man lost consciousness, and from this moment
 never rallied: he died shortly after noon on
 Sunday.

This illness appeared unaccountable; its
 commencement had been unforeseen, and its
 course frightfully rapid. Its victim arrived in
 excellent health, and had breathed his last,
 away from his family, in the arms of his com-
 panion, who had administered to him the
 beverages the drinking of which had been fol-
 lowed by such terrible consequences. Sus-
 picious too grave to be lightly uttered were felt
 by all who had watched the course of the fatal
 malady; but they grew too strong for repres-
 sion when it became known that the deceased
 was wealthy, and, having near relatives, had
 yet made his companion, a simple friend, his
 residuary legatee. Justice intervened, and the
 survivor was arrested.

The dead man was Auguste Ballet, pro-
 fessedly an avocat, but really a young man
 who was leading a gay, idle life, dissipating

the wealth left by his father, a rich Paris notary, to him and a younger brother, Hippolyte, who had died towards the close of the preceding year; the other was Edme-Samuel Castaing, a doctor of medicine, twenty-seven years of age, the senior of his companion by two years.

Castaing came of a family enjoying a good position in the world, but by no means rich. The modest income of the father permitted him, indeed, to give to his son a liberal education, but he could afford him only a small allowance during the first unfruitful years of the profession which was selected. But Castaing had abilities and application; at college, at Angers, he had distinguished himself by these qualities, and had been held up to others as an example of good conduct. At Paris, too, all went well at first; the young student attended his lectures punctually, and during the first two years successfully passed several examinations.

But his assiduity soon gave way before a stronger passion; when twenty-two he had formed an attachment to a widow, to whom he had been professionally called—an attachment which, though guilty, was shown to be deep, lasting, and sincere. The birth of a child rendered the union more close, but Castaing listened to the remonstrances of his parents; he resumed his studies, and at length took his doctor's degree. Whether his application were due to a love of science, or the result of the promptings of an ambitious nature, which told him that fortune could only be acquired by rising high in his profession, he had set before himself a wide course of study. Physiology, anatomy, botany, and chemistry had engaged, as his papers proved, his laborious attention; but, with the suspicions that were hanging over him, it was remarked, with a shudder, that he had deeply studied the effects of different poisons; he had carefully divided them according to their action, and remarked that, unlike mineral poisons, which destroy the tissue with which they come in contact, the action of certain vegetable poisons "is extended over an entire organ, without the possibility of our finding a trace of disorganisation." He had assured himself that there were deadly drugs which act in the same manner, and leave behind them the same symptoms, as certain diseases. Had he acquired these terrible secrets of science with the intention of putting them in practice?

A time came when, through his own fault, he was in a position which gave to the possession of these secrets an awful power of temptation, for, out of his small allowance and his slender earnings, Castaing had to support as well as his own child, its mother, to

whom he was deeply attached, and three children, the issue of her marriage. Into such distress had he fallen, that he had been compelled to postpone for a while taking his degree, till he could induce a creditor for a trifling sum to abandon proceedings commenced against him. This poverty had continued till June, 1822; in October, four months later, he was in possession of considerable capital; he had lent 30,000 francs to his mother, and had invested 70,000 francs in the funds. Whence had come this sudden wealth? It was at this point that investigation was turned towards Castaing's connection with the Ballets.

The fortune of the rich notary had, on his death, been divided between his two sons, Auguste and Hippolyte, and their half-sister. Acquaintance with two wealthy young men was not distasteful to Castaing, who, in time, acquired a great ascendancy over Hippolyte, a young man of delicate constitution, to whom, as a consequence, the friendly advice of a doctor was acceptable. A coolness existed between Hippolyte and Auguste, who viewed with dislike his brother's reckless and expensive ways. Matters were in this position when Hippolyte was taken ill. After a few days illness, he died on the 22nd October, 1822. Castaing alone had attended him, refusing admission to all friends. Death having taken place he sent the servant to the relatives to acquaint them with the fact; he himself remained alone in the house, and completely master of it for two hours.

It was shown that Hippolyte had declared to several friends that, displeased with his brother's wild life, he had made a will, by which, instead of leaving to him his property, he had bequeathed it to his half-sister: among other witnesses to this, was Lebreton, formerly head-clerk to the father, who was still consulted on business matters by the young men. No will could, however, be found; immediately after Hippolyte's death Castaing had taken possession of it, and before many hours had passed Auguste Ballet had allowed himself to be entrapped into an infamous bargain, which placed him at Castaing's mercy. As far as could be learned from subsequent confessions of Auguste, what passed between them was this:—

On the arrival of Auguste, upon the summons sent to him by Castaing, the latter informed him that he had discovered a will in Hippolyte's desk; that this document bequeathed all the property to the half-sister, and that friendship had therefore led him to take possession of it. The wretched weak young man, whom Castaing had brought to regard his half-sister with jealousy and

hatred, eagerly consented to Castaing's proposal to destroy the will. But, according to Castaing, there was a duplicate of the will in the custody of Lebre. "Leave it to me, however," he said; "consent to sacrifice 100,000 francs of the inheritance, and I will engage for that sum to get the duplicate from Lebre." The sum was large; Auguste hesitated, but, finally consenting, wrote to his agents, requesting them to furnish him immediately with the sum required. It was done, and with it the two men drove to Lebre's. Here Castaing got down, and disappeared in Lebre's house, taking the money with him. He returned in a few minutes, bringing with him the duplicate, which Auguste destroyed.

The real truth was, no doubt, that Castaing had taken advantage of the time during which he was left alone with the corpse, to steal from the dead man's desk both will and duplicate. But to produce and destroy both at the same time would not have answered his plan. Under the pretext of bribing Lebre, he got possession of a large sum of money, while his imaginary intervention with the old clerk, who, of course, knew nothing of the matter, secured him a hold over his wretched accomplice; and it was thus that Castaing had arrived suddenly at wealth. The identity of the sum raised by Auguste and that found long afterwards to have been partly lent by Castaing and partly invested in the funds in another name than his own, precisely at this time, enables us to complete the history of the ingenious plot, which was never fully comprehended by the weak man who was at the same time Castaing's accomplice and victim.

A post-mortem examination of Hippolyte's body was made, and Castaing was one of those who conducted it. Was he guilty of his friend's death, and did he take this opportunity to convince himself of the accuracy of his knowledge of the effects of poisons? The consumption which must in time have carried off Hippolyte was still far from having reached its final stage; he might have lived for months or years longer. On Castaing's trial, he was, indeed, declared innocent of this crime; but it was proved that Hippolyte's immediate death was expected by Castaing alone, who betrayed his conviction in conversations about the will with Auguste. About that very time Castaing was proved to have resumed his studies on the properties of poisons; seventeen days before Hippolyte's death, and twelve only before the commencement of his last illness, Castaing had actually purchased acetate of morphine.

Hippolyte was dead, and his death, whether caused by Castaing or not, enabled him, by means of an infamous plot, to gain a large sum

of money. But his designs did not stop here; nothing less than absolute possession of the whole fortune of the Ballets would content him. His influence over Auguste had induced the latter to make him his residuary legatee. But, when left to himself, Auguste must have felt the stings of conscience; must have known that it was for his own interest only that Castaing could have instigated him to the commission of a grave crime. Too late now to repair his error, for his evil genius is always at his side, to awe and threaten him. The miserable young man strove in vain to conceal the loathing of Castaing's society which he now felt. He deplored to his friends the necessity under which he was of receiving him, and confided to them his intention to live away from him. Was Castaing aware of this changed feeling and of this intention? If so, he must have trembled for the success of his plans. The will which he had induced Ballet to make could be cancelled in an instant, and his hopes were gone. And Auguste was growing more and more impatient of his power; he was seeking to get rid of his influence. There was no time to lose: Auguste had disposed of property to a large amount, and Castaing knew this, for he watched every turn in the fortune which he meant to inherit; he even knew where the money realised by the sale was kept.

Things were in this position when, towards the end of the May following Hippolyte's death, the trip to Saint-Cloud was arranged, for what ostensible purpose and by whom was never known; its fatal issue we have learnt. We must return to the Tête-Noire to study more carefully the incidents of the stay there.

It was on the evening of the day following the arrival of the two men, that on returning to the inn, Castaing asked for some warm wine. It was brought up unmixed, at the request of Castaing, who said that they had their own lemons and sugar. As soon as the mixture had been made, Castaing left the room rather abruptly to look at a servant of the inn who was ill, but who had not even asked to see him, and for whom he prescribed nothing. Auguste, meanwhile, had found it impossible to drink the wine; he told the servant to remove it; he had put too much lemon in it—it was so bitter that he could not drink it. The two friends then retired to bed. The events of that night had no witness but Castaing, but he was compelled to admit that Auguste was very unwell; in the morning it was found that he could not rise. Castaing, however, got up, and notwithstanding his friend's illness, went out for a walk, as he said, although it was only four o'clock, and to get out of the

house he had to rouse the servants. It was eight o'clock when he returned, and the first thing he had to do was to ask for some cold milk for his sick friend. No sooner had Auguste taken this than Castaing again went out, although his friend had become violently worse. On his return, Auguste requested that a doctor might be sent for. Castaing at first proposed to send for one to Paris, but, yielding to his friend's wish, called in one from the neighbourhood, who administered a draught and withdrew. On again visiting his patient, a few hours later, he found that his friend had gone out for a third time. On paying the sick man a third visit, he again prescribed a draught, which was shortly afterwards administered by Castaing, and with fatal effect; from that time the patient lost consciousness. On the following morning a doctor was sent for from Paris, and the curé of Saint-Cloud was summoned to administer extreme unction. Castaing remained on his knees during the ceremony, and prayed with such fervour that he attracted the notice of the sacristan, who commended his piety; but no sooner was it finished than he absented himself for more than a hour from the bedside of the dying man. Shortly after his return his friend expired.

What was the meaning of those repeated absences from the post where every feeling of duty and friendship should have told Castaing to remain? Was it natural that he should leave the bedside of a suffering friend merely to take a walk, and that at a most unseasonable hour,—at an hour so early that to gratify his whim he had to raise the house? Castaing had in view a far deeper object than a simple promenade. On leaving the inn he had at once driven off to Paris, where he arrived as the shops were opening. Entering a druggist's, he presented to the assistant an order, signed in his own name, for a quantity of emetic, so large that its administration in one dose would be fatal. The alarm of the assistant was removed by the assurance of the messenger, for as such Castaing represented himself, that it was for application according to the method of Dr. Castaing. The scruples of the assistant gave way before this imposing phrase, and Castaing hurried off to another shop, where he purchased some acetate of morphine, the very same drug which he had previously bought a few days before the death of Hippolyte. In answer to inquiries he stated that the drug was required for experiments on animals. Thus furnished he returned to Saint-Cloud, and on reaching the inn at once asked for cold milk, the taking of which by his friend was immediately followed by severe vomiting.

This journey and its incidents explain all.

It is evident that on leaving Paris with his friend, Castaing, his mind bent on the fulfilment of his fatal project, had provided himself, most probably from his own stock, with a dose of poison which he considered sufficient for his purpose. It was necessary that he himself should buy the lemons and sugar, or the landlord of the inn would have sent up the wine already mixed, and Castaing would thus have been deprived of the opportunity of introducing his poisonous ingredients. But the lemon-juice fails to disguise the intensely bitter taste of the acetate; Auguste can drink but a small quantity of the mixture, and the dose does not produce its expected effect. Castaing, however, is not to be turned from his iniquitous design; his stock of poison is exhausted, for, either after mixing with the wine the quantity he deemed sufficient, he threw away the rest, taking advantage for this purpose of the pretext which the illness of the inn-servant afforded him of quitting the chamber, or else he perhaps put into the wine the entire quantity he had brought with him. However this may be, he has exhausted his stock, and under the pretence of taking a walk, he hurries to Paris for fresh drugs. We now see why, after administering to his friend the emetic in cold milk, he again went out without any apparent aim; his real object being, doubtless, to place the acetate where he could find it, in case the emetic should not render its use unnecessary. The emetic does not produce fatal effects, and Castaing again goes out, no doubt to fetch his acetate; and his friend, who has thus far resisted his attacks, at last succumbs.

The greatest excitement was caused by the news of these alleged crimes. Auguste Ballet had been well known in Parisian society, and on the other hand Castaing belonged to an influential body whose interest it was popularly thought to be to defend, at all hazards, one of their number from the terrible charges brought against him. The public were divided into two parties, which loudly asserted the guilt or innocence of Castaing. The advocates of his innocence claimed, as a demonstration of their opinion, the fact that no trace of poison had been discovered by the medical men who made the post-mortem examination. But Castaing furnished the law with arms against himself; he adopted the most absurd system of defence; asserting, for example, that he had left his inn at four o'clock in the morning and gone to Paris for poison in order to destroy the cats and dogs in the neighbourhood, which had greatly annoyed his sick friend. He also made important revelations to a fellow-prisoner, who, in the euphuistic language of the Procureur, having consented to act as the medium by whose

means he might communicate with the outer world, became afterwards tormented by the gravity of his singular confidences, and transmitted them to justice ; who, in plain language, had been placed with him for the express purpose of provoking and betraying revelations—a *mouton*, in short.

After a laborious investigation of five months the trial began on the tenth of November. The court was crowded, and all eyes were bent on Castaing, who, dressed in black, sat calmly on the prisoner's bench. Nothing about him betrayed the anxiety he must have felt inwardly ; his modest air, his calm demeanour, and his quiet self-possession, produced a favourable impression on the audience, which gave way on hearing the absurdly improbable explanations by which he sought to defend himself. The act of accusation, which, as a masterly analysis of the facts cannot be surpassed, charged Castaing with three crimes : the murder of Hippolyte, the destruction of his will, and the murder of Auguste. To substantiate these charges seventy-five witnesses had been summoned ; the defence relied on the evidence of twenty-six.

Beginning on a Monday, the trial went on through the whole week ; the Sunday's rest which fell to the lot of other mortals was unknown to that wearied jury, and Monday night had again come round before the three questions were put to them and they withdrew to their room. Two hours pass, and then the ringing of their bell announces that they have decided. A subdued murmur runs through the court ; the ushers call silence, and the jury enter. With hand on heart the foreman announces that on his honour and his conscience, before God and before men, the declaration of the jury is : No ; not guilty of the death of Hippolyte ; yes ; guilty of destroying the will ; yes ; guilty of the death of Auguste, this part of the verdict being found by a majority only of seven against five. In this case the law demands that the verdict shall be considered by the court. Midnight sounds before the court, which has retired to deliberate, returns to announce that it has adopted unanimously the verdict of the majority. Castaing is brought back into court.

No one who saw that scene could ever have forgotten it. The candles had burnt down into the sockets, the lamps were dying out, for the attendants, worn perhaps by long watching, had neglected to refill them, and they threw a dim, uncertain light on the pale anxious faces of all present. Standing, with his arm outstretched towards the crucifix behind the President's seat, is the man who has just

heard his death sentence. "I have nothing to say ; I shall know how to die ; I shall go to meet again my unhappy friends of whose deaths I am accused ; I shall walk in triumph to the scaffold, for my conscience will not reproach me even when I feel—" and here the wretched man placed his hands around his neck, imitating with a hideous pantomime, which called forth a shudder from the audience, the "lunette" of the guillotine. But as the fatal moment drew near his firmness forsook him ; he had to be lifted into the cart which was to convey him to the place of execution. His face was pale and bloodless, his eyes rolled, and he seemed unable to support his head. After a short prayer at the foot of the scaffold, he was helped, or rather lifted on to it, and in a few minutes the terrible instrument had shorn away another life.

HIGHWAYMEN.

AMONG travellers during the last century it seems to have been a moot point whether it was justifiable or not to shoot a highwayman. One evening, when Dr. Johnson was drinking tea at the house of his old schoolfellow, Dr. Taylor (Boswell in his character of reporter-in-chief being, of course, present on the occasion), a discussion arose on the subject. Johnson had talked of going down to Streatham that night ; Taylor, urging him to remain where he was, told him he would have to choose between being robbed or shooting the robber. "For myself," said Taylor, "I would rather be robbed than do that ; I would not shoot a highwayman." Johnson argued that he would rather shoot the man on the instant of his attempt to rob, than afterwards give such evidence against him at the Old Bailey as would result in his execution—highway robbery being at that time a capital offence. "I may be mistaken," said the doctor, "as to the man when I swear ; I cannot be mistaken if I shoot him in the act. Besides, we feel less reluctance to take away a man's life when we are heated by the injury, than to do it at a distance of time by an oath after we have cooled." Boswell thought this was acting rather from the motive of private passion than that of public advantage. Johnson maintained he acted from both in shooting the highwayman ; at the same time he admitted that the case was one of great difficulty. "One does not know what to say," he owned. "For perhaps one may a year after hang himself from uneasiness for having shot a highwayman. Few minds are fit to be trusted with so great a thing." Boswell concludes, then, that after all he wouldn't shoot him. "But I might be

vexed afterwards for that too," says the doctor. He declines to be fixed with an opinion either way, and the subject then drops.

Noting the above conversation, Boswell takes occasion to contradict a report that the Duke of Montrose had been the subject of much uneasiness by reason of his having once shot a highwayman. The true story seems to have been that, when riding one night in the neighbourhood of London, his grace was attacked by two men on horseback; that he instantly shot one of them, upon which the other galloped off. The duke's servant, who was well mounted, proposed to follow the robber and, if possible, capture him. "No," said his grace, "let him go; we have had blood enough; I hope the man may live to repent." But in reply to Mr. Boswell's questions the duke stated that his mind was not at all clouded by what he had thus done in self-defence.

That there were advocates for the most merciless treatment of "the Knight of the Road" of the past century may be readily believed. In our own time many violent punishments have been prescribed for the footpad and the garotter, and the shop-windows of modern London have been crowded with various instruments of torture of ingenious construction, by means of which retaliation was to be inflicted upon the marauder. But even the police of old seem to have had little compunction in their pursuit of an offender charged with a capital crime, as to whether they captured him dead or alive. The life of the late President of the Royal Academy puts us in possession of some curious details of police administration at the close of the last century.

Mr. Shee was engaged upon the portrait of Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Addington, chief magistrate of police in London, and popularly known as "Justice Addington." The artist, his thumb in his palette, was busy at his easel; the magistrate was enthroned in the sitter's chair, admirably posed, the light streaming well down upon him from the high window above, when a servant entered abruptly with a statement that a person whose name he mentioned, had called and desired to see Mr. Addington immediately on most important business. Mr. Addington, with some excitement in his manner, asked Mr. Shee's permission to have the visitor admitted into the studio: explaining that he was simply a police-officer who had come by appointment, having a communication to make which he could as well make there as any where else, and that the sitting need not be interrupted. The artist, of course, could offer no objection, and the officer was at once ushered in, when, an-

ticipating the magistrate's eager inquiry, he cried, in a tone of exultation, rubbing his hands, "I've done it, sir,—shot him—shot him dead at four o'clock this morning!" an announcement which Mr. Addington received with every appearance of supreme satisfaction. He then turned to explain to Mr. Shee, who had contemplated the proceedings of the magistrate and his subordinate with some amazement, that the police had been for some time endeavouring to put an end to the depredations of a certain notorious highwayman, and that measures had been recently taken for effecting his capture dead or alive. It seemed that Wimbledon Common and Hounslow Heath had been the scenes of the majority of his exploits; that he had levied contributions from the king's lieges to so large an amount that none but the most adventurous travellers dared to appear upon the roads after nightfall, and that the extent of his robberies and his apparent impunity had thus become a serious public scandal. The police had been for a long time upon his track, but had hitherto failed to effect his seizure. At length a stratagem was resorted to. A post-chaise and four appeared one night upon a lonely road crossing Wimbledon Common. The style of the equipage seemed to promise that its occupant was a traveller of importance, likely to be in possession of a well-filled purse, a handsome watch and appendages, with, possibly, jewels and other valuables about him. The vehicle was driven rapidly, as though in apprehension of danger from interruption or pursuit. The highwayman yielded to the temptation; determined to attack the post-chaise; boldly advanced and commanded the postilions to stop. They obeyed: the robber rode up, pistol in hand, to the window, when he encountered the muzzle of another pistol levelled at his breast; the trigger was pulled by no hesitating finger, and the next moment the unhappy wretch fell back shot to the heart. The carriage contained two travellers, Bow Street officers armed to the teeth; their stratagem had succeeded. Mr. Shee, with no sympathy for the lawless man who had thus met a fate he fully merited, could not conceal a painful sense of disgust almost amounting to horror, at hearing the recital of this act of summary justice. The officer stood before him almost red-handed; the highwayman had been cut off while engaged in the commission of a crime to which he had been in a great measure enticed by his exulting executioner.

The highwayman would seem to have always had a certain number of admirers and sympathisers even among the best ranks of society. Opinion was divided about him: while some

people would only look upon him as a ruffian and a robber, others were inclined to consider him, pityingly, as the victim of unfortunate circumstances, as a sort of officer without a commission, a member of an unrecognised profession, a privateer who was not sanctioned by his government. Undoubtedly "the road," as a means of obtaining a livelihood, had its interesting, even its romantic side, and was regarded with much leniency and complacency by many; especially, no doubt, by those who "lived at home at ease," and seldom had occasion to move from their firesides after nightfall. We read of one Mr. Cardell Goodman,—a terrible scamp, his name notwithstanding,—who, expelled from the University of Cambridge for defacing the picture of the then chancellor, the Duke of Monmouth, appeared as an actor on the boards of Drury Lane in the year 1677, when theatrical salaries were singularly small. Mr. Goodman acquired fame from his performance; but six and three-pence a day was a very inadequate stipend for the gay, handsome, reckless gentleman, whose passions were strong, and appetites considerable. To replenish his empty pockets, therefore, he did not scruple to confess that he had "taken the air," as he called it; in other words, cried "stand and deliver," on the king's highway, and borrowed money from the first man he met. For this offence he was brought to trial and condemned to death, but was, however, graciously pardoned by King James. It was in gratitude for this clemency, perhaps, that he afterwards joined in Sir John Fenwick's plot to assassinate Dutchman William in 1696. Fortune favoured him once more. William III., not to be less merciful than his predecessor, spared the life which was again forfeited to the law on condition that the culprit should furnish evidence against his accomplice. Goodman, however, evaded this condition, fled to the Continent, and died in exile. It was this same actor who at one time enjoyed the admiration of the notorious Duchess of Cleveland. He had money in his pockets in those days, and would only appear on the boards when it was his own good pleasure, or the desire of his patroness that he should do so. He declared he would not even play *Alexander the Great*, unless "his duchess," as he called her, were in front to witness the performance. But what we would more particularly call attention to is the fact of his having played the part of highwayman on the stage of life without apparently incurring any great censure or obloquy. He was afterwards received at the theatre with no less favour than before, and did not forfeit such position in society as he had previously secured. Colley Cibber mentions having met

Goodman at dinner at Sir Thomas Skipwith's, "who, as he was an agreeable companion himself, liked Goodman for the same quality." This dinner was not only after Goodman's adventures on the highway, but at a time when his complicity in Sir John Fenwick's plot had been fully proved, and evidence against the chief conspirator was duly expected from him. It seems strange that this actor, robber, traitor, should be considered "pleasant company," and that he should be induced to converse fully of his misdeeds. Yet Cibber tells us that Goodman, "without disguise or sparing himself, fell into a laughing account of several loose passages of his younger life." It appears to have occurred to no one present that Mr. Goodman, however agreeable, was hardly a fitting associate for honest men.

At one time, indeed, there seems to have been a positive apprehension that highway robbery would become the fashion, and dishonesty *de rigueur*. The prodigal son of the period was already quite as often joining the ranks of the gentlemen of the road as enlisting in the regular army and taking the shilling from the recruiting officer—that last imprudence of the imprudent—raising twelve pence by mortgaging a life; frightful usury! But if the highwayman became the mode, what would become of society? This, declared many, was the result of the tendency of Mr. Gay's "Beggars' Opera." Sir John Hawkins was very severe upon it—greatly indignant. He declared that the public were little aware of the mischief they were doing by giving countenance to an entertainment which had been productive of more mischief to the country than any one would believe. Not only was it the tendency of Mr. Gay's work to inculcate that persons in authority were actuated uniformly by the same motives as thieves and robbers, but a character was exhibited endowed with bravery, generosity, and the qualities of a gentleman, subsisting by the practice of highway robbery, which he defended by examples drawn from the conduct of men of all professions. He was as much a hero as the principal agent in an epic poem; was represented as having attained to some degree of wealth, to keep the company of gamblers of fashion, and to be a favourite with the sex—his whole life an uninterrupted pursuit of criminal gratifications in which he had the good fortune to succeed, and in the end to escape with impunity. Sir John goes on to declare that rapine and violence had been gradually increasing in the land ever since Captain Macheath had strutted and sung upon the boards of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "Young men," he says, "appren-

tices, clerks in public offices, and others, disdaining the arts of honest industry, and captivated with the charms of idleness and criminal pleasure, now betake themselves to the road, affect politeness in the very act of robbery, and in the end become victims to the justice of their country; and men of discernment, who have been at the pains of tracing this evil to its source have found that not a few of those who, during the last fifty years, have paid to the law the forfeit of their lives, have, in the course of their pursuits, been emulous to imitate the manners and general character of Macheath."

Sir John's opinions are rather strongly expressed, but in proof that many others thought as he did the letters following, extracted from the Colman correspondence, may be adduced. Mr. Colman, at the date of the magistrates' application, was one of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre.

From the Magistrates in Bow Street to Mr. Colman.

"The magistrates now sitting in Bow Street present their compliments to Mr. Colman, and acquaint him that, on the 'Beggars Opera' being given out to be played some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre, they requested the managers of that theatre not to exhibit this opera, deeming it productive of mischief to society, as in their opinion it most undoubtedly increased the number of thieves, and that the managers obligingly returned for answer, that for that night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play it if the other house did not. Under these circumstances, from a sense of duty and the principles of humanity, the magistrates make the same request to Mr. Colman and the rest of the managers of his Majesty's Theatre Royal, Covent Garden: the same opera being advertised to be played there this night.

"Bow Street, October 27th, 1773."

Mr. Colman's Reply.

"Mr. Colman presents his best respects to the magistrates with whose note he has just been honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other managers, but for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the magistrates, thinking that the theatre is one of the very few houses in the neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of thieves.

"Covent Garden, Wednesday morning."

And the "Beggars Opera" therefore kept the stage, the magistrates and other objectors notwithstanding. It will be remembered that

in more modern days the Lord Chamberlain forbade the representation of a dramatic version of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's novel, "Jack Sheppard," the alleged motive for this act of authority being that the play had a tendency to enlist the sympathies of the audience on the side of dishonesty, and exhibited the house-breaker in a dangerously heroic light. The police magistrates, it was understood, fully approved, if they did not absolutely prompt, the Chamberlain's interference. But the "Beggars Opera" had taken so fast a hold upon public affection that it was hardly thought safe to venture upon any official action in regard to it. It was left to run itself out.

The highwayman has ceased to be. For his elegy we must turn, curiously enough, to the pages of a student and philosopher from whom warm sympathy with the gentlemen of the road was hardly to be expected. But De Quincey did not live in the highwayman times. Perhaps in that fact lies the explanation of his high praise of the profession of the robber, "a liberal profession," he says, "which required more accomplishments than either the bar or the pulpit; from the beginning it presumed a most bountiful endowment of qualifications—strength, health, agility and exquisite horsemanship, intrepidity of the first order, presence of mind, courtesy and a general ambidexterity of powers for facing all accidents, and for turning to a good account all unlooked-for contingencies." He considers that beyond a doubt the finest men in England, physically speaking, throughout the eighteenth century, the very noblest specimens of man considered as an animal, were the mounted robbers who cultivated their profession on the great leading roads. For the forger he has no sympathy; so clever a criminal ought to be honest; the exercise of his calling demands an array of talent for engraving, &c., sufficient to carry a man forward upon principles reputed honourable, and he ought, therefore, to be above courting danger and disreputability. But in the last century, De Quincey maintains, the special talents which led to distinction on the high road had oftentimes no career open to them elsewhere. When every traveller carried firearms the mounted robber "lived in an element of danger and adventurous gallantry," so that admiration for the robber was sometimes extorted even from the robbed. If to courage, address, promptitude of decision, be added courtesy and a spirit of forbearing generosity, he seemed almost a man meriting public encouragement. For it might plausibly be argued that his profession was certain to exist, and that, if he were removed, a successor might arise who would carry on the business in a less

liberal and humanising spirit. Mr. De Quincey seems to think that a shade of disgrace had fallen upon public honour in a preceding generation, inasmuch as that the championship of England upon the high road had fallen for the time into French hands. In the seventeenth century the burthen of English honour in this respect had rested upon French prowess. Claude Du Val had then been King of the Road, a Frenchman of undeniable courage, handsome, adroit, and noted for his chivalrous devotion to the fair sex, inasmuch as that on his condemnation to the gallows he had been honoured by the tears of many ladies who attended his trial, and by their visits of sympathy and tenderness during his imprisonment.

This is amusing enough; but, of course, another view of the highwayman may fairly be taken, quite as likely to be correct. No doubt he was as often brutal as courteous, as often a poltroon as a gallant, presenting his rusty horse-pistol in great trepidation; trading, however, upon the greater apprehensions of the unwarlike travellers he made his prey; flying upon any show of resistance; and a prisoner if any arms were stont enough for instant action, if any hearts were brave enough not to quail at a sudden attack, a dark night, a levelled pistol, a black mask, and a bully on a horse. But in any case the highwayman is now so completely extinct that we can perhaps afford, upon the *nil nisi bonum* principle, to deal leniently with him, his doings, character, and social position, even to accepting the generous sentimentalism of De Quincey's idea of him, which has before now supplied food for the romancist, and may again; at least, there is no danger now that such works as the "Beggar's Opera" will attract apprentices and clerks to "the road." DUTTON COCK.

DAYS IN THE BLACK FOREST.

PART III.

OF all perfect little places on this imperfect planet commend me to Freiburg-in-the-Breisgau. No doubt its description is in all guide-books, and it is quite unnecessary to recapitulate the list of its lions, but it may be questioned whether it has been considered as much as it deserved in the sum of its attractions. What a model of the purest yet most elaborate Gothic its cathedral is, with the spire of open stonework which lets through the light! How gorgeous are the painted windows! How beautiful is high mass! How venerable the archbishop! How quietly ecclesiastical is the air and aspect of the place! If it is a nest of Ultramontanism, it is a dove's nest. The streets are not overrun by uproarious students, like those of Heidelberg, the

members of the modest university being few and decorous. There is no plague of soldiers, as in little German residencies. The pavements are not ingeniously contrived to torture passengers, being pleasant to walk on, and pleasant to look on, tessellated with pebbles. The waters of the Dreisam are distributed in runnels through the streets, keeping the air of the town fresh and sweet. It is a town of vineyards and of gardens and rushing waters, and shady places. Above it towers the Schlossberg, growing excellent wine, and giving a splendid panoramic view. The mountains of the Black Forest screen the valley from the bitter east winds, and invite to unending rambles among the pine woods. In the middle of the westward plain rises the bold isolated basaltic hill of the Kaiserstuhl, and in the western distance, fold behind fold, are the most finely formed of the chain of the Vosges mountains in France. And for pleasantly placed hotels commend me to the Peacock, with the grand old bird of Juno as its living sign,—a squat, two-storeyed house, with a garden of entertainment and baths attached. The Zähringer Hof is, however, the hotel of grandest aspect, and has recently been transferred into the new town which has sprung up about the station, a town of English looking villas, which we are told command good prices. People are beginning to find out that Freiburg has "the fatal gift of beauty," and it is to be feared that ere long it will share the fate of Heidelberg, and lose the quiet which is, or was, its principal charm.

We are bound for a little out-of-the-way lake called the Schluchsee, at the other side of the Feldberg, the highest of the Black Forest hills, whose bare topmost platform attains about the same height as the highest of the Scotch mountains. It is early June, and the weather is thundery, wet, and windy. After passing the famous Höllenthal, and climbing by a zig-zag Alpine road the height to which it leads, the road descends to the lower end of the Titi See, which in aspect and size suggests a Scotch lake, though the mountain scenery about it, however fine, is somewhat more monotonous from the universal prevalence of the pine. Yet another zig-zag climb to the top of a ridge which ought to command a fine view of the Alps, and then a turn is taken to the right, into what would be called in England a parish road, which leads down in course of time to the village of Schluchsee, lying by the lake of that name. Granite is the stuff here of which the ground is made, and the whole surface of the valley is covered with big boulders, and filled with what appears to be subsided moraines of vast primeval glaciers.

The Schluchsee is about 2500 feet above the sea level, and in wet weather a very gloomy lake indeed ; it is filled with enormous pike, which prevent its waters being inhabited by trout, though trout are caught in the tributary streams. The wind here in the second week of June has a wintry bitterness, vegetation is so backward that the lilac is not yet in full bloom, and all the signs are those of the

middle of the spring. As yet it is plainly too early in the season to stay long in so Alpine a situation, as the Feldberg is still streaked with snow, so we move on, skirting the side of a fine ravine, then over a ridge and down a steep to St. Blasien, an odd little place, which nestles in a valley which leads up to the Feldberg.

St. Blasien owes the eccentricity of its



St. Blasien.

appearance, very striking to those who come suddenly upon it at a turn in the road, to the shining, zinc-covered dome of its church, which is an object one is not accustomed to meet with in piney glens among mountains. This dome looks about as large as that of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, but more imposing, as no other high buildings stand near it. The dome is certainly the one redeeming point in the

stiff ugliness of Italian architecture. To account for its presence here, it is necessary to refer to the history of St. Blasien. The vast buildings which flank the church were once a flourishing monastic establishment, and are now a cotton factory, employing, in the present depressed state of that manufacture, about 450 hands ; water power supplies the place of steam. The present roomy inn formed part of the

conventual buildings; within its court is a pretty garden with fountains. At the distance of five minutes' walk down the stream of the Alb is a respectable cascade, and below it a rocky glen almost, but not quite, equal to Foss Noddyn, near Bettws-y-Coed in North Wales, which artists love to paint, often with a garnishing of fairies.

In the year of grace 936, one Reginbert, a noble of Zurich, retired from the service of the Emperor Otto I., in which he had lost an arm, and resolved to dedicate to religion the remnant of his days. He became a hermit in the Black Forest, probably at Rentschwil, formerly called Reginbertswil. He was joined by some of his friends, who with him sold their lands in the demesne of Zurich. The cloister was began in 945 and finished in 948, then came some monks from the Rhine, bringing with them the relics of St. Blasius. Reginbert died in 945, having previously obtained from Otto a large grant of lands for the monastery. The Benedictine rule was adopted. In 1314 the abbey reached its highest prosperity under Abbot Ulrich, then in 1344 it was burnt to the ground. This Ulrich was excommunicated because he would not receive into his dependent parsonages Roman nominees of the Anti-Pope Nicholas. After the extinction of the line of the Counts of Zähringen, the protectorate of the convent lapsed to the House of Austria. Again, the Abbot Heinrich, adhering to Pope Clement III., was excommunicated by the Anti-Pope Urban VI., who sent one Konrad Goldast to supersede him, but the monks refused to receive him. In consequence of these quarrels the abbey declined. In 1525 it was sacked by the insurgents in the Peasants' war, and the monks were dispersed, and the abbot, having caught and hanged Uchlin of Niedermühle, the peasants blew up the abbey in revenge. The present buildings are thus of recent date, the church with its dome having been built by Abbot Martin Gerbert, after the model of Santa Maria della Rotonda in Rome. In 1805 the abbey was dissolved, the Court of Vienna, grateful for a loan of money, gave to the expelled Abbot Berthold Rottler and the fugitive monks the cloister of St. Paul in Carinthia. An old monk is said to be still living who remembers the palmy days of the foundation. The property, which at the dissolution, exclusive of the Swiss dependencies, was valued at 5,205,372 florins, was principally bought by Herr von Eichthal, the bells and crozier being carried off to Carlsruhe.

A new road, a real triumph of engineering, has lately been made down the vale of the Alb, from St. Blasien to Alb-bruck, on the rail-

road between Basel and Constanz. It leaves to the left the height of Hochenschwand, which is surmounted by the post-road to Waldshut, and which presents, in fine weather, the finest Alpine panorama in the neighbourhood. The valley of the Alb narrows into a rocky gorge, and the road is cut along the side of a stupendous precipice for eight or nine miles. The grandeur of the scenery is only surpassed by the Münsterthal near Basel. Near Alb-bruck the road passes through six tunnels or galleries like those in the higher Alps. The flora is beautiful and abundant in the nooks of the precipices, the yellow digitalis being very conspicuous, generally in inaccessible places.

The Albthal is only one of the many grand gorges which abound in the southern Black Forest, and make that country, with the exception of the snowy region, nearly as well worth the traveller's attention as Switzerland. The Schwartzwald has the advantage of being free from beggars and extortioners, although in some parts a stray crétin or goitre may be encountered. On reaching the Falls of Schaffhausen, we were glad to find that the landscape is not spoiled as much as we expected by the railway bridge. Seen from the terrace of the Hôtel de Bellevue, with a vineyard on the foreground slope, then the loop of the green Rhine with its fall, the hills beyond, and the snowy mountains beyond all, it is as charming to the eye as can be imagined. G. C. SWAYNE.

THE ERL KING'S DYING.

I.

Bury me, love, when the year is old,
When the forests no longer sing,
For I must die when the world is cold,
And the hollows its requiem ring.

II.

Cast me into the boiling wave
Which seethes on the rock-bound shore,
Or bury me low in the ice-bound grave
Of the river which rushes no more.

III.

Or lay me asleep in the mountain snow,
All chill in the moonlight sheen,
There shall I list, when the whirlwinds blow
O'er the lake and the crevasse between.

IV.

Let the curlew scream, and the storm fiend shout,
I will rouse at the sea-bell's tones;
When my love-lit torch with my life's gone out,
Such music shall fire my bones!

V.

And pile no posy or marble proud
O'er him whom you loved so dear,
Your mourning veil be the thunder cloud,
And the heavy raindrop your tear! CLARE.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER X. MRS. GALTON IS A LITTLE MISTAKEN.

"A VERY good story, with a great air of reality about it. I feel sorry that it isn't true," Kate Galton said, as Mr. Linley brought his narration to a close and rose to his feet.

"And I feel glad," Theo exclaimed. "I was miserable for Forbes for a minute, when it came to pulling down her veil and finding he had married the wrong sister. I couldn't help feeling how wretched he would be all his life; didn't you pity him?" she continued, looking up at Harold, who had retained her hand on his arm all the while Mr. Linley had been amusing them.

"I did," he replied; "the story does great credit to your powers of invention," he went on, looking at the successful novelist.

"My powers of invention were not very severely taxed. I am glad you liked it so well."

"I should have liked it better if you had given us a sketch of Forbes's wretched after-career—for of course it *was* wretched," Mrs. Galton remarked. "Couldn't you come to my house some evening and give us a second part,—a sequel to the story? that would be delightful."

Harold Ffrench turned away impatiently, drawing Theo with him.

"What a humbug Kate is, to be sure," he muttered; "the stuff was all very well just to listen to it, as we listened now; but to set about having more of it in cold blood in this way is a little too much. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes," Theo replied; "besides, I can't think that the 'wretched after-career' will be pleasant to hear about."

"No, it cannot be," Harold Ffrench said. And then the pair seated themselves on a couch, and Theo said:—

"The misery of not alone marrying the wrong sister, but being the cause of the death of the one he loved."

"It was misery."

"He told it very well, or we shouldn't speak of it as if it might be true; didn't he?" Theo asked. "I shouldn't have thought much of it, I think, if I had read it; but he told it in a way that brought it home—didn't he?"

"Yes, he brought it home to one."

"I suppose that's a trick he has gained from writing?"

"I suppose it is, at least I thought he told it very badly; and if it is a specimen of the amusement Lady Glaskill and that mocking-bird, my cousin, mean to provide for their guests, I shall not trouble them very often. I hope you won't follow in Kate's footsteps, and flatter that egotistical fool's vanity by striking up a great friendship with him, Theo."

"Oh dear, no. How should I do so? he a great author; but don't you like him?"

"Like him? I don't know him."

"Don't you like him even well enough to come to your cousin's house if he comes much?"

"While you are there I shall come, if you care to see me."

She choked back a passionate sigh. "I shall always be glad to see you."

"You are a very tender, sweet woman, Theo; you felt genuine pity for the imaginary man whose life was cursed and blasted by a foul trick."

"Who could have helped feeling pity for him?"

"I declare," he said, "if you take fiction so seriously, I shall be inclined to try my hand at it. I cannot originate, but I can follow up the path Kate and that man have chalked out. What do you say, Theo? would you continue to feel a kindly interest in Forbes if I went on with his history? or must it be from Linley's lips alone?"

"Oh, no; I should believe in him equally, I am sure, if you undertook him. Take him up from the lifting of the veil," she continued eagerly, "and tell me what he said to his wife, and what she said to him, poor thing!"

"And how in after years, when his love for Leila was a long-dead thing, he met another woman whom he did not dare at first to tell he loved because of Leila's sister, his wife? and how afterwards he forgot everything and lived only for this woman, who lost the world for and forgave him?"

"Yes," she cried eagerly, "tell me."

"I have told you already," he said, jumping up. "Come back to your conscientious chaperone, who has left you to cater for your own amusement the whole night. No, Theo! Forbes hangs fire in my hands; I am not equal to the task of galvanizing him; I must leave that pleasant office to Mr. Linley, whose vocation in life it is to tell lies euphoniously."

How about the Academy to-morrow? will you care to go?"

By the time she had told him that she "should care to go very much indeed," and he had spoken to and obtained Kate's assent to the plan, Lady Glaskill's first reunion gave signs of fast-approaching dissolution. Soon the guests were "fled, the garlands shed," the banquet halls were deserted, and Mrs. Galton and Theo were on their way home.

"I can give you a seat if you are lodging at any place within a reasonable distance," Mrs. Galton had said to her cousin when he was handing her into the brougham, and Harold had thanked her, but explained that he was not lodging within a reasonable distance, and would not, therefore, trouble her.

"Queer of Harold," Kate had said to her companion as they drove off; "he never will say where he is living. I should never inquire too particularly into the extent of his establishment. I'm not going to marry him!"

"What difference would it make if you were?" Theo asked.

"Oh, you innocent! Well, he might have a difficulty in answering, my dear; that's all I can say. How *cross* he was to-night at my talking so much to that delightful Mr. Linley. I could see that he was nearly rabid as he walked about with you."

"Could you?" Theo asked, and a sudden new pang assailed her.

"Oh, yes; it's too absurd of him. But Harold is such a dear creature that I have forgiven his absurdities, and so he imposes on good nature. I felt sorry for him, for he looked quite dull and wretched, and utterly different to the Harold he is to me. You can have no idea, Theo, how agreeable that man can make himself when he likes; if you once saw him in one of his best and brightest moods—in one of the moods in which he is most familiar to me—you would fall in love with him."

"I am glad we are at home," Theo said, the carriage drawing up at the moment. "I am very much tired." So she was, tired and confused and unhappy, about she knew not what exactly, but she had a dim idea that it was because Harold French (so his cousin told her) had been dull and wretched and rabid with jealousy even while she (Theo) had been leaning on his arm.

Mr. Linley called on Mrs. Galton the following day, and found his book lying on a little table by the side of the couch on which Kate was seated.

"This is my constant companion," she said, gently indicating it with the left while she extended the right hand to meet his; and the

successful novelist went through the little farce with which he was now familiar of first appearing not to recognise the book, and then to be gently surprised at seeing it there, and then to deprecate anything like admiration being felt for a work which had been "thrown off carelessly in his leisure hours." It is a difficult thing to speak gracefully of your own literary performances. If you censure them, people are apt to ask, why, in the name of common sense, did you foist that of which you thought so meanly upon the reading public? If you triumph ever so weakly in them you are naturally and very properly dubbed disgustingly conceited by the unsympathetic masses. But of all the little barriers against overwhelming confusion which you erect, the one of affected indifference is that which breaks down most surely and swiftly.

David Linley had a face that his admirers declared to be expressive of vast power; those who were not his admirers, or those who were capable of separating the man from his works, held it to be unconditionally ugly. He had a rugged nose, a grim chasm for a mouth, and beetle brows. But his eyes were wonderful: large, black, penetrating, they rarely failed in causing the obliteration of his other features from your mind as you met and quailed under them.

For they were eyes under whose gaze the many quailed. The man was a genial observer of men and manners and women (especially the latter) in his works. His characters had just that happy admixture of good and evil, of wisdom and folly, which distinguishes the denizens of the world in which we dwell. Yet for all that they were romantic novels; very romantic novels indeed. Only you felt in perusing them that not only everything that he recounted *might* have been, but that it *had* been; and he knew it.

But in the flesh David Linley was far from being genial; on the contrary, he was given to the utterance of cynical truths concerning men and things—and women too, very often. He was not too careful as to whether those of whom he spoke heard him utter these things or not. However, it was well for those who met him if he adopted this view at first, for the case of those whom he won to love him was a cruel one. He stung his foes surely and painfully, but he stung his friends, men said, with a still more fatal poison.

Just on the surface of society, if you met him there and there alone, he could be agreeable and was agreeable enough. This year, as has been said, he was a lion, and more sought after than usual despite some doubtful things, which again could never be well authenticated, that

were whispered about him. But even now it was seen that he was more popular with women than with men. The latter shunned him instinctively, but the women flocked to his standard and declared it to be that of a true hero, and appeared to find a sort of fascination in that ugliness on which he presumed, as it were,—he took so little care to adorn or set his person off to the best advantage.

Kate Galton would verily have flirted at the veiled prophet himself, had he come in her way and been of any mark in the circle in which she moved. She merely saw in David Linley's ugliness a something which, taken in conjunction with his talent, rendered him the more remarkable. He had shown her his fairest aspect at Lady Glaskill's; he was prepared to go on doing so the while this pretty woman pleased him. But those who knew him best said that, if ever the holy bond got broken, Mrs. Galton would smart for the honours she was now enjoying.

He scarcely noticed Theo Leigh when he came into Mrs. Galton's drawing-room this day; he merely recognised her presence by a slight bow, and uttered no word which could break the train of her thoughts. Of this Theo was rather glad than otherwise, for she was thinking of Harold Ffrench, and wondering when he would come to take them to the Academy, and whether she would not be a wise girl to go back to Houghton before the frequent sight of him had caused her a relapse.

Still she was a little disappointed and most unwisely sorry when she heard Mr. Linley, in reply to Mrs. Galton's request that he should do so, decline to accompany them to the Academy. It might not be well for her that she should be free to hear all that Harold Ffrench might care to say to her. It might not be well, it might even be dangerous. Still Theo could but prefer the possible ill and danger to the dismal certainty of his being entirely monopolized by Mrs. Galton, as he would be assuredly, were he the only man. Kate's assertion that Harold had been rabid with jealousy and wearily savage had obtained with Theo during the night; but now, in the brighter, truer light of day, she saw its fallacy and began to doubt it.

Mr. Linley's visit was brief, but highly satisfactory, to judge from Mrs. Galton's manner when it was over. That it was paid at all was a triumph in its way, for he was wont to make himself difficult of access to a remarkable degree; but in her case she could but feel that he was most flatteringly tractable, for when his call came to a conclusion he asked permission to come again.

Before he went he said something which

renewed Theo's interest in him, and made her hope that he would come again and recur to the subject.

"By the way, Mrs. Galton, where is your cousin, Mr. Ffrench, living now? I think we have met in former days, and I should like to renew the acquaintance."

"I hardly know where he lives; at an hotel generally; his address is the —— Club."

"He does not keep up a town establishment, then?"

"Oh, dear, no; and he is rather apt to vary his bachelor quarters frequently. You will be sure to meet him here."

"His bachelor quarters! he is not the man I thought, then; the Ffrench I knew was a married man," he continued, turning round and looking at Theo, who flushed scarlet under the look in a way that caused Mr. Linley's eyes to flash smiles that were not pleasant. Then he went away, and Mrs. Galton and Theo had only just time, between his departure and Harold's arrival, to put on their bonnets.

"We have had Mr. Linley with us all the morning, Harold; he wanted your address: he seemed to think that he had known you somewhere at some time or other, till I told him you were a bachelor: the Ffrench he knew was a married man."

"It's not very flattering to be confounded with another fellow, is it?" Harold rejoined. "Now, no one is likely to make such a mistake with regard to Linley himself; you would have a difficulty in finding a face that would remind you of his, wouldn't you, Theo?"

"Yes," Theo replied. It will be seen that Miss Leigh was rather addicted to agreeing with Mr. Ffrench on all subjects.

"I don't think it at all a disagreeable face," Kate said warmly; "it's exceedingly intellectual, and has a—a—something about it that appeals to me more than a merely handsome face ever would have the power to do."

Kate was annoyed with Harold for addressing his reply to Theo instead of to herself, therefore she extolled Linley's ugliness, to the implied disparagement of Harold's mere masculine beauty.

"I believe," she continued, "that were he only younger he could carry the day with any woman against the handsomest man in the world if he only set himself to try. I am not sure that he could not do it now."

"I have not the slightest desire to dispute or deny his attractions; I have no doubt you are right; the majority of women have a twist in their minds: they like something fiendish, and they find it in Linley."

The brougham drew up at the steps of the National Gallery as he spoke. As he was

handing Theo out he pressed her hand, hardly for an instant, and whispered suddenly :—

"For God's sake, Theo, don't you get smitten with that plague of liking Linley. I have heard a good deal about him, and I believe him to be as fatal as the disease I have likened him to."

"He will never be fatal to me," Theo replied ; but Harold Ffrench repeated his caution more emphatically than before, adding :—

"He is false in every relation of life ; hold no intercourse with him, Theo, keep him at arm's length. I shall write to Galton, and inform him of the character of the man his wife has picked up."

Kate had marked the confidential manner with which her cousin had said these things to Theo, though she had been unable to hear the words, and she was annoyed thereat, and consequently very cross. She had not remained in London for this at all, she told herself ; and she felt hardly used, and really thought that Theo was acting with wicked ingratitude in being the passive recipient of those little attentions which Harold was wont to bestow upon herself.

"It's too warm, much too warm to look at a single picture in comfort—the rooms are stifling," she said crossly. "I shall sit down ; you can go round with Mr. Ffrench, if you like to go without me, Theo."

"As she came for the purpose of seeing the pictures, and does not object to the heat, I think she had better do as you propose," Harold Ffrench said quietly.

"If she does not care for being liable to the remark being made that she is without a chaperone. I shall be rested presently," Mrs. Galton observed pettishly ; she could not find it in her heart to see Harold and Theo go off without her to look at the pictures.

"Make up your mind as to what you will do, Kate,—if you want to see the pictures at all."

"Of course I want to see them—with you—I came for that purpose," she said, regaining her amiability with a little struggle. Then she rose up and made him "tell her the pictures" from his catalogue, and Theo Leigh had no further private word from him that day.

When Mr. Ffrench was about to take leave of his cousin, he repeated that caution to her which he had already given to Theo.

"Kate," he said, "however you take it, I must give you a word of advice. You'll believe that I can have but one object."

"Well ?" she interrupted.

"See as little as possible of that man who called on you to-day. It may be impossible for you to avoid meeting him in society ; I

know that he has the freedom of your injudicious old aunt's house, but don't be carried away by his popularity into giving him the run of your own."

"Ridiculous, Harold ! Why not ?"

"I can't tell you my full reason, but this much I will tell you, his character is worse than worthless ; he is a man who without scruple would sacrifice his nearest, and I was going to say dearest, but nothing could be truly dear to that cold calculating heart ; he is not a man whose hand I can bear you to touch : and as your husband is not here I will act as he would act did he know the character of this man—warn you against him."

"Very kind towards me, and chivalrous towards John, but, excuse me, rather mean towards Mr. Linley to simply denounce him in this way : abuse proves nothing."

"Kate, ask yourself, what motive can I have but regard for you and your husband in this matter ? I am not at liberty to say what I know concerning this man ; but this I do know, that he should never touch an honest woman if I could prevent his doing it. Will you not be guided by me ? will you persist in suffering an intimacy to spring up between that man and yourself and the young girl whom you have undertaken to protect ?"

His allusion to Theo was unfortunate : Kate could not mark his interest in her *protégée* and be calm.

"That young girl is not so extraordinarily attractive that I need be always on the *qui vive* about her ; and as to being cool to Mr. Linley, really, Harold, I would do a great deal to please you, but you ask a little too much. His character may not be all that is desirable, but if I am to look into the hearts and morals of all my friends and recoil from those in whom I find a flaw, I shall be friendless ; what is there against the man more than there is against the majority ?"

"You refuse to be guided by my judgment, which I could not exercise if I had not a great affection for you, Kate."

"I will be a lamb in everything else, dear Harold, but *everybody* asks and makes much of Linley just now. And,

If he be but fair to me,
What care I how false he be ?"

"I might have known that you wouldn't listen to reason," he said. Then he went away, and Kate looked at herself in the glass and thought, "Jealous at last."

CHAPTER XI. HAROLD FRENCH CALLS HIMSELF TO ACCOUNT.

It was not a wise thing to do, but as soon as Harold Ffrench reached home that night he

sat down and wrote to John Galton. It was a very foolish thing to do, but he was annoyed with Kate at the time, and it is always an unsafe thing to write to or about a person when you are angry with that person. The spur of the moment in such case is very liable to prick you into evil. However, Harold Ffrench was very earnestly set upon putting an end to all communion between Mr. Linley and the present tenants of those rooms in Piccadilly. Therefore, as the one course of "speaking to Kate about it" had failed, he took the other and surer course of writing to Kate's husband.

"Circumstances have come to my knowledge respecting him," he wrote, "which convince me that he is no fit companion for your wife. Because he is the fashion, and not found out, Kate declines to admit of my interference; perhaps she is right to submit to no dictation save yours; but I should be untrue to the regard I have always had for her if I did not caution you on the point: he is not a man to be admitted to terms of intimacy with any woman of reputation." When he had thus written, Harold Ffrench walked out in the cool night air, and did away with the possibility of repenting availingly of anything he had said in that letter, by posting it at once.

Then he went home and took himself to task; but before I relate what about, I will describe the home to which he returned, in order that the reader may feel that he had nothing concealed in it which could make the secret of its locality one of vital importance.

He had been occupying, since the date of his return from Norfolk, a suite of three rooms in a house in one of those severely respectable squares which bear a strong family likeness to one another, and bewilder the uninitiated who confound the ducal title with the family name. It was quite true, that assertion that he had made to Kate Galton when she asked him to give her his address at his lodgings: he was very "apt to change them,"—for sheer love of change, as it seemed, and certainly without any reason that seemed valid to his various landladies. He wearied of every place very quickly. He was a man who could not make to himself a home upon the earth. He had more than once striven to attach himself to places and things. But there was invariably a great hollow in the place that he could not fill, and a barrenness about his surroundings that even his taste could not beautify. So, after two or three repeated failures, he gave up the game and subsided into habits of restlessness.

The room to which he returned after posting that well-meaning letter to John Galton had little enough in it to indicate its present inhabitant's tastes. It was the usual drawing-

room of the average lodging-house, nothing more. He had seated himself in it for the express purpose of thinking over some eventualities which possibly might—more than that—which probably would arise. It seemed to him that it would be better to do this in a room in which were no disturbing elements, than in one that held some few things that were still dear to him in life, as did the little room adjoining.

Had he done well, he asked himself, in bringing about this intimacy between Theo Leigh and his cousin Kate? The question would arise, therefore he deemed that he might as well argue it with his conscience, and settle it at once. His intention had been good; he had simply sought to introduce a diversity that he had deemed would be harmless enough into a very dull young life. But, in the first place, it had been the means of renewing his intercourse with Theo, and this he could not feel to be well for her; and, in the second place, through Kate's obstinacy Theo would be subjected to the scarcely less dangerous ordeal of intercourse with Mr. Linley—a man of whom Harold Ffrench had his own well-grounded reasons for thinking very badly.

"I'm sorry I did it; they were wrong to suffer her to come," he said to himself at last. By "they" he meant Theo's parents, on whom he was more than half inclined now to shift the charge of imprudence. He almost resolved to put it to Theo's reason that it would be well for her to curtail her visit to Mrs. Galton, "by which two good ends would be gained, for Kate couldn't stay on in London without her husband or a lady companion—she would have no excuse for doing so," he thought, and by so thinking he did scanty justice to Mrs. Galton's powers of resource; she was well prepared with another reason for remaining in London for awhile when Theo failed her. This resolution was of so exalted an order that he entertained it for some considerable time, and thought how, though it would be painful both for the girl and himself to part again so soon, that it would be wiser and better in every way that they should do so. Then he went away into the other and more congenial room, where were his books and papers and easel, and he turned an unfinished portrait that was upon the latter towards him, and leant back in an easy-chair, with a cigar between his lips; and as he looked and smoked the resolution floated away in fragrant vapour, and Harold Ffrench thought that he had much better "let things alone."

It was a selfish resolution at the best, and, looked at from the most tolerant point of view, it was a very selfish resolution that one to

which Harold Ffrench had come after that brief self-examination. He knew it to be selfish and scarcely worthy of his manliness, and still he held to it. It is always easier to let things alone than to endeavour to alter them. Now this unheroic Harold, who occupied the space usually allotted to a hero, was much given to consulting his own immediate ease. Besides, in what language could he couch a caution which should be at the same time efficacious and not painful to Theo, not subversive of that easily aroused self-respect which in her was so near akin to tender pride? No, he had been cruelly unguarded once for a moment; but for the future his impulses should be iron-bound, and so Theo would be safe from him at least. While from the other man, from this Linley, he, Harold himself, would guard her as the friend he strove to be.

On his uncertainty and final determination the portrait on the easel looked approvingly; at least he came, after meeting its eyes for a long time, to fancy that it did, and to half pity it for doing so. For the face painted from memory, and all unfinished as it was, was Theo Leigh's face as it looked to him; other people would perhaps have deemed it highly idealized. He had in truth limned forth a very lovely face, but he had simply painted that which he had seen; when the glamour is on, the loved is always lovely.

The solitary man sat there for hours, smoking and looking at the picture and thinking. Thinking of how in a few years old age would be upon him, and would find him friendless, homeless, objectless, as he was now and as he had been all along. "It's a cursed fate," he muttered; "life was very bright to me when I entered it, and everything has gone wrong. I haven't even been suffered to go to the devil my own way."

The pleasures of retrospection assuredly are not for the many. The chosen few may find bliss in meandering about in the paths of the past, but I doubt whether the majority do not find that said paths lead them into the society of blue-devils. Still, I trust that few look back with such remorseful pain upon a not-to-be-recalled career as Harold Ffrench was experiencing now.

The sharpest sting that struck home to his heart in this and similar solitary hours, was the reflection that he had done nothing to mark him from the brainless fool and the man of stolidly stupid mind. For aught he had ever shown to the contrary, he might have been as these. He had achieved nothing, he had attempted nothing. He had been supine in an active age. He had been an idle man, and now the curse was come upon him of a full

consciousness of how thoroughly, how inexcusably, he had wasted his life.

And this was owing to a romantic blunder committed at the very outset of what would otherwise have been a career. A blunder which left him with the false conviction that because one thing had failed nought else was worth seeking. A blunder that did not harden his heart—to the last, he was a very tender-hearted man,—or make him distrust or hate his fellow-men, but that weighted him so heavily that he never thought it possible to be anywhere near the post when the finish came in the race that is always being run. It was true, and he felt it bitterly, that, for all he had ever shown men to the contrary, he had been as the brainless fool or the stolidly stupid.

And this for want of a motive power.

Hitherto, however, he had been but idle and useless in his generation—nothing worse. He had been what is termed a greater foe to himself than to any one else. No man or woman had been injured by his neglect of many opportunities and his lax cultivation of his natural talents and advantages. He had been a lazy, a purposeless, but never a harmful man. What though he had wasted the best years of his life in roaming up and down the picture galleries of the world, in dreamy admiration of those works which they contained, gaining nothing from them, after all, save a superficial knowledge, for a mastery of the art in which he dabbled was a thing for which he had no motive for striving to attain. Such lotus-eating had injured no one, save himself a little perhaps.

But now that he had come back to England, it seemed as if the influence of the land of action was upon him at once. He had already ceased to be a passive mistake; he had become an active error the instant he had endeavoured to brighten the path of that solitary young creature away down in the country who had flung an affluence of gratitude at his feet that bid fair to leave her poor indeed. Feeling the full force of his mistake, he still could not rouse himself sufficiently to rectify it before it proceeded still further and assumed a darker hue. The sole effort he made was this compromise with his conscience,—“I will keep near her only so long as she is liable to danger from Linley: once safe from him, I will leave her.”

According to the plans that were formed during the days immediately following this by Lady Glaskill and Kate Galton, Theo was not likely to be freed from Linley's influence just yet, if he chose to exert it. But up to the present he had betrayed no desire to attack either her heart or her peace of mind. He was a frequent visitor, certainly, but it was

to his fair hostess that he devoted himself. As Harold was wont on such occasions to sit by silent and moody, Kate fairly glowed with pleasure at such satisfactory evidence of the author's devotion and the cousin's jealousy.

It had occurred to Lady Glaskill that, since her niece was so fully determined upon sharing in such delights of the season as she (Lady Glaskill) could command, it would be well to come to an amicable understanding: both would benefit by it. The clever old lady found herself compelled to share the honours; this being the case, she resolved that the costs should devolve entirely upon the usurper. If she was to pipe up recruits to Mrs. Galton's standard, Mrs. Galton should pay for the piping.

"You will be some time working your way, my dear, I'm afraid," she said to her niece one morning when she came in and found Kate looking over a list of names and cudgelling her brains to decide with how many she was sufficiently intimate to ask them to "a quiet evening with a little music."

"I don't know: Linley has promised to bring several of his friends."

Lady Glaskill laughed.

"Linley will bring a brace of boobies, perhaps as a foil to himself, but none of his friends, my dear, to a house and a hostess that are not known; shall I be magnanimous, my dear?"

"If you can, aunt."

"Judge for yourself, Kate. I wouldn't do such a thing for any one else, with the reputation I have of doing such things well, but for my dead sister's child." Here Lady Glaskill's utterance became obstructed by emotion, in which Kate, knowing that her ladyship had not seen her dead sister since the latter was fourteen, declined to sympathise.

"Well, what is it, aunt? you're capable, for your dead sister's sake, of coming to me yourself on the occasion, I suppose?"

"More than that, my dear Kate, more than that," the old lady rejoined briskly. "I have arranged to have a party on the 30th; Gunter is to supply the supper. Now, if you like, I will transfer it to you."

"Let it be my party at your house, my dear aunt——"

"No, no, my dear, you mistake me: it shall be my party at your house, or rather I should say it shall be your party, for you shall give the supper, but I will issue the invitations; I am very glad indeed that I thought of the arrangement, for I think that it will answer admirably. Your name shall be on the card, of course, dear." And then Lady Glaskill got up and kissed her niece cautiously, and said virtuously that it would be a comfort

to her to know that she had done this thing, for what a stepping-stone it would be to society for little Kate.

"Thank you, aunt, you're very good; then I am to pay for the supper, and your friends will be good enough to eat it in my house? that's the plain English of it, isn't it?"

Lady Glaskill nodded and laughed.

"There would be no one to eat it at all, my love, if my friends didn't come," she replied.

"True; on the other hand, it wouldn't be here to be eaten if they were not coming; well, aunt Glaskill, it's a bargain. You supply the people and I will the supper; and both are to be of the best obtainable, remember."

So the compact was made, and dear, prudent old Lady Glaskill resolved that the arrangement should be repeated with variations throughout the season. By which means she would put money in her purse, and the better enable herself to gratify certain harmless tastes as to winter residence, costume, &c., which were occasionally rudely crushed.

Kate Galton was a model of absent wifely duty. She never suffered a day to pass without writing to her husband. They were charming letters, those of hers, very charming letters indeed. On several occasions he had read portions of them to a maiden sister of his, who had felt fiercely at them in her maiden heart, and pursed up her maiden lips at them disparagingly. But then she did not like Kate. On the contrary, she disliked her for divers reasons, all more or less reasonable under the circumstances. The first count in Miss Galton's indictment against her brother's wife, was that her brother had married. "Who knows but that if he had not met that girl he might have been living there as comfortably as possible by himself still," she would remark to her confidential servant, who would forthwith reply with the sigh of resignation,—*"Ah! who'd a thought that Master John would have been that foolish, as one might say."* Then again, Miss Galton could not think well of any woman who wore white cambric muslin peignoirs trimmed with pink or blue ribbons in the morning; "Sits in her dressing-room on purpose to wear them, as I'm an honest woman," she would tell the sympathetic with tears in her eyes. When it is understood that Miss Galton had never in the whole course of her existence been known to even momentarily adorn herself with anything that could be reckoned becoming by any but the most distorted taste, this intolerance to pink and blue will be appreciated.

Then again Kate was the mother of little Katie, and Miss Galton loved the child after an acid fashion, and disliked any woman hav-

ing a nearer claim to it than herself. Could the child have been her brother's alone, Miss Galton would have adored it. As that in the nature of things was impossible, she would have liked it to be the offspring of a retiring, unassuming woman who would have renounced her first share in it and meekly sat in subservience at the feet of her own child. But Kate was not at all the sort of woman to do this for an instant; on the contrary, she had been known on the best authority, Miss Galton declared, to say,—“John, I won't have Katie go very often to your sister's, she'll teach her own frump notions to the child.” Frump notions! angels and ministers of grace defend us! Miss Galton was a frump, but she never forgave her blithe sister-in-law for calling her one.

These were the great generals of her army of sins and offences. There were regiments of little ones that Miss Galton would frequently review for the benefit of those “old family friends” with whom the young wife had ever been unpopular. On hot Sundays Kate would put her feet up on the opposite seat and go to sleep. “I am human myself,” Miss Galton would say, “and I have been overtaken by sleep in church, but I always sleep uncomfortably and get a pain in my side; John's wife must have her corner, and I call it impious.”

Again, Mrs. Galton was not at all domesticated, her sister-in-law averred. “When she goes to the kitching” (Miss Galton, under the influence of emotion, was apt to give a fuller, richer sound to words ending with “n” than belonged to them)—“when she goes to the kitching it is to sit on the table and play with John's pointers. The half of every day did my dear mother spend in her kitching, and John's wife only says, when I tell her of it, ‘how she must have muddled and bothered the servants.’”

These accusations and many others had been brought against Kate Galton at a very early stage of her wedded career, and she had borne them with a good-humoured unconcern that was infinitely aggravating to their maker. A tolerable show of decent friendliness had been kept up all along between Mrs. John and Miss Galton. But still every one knew that Mrs. John despised her husband's sister, and that Miss Galton disliked and distrusted her brother's wife.

But the decent show had been of a quality to make John Galton believe that beneath the surface bickerings there dwelt a kindly feeling towards one another. He thought that his sister was over anxious through well-meaning, instead of being simply a meddlesome old maid. He also thought that Kate “appreciated Sarah's intentions,” which Kate did not.

When Harold Ffrench, the handsome cousin with the atmosphere of mystery and sorrow and romance about him, came down to stay at Haversham, Miss Galton had been—there is but one word for it—portentous. He was of the same family, the same blood, and class, and order as her sister-in-law, and Miss Galton held that no good thing could come out of Egypt. She strove earnestly to make her brother unhappy, and failing that, she withdrew her countenance altogether from the Grange, as if she felt confident that darksome things were going to happen there upon which the light of her face should not shine.

Huffy rectitude is a hard thing to treat. It may be right in the main, it may have more than the shadow of a cause, but you cannot go with it entirely, and you cannot make its stony though imperfect vision see any of the softening shades that are so very apparent to you. John Galton knew, when he returned home alone, leaving his wife in London, that he was not doing a wise thing, or Kate a kind thing; yet for all that he felt that his sister was utterly wrong when she implied that it was unmitigated folly on his part and cruelty on Kate's.

Perhaps, however, the worst folly of which he was guilty was showing this litigious old lady Harold Ffrench's letter.

“There,” he said, rather triumphantly, “you have pretended to doubt Ffrench's being such a good fellow as I know him to be; read that: no brother could have written differently, and Kate ought to attend to him.”

He handed her the letter, and Miss Galton sat down to peruse it calmly, and then did that very annoying thing—pushed her spectacles down and read it over them. There is something judicial and at the same time asinine in the proceeding which drives the beholder to the verge of madness. No wonder John Galton felt angry with his sister when, after reading it in this manner, she put it down with the simple exclamation:—

“Humph!”

Not that those letters at all represent the sound that did emanate from Miss Galton's mouth, but I know of no better combination than the time-honoured one which will stand its ground till acoustics achieve the mightiest triumph possible by correctly reproducing an old woman's grunt of disbelief and dissatisfaction.

“I say Kate ought to attend to him,” John Galton repeated. Then he went a little beyond what he had ever before said to his sister. “Of course leaving her in town with Harold was very like leaving her with a brother.”

"Kate is very obstinate," Miss Galton said, with a shake of her head.

"No, that she is not at all, Sarah; never met with a woman who had so little obstinacy in her."

"I was going to say when you interrupted me, John," Miss Galton went on with severity, that since your wife has quarrelled with her cousin it would be well for you to discover what it is about. Such very great intimacies broken off so abruptly never look well."

Miss Galton was more portentous than ever, and John Galton waxed savage.

"Oh, bother! I shouldn't have come to you with Ffrench's letter if I had known that you were going to insult me with these senseless suspicions. By Jove! it's something strange if my wife can't have a difference of opinion with a man without a pack being down upon her at once to know the reason why."

Miss Galton grew as angry as her brother.

"Oh, wouldn't you, John; well, since you did come to ask my advice, I shall give it whether you hurl it back upon me with obloquy, yes, obloquy or not: I should just bring Mrs. John home, if I were you, before she has a chance of cementing a stronger intimacy with her new friend."

"I shall just do nothing of the kind, for you to raise the common cry that I doubt my wife," John Galton cried indignantly. Then he went away angry and resentfully sore with his sister, and ashamed of the weakness which had induced him to attempt to exonerate Harold from any sort of suspicion. He almost felt as if he had given room for Harold to be accused by excusing him. He quite felt that he had not guarded Kate from the lightest shadow of blame as it behoved him to have done. He was a simple-hearted, single-minded, loyal man; suspicion was so foreign to his own nature that it seemed to him to soil whatever it fell upon. Now through him, he told himself, it had been flung at two who were very dear to him. It was in a very tender frame of mind that he sat down to write to Kate, and when the letter had left, his mood grew softer still, and he felt that he must see her before he slept. So he took the two-o'clock up-train from Haversham station, and was in Piccadilly by half-past seven.

(To be continued.)

WATERLOO, AND ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THERE have been various contradictory accounts as to the person who brought the first intelligence to London of the Battle of Waterloo. It has been generally supposed to have been a clerk belonging to the house of

Rothschild, who, having accidentally heard the news, rode post to Ostend, and happening to find there a vessel just sailing for England, embarked in her, and arrived in that country before the English messenger, who came shortly afterwards. It is also said that the Rothschild firm took advantage of this early intelligence, and purchased largely in the funds, which rose rapidly when the news was promulgated, thus making an enormous profit on the Stock Exchange.

However this might have been, it is certain that the Hon. Major Percy, brother of the Earl of Beverley, brought the Duke of Wellington's Despatches, giving an account of the Battle of Waterloo, and a list of the killed and wounded, and also two eagles which were taken from the French. From a diary now in my possession, written by a gentleman of high consideration, and remarkable for his wit and learning, it is stated that on the day on which the news of the Battle of Waterloo arrived in London, he was invited to dine with Mrs. Boehm in Grosvenor Square, to meet the Prince Regent, no one else being present. Mrs. Boehm was an elderly lady not remarkable for beauty, but she was for her hospitalities, of which the Prince had partaken for many years. He preserved a great friendship for her, and was in the habit of dining with her when only one or two of his intimate friends were invited, as on the occasion in question.

I will now give an extract from the diary I have referred to.

"I was dining with the Prince at Mrs. Boehm's when Major Percy arrived with the eagles, and an account of the result of the Battle of Waterloo. He was accompanied by Lord Liverpool, who had the Duke of Wellington's Despatch and the list of the killed and wounded. It was a scene I shall never forget, nor the feeling and almost hysterics of the Prince when Lord Liverpool read the long bill of carnage. When they had withdrawn, the Prince said to me, 'I have disgraced myself by shedding tears like a woman.' It was no adulation on my part when I assured the Prince in reply that such feelings did him no dishonour."

This account appears to be conclusive as to who brought the official despatches. The Morning Herald at that time said it was the late Lord Arthur Hill, but it was evidently a mistake.

It has been often supposed that, unlike George IV., the Duke of Wellington did not evince much feeling at the loss of his officers and men in a battle. The following anecdote, which I believe is not generally known, will

prove that such was not the case. I received it from a staff-surgeon-major, a great friend of Mr. Hume, the Duke's staff-surgeon. After the Battle of Waterloo Mr. Hume was desired to call the Duke at six o'clock in the morning, and bring him the list of the killed and wounded. On entering his room he was desired to draw the curtains, and sit on the bed while he read the list. It was a small camp-bed on which the Duke had thrown himself after the battle, without washing his face, which was begrimed with dust, smoke, and gunpowder. As Mr. Hume went on reading the list, he perceived the tears running down the Duke's face, and forming two channels along it. Yet people think he was a heartless man. Sir Walter Scott also mentioned to Moore, the poet, that the Duke of Wellington had once wept, in speaking to him about Waterloo, saying that "the next dreadful thing to a battle lost, was a battle won."

The following anecdote will serve to show the kindness of heart as well as the forgiving disposition of the Duke of Wellington. I received it from one of the party present on the occasion, and this is the first time of its being published.

At a small dinner party at Apsley House, consisting of the Duke and three intimate friends, the conversation turned on Sir Robert Wilson, whose name had been struck out of the Army List, in consequence of his conduct in encouraging the mob on the occasion of the funeral of Queen Caroline. "Well," said the Duke, "there are few things in my public life that have given me more satisfaction than having been the means of restoring Sir Robert Wilson to the service." The guests expressed their surprise at this, as it was well known that Sir Robert Wilson had not only attacked the Duke in Parliament, but had written pamphlets condemning his conduct in the Peninsular War. "I am aware of all this," replied the Duke, "and perhaps few persons have more reasons to complain of the treatment I have received. But as I am a great sinner myself, and as I hope for pardon from a merciful God, it surely became me to show that I forgave Sir Robert Wilson."

Let me give one more anecdote of the Duke of Wellington's kindly feelings. I knew Colonel Gurwood when he resided at Windsor. On speaking to him about the Duke's Despatches, which he had then published, I told him that he would have contributed much to their interest if he had added to them anecdotal footnotes. He replied that he was prepared to do this, and had asked the Duke's consent for the purpose. His answer was, "I gave you these despatches to be published for

the benefit of yourself and family, but I will not allow any additions. Publish them as I wrote them, sometimes on a drum-head, but no alterations, except that I wish you to leave out anything which may give pain to, or hurt the feelings of, any one mentioned in them."

It may be mentioned in conclusion, that in the Duke's bed-room in Walmer Castle, his small bed was so placed near a book-case that he could take a book from it by merely extending his hand. The books which had evidently been most used by him were the Bible, Prayer-book, Caesar's "Commentaries," and Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying."

EDWARD JESSE.

"BYE-AND-BYE."

Was the parting very bitter ?

Was the hand-clasp very tight ?

Is a storm of tear-drops falling

From a face all sad and white ?

Think not of it, in the future

Calmer, fairer days are nigh ;

Gaze not backward, but look onward

For a sunny "bye-and-bye."

Were some whispered words too cherished ?

Was the touch of lips too sweet ?

Are two souls once linked together

Never, never more to meet ?

Never here, earth's poor, vain passion

Slowly smouldering out must die,

But its ashes shall return you

Something purer "bye-and-bye."

Was the priceless love you lavished

Sought for, played with, and then slain ?

Were its crushed and quiv'ring remnants

Calmly thrown you back again ?

Calmly too the remnants gather,

Bring them home without a sigh,

Sweet returns they yet shall bring you

In a coming "bye-and-bye."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,

With its sails all torn and wet,

Crossing o'er a waste of waters

Over which your sun has set ?

To the shore all calm and sunlit,

To the smooth sand warm and dry ?

Faith shall bear your shattered vessel

Safely, surely, "bye-and-bye."

Are the eyelids very weary,

Does the tired head long for rest,

Are the temples hot and throbbing,

And the hands together pressed ?

Hope shall lay you on her bosom,

Cool the poor lips parched and dry,

And shall whisper "Rest is coming,

Rest for ever, 'bye-and-bye.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened

By her soul-inspiring voice,

Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,

Cease your wailing and rejoice ;

Cry not out for days departed,

None will hear you, none reply ;

But look on where light is breaking

O'er a brighter "bye-and-bye."

Cover up with earnest strivings
 All the wayward, wasted past ;
 Raise a torn and blood-stained banner
 O'er a victory won at last.
 Fold your wet and weary pinions
 Hush your useless sob and sigh ;
 Rest ye, rest ye, from your troubles
 In the thought of "bye-and-bye."

Fitz.

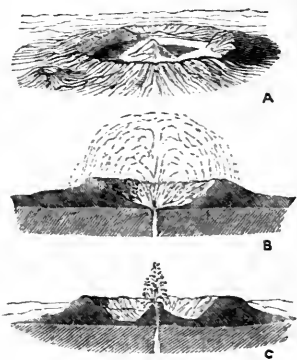
"THE LESSER LIGHT."

PART II.

WE will now pass from the appearances presented by these remarkable peculiarities to the consideration of the causes that led to their formation. Physicists have not been very active in seeking out this cause, probably on account of the difficulties that beset such investigations, and we are in possession of only one satisfactory series of explanations of these and other selenological formations ; for these we are indebted to the assiduous observation and skilful research of Mr. Nasmyth, the eminent engineer. This gentleman, furnished with telescopic equipment of the highest order, has, for the past thirty years, made the moon an object of his especial scrutiny and study, and the acute observation of the astronomer, combined with the practical reasoning and deductions of the engineer, have put us within reach of a vast fund of information upon the physical history of our satellite of the most interesting and authoritative character. From his extensive researches we have culled the few facts that form the basis of the following remarks.

We can ascribe with the element of probability only one cause to the formation of these ring mountains, and that is volcanic action. All the peculiarities of volcanic eruption with which we are familiar on the earth are reproduced in a very marked degree upon the moon. There are regions of our globe, such as the Phlegrean fields near Naples, or the districts of the Puy de Dôme, that we know to be of volcanic origin, and that bear a strong resemblance to the ring mountainous regions of the moon. To explain the formation of one of these mountains we will refer to the accompanying illustration, in which *A* represents the usual form of a lunar crater. *B* shows the section of a crater and the manner in which the circular rampart is formed, by the ejection of volcanic matter to a great distance all around one centre or focus of eruption. *C* shows the rampart thus formed, and how the last languid effort of the eruptive force or spurt of volcanic matter has produced the central cone. Where no central cone is found we may infer that the eruption ceased suddenly. But the whole lunar surface is so bespattered with these

craters and other volcanic creations, that we must assume volcanic action to have been general over the lunar globe, and this leads us to seek a cause for so immense an extent of eruption. In reasoning upon this point we are driven to conceive that the whole interior of the moon was once in a fluid or molten state, and was so squeezed up or compressed by the outer crust, that wherever it could find a vent or a weak point it burst out in these multitudinous eruptions. But it may be asked, what was the origin of this condition of solid crust and molten interior ? Carrying conjecture back through countless ages to the



period of the moon's creation as a solid body, we may consider that particles of matter once existing in a diffused condition were, by the action of gravitation, made to coalesce and form a planetary body ; and that, in obedience to a great cosmical law, this gravitation of particles towards a common centre generated an intense heat, which resulted in the molten condition of such matter. Such a body of fluid matter would, in obedience to mechanical laws, take a spherical form, and its outer surface, becoming rapidly cooled by the passing off of its heat into surrounding space, would form a solid crust encasing the molten interior.

Not let us consider the nature and origin of the eruptive force that caused this molten matter to be ejected through the solidified crust. There is a cosmical law which teaches us that "molten matter occupies less space, bulk for bulk, than the same matter after it has ceased from the molten state ;" or, in other words, solid matter contracts by being melted, and molten matter expands in becoming solid, the expansion taking place at the instant preceding solidification. A familiar example of the working of this cause may be sought in the bursting of a frozen water pipe ; for here the water, confined by the pipe in passing from the fluid to the solid or frozen state, takes up a larger space, and thrusts

outwards and bursts the confining covering.* Just in a similar manner the molten matter of the moon's interior in the process of solidification has expanded, and made or penetrated orifices in its confining shell, and caused the ejective action which has resulted in that displacement of matter which has manifested itself in every variety of volcanic formation, from the circular craters to the mountain ranges and mountainous exudations that cover the exterior of the lunar globe. But there is another strong confirmation of the probable correctness of this theory. There are on the moon immense bright streaks or streams radiating from a common centre, which is generally a great crater. These are regarded as immense cracks filled up with now solid lava, and caused by an upheaving action produced by the above-described bulging process; for precisely the same visible effects are produced on a diminutive scale when a glass globe is filled with a fluid that is made to expand in a slight degree; the glass in such a case cracks, or "stars," just in the manner we see indicated upon the moon; and since like effects are to be attributed to like causes, irrespective of the magnitude of their operation, we may fairly assume that the "starred" globe and the streaked moon are the results of the working of one and the same material law. The enormous magnitude of the lunar mountains admits of easy explanation; it is a consequence of the small force of gravity at the moon's surface, for since this is only one-seventh of that on the earth, it follows that a body which could be projected a mile on the earth could be thrown seven miles on the moon. Moreover, the material of which the moon is composed is only half as heavy as that composing the earth, and these circumstances taken in connection with the fact that the ejected matter from a lunar volcano has met with no resistance from an atmosphere, the great destroyer of projectile force, we have abundant reason why the eruptive force that on the earth would have produced an Etna, has produced on the moon a crater that would contain forty Etnas.

We have before had occasion to refer to the absence of a lunar atmosphere; but, to avoid confusion of ideas, we have not hitherto devoted special attention to this branch of our

subject. Yet it is a highly interesting one, inasmuch as it embraces the question of the moon's habitability, for where there is no atmosphere there can be no life. The existence of an atmosphere has been much debated; and while some observers have suspected appearances that would point to the conclusion that air surrounds the moon, the majority are of an opposite opinion. Various phenomena are capable of indicating it, but, generally speaking, they are adverse to its existence; the exceptional cases, or those favouring an atmosphere, proving that if it exists at all it must be 1400 times rarer than that surrounding the earth, and consequently exceeding in rarity the most perfect vacuum that can be produced in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. It is almost needless to remark that such a condition completely repels the idea that any form of life of which we are cognisant can have existence upon the moon. The terrible consequences of this absence of air cannot easily be realised without supposing ourselves for a time transported to the moon, with the power to subsist without it. It is not a high flight of fancy, but rather a little diversion of reason, to suppose ourselves temporary inhabitants of the lunar world. Seated comfortably beneath a telescope in the calm solitude of a tranquil night, with all distracting objects excluded from our minds, the imagination with ease and freedom conveys us to the moon's surface. The telescope brings to our view scenery so plain and distinct as to appear but a few score of miles distant; and what the material eye cannot perceive is revealed to us by the clairvoyance of reason and analogy.

Let us, then, proceed to survey in fancy the varying prospects presented by a day upon the moon, premising that a lunar day comprises a period of twenty-eight days like ours. We are familiar with the sublime spectacle of sunrise upon the earth: that wondrous transformation with which the glories of the night dissolve into the glories of the day, when the watch stars close their holy eyes as the timid blush of morning kindles the eastern horizon; when the tide of light flows in to fill the celestial canopy; and when, as a climax to the changing scene, the glorious sun bursts open the gates of the morning and proclaims himself the lord of the day. How fearfully different is the vision of a sunrise upon the moon. No gentle transition from darkness to light, no imperceptible melting of night into day. From a horizon dark as a moonless midnight the sun slowly ascends, a lurid ball of brightness infinitely more dazzling than it can appear to an earthly eye, gilding the summits of the lofty mountains, and causing these to start forth like

* It is generally supposed that the bursting takes place in the process of thawing, but this is a popular error; the fact is, that the breach is not discovered till the return of the water to its fluid state renders it disagreeably evident. The curious conical law above cited was first propounded and its universality pointed out by Mr. Nasmyth at the British Association Meeting in 1857; and an abstract of the communication appears in the Report of the association for that year. It is a law entitled to most attentive consideration, as it offers explanations of many important philosophical enigmas.

islands of light in a sea of darkness, while their bases and surrounding valleys are yet shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Slowly the silvery flood of light pours down the mountain flanks ; and the shadows, still of pitchy blackness, slowly shorten as the sun, after a lapse of one hundred and seventy hours, attains its meridian height. Awful in its desolation, terrible in the grandeur of its sublimity, is the lunar scenery. The remote objects of the landscape stand forth with fierce distinctness, every fissure, every chasm, every detail plainly visible, though many miles removed ; for no aerial perspective affords a measure of their distance. A silence still as death prevails, without the whisper of a breeze or hum of animated life ; even though the lips should quiver, and the tongue essay to speak, no sound could come from them. If we look aloft to the lunar heavens we behold the stars, although at noon-day, shining out in the dark black sky with a steady lustre, unsullied even with the effect of twinkling or scintillation, for these phenomena are due to the varying currents of an atmosphere. For fourteen days the sun pours down his fiery rays upon an arid soil never sheltered by a welcome cloud, never refreshed by a genial shower, till that soil becomes heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water. Gradually the shadows lengthen and the sun declines, but no crimson curtain of evening closes around the lunar landscape ; and when the last rays of the setting sun are lost beneath the horizon no twilight intervenes, but a pall of fearful darkness falls upon the scene. And then succeeds a long and dreary night of three hundred and twenty-eight hours' duration, and a severity of cold that reduces the lately parched surface to a temperature probably three hundred degrees below the freezing point of water. High in the heavens appears the earth, the moon's great moon, almost stationary, but passing through the phases of a mighty moon, with its surface ever varying with the vicissitudes of its atmospheric phenomena and the periodical changes of its seasons ; through the openings in its clouds the permanent geographical features presenting diversity of outline and colour ; the continents and seas appearing on one side of its disc and disappearing on the other, with the earth's diurnal revolution, fourteen times during the long lunar night. We can imagine all this ; but scenes like these cannot be described. In fact, the lunar scenery, viewed under the unearthly conditions we have thus briefly glanced at, has an aspect so desolate, a barrenness so strange and wild, a ghastliness so real, that if we would seek to realise its similitude, we must recall the impressions of some fearful dream.

We have said that the moon has no atmosphere and no clouds. Hence we are driven to conclude that it has no water ; for if water covered any part of its surface, it must be vaporised by the heat of the sun, and form clouds and mists that would hide certain portions from our view, and these clouds would in effect constitute an atmosphere ; but there is no evidence whatever of such meteorological phenomena, consequently there can be no water. Now, this absence of water is the basis of the difference between the outward configurations of the earth and moon. The terrible roughness and ruggedness that we see upon the moon would be equally apparent on the earth, if we could divest it of the alluvial and sedimentary deposits that have been produced and distributed by the eroding and transporting action of water, and the decomposing action of air. Fire, on the one hand, and water on the other have been the great agents to which the present aspect of the earth's surface are referable. The first of these elements has produced the *primitive* or unstratified rocks that form the veritable foundations of the earth ; the second has produced the superstructure comprising the stratified rocks and *secondary* and *tertiary* formations. Now, suppose these last removed ; suppose the alluvial deposits, the shelly sedimentary strata, the surface soils and detritus of all kinds cleansed away, so as to lay bare the original igneous crust, that crust, so far as geological reasoning can picture it to us, would present an appearance similar to the moon. We have, then, in the moon an object of interesting study, not only to the astronomer but to the geologist, and not more to these than to every lover of nature,—a mighty “medal of creation,” doubtless formed of the same material and struck with the same die that moulded our earth ; but while the dust of countless ages and the action of powerful elements have corroded and obliterated the earthly impression, the superscriptions on the lunar surface have remained with their pristine clearness unsullied, every vestige sharp and bright as when they left the Almighty Maker's hands. And if there is one circumstance that is beyond others calculated to enhance our reverence for the moon, it is the profound antiquity of the picture it presents to us. A recent calculation of the rate of cooling of earthy masses assigns for the cooling of the earth's crust from a state of fusion to its present condition a period of ninety-eight millions of years. But (assuming the contemporary origin of the earth and its moon) on account of the small mass of the moon, and its large superficial area in proportion to its mass, it is highly probable that it subsided into its final condi-

tion infinite ages before the earth ; and hence, that the stern features we behold upon its now placid face are those that were transfixed upon it when the last breath of its volcanic life passed away, upwards of a *hundred million years ago* ! So vast a period as this cannot be compassed by the understanding of man. We can express it in words or write it in symbols, but these cannot convey to the human fancy anything like an adequate conception of the immensity of such an interval of elapsed time. During this inconceivable epoch the earth has passed through the countless stages of development that have culminated in the creation of man ; whereas the moon has remained, with its barren condition unaltered, to teach us, among other lessons, that, in spite of the theological evidence to the contrary, we must not take it for granted that all the glories of the firmament have been destined or thought worthy to become the habitations of man.

An article upon the moon would hardly be complete without some mention of the supposed lunar influence upon terrestrial, meteorological, and physiological phenomena. But we must glance very briefly at this subject, for it would occupy a whole volume to analyse the multitude of popular fallacies concerning the moon that captivate men's minds even in these enlightened days. A vast number of these are too trivial to demand notice, and all the more important may be summed up to form the one question, whether the moon has any influence over the atmosphere ? For if it has, we can understand that it may affect other matters, such as bodily ailments and various conditions of animal and vegetable life. Now, if we regard the question as one of theory, and ask science if there is any law of nature or property of matter by which the moon can cause the alleged changes in the weather, &c., science will reply that no such influential law or property exists ; that although the moon may produce an atmospheric tide in the same manner as it produces oceanic tides, this is utterly insufficient to account for the atmospheric changes ascribed to the moon. The moon's rays, concentrated by a burning-glass two feet in diameter, failed to affect in the slightest degree the most delicate thermometer placed in their focus ; while the sun's rays, similarly condensed, would melt platinum. So we cannot suppose that the moon has any influence over warmth and cold in our region of the atmosphere. But suppose we throw theory aside, and appeal only to fact. If we take a careful and accurate record of the changes of the weather for a long course of years (and many such exist), formed from the rigorous and

exact observations that scientific men are in the habit of making, and if we place such a record side by side with a table of the changes of the moon's phases, we can see at a glance whether any relation exists between them. This has been done more than once ; and the matter of fact answer thus deduced to the question, is there any correspondence between condition and change of moon and condition and change of weather ? is, *there is not*. We have no doubt that if the same mode of investigation were adopted to determine whether the moon controlled such other things as bodily or mental ailments, a similarly negative conclusion would be the result. The idea of ascribing all these influences to the moon doubtless arose from a laudable desire to trace effects to causes ; and since it was supposed that changing effects must have a changing cause, and the moon was the most conspicuously variable object in the universe, it was fixed upon as the great source of all change and symbol of all things mutable. So strongly does the human mind cling to inherited fallacies, that it is entirely useless to attempt to controvert them. Those relating to the moon are, however, innocent and harmless ; and, since they injure no one, may well be left to the enjoyment of those whom they amuse.

J. CARPENTER.

ANA.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—The Académie des Sciences is frequently the butt of ill-natured remarks among the writers of the Paris press. The custom of canvassing for votes among the members by candidates for a vacant chair is often productive of considerable annoyance to the applicant. One of these, Count Alfred de Vigny, in addressing Royer Collard, happened to say,—“ I believe, sir, if you have glanced at one of my works——” Royer Collard interrupted him by saying, — “ I have done nothing of the kind ; I have not read one of them. At my age, sir, we re-read, but we do not read.” The same Count Alfred de Vigny, speaking subsequently of the Academy as constituted, is reported to have said, with regard to future elections, “ Especially let them beware of naming only *plugs*. The academy resembles a jeweller's box, in which the jewels are carefully isolated with plugs of cotton. These jewels have become rare, and are easily reckoned ; the rest of the Academy is simply the plugs of cotton which keep them in their places.” After all, remarks a Paris correspondent, it is not so bad as it was in the days of Marshal Saxe, who wrote to Adrienne Lecouvreur,—“ *Il vuole me fer de la Cademie, cela miré comme une bage à un chat.*”

A FIGHT AT SEA.



A SOMBRE stillness held the seas that night :
 The languid ripple mounted up the prow
 Scarcely a hand's length, and its heavy sound
 Fell like the boding utterance of a friend
 Predicting peril : while a dying wind
 Scarce shook the sails and moan'd among the shrouds
 Drearily, like a dirge.

But morning broke

With other sounds and seeming, as a man
 Who rouses from a heavy sleep with joy.
 The south wind died and quickly with the light
 Sprang from the grey north-east a gallant breeze
 That clear'd away the gloom, and cheer'd the waves
 To such a boisterous clamour, that it seemed
 As though the score of ships were each a harp,
 And shroud and mast and spar a thousand strings

On which the wild breeze with a mighty hand
Struck out his martial music, fain to lead
The waters into battle.

All the night
Amid the ominous silence did they watch
Through all that fleet, and ever and anon
The grim old Viking in the foremost ship,
Frown'd as he heard from this one and from that
Among his captains, "Neither sound nor sign."
But when the first tinge of the morning light
Unveiled the distant waters, and the breeze
'Gan blow his keen reveillée to the deep
And stir'd the waves from slumber, then behold
It was as if in that old warrior's heart
Another dawn had risen over gloom,
Another light, dispelling other clouds,
Another breeze awoke to joyful life
Stern feelings that had lain like waves asleep,
Or wild beasts in their lair : for up he sprang,
The sun of battle dawning in his eyes,
And with a voice that over-leapt the foam,
E'en to the last ship of his fleet, he cried,
"They come, now praise to Odin, see they come !"

And to that deadly meeting on they came.
Through the scarce lifted shadows of the dark
But dimly seen at first, yet bearing down,
Huge ocean-chariots driven by the wind
And roll'd on waves, each moment nearer came
Those ships, a score and one. A score and one
Were those they met, and all in size alike,
Save in each fleet the mightier ships that bore
The rival chieftains. Vikings old were they :
But sixty winters had not cool'd their blood,
Nor sixty summers thawed the sinewy hands
That held the wonted weapon with a grasp
Like Thor's upon Mjolner : * and their fame
Had grown for each one with his gathering years
Like storm-clouds' deepening shade on shores and
seas.

I wene it was a rueful chance that wrought
Quarrel at length betwixt such peerless souls,
Sea-warriors of the true old blood and name,
Chiefs who had met at feast and stood in fight
Bulwarks of battle side by side. But now
It was so that a feud had rent their bonds,
Deadlier for broken friendship, and they swore
That northern waters had but space for one.
And so this day brought round an awful tryst :
Each in his lordliest vessel, each array'd
As it became his royal name and fame,
And the stern issue they were sworn to prove.

First they were minded in a common fray
To hurl together : every several ship
Finding its fellow—so the challenge ran—
Twenty with twenty, and the mightier twain
Together ; but when now those two drew near,
And being larger-sail'd and longer-oar'd
Fronted the rest a space, each stern old chief
Waved fiercely back as by a mutual will
Their score of ships, and bade them wait and watch
The conflict of their kings.

The vessels closed ;
Closed with the sudden crash of meeting cars
That snapp'd like reeds, closed with the battle cry
Of furious voices, closed with the instant flight
Of arrow-hail and spears. Together locked,
The equal ships made level battle-ground,
And with the rise and fall of heaving waves
Together rose and fell. Awhile the chiefs
Redden'd their terrible axes in the blood

Of lesser foes, but face to face ere long,
Hewing themselves a ghastly path, they stood.

Said I their fame had grown like clouds of storm
Darkening o'er shores and seas ? so then I wene
They closed like meeting thunder ! Shield and helm
Flash'd lightning from their strokes, and down from
each

Fell the red drops like rain. A moment's pause,
Then each one cast his broken axe away
And drew and wheel'd a sword as strong as his
That cleft the mill-stone.* Then upon his foe
He who had watch'd his moment warily
Brought down the great brand with a sweep and crash
As when a tree falls. Wounded nigh to death
The other, gathering all his ebbing life
Into one mighty effort, struck—and died.

But the blow fail'd not, and his foeman fell
Sore-stricken near him. They around who watch'd,
(For while the chieftains fought their strife had ceased),
Gather'd about the fallen. Then came one,
A noble youth, fit son to such a sire,
And knelt in bitter grief beside the dead :
Another raised the dying. Gasping hard
He turn'd his dimming eyes upon the corse
And him who knelt beside it, and his heart,
Forgetting all the later enmity,
Roam'd to the farther past and o'er the days
Of their old friendship : and his hatred died,
And love, aroused by sorrow's deathly touch,
Awoke the stronger. Suddenly a light
Broke o'er his rugged features, and he cried
"Bring me the maiden !" She, his only child,
Motherless and alone, in his large heart
Was all in all of love and sweet delight,
Nor ever left him. Her the Viking bards
Sang "fairest of all maidens of the north,
Her hair a gently rippling golden sea,
Her brow like moonlit waters, pure and calm,
Her face, a snowy, glowing mountain peak
Seen at the sunset, and her large blue eyes
As bright and beautiful as those twin depths
Of Heaven and ocean to the Viking's soul
Well known, well loved."

Her, at his bidding then,
From the inner ship they brought. Slowly she came,
Half-sickening at the sight of blood and death
Around her, yet, as it became her race,
Unfaltering ; but when she drew more near
And saw that noble chieftain whom she knew
Dead, and his son there grieving over him,
And him, her own sire, stricken nigh to death,
Then with a sudden cry, she fled and stoop'd
Beside her father, kissing him, and wept.

But he in haste, as one who may not stay
For words of tender parting, but must do
That which he would do quickly ere he go,
Cried out to him that knelt beside the dead,
"Son, who hast lost thy father, take this maid,
Fearless also in this hour." Then he,
Scarcely believing that he heard aright,
Yet rose and came and took the maiden's hand,
With a strange sense of joy amid his pain,
For they had learn'd to love in happier days,
Then stood, half fearing that he dream'd a dream.
But the old warrior, beckoning to the rest,
To these and those, cried, gazing at the pair,
"Behold *his* daughter, and behold *my* son !"
And having spoken, droop'd his head and died.

S. J. STONE.

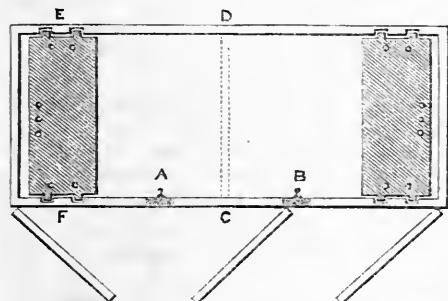
* The great hammer which was the characteristic weapon of this god.

* The sword of Hukon, which was called Quern-bite from this feat.

"DAVENPORT BROTHERS."

ANY person witnessing an ordinary conjuring trick for the first time, will probably find himself so baffled by the rapidity of the performance as to be unable to give any explanation of it; it is precisely the same with the spectators of the Davenports' exploits. But when the tricks of the Davenports or any juggler are watched time after time, and the peculiarities and short-comings noted, it is then only that a tolerable explanation can be arrived at, if the tricks are not positively seen. The following brief account gives a narrative of the information gained by repeated visits to the Davenport's séances, a rigid examination of the cabinet, and one or two things really seen.

The performance is divided into two parts, totally different in themselves, although the lecturer attached to the Brothers strives to his utmost to make them appear alike. The first part is where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by some uninterested party from



among the audience; and the second part where the Brothers are tied in the cabinet, by themselves, or by spirits, or by "preternatural philosophy." The performance under the last condition is quite unlike the first mentioned. The next point is, that the construction and arrangement of the cabinet should be well understood. The above diagram shows a plan of the cabinet. If the manifestations were really straightforward, and no duplicity necessary, two doors would be sufficient for this thing, but the peculiar nature of the manifestations require three; if there were no tricks to be found out these three doors might all fasten from the outside, but the tricks make it convenient to fasten the two outer ones from the inside at A B, and the middle door only on the outside. It will be seen from this, that should any hitch unfortunately occur, the middle door being opened first from the outside, the party opening the case (generally the lecturer) will then thrust his hand in to open the two side doors from the inside,—a con-

venient design for giving a minute or two for the performers to settle themselves, or for the lecturer to rectify any shortcomings.

Keeping to the cabinet, a mysterious bar runs across the middle from c to d, on the level of the Davenports' knees. To a person examining the case before the exhibition began, it would not be at all clear what this bar was for; but in the second part of the performance, the Brothers are invariably tied by the legs to it. One might think this was what the bar was inserted for; but it really answers a far more useful purpose, viz., to take the part of the bow when the guitar is played, for he it noted the guitar is never *fingered*, but always performed upon as a violin. This will be fully explained directly.

The cabinet is so made without glue or screws, that it takes to pieces very readily, so that it may be packed up in a box. This is extremely useful to the Brothers, inasmuch as the seats are fastened to the back and front (see E F) by small tenons, slipping into mortice holes. These holes are shallow of necessity, as the cabinet is so very slight (made only to exclude the light). We now come to various holes drilled into the seat, to run the ropes through; by this cunning trick the Brothers can only be bound to the seats, and not to the cabinet, for, on a slight pressure being applied from the inside to the back of the cabinet, the seats are immediately disengaged (this thrust is generally applied by the lecturer when he puts his arms in, as he always does just before he shuts the middle door); the Brothers can then stand up with the seats bound to them, and move about the case, and then, bound as they are, they pick the instruments up in their *mouths*, and one shakes the bell or tambourine, while the other scrapes the guitar on the bar, c d (generally with one hand). This accounts for the imperfection of the music; on the signal being given, the Brothers sit down again, and shuffle the tenons into the mortice holes; of course, the instant the doors are opened the Brothers are found bound hand and foot to the seats, apparently just as they were left; and at the moment the middle door is opened, and the light turned on, out flies the tambourine and bell, propelled by a dexterous jerk from the Brothers' *mouths*. It will be seen that sealing the knots, filling the Brothers' hands with flour, &c., makes no difference, as the knots are never untied at all during the concert.

The above description principally applies to the first part of the performance. When the Brothers are tied by strangers, it always happens that a considerable time elapses before

they are untied, sometimes six or eight minutes; but when they tie themselves, as soon as the doors are shut the music begins, for the simple reason that knowing the trick of the tying they can readily disengage a hand to ring the bell or shake the tambourine, or to slip a hand through the opening in the middle door. The lecturer is always very emphatic in saying that in the position the Brothers are bound, they cannot reach the opening: but when the seats can be disengaged and as readily slipped into the mortice holes again, this truism falls to the ground. In the first part, again, six or eight minutes frequently elapse before the hand appears out of the opening; but when they tie themselves, no sooner is the middle door shut (after some haggling with the side doors) than the hand is thrust out; this hand is always the one that is nearest to the back of the case when the Brothers are sitting, and without doubt that is where the artful knot is that can be so readily untied after they have bound themselves. When a troublesome spectator is present, and he insists on opening the door as suddenly as the case will permit, the guitar does not play—that is too difficult under the circumstances; but the tambourine and bell do, for this simple reason, that when the Brothers are bound, the seat is so placed, that they can only possibly be tied up in a certain manner, and that admits of their stooping *as they sit* and picking up the two instruments mentioned in their mouths. These they shake about till the rickety door is about to open; and on the instant of the opening they jerk them from their mouths, while the guitar is stationary at the bottom. This instrument is seldom thrown out. When it is, it is thrown from one of the hands nearest the back of the case, that can be readily slipped into a complicated coil of rope. It is never thrown out but on one occasion—that is, after they have tied themselves and understand the knots. It can be observed that when the tambourine is thrown from the *right* compartment, the lecturer opens the right door the *last of the three*, so as to give this Brother a minute more time. These statements have more value than mere speculations, or surmises, as they have been positively *seen*; and by taking a seat so as to get an oblique view of the structure, they can be seen by any other spectator.

Neither is the coat trick a feat of extreme difficulty if two or three minutes are given. The Brothers tie *themselves*, and the ropes are examined. As soon as the doors are shut the Brother loosens the seat, stands up and slips all off, including seat, for in this as in other tricks, there is a great advantage in having two in the cabinet, for if one gets undone first

he soon gets the other out of any difficulty. On one occasion a gentleman who tied one of the Brothers caught the hand just as it was going back, and held it for three or four minutes, but he could not expose the performer inside, as he could only just reach the opening at a stretch, and could not with his left hand undo the door; besides, he had the Professor hovering unpleasantly near him all the time.

One word in conclusion, suggesting how the best half of the manifestations could be put an end to. This could be done if some one among the audience would insist on tying the Brothers' heads back to the ends of the case, or by tying their mouths effectually up. As the cabinet is at present constructed, however, it is not clear how this could be readily done, and the Professor constantly ignores all suggestions likely to mar the prompt execution of the "manifestations." In the meanwhile the above facts regarding the Brothers may be of some value to the uninitiated, gathered as they are from repeated observations of the performers and personal examination of the cabinet.

W. G. S.

SAILORS OF THE NILE.

ON our way up the river the crew enlivened the voyage on most days when we had a favouring wind, by one of their best songs in a chorus. It is true that their music was of the simplest kind, and that there was a degree of monotony about the airs; but still there was a cheerfulness about it, and the airs, simple as they were, had a novelty that was pleasing. Besides, the fellows looked so happy—always save and except one man, always languid, Abdallah—and so in earnest about their song, that the musical party and the occasion, as we sailed gaily along in the sunny air, were always welcome. When we reached Esneh we took on board a new man, Djad, who could play on a double-reeded pipe, and this added greatly to our orchestra. Djad also was a proficient in story-telling, and so from this time his stories varied the entertainment of the crew with the jovial song. A man named Anad usually led the latter, he being their primo singer, and indeed he possessed a voice by no means unpleasing, though of course totally uncultivated. It was strong and musical, and Anad was very proud of his shake, which I am bound to acknowledge was a total failure; and he would every now and then try his voice all up and down its compass, from the top to the bottom and back again, which was regarded by his listeners with great admiration as a noble effort of song. The usual style of chant was this.

The leader would sing one line or two lines, and then the whole crew would join in with a chorus, usually the first line of the song being the *refrain* throughout. Sometimes the words of the song were well known, but more often it happened that after a verse or two the singer would set his imagination to work, and say all sorts of things out of his fancy. Thus would they sit round in a circle, a drum and the double-reeded pipe their only instruments—eight or nine men, and keep the song going for an hour at a stretch without a break. One of their songs was the following. It was introduced by the Reis of the boat, and therefore in honour of him was rather often repeated. He only occasionally sang himself, considering it, as we imagined, rather beneath his dignity to do so often. This was his favourite. The *refrain* of it is an exact translation of the Arab words, but the rest is a free copy of the ideas of the Reis as he sang it on the first occasion. These were produced *ad libitum*, and of course the images varied according to the fancy of the singer. The Reis gave it us in a clear strong voice, not unmusical.

Every thing passes away but God ;

The summer passes, the fruit falls,

Every thing passes away but God.

[*This line was the refrain and chorus.*]

The stream flows on, the wind ripples it,—

Every thing passes, &c.

The boat sails by—there is an English flag flying—

The flag goes away to an unknown country—

Every thing passes, &c.

There is a traveller on board—there is a silt—

We wish her to stay—but she will go like the moon,—

Every thing passes, &c.

There is a man on the bank—who is he ?—

He is in grief—for he has three wives,

Every thing passes, &c.

He is sad—he cannot please them all,

But his grief will pass—he will marry a fourth,

Every thing passes, &c.

This was a quiz on Auad, who had three wives, and on his cheerful, good-natured face, and was received with shouts of applause by the crew.

The waters rush down through Kalabsheh,

Every thing passes, &c.

The Gate of Kalabsheh, but the boat rides safely,

Every thing passes, &c.

The mountains of Nubia make me sad,—

I think of Egypt, and Nubia is forgotten,—

Every thing passes, &c.

Egypt, my home, again I see your villages,

I love your green fields and your gardens,

Every thing passes, &c.

But the Nile will rise in its rushing stream,

And its waters will cover them from sight,

Every thing passes, &c.

Till the verdure returns, and the spring,

The flowers and the clover for cattle,

Every thing passes, &c.

There is a young girl on the bank—she is beautiful,

And a young man is near her—who is he ?—

Every thing passes, &c.

She turns away her eyes—she despises him,

For look ! he has a large hole in his coat,—

Every thing passes, &c.

The Arab is young, but his coat—what is it ?—

I do not know him, she says, in that garment,

Every thing passes, &c.

This last was a joke at the expense of a young Arab sailor, the dandy of the boat. He was particularly neat in his dress—rather showy, and when we stopped at any village Shbekkah would play the coxcomb and give himself airs if any women were on the shore. He was good-looking in face, but his figure was symmetry itself. Shbekkah had among his wardrobe an old English brown silk paletot of which he was very proud, and this he would on great occasions put on over his Arab dress. This gave him a ludicrous air, though the young fellow did not think so. The allusion of the Reis to the silk paletot and the girl's contempt for the foreign garment he was so proud of, brought down the house—that is, peals of laughter on the dandy, but which he bore with great good-humour. When in the course of the song the verse alluded to objects of nature the crew would sing the chorus in a low, melancholy tone, very pleasing. It was the same when any appeal was made to the affections ;—but when any personal jest was contained in the verse they showed their appreciation of it by giving the chorus with a boisterous energy and shouts of enjoyment. The song in this manner varied always from grave to gay with excellent spirit. Sometimes when the Reis had led the song for awhile, and his fancy appeared to flag, one of the men would dash in after a chorus and take up the chant, striking vigorously in with some novel idea and following it up with happy effect. Auad, the chief singer, was a poetical wag, and very fond of introducing some extravagant flight of fancy, which seemed to send his hearers half crazy with delight ; and on these occasions the drum was beaten with terrific vigour, and the chorus of voices and clapping of hands were intensely energetic. It was most amusing to see how earnest they all were. One or two were not good at keeping time with the clapping of hands, the indolent and languid Abdallah being perpetually wrong, and these would get savagely blown up by the drummer for their want of attention. To Abdallah—the gentleman and the bored by all things—the whole affair was an effort and a labour, and the clapping of hands was so very low. With his good Arab feet and his general *ennui* he was out of his element on the Nile, and was clearly intended by nature for good society elsewhere.

Pleasant Nile days! The recollection of them is full of charm for those who not only can enjoy the mighty works of ancient Egypt,—stupendous in their greatness and noble in their beauty—but also can find a simpler pleasure in the primitive ways and humble life of the inhabitants of the Egypt of to-day upon the waters of their sunny Nile. Other songs of these poor boatmen are of a similar kind—but I venture to think that this one I have quoted shows a certain refinement of thought, in the *refrain* especially, which was scarcely to be expected from common men living the neglected life of the sailors of the Nile. G. T. L.

BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

It has often been maintained that the reward of “the poor player” in the unanimous and tumultuous approval of his audience is worth “a whole immortality of posthumous fame.” Yet this precious sense of pleasure is probably as ephemeral in its nature as the efforts which it recompenses. When the theatre is empty again, dark and silent; when the last echoes of applause have died away in even the remotest corners of the building; when the audience have gone home to marvel, it may be, at their own excitement, to criticise and perhaps to cavil at the cause of it, and the actor is left quite alone upon the scene,—he must greatly feel the want of some tangible proof of his success, he must long for some kind of title-deed of his triumph, for some evidence that he can refer to occasionally for his own satisfaction and can transmit to coming ages for their convincement; memory must seem to him, after all, but a poor thing to rely wholly upon, a little too dream-like and evanescent; and contrasting the present grim stillness with the recent uproar, he may begin to doubt whether he has not been the dupe of his imagination, and mistaken for a lasting edifice of good repute “the baseless fabric of a vision.” The player’s triumph, in large letters deeply cut, is written legibly enough, but upon the sand at low tide: the incoming waves mercilessly wash away the inscription for ever.

The fleeting nature of the actor’s art deserves some regrets; the disproportion between its strength and its endurance is so striking. That he who can rule with a sort of despotic power the hearts of a thousand spectators, can bid their tears to flow or their laughter to ring out, can plunge them deep in woe or exalt them to happiness, can play upon them as upon an instrument, know their stops (to use Hamlet’s words), pluck out the heart of their mystery, sound them from the lowest

note to the top of their compass,—that one thus gifted should die, leaving no mark upon his age, the result of a life of labour surviving only in the most feeble way, unsafely preserved in doubtful traditions, or in the fading memories of “oldest inhabitants;” or, worse still, should continue to exist with decayed powers, enfeebled, neglected, in a state of compulsory abdication, to see less worthy successors to his Twelfth-day sovereignty win equal favour from a fickle world;—surely this justifies sympathy and commiseration. England’s greatest actor, David Garrick, must have been moved by some such reflection when he wrote:—

The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye,
While England lives his fame can never die;
But he who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save:
The art and artist share one common grave.

An older comedian, Colley Cibber, had already written in something of the pompous style of his day:—“Pity it is that the momentary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of the actor can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them; or at least, can but faintly glimmer through the memory or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators.”

The student of the stage and its history, endeavouring to form some conception of the great players of the past, must often be tempted to ask himself what would be the probable effect of their return to the theatre of to-day, supposing such an event were any way possible. Would Garrick’s *Richard* win applause from modern Drury Lane? Would the silver tones of Barry and the pathos of Mrs. Cibber command the tears and the emotion of the British public in these our days? Would John Kemble rule, and Mrs. Siddons awe, and Edmund Kean startle once again, renewing bygone triumphs? To employ plainer words, would they now *draw*, on their own merits, and apart from the curiousness of their resuscitation, which would, of course, be of itself a great attraction to an age which, in spite of its utilitarianism, dearly loves the marvellous? Or should we find that taste had changed, that there were fashions in acting, and that “these were of them,” bygone and out of date, and that like a wine which has been kept too long, these great actors had nothing but their antiquity to recommend them, and, for the rest, were strange and not very pleasing and rather flavourless, tested by the present standards?

These are questions which will continually

be asked, notwithstanding their want of practicability, and the utter hopelessness of finding any satisfactory reply to them. The inquirer, however vain the pursuit, will still delight in analysing reputations, and sifting evidence, and weighing conclusions. He will persevere none the less because he is satisfied as to the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of reversing fame's verdicts or re-distributing reputations. He will question, very likely out of the mere love of questioning: which is, after all, no really bad motive. The man is not necessarily an iconoclast who walks round the object of adoration curiously examining and touching and measuring to ascertain its nature and material and proportions, although he may not be credited with the entire faith of the devout uninquiring worshipper. But if he emerges from his labours convinced, well satisfied with his scrutiny, will he not be thenceforth the truer believer?

The investigator of theatrical annals will often pause at the story of DAVID GARRICK; with no desire to drag down the Roscius from the lofty pedestal on which the world has mounted him, but with an anxiety to form as accurate an idea as possible of the man who has won for himself so great a fame. For the case of Garrick seems to be lifted out of the conventional oblivion to which, as we have hinted, the actor is too speedily consigned. His name still survives, a cherished possession of the stage, "freshly remembered." Art has preserved to us portraits of him which *must* be like, while a few title pages of works which the theatre no longer sets store upon proclaim him author; but for the rest we must read of him in the chronicles of his period, conjuring up such presentments of him, such conceptions of his great genius, and generally arriving at such conclusions upon the subject as our imagination and judgment will permit.

Of his extraordinary and unprecedented versatility in the first place we can have little doubt. Most irrefragable proof of this is afforded by the painting of his friend Sir Joshua, to which Cumberland made reference in the epilogue to his comedy of "The Brothers," when he wrote:—

Who but hath seen the celebrated strife,
Where Reynolds calls the canvass into life,
And 'twixt the tragic and the comic muse,
Courtied of both and dubious where to choose,
The immortal actor stands! *

* It may be worth noting, as a proof of the extraordinary popularity of this picture, apart from its merits as a portrait, that in a letter from George Colman, writing from Paris in 1776 to Garrick in London, we find the statement:—"There hang out here in every street pirated prints from Reynolds's picture of you, which are underwritten, *L'homme entre le Vice et la Vertu*."

Garrick, accidentally present when this was spoken, was fairly taken by surprise. He had declined to produce at his own theatre a tragedy by Cumberland, and certainly did not look for compliments from the disappointed author. Garrick's versatility may be taken for granted then; and we may as well bear in mind that it is only to genius that real versatility is permitted; of course, a vastly different thing to the sort of artificial mental mutability which is at the command of the smatterer. Garrick's alternate wearing of the sock and the buskin was a thoroughly legitimate exercise of his singular abilities, and must not be confounded with the instances to be often met with, when to lash a wearied public into new interest, to stimulate a false appetite for the curious, or for merely commercial purposes, a tragedian has condescended to present himself to his patrons in some unexpected part in low comedy, or the comic actor, on the occasion of his benefit, amazes the pit by his appearance in high tragedy. Garrick, from all we can gather, was equally at home in *Lear* and *Scrub*, in *Richard* and *Abel Drugger*, in *Hamlet* and *Fribble*. He came, saw, and conquered the town by his performance in the tragedy of "Richard III.;" by a happy chance he took leave of the stage as *Don Felix* in the comedy of "The Wonder." Thus to the end evidencing his double allegiance,—accidentally, however; for he had intended to make his last appearance as *Richard*, but the fear that the fatigue involved in so arduous a character would prevent his doing justice to himself and his audience in the farewell speech he was afterwards to deliver, induced him to select the simpler part of *Don Felix* for his last performance on the stage.

Another indispensable attribute of genius was clearly Garrick's. His originality was indisputable. He copied no one. Quin might imitate Booth, who in his turn had been careful to preserve the traditions of Betterton; Wilks might closely follow in the steps of Mountford, and Cibber copy Kynaston; but Garrick was always himself. He stormed the town with his *newness*. His theatrical training had been brief enough. During the summer preceding his first appearance in London he had played with a company at Ipswich. His first part had been *Aboan* in "Oronooko," in the hope that under the disguise of a blackened face he should escape recognition if he should fail to please; and with the same view he had taken the fictitious name of Lyddel. He had played other characters, particularly *Chamont*, *Captain Brazen*, and *Sir Harry Wildair*, and had even at-

tempted *Harlequin*. Quin gave evidence in favour of Garrick's originality when he compared the new actor to Whitefield the famous dissenting preacher. "Garrick teaches a new religion," said Quin, "but the public will come to church again," meaning that they would revert to their old admiration for himself. But this was not to be. Quin's deposition from the sovereignty of the stage dates from Garrick's first appearance. The new actor, having by his *Richard* thrown down the gauntlet to the tragedians of his day, in his subsequent performances entered upon competition with the comedians. His next characters were *Clodio* in "Love makes a Man, or, the Fop's Fortune," by Cibber, and *Jack Smatter* in "Pamela," and soon afterwards he was playing *Sharp* in "The Lying Valet," and *Fondlewife* in "The Old Bachelor." He was over twenty-five years of age when he first came to London. His regard for his mother's peace and happiness, it was alleged, had induced him to defer until after her death his adoption of the stage as a profession. In after life he was fond of attributing to this circumstance the extraordinary success he had met with; at the time of his first appearing in London his judgment had matured, and preserved him from many errors he might have fallen into had he commenced his career earlier in life.

It must not be supposed, however, that his success and his merits were absolutely unchallenged. He was distinctly an innovator. He brought about quite a revolution in the stage and its customs. He laboured to introduce a natural manner which had been long banished altogether from tragedy. Acting had become so cumbered with artifices, had mounted upon such tall stilts, had assumed airs of such pomposity and loftiness that there was some fear of its soaring entirely above the heads of the audience, entering into their comprehension in no greater degree than it touched their feelings: which last was but slightly accomplished. There was danger also of the sense of the lines repeated by the actors being lost by reason of the extraordinary attention paid simply to the sound. Acting was giving way to declamation; the verse of the tragedies was less spoken than set to a sort of monotonous recitative. But Garrick changed all this. His utterance, deliberate and musical in passages of poetry, meditation, or philosophy, became violent and rapid in rage, pathetic in love, broken in sorrow, earnest and intelligent always. How far he permitted himself to abandon the melody of the verse can hardly now be ascertained; clearly, however, he was far less scrupulous than Mr. Quin and his con-

temporaries, whose careful cadences and endless sing-song must have been very wearisome to the ear. In later years John Kemble was commended as much for his "academic" style of acting as for the lofty music of his declamation; possibly this was at the price of some fire and spirit. Kean, Macready, and Mdle. Rachel may be noted as instances of actors who have proceeded in a directly opposite course, often reducing the verse they had to declaim to the level of the commonest prose, and gaining occasional effects by abrupt transitions from poetic to colloquial utterance; altogether, adopting a style of elocution which in the ears of Mr. Quin and his admirers would have sounded very strange and barbaric indeed.

The votaries of the older school of acting were not slow to find fault with Mr. Garrick, and even those who could not but admit his many excellencies yet clung to old standards and favourite theories—would not relinquish their prejudices at any price. They found something deficient in his tragedy, while perhaps by way of compensation they declared his comic acting to be in every way perfect and unprecedented. Horace Walpole was inclined to sneer at all acting—he sneered at a good many things. "I cannot think," he says, "that acting, however perfectly, what others have written, is one of the most astonishing talents, yet I will own as fairly that Mrs. Porter and Mdle. Dumesnil have struck me so much as even to reverence them. Garrick never affected me quite so much as these two actresses. Mrs. Porter surpassed Garrick in passionate tragedy." From Macklin, Garrick was even less likely to receive favour. "The Jew that Shakespeare drew" was without mercy for his brother actor. The author of "The Man of the World" attacked the Roscius with the bitterest malignity. "Garrick," he says, "huddled all passions into strut and quickness—bustle was his favourite. In the *Archer*, *Ranger*, *Don John*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Brute*—all bustle, bustle, bustle. This short, pert, ill-mannered, unnatural busy bustle is substituted now on all occasions; in tragedy, comedy, grief, rage, deliberation, reflection, conversation, love, gallantry, old age, youth; in the infirmity of *Lear*, and in the gallantry of *Lothario*. All Garrick wanted to make a great actor were, consequence, dignity, elegance and majesty of figure; a voice that would last through a part, for his was generally hoarse in the last two acts; the deportment and the manners of a gentleman; a knowledge of passion and character, and how to dress with propriety. His art in acting consisted in incessantly pawing and hauling

the characters about with whom he was concerned in the scene ; when he did not do this he stalked between them and the audience, and that, generally, when they were speaking the most important and interesting passages in the scene, which demanded in propriety a strict attention. When he spoke himself he pulled about the character he spoke to, and squeezed his hat, hung forward and stood almost upon one foot with no part of the other to the ground but the toe of it. His whole action when he made love in tragedy, or in comedy, when he was familiar with his friend, when he was in anger, sorrow, rage, consisted in squeezing his hat, thumping his breast, strutting up and down the stage and pawing the characters that he acted with." This is strong language, but Mr. Macklin has as strong if not stronger in store when he comes to consider the actor as an author and as a man. It is needless to say that this virulence resulted from a personal enmity. Macklin's malice would keep within no bounds ; criticism so severe defeats its own object, for it betrays the motive of its severity—a desire to injure. The two men had once been friends. It was not in Macklin's hard, fierce, ungracious nature to forgive an injury real or imaginary. His success in *Shylock* it may be in some measure arose from the passionate hatred, the vehement love of vengeance which was part of his own character. His criticism is worth preserving, not merely as a specimen of the attacks to which a great man's greatness may draw down upon him, but because a good idea may be formed of Garrick's manner of acting, even considered from this the most adverse point of view. The most savage of critics are generally the contemporaries of the man criticised, and spite descends to details and minutiae which are rather overlooked in the general terms which laudation employs.

By Johnson it is clear that the actor was undervalued ; in some degree it may be, because the doctor's defective sight rendered him at all times an unfit judge of dramatic performances, but also it must be admitted from the jealousy he could not repress when he compared his own lack of fortune with the extraordinary prosperity of his friend and *quondam* pupil. At all times, too, he depreciated the player's profession, ridiculing the idea that an actor could be moved in his performance by his feelings, with the contemptuous cry, "Punch has no feelings !" He could not or would not see any difference between the choicest efforts of the stage and the merest mimicry, insolently awarding like applause to both. Sometimes he bestowed upon Garrick a curious mixture of praise and blame. "Gar-

rick's great distinction is his universality," he said one day. "He can represent all modes of life but that of an easy fine-bred gentleman." And on another occasion he remarked, "Garrick does not play the part of *Archer* in the 'Beaux' Stratagem' well. The gentleman should break through the footman, which is not the case as he does it." On the other hand, Garrick used to declare that the doctor was so ignorant of what the manners of a fine gentleman were, that he said of some stroller at Lichfield that there was "a courtly vivacity about him." "Whereas, in fact," added Garrick, "he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards." Certainly Garrick obtained admission into the highest society, and was as likely as any one to know in what courtly manners really consisted. As a witness in favour of his light comedy, let us turn to Mrs. Delany writing to her sister in January, 1747 :—"Last Saturday I went to the play ; it was 'The Funeral,' which I think an entertaining play, and the new farce of 'Miss in her Teens,' by Garrick. Nothing can be lower, but the part he acts in it himself he makes so very ridiculous that it is really entertaining. It is said he mimics eleven men of fashion, Lord Bate—n, Lord Her—y, Felton Her—y, some others you don't know, and a friend, Dicky Bate—n ; I must own the latter is a striking likeness. But do not name to any body these people, for I don't love to spread such tattle, though I send it for your private amusement, and that you may not be ignorant of the ways of this world." And a few seasons later the same lady says of the actor :—"He is the genteelst dancer I ever saw." Jupiter Carlyle, too, compliments Garrick's comic efforts, although at the expense of his tragic. "I thought I could conceive something more perfect in tragedy, but in comedy he completely filled up my ideas of perfection."

For some parts in tragedy Garrick's small stature doubtless unfitted him. The public were rather fond of insisting upon this defect ; possibly by way of proof of their regard for him ; affection is prone to employ terms of diminution ; they were always calling him "little Garrick," although it was noted they never applied the same term to Hogarth, who was half a head shorter than the actor. It has been suggested that he earned this appellation from his so constantly appearing on the stage with tall men such as Quin, Barry, Woodward, Reddish, John Palmer, William Smith, Charles Bannister, Brereton, Lewis, &c. Dodd and Quick were often called "Little Dodd," and "Little Quick," and in the same way, his biographer relates, Nollekens the sculptor was freely spoken of as "Little

Nolly ;" Flaxman, "the sculptor of eternity" as Blake called him, was also known as "Little Flaxman." Hogarth made a sketch called "Fac-simile of the proportions of Garrick and Quin," to illustrate his argument that when seen alone Garrick, with his well-proportioned neatly-knit figure, appeared as tall as Quin, who was awkward and ungainly with all his height. In a picture by Zoffany from "The Alchemist," Garrick, by the side of Palmer, certainly appears small. The same artist, however, painting Garrick in "The Farmer's Return," seated in a kitchen relating the marvels of London, and particularly the story of the Cock Lane ghost to his wife and children, represents the actor as a man of quite average stature, but then the wife and children are decidedly dwarfed. Modern artists have improved upon this method of giving size to their sitters by the use of diminutive furniture made expressly for employment in the portraits of short persons. When Garrick undertook the character of *Philip Faulconbridge* in "King John," he was at some loss to find a member of his company to undertake the legitimate *Faulconbridge*, by the side of whose slender proportions he might himself appear of stalwart form. He at last selected a Scotchman named Simson, "a modest and honest man, but as feeble in person as he was in acting," who was nearly emaciated enough to have played a skeleton. But even with the advantage of this striking contrast, Garrick could not satisfy the spectators that he was "perfect Richard." In the same way his success in *Othello* was not remarkable ; his appearance in a Moorish dress drew from Quin the criticism "that he looked rather like Desdemona's little black boy that attends her tea kettle." But that his small neat figure was of service to him in some respects may be gathered from the extravagant charges Macklin brings against him, that he restored the sleep scene into "King Lear" because he knew that Barry, the rival representative, who was six feet high, could not so conveniently be carried from the stage, and that he introduced into "Othello," the "falling into a trance" in the fourth act, for the reason that Quin, who had hitherto filled the part, would not trust his rather corpulent person with a sudden fall, or risk the laughter of the audience by simulating a fit, while to Garrick these would be very trifling feats.

In other respects, however, Garrick's personal characteristics particularly fitted him for success upon the stage. Look at Sir Joshua's portraits of the Roscins ; it would be hard to find a better face for an actor. The features handsome and well-defined, with a certain flexibility about them which rendered variety

and rapid change of expression easy matters. The eyes large and luminous, dark and penetrating, and above them well-arched, and strongly marked eyebrows—most precious gifts to an actor—one raised a trifle above its fellow, from some habitual trick of expression, or an accidental momentary twitch which seems to indicate a vivid perception of the humorous. The mouth large, as befits a declaimer, but shapely, the muscles round it very active and prominent, the chin round, the jaw square, the throat thick—all favourable to delivery of a strong voice, with rapid utterance. His face, we learn, was wonderfully under control. He would sometimes, but rarely, indulge his most intimate friends with a performance of what he called his *rounds*. He would stand behind a chair, and unaided by words or music, convey into his face every variety of passion, "blending one into another, and, as it were, shadowing them with a prodigious number of gradations." Now he extorted laughter, now he drew tears. Now he terrified, now he seemed himself terrified, until the spectators turned to see if there were not amongst them some strange cause of horror. Now he was wise as Solomon, anon he drivelled like a village idiot. He was young, he was old, he was rich, he was poor, he was sober, drunk, over-fed, starving, brave, cowardly, generous, miserly ; he wore a plastic mask, and could, by an effort of will, mould his features to what pattern he chose. There was even at one time a story current that he had frightened Hogarth by appearing before him as the ghost of Fielding, having assumed a representation of the great novelist's features ; but this, it must be confessed, cannot readily be credited. There is a sort of tribute to the actor, however, in the fact of such a story being manufactured concerning him. Of his figure mention has been already made. But an impromptu in its favour by a lady must not be forgotten, concluding with the lines—

His legs so handsome—though they're short—
The man's just framed for play and sport.

Macklin's objection to his restlessness has been seconded by other critics. Like Wilks, Garrick was said to be unable to stand still upon the stage. The redundant vitality of the man could never be altogether restrained—he was as mobile as mercury itself.

In certain characters he was run very closely by his contemporaries ; in one or two cases he was perhaps outstripped. *Falstaff* he seems never to have attempted ; he was personally unfitted for it ; and Quin had been many years in possession of the part so much to the satisfaction of the public that there was little chance of displacing him. In *Othello*

he was considered inferior to Barry, whose natural advantages were pre-eminent, for his figure was commanding, his action full of grace, his features very handsome, and his voice possessed great melody, depth and strength, "with a burst of grief in it," says a critic, "peculiar to himself." As to the *Romeo* of these two great actors the town was divided, though the majority, it was said, gave the palm to Barry. Macklin proposed to decide the question in a lecture upon the tragedy, and to Garrick's inquiry how this could be accomplished, he replied, "I'll tell you, sir; I mean to show your different merits in the garden scene. Barry comes into it, sir, as great as a lord, swaggering about his love, and talking so loud, that, by heaven, sir, if we don't suppose the servants of the Capulet family almost dead with sleep they must have come out and tossed the fellow in a blanket. Well, sir, after having fixed my auditor's attention to this part, then I shall ask, But how does Garrick act this? Why, sir, sensible that the family are at enmity with him and his house, he comes creeping in upon his toes, whispering his love and looking about him *just like a thief in the night*." Garrick thanked him for his good intention, but begged he would abandon the project, as he thought the matter was after all best left to the opinion of the audience. Another critic declared that Garrick's wooing in the part was so passionate it seemed as though he were about to leap up into the balcony, while Barry's was so tender it was enough to persuade the *Juliet* to leap down into his arms. "In the delicacy of address to a lady Wilks and Barry excelled all mortals," admits Davies, Garrick's biographer. "Garrick was not, in my opinion, so enchanting as Barry," said Tate Wilkinson. That some jealousy existed between the actors was only to be expected. Garrick declined to play *Pierre* to Barry's *Juffier*. "I will not," said Roscius, "bully the monument." He, however, played *Iago* to Barry's *Othello*. They were not long in the same theatre. Barry complained that there was a design to shelve him, and went over to the opposition at Covent Garden. There, in a prologue, he alluded to the reason for his quitting Drury Lane—

When kings allow no merit but their own,
Can it be strange that men for flight prepare,
And seek to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevailed in every age,
And has been some time practised on the stage, &c.

In *Lear* Garrick's passion was upon the whole preferred to Barry's pathos. *Alexander the Great*, however, Barry made entirely his own. Garrick did not even attempt the character. But *Macbeth*, *Richard*, and *Hamlet* the Roscius

took almost absolute possession of. In these Barry's elegance and tenderness seemed mere feebleness by the side of Garrick's wonderful vigour and impetuosity: the main defect of Barry's acting being probably that it was not sufficiently intense; in the hero and lover of the stage this was not of so much consequence, but in loftier and more subtle characters the terrible earnestness of Garrick was felt to lift his performances completely out of the reach of his brother actors. And Barry had not Garrick's versatility. In genteel comedy he distinguished himself, and on some few occasions undertook the part of *Captain Macheath*, his figure, manner and acting making amends for his musical shortcomings. But with Garrick's performances in low comedy and farce Barry never ventured to compete. It is this wonderful versatility of Garrick's, his universality, this position between tragedy and comedy, and his acknowledged excellence in both, that have placed him at the head of all other actors. His system was the same in all his varied performances; he was as intense and thorough in vulgar farce as in high tragedy, and, therefore, to his audience, always irresistible.

The merits of Garrick's literary labours it is not necessary to discuss. Goldsmith, in his well-known lines in "The Retaliation," makes favourable mention both of the actor and the author:—

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line, &c.

His farces, occasional pieces, odes, verses, prologues, and epilogues manifest much smartness and vivacity. Probably he did not pretend to much more. His adaptations are often judicious and always exhibit his stage tact and cleverness. Exception must, of course, be made in relation to his modifications of Shakespeare. But even here he was only following the fashion of his time. For many years a notion prevailed that the plays of Shakespeare in their integrity could not be presented to the English public; they were regarded simply as materials for manipulation, just as the modern playwright considers the French drama as something to be adapted, and with cutting, carving, sins of omission and commission, and a seasoning of new matter, made available for the English stage. If a real poet, such as James Thomson, could freely and unhesitatingly operate upon the great tragedy of "Coriolanus," it was not so surprising that the player, Garrick, should think himself entitled to follow suit, make an opera of "The Tempest," crop "The Taming of the Shrew" into a farce, and split "The Winter's

Tale" into halves. He invariably played Ciber's adaptation of *Richard*, and "Romeo and Juliet," with adulterations from Otway; Victor's version of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and, frequently, "Hamlet," with the omission of the *Gravediggers*, *Osric*, and all reference as to the fate of *Ophelia*. There was a change also in the scenes between the *King* and *Laertes*, "so as to make the character of the latter more estimable;" the *Queen* was not poisoned, but went mad from a sense of guilt. *Hamlet* and the *King* fought with swords, and the *King* being slain, *Hamlet* and *Laertes* then died of their mutual wounds. It was said, however, that Garrick's finest acting was required to reconcile the public to this mangled version of the play; but the adaptation kept the stage even after Garrick's retirement. The play was never printed with the alterations; "they are far from being universally liked," Victor wrote to Tate Wilkinson: "Nay," he adds, "they are greatly disliked by the million, who love Shakespeare with all his glorious absurdities, and will not suffer a bold intruder to cut him up." And the million were right: all the poets, wits, critics, managers, and players of the period notwithstanding.

Churchill's "Rosciad," though it exalts Garrick rather at the expense of his contemporaries, yet contains in the main a fair summing-up of the arguments for and against him:—

Last Garrick came. Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low;
Your hero always should be tall, you know;
True natural greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic. "Serjeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avant, unnatural start, affected pause."

* * * *

If manly sense; if nature linked with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting vast and unconfined;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties joined;
If strong expression and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference,—Garrick, take the chair,
Nor quit it, till thou place an equal there.

Of his death Johnson said,—he had borne somewhat hardly upon the player during his life, he could afford now to treat him with tenderness,—“The death of Garrick has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasures.”

The mortal remains of the great actor were interred in Westminster Abbey, close to the monument of Shakespeare in Poet's Corner, the funeral service being performed by the Bishop of Rochester. All the way from the

actor's house in the Adelphi Terrace, along the Strand to the Abbey, the route of the funeral procession, the streets were so thronged as to be barely passable. Every window was full, and there were crowds even upon the house-tops. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory comprising three full-length figures—the principal being a likeness of the great actor; seated beneath him are to be seen—Tragedy and Comedy. DUTTON COOK.

THE LEGEND OF THE BLEEDING CAVE AT PENDINE.

IN one of the beautiful caverns which perforate the cliffs at Pendine, and form one of the natural defenses against the inroads of the blue waters of Carmarthen Bay, the visitor is somewhat startled by finding huge drops of what has all the appearance of clotted blood. Looking upwards he sees the crimson fluid oozing out of the stone roof, sometimes trickling down the side of the cave, sometimes dropping, and bespattering the stones with an ugly stain. Of course there is a legend connected with it, a sad enough one too, and not much to the credit of the inhabitants in the days of old. The story runs thus:—

During the days of the Commonwealth, and just when the Protector had begun to breathe after his fight for the liberty of his country, a strange old man made his appearance at Pendine, and established himself in a vacant cottage upon the side of the hill. This cottage he repaired, and finally furnished on a scale of grandeur utterly unknown to the primitive inhabitants. The garden began to bud and blossom in a manner unheard of in these parts, and, by the time autumn came, had become such a marvel of beauty, that the country folks came from far and near, just to get a peep at the blooming mass of flowers. More than a peep they seldom had, as the inner garden was completely hidden by the hedges of creepers; but although curiosity is a strong characteristic in the Welsh character, it is restrained and modified by an innate courtesy and deference; so the gazers were fain to content themselves, and only talked; that, you may be sure they did (as all Welshmen do) with a will, filling up the gaps in the story by drawing largely upon their remarkably fertile imaginations.

No one could say any harm of the old man, simply because nobody really knew him; and yet he was not liked. The only servant who was admitted was an old woman, who went to clean, scrub, and cook, and, being deaf and dumb, she could give her neighbours no satisfaction on the score of curiosity.

Nothing could be quieter or more inoffensive than the life led by this mysterious old gentle-

man, and he rarely showed himself beyond the wall of his garden, until September came, when he erected a flag-staff upon what was called the "Beacon." He passed almost every hour of daylight at the place, now hoisting one coloured flag, now another, all the while watching the distant horizon (where lay the Devon coast) with a telescope.

One night a party of fishermen noticed a boat lying off Morvybachen Bay ; but, darkness coming on, nothing more was seen of it until next morning it was found lying upon the sands, left, as it was said, by the tide.

Where it had come from was a mystery, and served the people to talk of for many a day.

About a month went by, and then, a young and sad-looking woman was seen in the cottage garden. After a time she extended her walks to the beach, and, morning or evening, sometimes even at midnight, she might be seen pacing slowly along, never looking at or speaking to anyone, but keeping her beautiful face, so hopeless in its misery, turned to the sea.

At first the little children, with that instinct of pity inherent in their innocent hearts, would creep up to her ; but, when they heard



their mothers talking mysteriously of the "lady," they began to look at her with shy, wondering eyes, and keep far away ; grouping together for protection as she walked by ; yet in spite of this, the green hill below the cottage garden was the favourite play-ground, and continued so, until one day they all rushed shrieking down wild and pale with affright, some of the elder ones positively affirming that they had seen and heard the devil himself in the cottage garden, and that he was killing the "lady," a fact strangely corroborated by the unearthly and terrible cries that were to be heard proceeding from the garden.

It was not difficult in those days to rouse the superstitions of the Welsh, and the country round soon echoed with the children's adventure ; the story being proportionately increased, according to the narrator's feelings or passions. So the villagers sent their children to play far away from the cottage, and nothing would have tempted the bravest man among them to approach it after night-fall. At length an old hag fell ill, and, in her delirium, made sundry raving assertions, that she had seen the "lady" dancing with the witches round the flagstaff on the Beacon Hill, and changing into a black cat, scale the steepest cliffs, and more-

over that the old man had sold himself to the devil for the love of the "lady."

The consequences of these wild ravings, working as they did upon minds darkened with superstition and ignorance, were likely to be serious enough; when matters were brought to a crisis: a young, weak-headed girl, frightened by the woman's words, went off in a fit, and therein denounced the stranger, as having bewitched her, for selling him butter with a cross upon it.

This news spread like wildfire, and the credit of every illness, loss, or misfortune that had occurred in the neighbourhood during the year, was laid at the stranger's door; the people gathered in crowds, exciting each other by their mutual superstition. They rushed up the green hill to the cottage, a mad, infuriated mob, thirsting for vengeance, and demanding of the old man to come out and heal those he had stricken.

The door, however, resisted their efforts, and they were surging wildly about seeking another entrance, when the owner himself appeared, and, pointing to the trampled flower beds, asked what they meant by it. The answer was a yell of derision and rage; and some of the maddest seized the old man, swearing they would find out whether the devil was his master or no. Up the cliffs they scrambled, scarcely knowing what the end was to be, or how the test was to be given, but ere they had gone far a very spirit of hell must have broken loose among them; they pressed round upon the old man; one wretch made a blow at him with a stone and knocked him down; then, like wild beasts at the sight of blood, they grew drunk with it, and literally stoned and beat the hapless old man to atoms, bathing and strewing the cliff side with his blood and flesh.

The deed was barely over,—a few were looking pale and shuddering at the red stains upon their guilty hands—when a terrible cry rang up the hill, and immediately after the "lady" was among them.

"My father? my father?" she cried. "What have you done with my poor old father?"

No one answered, but many grew pale, and a shudder ran through the crowd as the girl stooped down, and lifted a mass of grey hair from the blood-stained grass.

"O my God!" she said, in a low, fierce tone, as she turned upon them. "You call yourselves Christians, and this a Christian land." Then springing upon a projecting rock she went on. "Listen, murderers, and hear what you have done: the blood that is crying out from the earth for vengeance is my father's;

he chose his king, rather than one he called a usurper; he lost all save life in the cause, so fled. My husband too was a soldier in the king's army; he was wounded and tried to escape, but they hunted him to worse than death, they drove him mad; and it was to give us a refuge, and to let him die in peace, my father came here. When he was ready for us he signalled across the Channel, and I brought my poor mad husband over the waters in the boat you found upon the beach. The cries your children heard were those of my husband; but they would have troubled you no more, he died to-day, and is now at the footstool of the Great God, and, with the poor old man you have murdered, is crying for God's judgments on you. And now hear my curse: O Almighty God, curse these men: may they ask for rest and find toil and trouble; may they go forth beggars and branded from the land they have disgraced, driven forth by the spirits of their forefathers; dying may they find mercy neither from man nor from Heaven." As the last words were upon her lips, she threw herself from the rock, down the sheer precipice into the foaming water now raging in a storm, and her last curse actually seemed to rise from the ocean itself.

The crowd shrank away speechless and stricken, not a word was uttered as they crept back to their homes, carrying with them the terrible burthen of the curse.

By next day the ravens and carrion crows had cleared away every trace of the deed of blood from the cliff above; but the earth which had drunk up the red flood would not hide the witness, and, in the cave beneath, gave and still gives testimony to the murder—the dead man's blood still remaining as a memorial of his fate.

I. D. FENTON.

A RELIC.

THE following beautiful lines are said to have been written by Mary Queen of Scots, a few days before her death:—

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!
In dură catenă, in miseră penă,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.

The musical sweetness of the Latin is scarcely translatable into English; but, in default of a better, I subjoin an imitation:—

My Lord and my God, my one hope, and my stay,
My Jesus, thou dearest, O take me away:
In the bonds of my anguish, the woe of my pain,
I have longed but for thee—let me long not in vain;
Fast failing, bewailing, all lowly I bow,
Adoring, imploring,—O rescue me now!

H. M.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER XII. OFF GUARD.

KING TURMOIL reigned triumphant in the summer of 1851. A merry madness was monarch of all. Progress mounted like wine into the brains of the majority ; under the influence of the intoxicating idea all went as fast as was feasible to some goal, whether good or the reverse was just a matter of chance with the many. There was much public frenzy and private mental aberration. The wildest schemes and most fragile of follies obtained and had a temporary success that was due to the disjointedness of the times. There was such splendour in the metropolis, that naturally there was no inconsiderable amount of havoc in the land. All were gorgeously bedight that year, and, like the lilies of the field, they took no apparent heed of what the morrow might bring forth.

Who can venture to say how far such carelessness is reprehensible ? The lilies of the field we, as children, were taught to consider praiseworthy in the highest degree, in that they did "take no heed." Solomon in all his glory, we were assured, was not arrayed like one of them ; therefore we were bidden to emulate their indifference, and be regardless of what the morrow might bring forth ! We were to dress in, and eat and drink of, the best, without a clouding thought of the consequent bills, or a care as to how these bills were to be paid. Such at least was the sole moral I adduced from the Solomon and lily story, which after all, is but a poor unpractical bit of poetry utterly unworthy to compare with the sound sense contained in the Protector's caution, to "Put your trust in Providence, but keep your powder dry."

Mrs. John Galton was by nature addicted to the diffusing around her, for beautifying and comforting purposes, of all the dross she could command. Some people call this extravagance ; others, lavish generosity. Whatever name you like to bestow upon the quality, the fact remains that Kate possessed it, and the house in which her husband had planted her bore convincing marks of the same. She was going with the tide : and the tide set strongly in favour of following out the advice given, to take no heed of what the morrow might bring forth.

When John Galton reached the door of his wife's temporary residence, in Piccadilly, at half-past seven that night, agreeable odours

were wafted up from the kitchen and down from the balcony, as if to welcome him. The perfumes from below were of delicate cates and rich sauces ; the scents from above were of roses, and mignonette, and other unpractical things.

"I'm glad Kate has not dined, for I'm hungry," he thought to himself, as he rushed past one of his own footmen, without pausing to notice the irrepressible grin which succeeded that worthy man's first expression of blank amaze on beholding him. Then the sound of many voices smote upon his ear ; and as he paused irresolutely on the staircase, there came serpentine towards him a cavalcade from the drawing-room. It was only by an agile bound-down into the hall again that he escaped actual collision with the leader of the van—an old lady, who looked as if she were imperfectly riveted together with paint and artificial flowers.

From a dark doorway at the foot of the stairs he watched the descent of his wife's guests. He felt dirty and travel-soiled, and at a terrible disadvantage, as he stood there. They who passed him unconsciously were all so trim and bright. He felt at a terrible disadvantage ; but not at all angry with Kate—only rather sorry that she had "not told him about it,"—that was all.

For a minute, a moment, rather, he thought that he would go back again as he had come, unknown, unnoticed. Then he remembered that in such going back without seeing her there would be a mute accusation, at least his sister would so read it, and would force her reading upon Kate some day perhaps. He could not censure her even by implication ; he could not shame or distress her by showing resentment at such a very venial offence. So the kind-hearted fellow reasoned as the guests filed down, he unobserved by all of them—unobserved even by Kate, who came last, leaning on the arm of an ugly brilliant-eyed man. So he reasoned, shrinking into an uncomfortably small compass, in order to keep well in the shade, so that she might not see him suddenly, and start and show surprise.

When they were well inside the dining-room door he called the footman who had grinned on admitting him, and bade him unpack a portmanteau containing a dress coat and other articles that were essential to his proper appearance, a portmanteau which had been left

in town, fortunately. "And now," he said, when he was ready, "just take this note to your mistress, and lay a cover for me." The man took the note to his mistress, and his mistress read it with the slightest start in the world.

"My husband could not promise me and himself the pleasure of being here to-night; but he has succeeded in coming nevertheless," she said, handing the note with an untrembling hand to Theo Leigh, as if Theo were to feel special pleasure in the advent of a man she did not yet know. Then Mr. John Galton, judging from those words that his wife was perfectly self-possessed and ready to receive him, walked in, and was received with an air of quiet surprise by the majority of his guests, that made him wish himself back at Haversham.

But for all his own discomfiture he did not let one of them perceive that he had not come up to town fully expecting to meet them. Theo remarked that he scarcely tasted anything, and Mr. David Linley that he "had a habit of silence that was uncommonly pleasant in a bucolic." This was all the notice that David Linley accorded to the husband of the lady whose chains he was reputed (by herself and immediate friends) to be wearing.

Later in the evening, before John Galton could gain quiet speech of his wife that should not appear to be marked, Harold Ffrench came in.

"Has he, that man I wrote to you about, been hanging about her all the evening?" Mr. Ffrench asked of his cousin's husband as soon as they had shaken each other by the hand.

"He hasn't been near her once," John Galton replied. He was thinking of his wife, she being the one woman in the world to him. It did not occur to his single mind to suppose that Harold's question, Harold's anxiety, related solely to Theo Leigh.

"I have not spoken to Kate yet about what you have said, Ffrench; I shall tell her, though, to-night, that you don't think Linley a desirable acquaintance, and there will be an end of it."

"There won't be an end of it, I fear."

"You don't mean that you think Kate will disregard my wishes when I express them, Ffrench? Hang it, man, no one else should hint such a doubt of her affection to me!"

"Kate? oh! to be sure Kate will be all right about it. It was not Kate I meant at the moment, Galton. I was thinking of that young girl; between us we have got her away from the home where at any rate she was safe and happy, only to throw her in the way of one of the greatest scoundrels unhung."

"Do you mean Miss Leigh and Mr. Linley?"

"Yes. I do mean Miss Leigh and Linley: he is attracted by her, as who would not be, indeed? And I know only too well the sure fate of the woman who attracts Linley. I can't tell you what I feel when I see Kate persisting in exposing that young girl to such a horrible risk."

"What is the risk? He doesn't strike me as being so remarkably attractive," John Galton said in a low tone, looking curiously across the room at his abused guest the while.

"A snake is not remarkably attractive, still it contrives to approach near enough to sting; and a precipice is not pleasant in itself, still it seduces a good many to gaze over its brink until they grow giddy. He's playing his usual double game, the rascal!" Harold Ffrench continued, in a tone of such deep rage and pain that John Galton became involuntarily impressed with the importance of the case, disposed as he was to see only the side shown, and to think well of the world at large.

"What is his usual game?" he asked.

"To apparently devote himself to one woman; to show a surface devotion that may blind beholders. He affects now to feel an interest in Kate, and to find her society charming. His real reason for coming here is to win that poor unguarded girl."

"How do you——. Look here, Ffrench, don't be offended at the question; but *how* do you come to know so much about this man? and knowing it at all, why don't you say it out straightforwardly and have done with it, whatever it may be?"

John Galton looked very anxiously into Harold's face as he thus questioned. The honest, brave, straightforward fellow could not bear to think that the man whom his own dear wife held "dear as a brother" should be guilty of saying that about a man which he either could not or dared not prove.

Harold Ffrench sat down and leant forward, covering his eyes with one hand.

"I have been a fool in my day, Galton; but, on my soul, I have never been a scoundrel or a sneak. I am not offended with you; but your question looks strangely, as if you thought me one, or both."

"My good fellow, it's only that I am apt to give out what my own heart holds; I meant no reflection upon you. I don't doubt, or I won't again at all events, that your reasons for distrusting this man, whom that old aunt of my wife's has brought upon us, are good enough. Let me say one thing to you, though, Why don't you guard that pretty girl you're so anxious about?"

"I should be a villain to suffer her to see

how deeply I am interested in her, Galton; and that fellow knows it, or he would not dare to strive to interest her himself before me. I wish to God I had never gone to Houghton, or brought about an intimacy between Kate and Theo Leigh."

"Theo Leigh couldn't well have a better friend than my wife, I should think."

"Under ordinary circumstances perhaps not. Well, it's useless saying more, since I can't explain everything; but get your wife away from this vortex before mischief is done."

With that Harold Ffrench rose and walked away to a corner of the room where Theo sat talking to Mr. Linley. The latter had remained near her for a long time this evening, speaking to her occasionally with a softness in his eyes and voice that other women had found pleasant and then painful full many a time before. Despite Harold Ffrench's caution, to "beware of this man as if he were the plague," Theo had given him a full confidence in return for his well simulated one. "I forgot the manner of your introduction to Mrs. Galton. You were mentioning the other day that it came about in a semi-accidental way, much in the same way as Ffrench's introduction to you in fact," he had said, to which Theo replied,

"No, not a semi-accidental introduction to Mrs. Galton. My introduction to her was rightly and properly compassed. It was Mr. Ffrench's introduction to us that came about by chance. He was wandering about on the marshes, near our house in the country, trying to find his way over a fordless creek. He asked me to direct him, and I told him that he must have a boat—papa's boat—since there was no other; and when I mentioned my father's name,—no, I didn't mention his name, but it came round some way or other that Mr. Ffrench had known him by repute years ago in—Greece."

She had paused before uttering the last word, for as she approached the climax of her explanation the face of the man she addressed altered visibly. The soft tenderness, that while it lived almost entirely redeemed his ugliness, vanished from his eyes, and in its place there came two light laughing devils of malice and contempt.

"Mr. Ffrench managed matters most ingeniously," he whispered; "he has shown far more tact than I ever knew him to employ before."

"You do know him, then, although you never speak——" She stopped herself abruptly.

"Theo, I never speak what?"

"Well of him, or to him. How can you dislike Mr. Ffrench, and seem to think things against him?" she continued warmly.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked, in a low

voice. The devils had vanished now. The soft tenderness reigned again more powerfully than before, if possible, for Harold Ffrench was advancing towards them to be pained by an exhibition of it. "Shall I tell you why I dislike him?" he repeated. "Because you love him, Theo, and I love you."

CHAPTER XIII. MRS. JOHN GALTON OFFERS A PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

THEO was but a girl—but a young impressionable girl. What need after telling you that to add the fact that all must feel, that she was touched by those last words of Mr. Linley's. Touched not into tenderness, but into that compassionately emotional frame of mind which after a period may give birth to tenderness. He was much older than herself; his name sounded well mentally, but ill morally; she had heard him much abused, yet nothing definite had ever been brought against him—above all, he loved her! This last was the weight that brought the balance down in his favour. He loved her, and she could not requite his love. Therefore she indulged in a plentiful supply and show of compassionate emotion towards him.

She did not tell him that she was sorry, or honoured, or any other thing that it only comes to one to affect to feel and utter after one-and-twenty. She was not one-and-twenty yet, so though she was both sorry and honoured, very unfeignedly sorry, and very considerably honoured, she said nothing about either, but just suffered a series of sensations—semi-detached they were, not one of them had fair play—in silence.

The man had tasted the joy to the full in his youth of causing a woman to thrill through all her body and soul to his false words, doubly false in their apparently enforced frankness. But this silent shiver that possessed Theo when he had spoken was a new thing to him. It was not a shiver of aversion, that he perceived at once. He was no self-deluder, though, and therefore he was also prompt to perceive that it was no light trembling ripple of reciprocation. They had clashed in their earlier years; the memory of their having done so was rarely absent from his mind. Still he did not realise for a few minutes that it was Harold Ffrench's approach which had caused a considerable portion of the trembling that he (Linley) had not understood.

When he did realise it, it stung him far more than if the girl had been antipathetic to him uninfluenced. The sting did not move him outwardly, however, for he reminded him of days gone by when he the Satyr had won what had been vowed to Harold the Hyperion.

"What have you been doing with yourself for the last day or two, Theo?" Mr. Ffrench asked, seating himself by her side.

"Nothing to-day; you were here yesterday, you know," she answered, inclining her head ever so slightly towards him as she spoke. There was never that leaning action, that barely expressed yearning towards himself, Linley felt, as he watched her from the short distance to which he had retired.

"Was I here yesterday? upon my word I hardly know how the days go." He did not look at her as he said this, but gazed away vaguely into vacancy in a way that caused her to gaze at him with painful earnestness.

"How you look at one, Theo," he exclaimed presently, turning towards her. "Your eyes were going through me then in a way that would make me fancy, if I didn't know you so well, that you were trying to fathom something; what were you reading?"

"Nothing—it's a sealed book to me."

"What is a sealed book to you? my character?"

"Yes."

"I ought to say, thank God that it is, for the reading would not profit you; perhaps I had better break the seals though; shall I?"

"Do, do; ah! you will trust me."

She spoke in a quick low tone, every note reached his ear and his heart, but not a sound of the words she used floated across to the eagerly strained ears of the man who was listening for her accents. Love is the best master of acoustics, after all.

"Trust you! yes, but not myself," he muttered in reply; then he rose from her side saying that Kate was beckoning him. So once again the goblet of explanation or whatever it might have been was dashed from Theo's lips.

Mrs. John Galton was a little pinker as to the cheeks and brighter as to the eyes when Harold Ffrench obeyed her sign by going over to her side.

"What is this, Harold?" she commenced, as soon as he had seated himself on the small bit of couch which she indicated was at his service. "What is this, Harold? what have you been writing to my husband about?"

She was all the aggrieved matron, nothing more. Harold was aware of her talent for rapid transformations, therefore he was spared surprise at this last one that had come over her.

"About Mr. Linley," he replied quietly.

"Ridiculous! what has the man done to you that you should attack him in the dark?"

John Galton had told his wife that Harold's anxiety related solely and wholly to Theo

Leigh. "He says it would be all right enough for you, of course, dear: you're above suspicion; but he fancies that Linley is fascinated by Miss Leigh, and I—well, I suppose the long and the short of it is that he is jealous."

Jealous! Harold Ffrench jealous of Mr. Linley about Theo Leigh, while she (Kate) was extant! Small wonder that her cheeks grew pinker and her eyes brighter. She would have sacrificed the dawning friendship with Linley to Harold's jealousy of her. But she would not sacrifice it to his fears for Theo.

"Dear John," she had said to him with that air of thorough conviction that may not be questioned, "you know how I always endeavour to palliate Harold's follies and screen his faults, because he has been as a brother to me since I was an infant; he really tries me a little too far sometimes though; he wants arrogantly to banish Mr. Linley from your house because Mr. Linley is evidently acquainted with some of Harold's juvenile delinquencies. I have no patience with such revengeful narrow-mindedness. Have you?"

"Well, I hardly——"

"Oh, now, John, don't defend him for the sake of sparing my feelings. Of course it's painful, most painful to me, to see Harold give way to such pettiness of disposition, but I can't blind myself to the fact that he does so give way. Mr. Linley is so different, he never says anything about Harold—never alludes to the cause of the aversion that evidently exists between them. I love Harold as a brother," the matron proceeded with creditable emotion, "but I cannot help thinking that he must have been very much in the wrong—it is so hard to forgive anyone whom we may have injured."

"Perhaps the less we say about it then the better," John Galton said uneasily. It always seemed to him that the less that was said about anything unpleasant that might not be boldly rectified the better.

"Perhaps so. I will tell Harold that I have given an explanation to you of what he deemed reprehensible, and that you are quite satisfied; shall I?"

"Certainly. Satisfied? I don't like that word, Kate; it sounds as if I had not always been satisfied with you."

"Ah, dear! no one knows better than Harold what reason you have for being so," the fair wife replied. In this speech there was much truth; no one knew better than Harold "what reason" John Galton had for such satisfaction!

So now when Harold Ffrench came to her at her signal, Kate let him feel that he had been unwise in interfering. "Because you

do not like him is that any reason why you should attack him in the dark, and cast unfounded suspicions upon me?" she asked.

"Now you are ridiculous, Kate," he replied quickly. "I was attacked in the dark years ago by that man; but let that pass; what I want now is to do away with the opportunity you give him of exercising his cursed wiles on that——"

"Girl over whom you have already exercised yours," she interrupted. "Pooh! Harold, you ought to be wiser in your maturity than to fear such a kitten-face will win all sorts of love and evil for its possessor. I am tired of the girl and her silent non-committal adoration for you and Linley."

"She has no adoration for Linley as yet, thank God," he struck in eagerly.

"Has she not? well, all I can say is that she tries to blush him into the belief that she has. However she is going home in a few days; will that set your mind at rest?"

"About her—yes."

"And about whom 'no?'—yourself?" she asked, softening her voice abruptly and placing her hand on his arm with the same quick warm pressure he remembered she had employed once, years ago, when she wanted to learn the story of the forging of the chains that bound him.

"I shall be as much at rest as I have been for more than twenty years," he answered sadly.

"Confide in me, Harold; now, though it's late; confide in me and I would even befriend you with her."

She glanced towards Theo as she spoke and he replied—

"Befriend her by sending her away home from both of us, Kate."

"I will," she said huskily; "indeed I will; how you love her, Harold! She shall go soon, very soon."

CHAPTER XIV. MR. HAROLD FRENCH OFFERS AN EXPLANATION WHICH IS NOT SO PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY.

MRS. JOHN GALTON had promised her cousin that Theo should go back to Houghton and safety "soon, very soon." She thoroughly meant to keep her word. The sight of Theo was painful to the prettier woman whom Theo had eclipsed. This was one reason for the ardent nature of the suddenly developed desire of the prettier woman's to banish Theo. But added to this was another and better reason: she did not wish Theo's heart to be wrung or name to be sullied by even so much as the shadow of a suspicion while under her auspices.

Kate had the special grace of doing two or

three things excellently well at the same time and without apparent effort. She could be an excellent hostess to the mass contemporaneously with the discharge of her full battery on the one. Moreover while thus generally agreeable and specially fascinating she could plan, arrange, and decide upon some important course of action.

This evening, while causing the majority of her guests to hope that these *re-unions* would be of frequent recurrence, and weaving a conversational web from which he could not escape around Mr. Linley, she had to settle the form of words in which Theo's sentence of dismissal should be pronounced, together with the manner of its delivery. Kate abhorred the notion of going back to the old Grange, but she felt capable of calmly sacrificing herself even to that degree rather than of remaining a quiescent spectator of Theo Leigh's success in that field where the greatest glories of the day had always been gained by her alone. It was the one thing in life which Kate could not do gracefully—retire amiably into the background, namely, and from thence watch with kind eyes the fleshing of others' maiden swords.

Mrs. Galton had no very poignant pangs about getting rid of Theo abruptly after almost forcing her to remain. Mrs. John Galton in fact never had any poignant pangs about anyone but herself, and she would suffer nothing in the parting. So she resolved to say words to Theo on the morrow that should prove to the latter that it would be well for her not to stand upon the order of her going, but to go at once.

It happened, however, that Kate was not called upon to accelerate Theo's departure after all. The morrow's post brought a letter from Mrs. Leigh telling her daughter that a long-looked-for appointment under government had fallen vacant, and been bestowed upon her father. Further that this would involve the necessity of Theo's returning at once "if Mrs. Galton could kindly spare her," in order that she might bear her part in the leave-takings and packing-up which were consequent on the change.

"Perhaps you had better start by the two o'clock train to-day," Mrs. Galton suggested, when her young guest made her acquainted with the contents of the letter; "you'll have to see so many people before you leave, and you leave so soon that I think you had better start by the two o'clock train."

"Ought I to see—I mean, how can I see people if I start so early?" Theo asked.

"I meant that you would have so many people down there to take leave of, not up here at all. I am sure I am delighted to learn that

you have such intimate friends up here, I was not aware of it."

"I will start by the two-o'clock train, certainly, or by an earlier one, if there is an earlier one," Theo replied hurriedly. Then she added more slowly, but quite steadily and distinctly,—"The only friend I have in London is Mr. Ffrench; I should like to have seen him before I go, but I suppose I shall not."

"No, dear, I don't suppose you will," Kate rejoined affably. It always made Kate affable to see another person baffled in this way. She herself would have obviated the difficulties attendant on seeing Harold Ffrench with a deft readiness by comparison with which Theo's discomfiture seemed a very ludicrous thing. But Theo had no such deft readiness at command, or at any rate would never have brought it to bear on such a matter.

Mrs. Galton's reply to Theo's supposition that she should not see Harold Ffrench before she left was therefore given in the most affable tone and spirit.

"No, dear, I don't suppose you will see him; he is sure though to call in by and by, and then I will tell him that you are gone."

"That's very kind of you; now I think I had better go and pack-up, Mrs. Galton."

"Why you seem annoyed! don't you wish me to tell him that you're gone? You funny child! why, I really believe, Theo," she cried, starting up, taking Theo's cold hands in her own and laughing as though the idea were too eminently absurd to be discussed seriously, "I really believe, Theo, that you imagine yourself in love with my cousin Harold!"

She bent her head to a level with Theo's and looked with laughing earnestness into her eyes till Theo angrily averted them.

"I don't imagine myself anything, anything of the—no, I *won't* tell a story: I know that I love him! imagine, indeed!"

She was panting, crimson, trembling, but she did not look one bit ashamed of herself as she made her avowal.

"Poor child!" Kate said half pityingly, half mockingly. "Harold will never marry, you take my word for it; I would prophesy good things concerning your first romance if I didn't know him so well."

Then Kate threw herself down on the sofa again, and affected to look at a book and make notes on the same, and Theo went away broken and abashed now, to pack.

How she loathed her task and herself, and indeed everybody but him. She remembered how she had felt when the trunks were first unpacked in that room, and the dresses first unfolded. Now she wrapped up a hope in every article she folded, and she thought as she put

them away that they would never be taken out again. Her first romance Kate had called it! It was soon over—how entirely over!

She wearied over the task, as who would not under the happiest circumstances? Packing-up is never nice unless some one is doing it for you, and you are sitting by and are consulted about the position of the things for which you care, and left unharassed about the things for which you do not care. Then the packing-up of the goods and chattels that are to accompany you upon a pleasant tour is an agreeable occupation to witness, though packing-up one's own things is invariably depressing.

Poor Theo wearily put the bonnet that had been on her head to the Academy with him into the well of her box with a sigh, and sickened at the sight of some roses he had given her.

Ah, those roses something held
Other roses seemed to lack—

as Mr. Francesco Berger has told us in melodious strains. They were no prize flowers with big broad deep leaves and the perfume of Paradise. They were just simple "roses red and roses white," but they held something for the girl that every other flower in life would lack.

So at least she felt as she put them carefully away, their poor old dwindled stalks wrapped in silver paper, and some of the faded leaves encased for their more complete security in one corner of an embroidered pocket-handkerchief. So she felt then, but people get over things, "love and unlove and forget" in this wicked, weak, changeful world.

It would soon be time to go; happily she would not be compelled to see much more of Kate, whose manner had changed to her so completely and unkindly. She was telling herself this when Kate herself came to the door with a pale face and a constrained mien.

"Harold Ffrench wants to speak to you alone, Theo," she said; "he is down in the little drawing-room, I have agreed to it, go."

She needed no further bidding, she was down by his side almost before the echo of Kate's words had died upon her ear. She was down by his side and she was happy.

"Theo," he began hurriedly, "I heard what Lively said to you last night; do you believe that it was a horrible agony to me to hear it, and not to be able to save you from a repetition of it?"

She had not deemed it so before, but she believed it now as she watched his face.

"It was horrible, horrible, but I was powerless then." He paused and stood further from her, she watching him intently the while; then he went on,—"*To-day* I learn that

a chain that bound me to a silence so painful and ignominious is snapped, broken suddenly, awfully, but thoroughly : I am called away at once, but I must speak to you, though not to the world before I go. Theo, will you be my wife when I come back, as I shall soon, free?"

She gave a low cry, and held her hands out towards him. He did not take them at first, but repeated,—

"Will you trust me? will you be my wife when I come back, my darling, to whom I dare not even yet show all the love I feel?"

"O, Harold, tell me," she began, but he stopped her by saying :

"What this chain was? no, not yet. Forgive me; I dared not risk leaving you with this untold, though all may not be told yet." Then he took her hand and just pressed his lips to it, whispered, "I have your heart's promise, my darling," and was gone.

There was no need to tell Kate what had transpired, she fathomed it all the instant she saw Theo.

"He did not stay long. What is this fresh mystery?" Kate asked, and Theo answered:—

"I don't know; he told me not to ask till he came back and made me his wife." Then the feminine desire for a confidant obtained possession, and she added,—“He seemed afraid to be with me, and kissed my hand as if I had been a duchess instead of what I am to be to him, you know.”

(To be continued.)

EARL STRONGBOW'S BEACON.*

FAIR EVA of Desmond
Hath crossed o'er the sea,
The Bride of the Strongbow,
Earl Richard, to be;
In Estrigoil towers
There's dancing and song,
And the festival months
Have but thickened the throng;
Not alone with the high-born,
The brave, and the fair,
Not alone with the wealthy,
Their riches they share,
But the poor and the maimed,
And the halt and the blind,
In the halls of Earl Richard
In comfort you'll find.
'Twas a blessing to all
When, like Saint Charity,

Sweet EVA of Desmond
Crossed over the sea,
The Bride of the Strongbow,
Earl Pembroke, to be.

Men of old, men of old,
Rude and earnest, fierce and bold,
Ye had changed to tigers fell,
But for woman's gentle spell
Your passions back to hold.

Quoth Octar the Jarl,
As he strode in the roar
Of the North Sea, in thunder
Belabring the shore,
“Have ye heard of the maiden
Who cross'd o'er the sea,
The Bride of the Strongbow,
Earl Pembroke, to be?
’Twas EVA of Desmond,
Whom I wooed of yore,
In the court of her father,
Mac Murrough the Mure;
By the thunder of Odin!
’Twere better that she
The bride of the god-born
Jarl Octar should be.
Not an earl of them all
Such a lineage can show;
In my bark I’ve a spear
That’s a match for his bow.
To Earl Pembroke’s broad lands
Some bounds there must be,
But his realm hath no bounds
Who is King on the Sea;
His realm hath no bounds
Who is King on the Sea.

“Ho! ho! ye shall come, friends,
And visit me there,
My wine ye shall drink
And my venison shall share;
Ye shall dance down the length
Of proud Estrigoil Hall,
Where your footsteps with EVA’s
In cadence shall fall.
I’ll look for your sails
On the Hafren full soon,
And a beacon I’ll light you
More bright than the moon;
It shall guide you to me
With a sky-raking glow,
It shall welcome you too,
Spite of tempest or foe;
And of all the proud heads
In that land ye shall see,
The loftiest the head
Of Jarl Octar shall be;
The loftiest the head
Of Jarl Octar shall be.”

Men of old, men of old,
Strong and daring, fierce and bold,
Worse were ye than tigers fell,
When by woman’s fervid spell
Quickened, not controlled.

The banners are waving
In Estrigoil Hall,
And the warriors crowd inward,
Knight, noble, and all;
There’s a stir through the land,
For the Dane hath come down,
And the brow of Earl Richard
Is dark with a frown;

* Up to the eleventh century the piratical visits of the Black Pagans (the Danes) to the Bristol Channel were not infrequent, though they do not appear ever to have made any permanent settlement amongst the inhabitants of the country.

Strongbow, Earl Pembroke, who led the way to the Conquest of Ireland, had large possessions contiguous to the Channel, and amongst them the Castle of Estrigoil or Striguil (*hodie* Chepstow), a fortress of great strength and importance.

He married the daughter of an Irish prince, and in her right assumed the title of King of Leinster after her father’s death. The jealousy, however, of Henry II. reduced this to a mere honorary distinction. Strongbow died a.d. 1176.

There are dents on his helm,
 There is blood on his sword,
 And his liegemen keep still
 When they look on their lord.
 Black Octar is there,
 The proud Jarl from the North,
 Who came to bear Eva
 With victory forth ;
 And Eva is there
 For Jarl Octar to see,
 But Octar bears chains
 Whilst Earl Pembroke is free,
 Jarl Octar bears chains
 Whilst Earl Pembroke is free.

"Now tell me, Earl Richard,
 Oh what may this be,
 On the headland that looketh
 So far on the sea ?
 You have piled logs of fir-tree,
 And trunks of the pine,
 And deluged the fabric
 With fierce turpentine."
 "Oh ! that is *my* Deacon
 To guide from the west
 The kinsmen and liegemen
 Jarl Octar loves best ;
 He hath promised them dances
 Down Estrigoil Hall,
 Where their footsteps with Eva's
 In cadence shall fall.
 There is pine, there is fir,
 And we'll kindle it soon,
 'Twill shine towards the west, love,
 More bright than the moon.
 The long track of light
 To the pirates shall show
 The road to Jarl Octar,
 The road they should go.
 'Twere not easy to miss him,
 As I'll mark the way,
 Let them come in the night,
 Let them come in the day,
 For the sky-raking flames,
 As they roar from below,
 On the head of the pyre
 All their splendour shall throw,
 And that *head* seen the loftiest
 And farthest at sea,
 By the cross of the Man-god !
 Jarl Octar's shall be ;
 By the cross of the Man-god !
 Jarl Octar's shall be."

Men of old, men of old,
 Strong and vengeful, fierce and bold,
 Whisper, little bird, and tell
 Should we grow as fierce and fell
 Led by Passion uncontrolled ?

C. H. W.

FRANK BLUNDELL'S REVELATION.

It was my last evening at Oakleigh Cottage. I had been spending a month with my friend Frank Blundell. We had met, after an interval of some years, in his country home. He and I had been near neighbours at St. Margaret's, and constant companions during our last year there. Both of us were changed since then. We had experienced the realities of life which are so little known by the ma-

jority of undergraduates. We had gained wisdom enough to look back with regret upon wasted time and ill-used opportunities. We were grateful for our preservation through that part of life's journey in which we took no heed, and that our eyes had been opened to the prospect before the sun was low upon our way. We had not ceased to like all the pursuits and pleasures of the old careless days ; but we enjoyed the superadded satisfaction of evil habits discarded, sound principles cultivated, and duties recognised and, to some extent, fulfilled. My friend had married since I last saw him, and his wife was a stranger to me until this visit. I found her one of the few wives who practically recommend marriage to their husbands' unmarried friends. This she did, in a great measure, by the sense of reliableness as a wife—I don't know how I can better describe it—which she conveyed. Her husband evidently had faith in her, in small matters as in great. It was plain that he trusted to her doing a thing as he would like to have it done, and that they had become one in the details of every-day experience as they were one in heart.

Assuredly, hers was a very pleasant face, with its setting of beautiful hair and its rare eyes—eyes which stand the test of a heightened colour—becoming neither dull, nor uncertain, nor metallic, but only warmer toned, as Nature becomes in a summer sunset. As a hostess—a position affording such opportunities of making or marring the comfort of a guest—Mrs. Frank Blundell was eminently the "right woman in the right place."

Oakleigh is in the heart of Kent, where hops, cherries, and filberts are at home, and orchard apples eatable. The cottage was delightfully placed, looking southward across a valley upon plantations of sweet chestnuts, then fast crimsoning ; for it was the season, so enjoyable in the country, between the very out-doorishness of summer and the permanent adoption of fires. There was plenty of amusement—walks and drives in the charming neighbourhood, and visits to the hop-gardens, where armies of hop-pickers, with their pioneers the pole-pullers, were advancing, leaving desolation in their track : a scene which no artist has fairly pictured, but which everybody ought to see. Then we had some good fishing in the Medway, far up above the coal barges.

Well, as I have said, it was my last evening at Oakleigh Cottage. We were sitting together, Blundell and I, after dinner, when he said, "There's a fire in my room ; I vote we go there till Mary is ready for tea."

So we went, and talked from our easy-chairs through a perfumed cloud. It soon became

evident to me that my friend had "something on his mind."

He let his pipe out, and relighted it. Presently he put it down, and, saying "Excuse me a minute," went out.

He soon came back, and on my inquiring whether anything was the matter, replied, "Oh no; but I have something to say to you, and, as it can't be said in a few words, I thought I would tell Mary we should not wait tea for an hour or so, and she need not wait for us; but she is up with baby, and says that she is in no hurry, so we will join her by-and-by."

I was rather perplexed by all this preparation; but only assured him of my readiness to listen. Then he began.

"In all our talks together about old times since you have been here," he said, "we have never touched upon a topic that was a frequent one at our sittings after Hall and Chapel. I suppose some delicacy of feeling—for I verily believe you have a little of it—has prevented your beginning the subject."

I was going to protest against this modified form of compliment, and to ask a question, when I was stopped by—

"Don't bother, that's a good fellow, or I shall never get to my story. You remember well enough, I have no doubt, how I used to talk of Mary Percival."

"Yes," I said, "and I have often wondered what it all came to. The Christian name is a 'household word' here. Was it Mary——?" I was checked again by Blundell's look.

"You promised to listen," he growled, "and now you are cross-examining. Have a little patience, and forgive me too, if I repeat what I have already told you. Mary Percival and I were friends from infancy. Our mothers were friends before us, and my earliest recollections are associated with her and hers. When we came to be man and woman we read and argued and were happy together, as we had played and quarrelled and 'made up' again in our childhood. The old friendship had increased, but had not changed its character; at least I can speak for myself. You remember what Tennyson says in 'Dora'—

the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

It was something like this with me. Yet I admired Mary very much, and loved her, 'after a fashion,' very dearly, and would have done or suffered almost anything to give her pleasure or to spare her pain. You have heard all this before. I don't mean to inflict any more of it on you. Now take yourself back to Cam-

bridge for a moment, and try to recall a Trinity man named Horner—"Handsome Horner" they called him."

"I remember him perfectly," I said. "He was in the second Trinity, and rowed seven in their first boat when they 'bumped' us in the 'Long Reach.' A broad-shouldered man, with curly chestnut hair and white arms."

"Regardless of grammar I cry, 'That's him,'" was the reply. "He and I had a slight acquaintance at the University, in the last Term when we both read with Smith; and meeting in town after we took our degree, we became very good friends. Some time after this, he wrote to ask me to go and see them at his father's rectory in Surrey. I went and saw the dear old rector and Horner's mother, and, more than all, I saw his sister. Recalling her brother—fancy him a woman—refined, brightened, intensely beautified, and you can form some slight idea of Mary Horner. It is impossible for me to describe fitly the effect she produced upon me from the first. My acquaintance had included some very pretty women. I might have said of myself, if it were not concealed, *Militari non sine gloria*; not as a flirt though, mind; but Mary Horner was a new experience. She fascinated me, and I was a gone graduate. You may be sure that I did not get any better the longer I stayed within the charmed circle. I got on famously with all the people down there, and fancied that I was not disliked by her. You know what I mean. But I could never detect anything like symptoms of—what shall I call it?—reciprocity of affection. (Don't laugh, there's relief in such a way of putting it.) On the contrary, she treated me with cordial but thoroughly self-possessed friendliness. She was not the sort of woman to encourage any lover, however acceptable in 'ocular demonstration' and that kind of thing, and it never occurred to me to try it on; and then the exercise, and the general atmosphere of the place, were so conducive to health and spirits that the lady had no reason, on that first visit, to suspect from my appearance the condition of my heart. This was in the summer; but the following winter found me again at Shallowford Rectory. I met some pleasant people there whom I had not seen before; among others, Mr. Horner's curate, Charles Oxenden. He was a really good fellow, heartily devoted to his work, as well as an accomplished man and an agreeable companion. All this I could but acknowledge, in spite of the shadow of a consciousness that there was 'something' in the confidential relationship subsisting between him and Mary Horner. But then I consoled myself with the

thought that they had a common interest in parish matters, which involved a good deal of discussion. And there was nothing in the conduct of either that I could complain of as loverlike, even if I had possessed any right to

complain at all, 'which I hadn't any.' I had never 'told my love.' I am not prepared to state that on this second visit I might not have, almost involuntarily, betrayed myself; but there had never been the slightest ap-



proach to what I believe is called a 'declaration.' Our friendly intercourse had reached the stage of our calling one another by our Christian names. Her brother called me Frank habitually, as I called him Fred (which we

should probably never have done if our intimacy had dated from our Cambridge days), and she naturally fell, as indeed all the family did, into the same habit. Equally natural it seemed for me to call her Mary. My stay at this time

was short. We were an unbroken circle at home at Christmas ; and I left, with my secret undivulged, a few days before Christmas Day. But I ought to have told you that I had seen the Percivals frequently between these visits to Surrey. They were living then near London, the mother and daughter. Mrs. Percival had been a widow for some years, and I had talked to Mary a little about my admiration of the other Mary. Mary Percival was interested in the subject, and seemed often inclined to return to it. It was not a topic of conversation that I by any means objected to ; but I didn't half enjoy it under the circumstances. There was something unlike herself about Mary, a certain constraint not to be concealed. It was not very noticeable ; but I, who knew her so well, noticed it, or rather felt it, and was uncomfortable accordingly. At the same time I was perfectly sure that my friend was sincere both in the interest she expressed and in her manner towards me.

There was no affectation in Mary Percival—far from it. Looking back from a later day upon the events and feelings of that time, I was more wise to know the truth. Then I was only a selfish man who was not a coxcomb. Let me see, where was I ? I told you I went home before Christmas. I was entered at the Inner Temple then ; and one day, early in the new year, I was alone in my chambers, when an idea, which had been a long time simmering, boiled and bubbled into a determination. It was to write, to write, sir, to Mary Horner, and learn the worst or the best. Ah ! I can jest upon it now. I wrote. The thermometer stood at twenty. There were blocks of ice in the river like horchound candy ; but I let my fire out while at my absorbing task. I wrote. I have a bad habit of spoiling several sheets of paper when I write an important letter. I can show you a fac-simile of this, discarded because of the capital M's being of two varieties. There it is, read it."

This was the letter :—

"London, Jan. 3rd.

"MY DEAREST MARY,—I cannot call you by any other title and speak truly. Forgive me if the truth is distasteful to you. Forgive, too, this method of making it known. In all our happy association I have not dared—yes, that is the word—to tell you this. 'A faint heart,' you will say ; but 'the bright particular star always seemed so far above me.' These are calm words, dear, when my love is warm ; these are cold words, when my heart is beating wildly. I would rather read my sentence, if it is to be banishment ; but oh ! I would ten thousand times rather hear it, if it has one

word of hope. Let me have but that word, and I will be with you. In any case, I feel that you will deal tenderly as well as truthfully with me. "Yours, devotedly,

"FRANK."

"In that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival of what I had done. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her."

It ran thus :—

"London, Jan. 3rd.

"I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vain for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you what I have done. I have written to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess who it is ? I am not hopeful, but I am not despairing. I cannot say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sisterly regard. "Yours, affectionately,

"FRANK."

When I had read this without remark, Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them, when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbour. 'Well, I never !' was his exclamation, 'are you out of coal ?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I came to see if you were inclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the "Ornamental Water" yesterday : it was pretty good. They say it is capital to-day ; but come and have some lunch with me before we go. You are miserable here.' I accepted the invitation, and, wishing to get rid of him, said, 'You go and order it.' When he was gone, I directed the envelopes containing my letters, and followed him, taking them with me to post on my way to the Park. There were a great many skaters, and the ice was for the most part strong. But here and there, as is always the case except after a protracted frost, were weak places. On to one of these I skated at a rapid pace and went down, without a warning crack, into the bitterly cold water. The ice was above me when I rose, but I could hear voices near me before I sank again. I came up once more, but it was, to feel a heavy blow, to be in an explosion of fireworks, and then to lose all consciousness. The clumsily-given aid was nearly being as fatal to me as the ice prison would have been. How I was carried home to my father's house, and suffered for many days from the combined effects of the plunge and the blow, I could tell

you only as it was told me. I was long unconscious, and for some time after the dangerous symptoms had abated I could take no notice of what was passing around me. I was gradually recovering, however, both physically and mentally; and one morning I became aware, upon awaking from a doze, that I was not alone. Some one had come in while I slept, and was sitting by my side. A soft hand was laid on mine, and, as I looked round, a gentle, well-known voice spoke. It was Mary Percival's. 'I am so thankful, dear,' it said; 'so very thankful.' I was still weak, and cried. She stooped and kissed my forehead. 'Bless you!' she whispered, and, with an arch smile, continued, 'It was a funny letter for you to write to me. Besides, I thought,'—she paused, looking at me. Then she said, 'I must talk to you about it another day, and scold you; but thank you for it now a thousand thousand times! I came to give you my answer, and found you here. Oh, Frank! How could you be afraid of me? How could you doubt my love? But that is all past now, and I must not tire you even with my happiness. Good-bye, dearest.' And she went out very quickly, the tears blinding her.

"It is a shame to speak of this; but you are my friend, and it is necessary, if you are to understand my feelings. You can imagine them. What had come to me or to her? I scarcely heeded; I made no response to her words; but this she doubtless attributed to my weakened state; and when she left me I lay looking wonderingly at the door. At last a thought struck me. I rang my bell. It was answered by my mother. I asked her if there were any letters for me. She feared I was not equal to exertion, but went to fetch them. As soon as I was alone again I searched for one. I cared for only one. I found it. You shall see it in the original."

He handed me the letter. It was written in firm, clearly-cut characters, more Greek than "Italian," and was as follows:—

"Shallowford Rectory, Jan. 4th.

"MY DEAR FRANK,—It was so kind of you to depend upon my sympathy. Be assured you have it. I do hope you will be accepted; but of course you will, and be immensely happy. You can't think how glad I was to hear about it. Do you know, I fancied, like a vain thing, that you were just the least bit in the world what Fred would call 'spoony' upon *somebody* here. I should have been so sorry—don't be angry—for Charles and I have been engaged the last two years. We have said nothing about it, except, of course, to papa and mamma; and the same post that brought your letter

brought one for him, offering him a long expected living. Now we hope to be married this year. Dear old Charley! he is so good. I shall, we all shall, be anxious to know more from you. What weather! Fred is skating. He says of us, of Charles and me and you, 'Poor things! poor things!' We don't think so, do we? I hope some day to see and love your wife. I can guess who it is. I know you like the name of *Mary*. With good wishes from all of us for the new year, believe me, your sincere friend,
"MARY HORNER."

Blundell was standing by me, looking over my shoulder, as I read.

"I took in the truth at once," he said. "Don't you?"

"Why," I gasped, "you had reversed the directions. I saw that at a glance, when you gave me this."

"Exactly! To say that I was not confounded—shocked at first,—would be untrue. How could it be otherwise? But in the calm reflection of succeeding days (for I was left in quietness to gather strength) a feeling of satisfaction grew upon me, grateful satisfaction that I had escaped rejection—humiliation on the one hand, and the sorrow of inflicting useless pain on the other; that I had lost no friend, but had found a noble heart's great love. How I came to give my heart to Mary Percival I have no intention of describing. But I had done so before I told her everything—long before she became my wife. Then the letter she received but faintly expressed my love for her. We have been married four years, and each year has found us more loving, more happy. Now, old friend, you shall tell me what you think."

I only quoted Hamlet's words,—

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

G. R. T.

ANA.

THE political life of Lord Palmerston has been longer than that of any statesman of the present century at home or abroad. That of Prince Metternich lasted 54 years, from 1794 to 1848; that of Count Nesselrode also the same number of years, viz., from 1802 to 1856; that of the Duke of Wellington little more than 45 years, dating from the time when he was Chief Secretary in Dublin to his death; that of Sir Robert Peel even less still. But Lord Palmerston entered the House of Commons in 1806, and has held office, with very slight intermissions, since 1807, or seven years more than half a century.

ROSETTE.

(FROM BÉRANGER.)



What ! can you so disrespectful be
 Of your life's spring, to talk, in sooth
 Of tenderness and love to me,
 Whose forty years weigh down my youth ?
 Then had my heart a ready vow
 For even the lowliest grisette :
 Ah ! that I cannot love you now
 As in those days I loved Rosette.

Your splendid carriage may display
 Your brilliant robes : right well they suit.
 Rosette, but neat and fresh and gay,
 Tripp'd lightly, laughingly, on foot.
 Her eyes, despite my jealous brow,
 Provoked such looks from all we met.
 Ah ! that I cannot love you now
 As in those days I loved Rosette.

In this boudoir, so satin-soft,
 Your smiles are mirror-multiplied;
 Rosette had but one glass, which oft
 The Graces might have held with pride.
 No curtains shadow'd o'er her brow;
 The dawn her merry glances met.
 Ah! that I cannot love you now
 As in those days I loved Rosette.

Your gifted mind, so brightly shown,
 The poet-chorus will may lead;
 I do not blush the while I own
 Rosette knew hardly how to read.
 She had no words to tell me how
 She loved: love told her meaning yet.
 Ah! that I cannot love you now
 As in those days I loved Rosette.

Than yours indeed her charms were less,
 Even her heart less loving seem'd;
 Nor had her eyes your passionateness
 When they upon her lover beam'd.
 But then she had, I must allow,
 My youth—which I so much regret:
 Ah! that I cannot love you now
 As in those days I loved Rosette.

W. J. LINTON.

THE MORGUE.

THE second Empire, which seems bent on renewing the whole of Paris, has just completed a work which has long been the talk of the idlers on the quays. A good while back the thickly inhabited houses of the *Marché-Neuf*, with bird-fanciers in the shops, and "dentists of the people" up aloft, displayed huge announcements of removal "by reason of expropriation." For many, many months the people's dentists, hanging grimly on to the molars of their unfortunate clients, drag them round other rooms. The strange foreign birds and sweet native songsters have long since ceased chattering and chirruping in their old haunts. Did any sagacious bird of them all, in quarters so different from its tangled forests or leafy woods, ever, with head knowingly on one side, speculate on the crowd which entered and left the door of the little dismal-looking building opposite, "somewhat in the style of a Greek tomb?" Why did they settle there? I never go through Seven Dials or the slums of *Spitalfields* without wondering why, fresh from pure air and bright country, birds always haunt the quarters where wretchedness and gloom most abound. But the notes that used to fall on one's ear on leaving that sad "museum of death" always jarred on me. What did birds there in that infected air, heavy with odours of death, and haunted by murder and despair and suicide? Perhaps when free their flight had been marked, their song listened to by one who now lay near, stretched on the cold slabs of the *Morgue*! What a neighbourhood to meet in! But they are all gone now. The sinister little building

for a long time stood alone against the parapet overlooking the river. It had become quite conspicuous through the demolition of the great block of houses near it; and now the dead, too, are "expropriated." The *Morgue*, as if ashamed to confront the splendours of the *Boulevard de Sébastopol*, has fled behind the cathedral of *Notre Dame*. The new building has been erected on the eastern point of the "city," and is just now opened to the habitués.

When it became known that it was in contemplation to remove the *Morgue*, suggestions poured in on the subject of its site and alterations in its dispositions. One writer suggested "a building in the style of the mausoleum of *Cecilia Metella*, which it would be as well to surround with yews and cypresses; it might be masked by a row of weeping willows." It is needless to say that these and similar suggestions have been disregarded. Except in the important particular of the site of the new *Morgue*, the authorities have acted chiefly on the recommendations of *M. Devergie*, who for a long time past has been officially connected with it. The general arrangements of the new *Morgue* do not appear to differ greatly from those of the old one, which, perhaps, most of our readers have seen; at all events, we are told by a French writer that our countrymen used to be remarked there in great force, and were distinguished by their eager wish to visit the establishment in every part. As this was not permitted, let us initiate them into the mysteries of the *Morgue*, taking as our guides two gentlemen, *Messieurs Devergie* and *Maillard*, who have both in different ways devoted a great deal of attention to the subject.

The origin of the *Morgue* is not clearly traced, and its name, although this seems now satisfactorily accounted for, has given antiquarians a great deal of trouble. Readers of our old criminal cases may have met with an account, dated very many years ago, of the discovery of a murdered man's head, which, to facilitate detection of the crime, was forthwith placed on a post in the churchyard of *St. Margaret's, Westminster*, to be afterwards transferred, in a bottle of spirits, to the shop window of a doctor. To beginnings almost as rude is no doubt owing the establishment of the system which has culminated in the present *Morgue*. The word *morgue* was formerly a synonym of *face*. It appears to have been the custom, in the old Paris prisons, to set apart a small closet, into which a prisoner was made to enter on his arrival, and here he was visited by the gaolers, who took mental notes of his appearance; to this closet the name *morgue* came to be applied. It was afterwards transferred to a room in which were

placed, to await identification, the bodies of those found dead in the streets or in the river. The practice, which seems to have fallen into desuetude in other prisons, maintained its ground in the prison of the Châtelet. In a dark, damp, poisonous room were thrown one upon another the corpses of unknown persons who had perished by murder or suicide, and there they remained till claimed by friends, who came, lantern in hand, to seek for their missing kindred. Trifling ameliorations were made. The corpses were stretched out, and the public looked at them through a small window made in the door of the room ; but the general state of things was still horrible. The great Revolution, which changed so much else, left the Morgue untouched. Its history is interwoven with that of the epoch, and recalls some of the most hideous scenes of that great drama. Hither came the trunk of old Foulon, while the head, its mouth stuffed with the grass which he had told the people they might eat, went through the city aloft on the head of a pike. It was met in its course by Berthier, Foulon's son-in-law, whose dismembered body went also to the Morgue.

But the old Morgue was doomed. John Peter, or, as he preferred to be called, *Anaxagoras*, Chaumette, the great inventor of the Worship of Reason, and of the law of Suspects, devised many other things in his day, being a man of versatile genius. True, his proposal to compel the whole French people to wear wooden shoes, and to live on potatoes, fell through ; but before he himself had come to be "suspected," and had had his head shorn off, he had pronounced the condemnation of the Morgue of his day as a disgusting device of kings, and unworthy of a republic, which ought to have in its place a clean, well-ventilated building, with stone slabs, and running water, and full registers. It was only in 1804, eleven years later, that Chaumette's proposal was carried out by the opening, on the "first Fructidor," of a new Morgue on the quay of the *Marché-Neuf*. Considerable alterations were afterwards introduced. In 1830 it was reconstructed and enlarged ; and still further changes in 1835 left the Morgue pretty much as it was at its closing a short time ago. What it was at the time of our last visit we may now describe.

Crossing the Pont au Change, a visitor on his way to the cathedral of Notre Dame would hold on, till, just before coming to the bridge leading off the island of the city, he would take the turning by the side of the river, the Quay of the *Marché-Neuf*, leading to the church. He would have taken very few steps in its direction before he found himself near a sombre,

low building, with its wide carriage-doors thrown quite open, showing the interior, paved like a stable. Through these doors would be passing, at busy times of the day, numbers of people of both sexes, of all ages, and of every class ; all, as they enter, turn to the left. Not knowing what to expect, the visitor, who has made it his rule in travelling to enter every open door, walks in with the rest. The faces he meets would not, except in rare cases, prepare him for what he is about to see. He also turns to the left ; but for the moment his view is interrupted by a crowd, all looking earnestly at something on the other side of a sort of shop-window. The *bonne*, with her basket, has just run in on her way home from market ; the workman in cap and blouse, who has a few minutes left after his meal for a pipe and a stroll ; mothers with children in arms ; perhaps even a well-dressed woman with her little son in the half-military costume of the schools, —anybody and everybody is there. At last some one who has had enough makes room, and then you advance, and, leaning your arms on a railing breast high, you can look through the window like the rest. Ten large slabs, arranged in two rows of five each, the upper parts of which, inclined towards the window, have brass plates let into them. How many of the slabs are occupied ? One, two, three—perhaps more. More frequently than those in front, the back ones ; for on them are placed the bodies fished out of the Seine, and the river is the great purveyor of the Morgue. They lie there with their leather aprons, in a full light from above. To-day it is a fair girl, whose long hair hangs dank about her face and bosom, which seem flushed by exercise. She looks so calm, that you might think she slept another sleep than that of death. Near her lies a heavily-drunk fellow, who looks as if he had stumbled drunk into the canal. How long since ? From a tap over the head the water drips constantly over the swollen black face—swollen out of all recognition—and trickles along the swollen black body and limbs. "Hold ! how droll it is !" says the little collegian, turning away with his mother. The cap and blouse asks, appealingly, "Whether one can recognise objects like that ?" A lively conversation goes on around. The age, the length of time since death, and the cause of death, are all discussed ; and from the authoritative manner in which some persons express their opinion, it is easy to divine that they are regular frequenters of the place. The Morgue is their theatre and their literature. Hither they come for their "sensation" dramas and novels, and assuredly they get them. But the sensation must have dulled, for

one often hears obscene jests on the wretched objects lying before him. The greatest curiosity is excited by a half cylinder of gauze wire-work, covering one of the slabs. Is there anything under it? Something like the dim outline of a body is just discernible. Perhaps it is a subject which has to remain here for its allotted time, but which is too far gone for exhibition. If so, judging from what one does see there at times, it must be bad indeed.

Around, on hooks attached to a bar running above the slabs, are hung the clothes taken off the bodies which lie below. They are kept for months after the burial of the body, as still affording possible chances of recognition. On the wall facing the entrance is a notice requesting that any person who recognises a body will give information at the *Greffe*, and closing with an assurance that no expense is entailed by making such a declaration. In spite, however, of all the efforts of the authorities, a tradition still exists that there is a charge made to those who recognise bodies. This belief, which has arisen no one knows how, was contradicted by a police notice some years ago, and is, one might suppose, dying out; but it is said that persons frequently go away without giving the information they might afford through fear of the "Morgue dues." The belief may perhaps have arisen from the fact that the regulations do not permit the delivery of a body to friends, except through the intervention of the *pompes funèbres*, a measure dictated by considerations of public decency.

On the right-hand side of the entrance is the *greffe*, or registry, where the registrar attends from ten to four. Is there another man in Europe who sits down to such a set of books? Not only has he to record the facts connected with the bodies brought to the Morgue, but letters are daily received containing descriptions of missing persons. Anxious families have perhaps read in the journals of the discovery of a body resembling some dear lost one, and their fears have to be calmed or confirmed. Behind the *greffe*, towards the Seine, is the dissecting room. Next to this a room in which is kept a dark-green cart, used for the transport of bodies to the cemetery, a duty performed at night by the attendant going off duty. By the side of this, again, is the *lavoir*, a large basin, breast high, filled with water, and provided with a wide stone margin. A body when received is placed on this stone and washed by the attendants, by means of a hose. The last room on the ground floor is the dead-house, to which bodies are removed after exhibition, or where they are placed when received in such a state as to render their exhibition impracticable. Above is a room for drying the

clothes of drowned persons, and another in which watches the one of the two attendants whose turn it is for night duty, and who must be ready to open at all hours.

Such was the old Morgue; in a few words we may describe some of the main features in the new one. It is situated, as we have said, behind the cathedral of Notre Dame: the entire establishment consists of a central pavilion, supported on either side by a building of lower relative height. To the central building the public are admitted by three wide arched doors opening into a large paved room, at the end of which, and separated from it by a large window or shop-front, is the room in which the bodies are laid out for exhibition. There are here twelve slabs of black marble, instead of the ten of the old Morgue; they are ranged in two rows; those at the back, over each of which is a water-tap, are destined, as formerly, for bodies found in the Seine. Behind the room in which the bodies are laid out is the "reception"-room, in which, as its name implies, bodies are received from without, and where, in Morgue phrase, their "toilette" is made. Next to this is the dead-house, with fourteen slabs of black marble, covered with closely-woven gauze cylinders. Beyond this is the dissecting-room, in which are made the necessary scientific examinations. In the other division are the washing and drying rooms, and a chamber in which the clothes of unrecognised bodies are kept during a year. These are carefully numbered; and as every unclaimed body is described and at last buried under a corresponding number, questions of identity can be referred to the registers, or may even lead, within a certain time, to exhumation. These arrangements seem to realise the ideal Morgue of the future of Chaumette, and are thought by judges to leave nothing to be desired.

The staff of the Morgue is not large. M. Devergie is the medical inspector; M. Tardieu undertakes the dissections; the registrar and the two attendants complete the staff. The whole establishment is in connection with the police. The regulations issued with regard to the Morgue begin in 1712, and some of them throw a curious light on the manners of their day. The rules issued in 1836 are very full, and provide for all the internal arrangements of the building. The formalities to be observed on receiving a body, its display, medical examination, delivery to friends, interment, the hours of opening the building, its ventilation, the drying and washing of the clothes, and their final disposal,—all have their paragraphs. Before 1830 the attendants lived in the Morgue; but an article in the regulations

of 1836 expressly forbids them to introduce into their room their wives or children. They are not allowed even to prepare or take their meals in the building. The last articles contain instructions for keeping the registers and statistics; and it is from those for the decennial period 1836—1846, published by M. Devergie, that we extract the following facts:—

During the ten years, 3438 bodies, or portions of bodies, were received at the Morgue; 94 portions of bodies, consisting of the remains of "clandestine" dissection, and portions detached from bodies in the river. Deducting from the 3344 bodies those of newly-born children, there remain 2851; 2331 of them bodies of males, four and a half times as numerous as those of females, which figure for 520 only. Of these 2851, 378 only remained unrecognised. That is, out of every 8 exhibited, 7 were identified; a rather surprising result, attributable partly, no doubt, to improved regulations, as in the period 1830-5, nearly two-thirds of the whole number exhibited remained unknown. Recognition takes place in different ways. The registrar, as we have said, is constantly receiving descriptions of missing persons; these descriptions are compared with bodies which arrive at the Morgue, and in this way many come to be identified; others are recognised by persons who happen to look in at the Morgue; and a few are identified after burial by means of the clothes. Deducting 85 bodies thus recognised after burial during the ten years, we arrive at the singular result that the mean time required for identification is *one day and fifty-four minutes*.

By far the larger proportion of bodies are received by day; but the night watcher is not unfrequently called on to open.

From 20 to 50 are the ages which furnish the greatest number of bodies; taking equal periods, that from 30 to 40 gives a result slightly higher than the rest. From 80 to 85, ten bodies were received, and one, that of a woman, between 85 and 90. Street accidents are most probably the cause of death in these cases; but the kind of death is not given.

Any attempt to class the bodies according to the cause of death must be in some degree open to objection. Under what head are the bodies in the Seine to be classed? What proportion of them are to be put down as suicides? All, says M. Devergie, whether the fact of suicide has been proved or not; cases of accidental or "provoked" fall into the river are too rare to affect the calculation sensibly; a statement which may be true with respect to the Seine with its broad quays, but which we should hesitate to accept if made with regard to the Thames.

Of the 2851 bodies, 1766 therefore are put down as suicides; 613 perished by accidents, 66 by murder, 381 by sudden death. The Morgue reflects the political history of Paris. A riot or revolution leaves a mark in its annals. In the period under consideration there is still a quantity wanting to make up the total, which is reached by adding the deaths caused by the events of May, 1839. December, 1851, does not come within M. Devergie's calculations, but we may state that the *Coup d'état* furnished the Morgue with 43 bodies.

From a calculation based on the population of Paris it is found that, in one way or another, 1 in every 5466 of its inhabitants comes to the Morgue. As might be supposed, the poorest quarters are most fully represented. In that of St. Avoise, the proportion is as high as 1 in 2482; in the rich quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin, as low as 1 in 9,152.

M. Devergie has made the suicides the subject of special statistics, and he finds that self-murder is $4\frac{1}{2}$ times as frequent in the male as in the female; a result differing from that obtained in former years, when it was found to be only three times as frequent. From 20 to 30 is the time of life at which suicide "attains its maximum of intensity." Needlewomen, labourers, and soldiers furnish more victims than other classes. Two-thirds of the males and five-sixths of the females seek death by drowning. Next in number come deaths by hanging and fire-arms, for men; for women, falls from a height and suffocation by charcoal. "From 20 to 30," we are told, "man addresses himself by preference to fire-arms." Poverty, losses, disgust of life, bad conduct, domestic trouble, disappointment in love,—all figure as causes of suicide. The latter, while driving to a violent end one-sixth of the female is chargeable with the deaths of *one-seventeenth* only of the male suicides.

A curious result is, that April, May, June, and July are the months in which the crime is most common. It is least frequent in November, December, and January. The notes embodying the result of the doctor's observation of the bodies taken from the river, valuable as they are in a medico-legal point of view, are too horrible to be placed before the general reader.

A fête, as well as a revolution, will furnish the Morgue with batches of victims, to seek for whom whole families will come, weeping; but a body, or the fragments of a body, offering evidence of a peculiarly atrocious murder, will draw all Paris to the Morgue. In November 1814, the mutilated limbs of a man were discovered in different parts of Paris. Brought together, they were exposed at the

Morgue, whither flocked crowds so great that gendarmes had to be stationed to regulate the entry. Men of the highest rank came, and elegant ladies ; and rich equipages were stationed at the Morgue doors. No discovery was made. A plaster cast was made of the limbs, which were buried, and a whole month elapsed. At the end of that time a woman, who had just risen from a dangerous illness, which had prevented her from going to the Morgue as every one else had done, heard of the murder. She dragged herself to the Morgue, and from the cast was able to identify the remains as those of Dautun. He had been murdered by his brother.

But the great event in the annals of the Morgue took place in 1840. On the 17th of March, the body of a handsome little boy, of about ten years of age, was found in the suburbs of Paris with the throat fearfully cut. Hanging from his neck was a little silver medal gained at school, and in his pocket a top. All Paris, at the news of the murder, flocked to the Morgue to see "The Villette Child," as he was (and still is) called ; but no one could solve the mystery of his death. The period during which exhibition of the body was possible was drawing to a close, when the authorities, to extend the time, had recourse to a plan till then unknown in the history of the Morgue, though proposals have since been made to adopt it as an ordinary regulation. A M. Gannal had recently discovered a method of preserving entire bodies from the effects of decomposition, by the injection of certain salts. His aid was called in, and the body was duly prepared. It was then clothed ; a light touch of rouge was given to the cheeks, and, with the limbs in an easy position, the body was placed on a little white bed. Public curiosity was immensely excited ; and those who would have shuddered at the thought of visiting the ordinary exhibitions of the Morgue, hastened to see "The Child of Villette." It was only after the lapse of six weeks that the murderer, a religious madman, was discovered, through the commission of other murders at Bordeaux. On the 2nd of June the little body was removed from the Morgue, and at Bordeaux the criminal and his victim were once more brought together.

It is scarcely in the legends of the Morgue that one would seek for subjects for light comedy ; but a farce, which had some success, was based on an incident which occurred at the old Morgue in 1767. A traveller from Grand Cairo brought back with him a mummy. Passing through Fontainebleau, he arrived in Paris by the *coche d'eau*, a sort of barge. He unfortunately left his mummy behind him in

the barge ; and the clerks, having opened the case, saw in it what they supposed to be the body of a murdered young man. A police officer and a surgeon who were called in agreed in the belief that a mysterious crime had been discovered. The body was carried to the Morgue, and immediate steps were taken for the apprehension of the supposed murderer. A hundred versions of the story, each more horrible than the last, were soon flying over the city. The proprietor of the mummy having meanwhile discovered his loss, returned to claim his property, and was forthwith arrested. An explanation soon convinced the officer of his mistake ; but the mummy had been deposited at the Morgue, and could only be got out by the fulfilment of the due formalities, which helped to make the whole affair public.

We Londoners, who are accustomed to a different mode of procedure with regard to unclaimed bodies, are perhaps too apt to condemn hastily the horrible exhibitions of the Morgue. In justice to our neighbours, however, we ought not to lose sight of the fact that the obvious objections to the Morgue are fully appreciated by them. Its utility, however, is so universally acknowledged, that the objectors generally confine themselves to the question of its site ; and it has been often proposed to remove the Morgue to a less frequented quarter. But French logic is unflinching ; once grant—and who can deny it?—that the recognition of the bodies of suicides or murdered persons is earnestly to be desired in the interest of public morality, and it is not easy to find valid grounds of objection to the arguments of those who demand that the Morgue shall be placed in the centre of Paris. If the Morgue is useless, say those who take this view—if the Morgue is useless, demolish it ; if useful, you ought not to take measures which detract from its utility. Your object should be to encourage people to enter the Morgue, and you do this best by placing it in a populous and thronged quarter. "This condition," says M. Devergie, "is of so much importance that every other consideration ought to give way before it." If proof were wanted, it would be found in the fact that recognitions are not principally due to immediate friends. *Two-thirds* of the bodies identified are recognised by chance passers-by ; and so true is this, that on Monday, the workman's holiday, almost as many bodies are identified as during the remainder of the entire week. It is also asserted that the greater number of those who have committed murder go to the Morgue to ascertain whether the body of their victim is there. This strange desire is known to the police, who accordingly have constantly their agents mixing with the crowd, and carefully

noting every gesture, every movement of the face that may betray recognition. They have, perhaps, scanned your face, reader, as you looked through the window at the sad sight! We have seen that about 300 bodies are annually brought to the Morgue, most of them from the Seine. How many are taken from the Thames and the canals in London, with a population much larger than that of Paris? But one does not hear of half of them. It may be said indeed that the public do not, as a rule, hear much about them, unless they are given to reading the dismal notices posted outside the police-stations, the headings of which, "Body found," are followed by a description, reading like a passport to another world. If we prefer losing the chance of detecting crime, or of restoring the body of a suicide to sorrowing friends, to tolerating the undoubtedly shocking exhibitions of the Morgue, let us at least acknowledge that there are two sides to the question.

--- DANGEROUS DRESSES.

THE time of year is on us again when crinoline will be coming into dangerous proximity to ball-room fires. Fain would we suggest thoughts of caution to our matrons and maidens; but experience has made us sceptical touching the efficacy of good advice, especially—must it be said?—when the patients are ladies. On this particular matter we have largely catechised our fair friends, and have not yet found one to have been practically influenced by the advice given in the public papers.

Sydney Smith had great faith in the force of an illustrious example. He thought the moral lesson involved in the sacrifice of a Bishop or a Lord occasionally necessary, in order to keep alive our interest in the maintenance of the general security. And no doubt there is a great deal of truth in this notion.

So perhaps an illustrious example of death from the incautious use of inflammable garments, may have effect where mere advice would fail. There is a story of the kind which we should like to *afficher* in every *boudoir* throughout this realm—a story of death among courtiers, and deadly peril to a king; and all because they trifled with just the kind of risk that is involved in the incautious use of crinoline. The actual material in question was of another kind; but this makes no difference as to the main point. The folly to be deprecated is that of investing one's-self with trappings which, being highly inflammable, and so assumed as not to be easily shaken off, must, in case of their igniting, cause the tor-

ture and death of the wearer; at least according to all reasonable expectation.

Poor Charles VI. of France is our hero, that unfortunate monarch whose reign was one scene of wrong and violence, of detriment to the country, and misery to the people. Frenchmen, however, of old always persisted in loving their kings if they possibly could get the chance. In the exaltation of their loyalty they were especially attached to one whom it had pleased Providence to bereave of his reason, and who could exercise government only at lucid intervals. He was not to be blamed for the general confusion, and for his sake it was that they took all patiently. Their very grievances became the aliment of compassionate devotion. "How must the King suffer," they would say, "when he came to understand how ill his ministers behaved to the people!"

Isabelle of Bavaria, his wicked consort, was not the sort of woman to trouble herself about other people's sorrows. King and people might go their way, be as mad as they pleased, or as wretched, provided she might be left to enjoy herself. As for her lord and master, she was willing to resign him to the blandishments of a "petite reine" and to seek compensation elsewhere. As for the people, she could not afford to bother herself about such *canaille*. What she did care for was her own will.

On a certain occasion she had a very fair excuse for extravagance, and set herself to make the most of the opportunity. A marriage was to be celebrated between one of her ladies and a gentleman of the court. The lady was one of her own Bavarians, and of course a special favourite. No one could blame her for being a little extravagant in honor of such an event, and accordingly she laid herself out to entertain on an unusual scale of magnificence.

In those days the popular taste demanded large doses of the grotesque. Religious processions were half caricature, and their solemn pomps of welcome to sovereign princes presented features that to us seem sufficiently inadmissible. However each age has its code of toleration and appreciation. Such was the prescription of that age, and the Queen was not likely to be before the times in such matters. Accordingly she felt that her arrangements would be incomplete if they were to be simply matter of fact in character. She must have some burlesque, some practical joke, or the whole thing would be a failure. This was good as a standing rule; but on this particular occasion there were special reasons for being riotous, for the bride was a widow, and a widow's marriage is a fair opportunity for a *charivari* all the world over.

The matter was emphatically settled, when some one hit on the happy suggestion that nothing would be more likely to amuse the King. He, poor man, was then in the enjoyment of a lucid interval, and therefore susceptible of the influences of merriment. An extravagant frolic, by calling into play the full force of his powers of laughter, might serve to dispel the dark humours that constituted his melancholy, and so perhaps work in him a radical cure. The physicians backed this notion, and of course thenceforth there remained for the courtiers nothing but a rivalry of suggestion, and of proffered service.

The original hint was improved on by somebody else, who voted that the King himself should take part in the mummery, whatever it might be. This would not only benefit the King's health, and give *éclat* to the performance, but was an arrangement that might in the sequel prove highly convenient to all parties concerned. The royal complicity would cover all individual responsibility as to any assaults and batteries that might fall out in the high tide of merriment, and that might, *per se*, be voted a little too bad.

"And what," said the Queen, "shall our extravaganza be, and who will broach the subject to his majesty?"

"I," said the Sire de Guisay, "am the man for your need. I have devised a masque, that, when you see it, will make you laugh till you cry; and the King will not say me nay when I ask him to join in any revel."

A bad man was this Sire de Guisay, and despised by all the wisdom of the land, on account of his debaucheries and evil example. He was cruel and oppressive to his inferiors, that is, to the whole population of his native land, except his fellow courtiers. We are told that he delighted in bruising and beating with sticks and whips all who came within his power, treating them like dogs, and trampling them under foot with boot and spur. He would insult their lamentations, and bid them "howl away like dogs as they were." Still he passed for a fine young gentleman, and was a great friend of the King's, and any proposition emanating from him would be likely to be followed. What he did propose was that the King and a certain number of the young lords should disguise themselves as wild men of the woods, and burst in suddenly on the assembled dancers. Everybody would fly from them, right and left; and in the space left vacant they might perform a ballet to be composed for them by the master of the revels. This would bring the ladies back; when they might jump in among them, and as savages, more especially as being irrecongnisable, might have

fine fun with them. This was to be followed by a row with the men, which would give them the opportunity of winding up by breaking a few heads with their clubs. They were to catch hold of any one they pleased, and to climb and jump without restriction.

The King took to the notion at once, reserving only one point. The Queen must be got out of the way; as of course her person was sacred, and the very cream of this jest was that hands were to be kept off no one. The Sire de Guisay applauded the royal sagacity, and further suggested that the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri, the uncles of the King, and the guardians of the realm, should be got out of the way also, as respectable marplots.

The King undertook that so it should be; and gave her majesty to understand that the plan which they were concocting for the forthcoming revel was such as to demand her absence at the moment of execution. She knew, of course, what was in agitation, and agreed to withdraw from the saloon at a preconcerted signal. The two Dukes were not less complaisant. They took in good part their nephew's explanation; and in truth were not sorry to be spared participation in the boisterous orgies of the Hôtel de S. Paul. Perhaps they scarcely considered that this was to leave the King and his boon companions to riot without check!

The question of costume presented some difficulties. How were these wild men to be dressed? It would be awkward to make them up as Fauns and Satyrs, on account of the composite character of those creatures. They must play their part as bipeds, or the programme could not be carried out. Now, wild men of the woods could not be supposed to make elaborate toilettes, and yet, as his majesty observed, they must be clothed with something.

The Sire de Guisay took the dilemma by the horns. He devised a dress which should be complete as a covering, and in appearance come sufficiently near the rough hide of a wild beast, to pass muster by torchlight. It was much like what is worn by the *figurants* in *tableaux-vivants*—a tight investiture allowing free play to the limbs; with this fatal difference, that it was rendered highly inflammable. The wild men must be covered with hair. Accordingly, the tightly-fitting garments were to be covered with flax. This flax might have been secured by needle and thread, but they preferred agglutination to the surface. So the linen dresses were soaked in resin, and smeared with resin, and tufted all over with flax, till they were brought to a condition in which

ignition would be certain and inextinguishable, should a spark of fire fall upon them.

The maskers were six in number, including the King, and De Guisay. At the set time they attired themselves, and prepared to make their entry. One of them, Sir Evan de Foix, had some misgiving as to the dangerous nature of the frolic, and alone of the party seems to have had a glimmer of common sense. They were about to rush into a room full of lights, and being all chained together,—for in this fashion they were to be led by the King, as bear-ward,—it would be impossible for any individual to bargain for what might happen.

"Sire," said Sir Evan, "it is undoubted that if one of us catch fire, the whole number will soon be as so many burnt chestnuts—including your majesty."

The King looked blank for a moment: the idea was new, and he did not like it. Perhaps he might even then have altered the order of proceedings, but the fatality that seemed to mark De Guisay as an evil adviser was then culminating.

"Who is to set us on fire?" he asked. "Who will be such a traitor as not to be careful where the safety of the King is involved?" "At least," said Sir Evan, "let all precaution be taken. Let his majesty be pleased to give orders that no person with lights shall approach us." "That shall be at once done," said Charles; and instantly sending for the officer who had chief charge of the saloon, he gave instructions that all the torch-bearers should be collected together on one side of the room, and that none of them should on any pretence venture to approach a party of savage men who were about to enter and perform a dance.

But how *do* accidents occur all over the world, and throughout all times? How *do* men exclaim, "Who would have thought it?"

Who would have thought that just at that moment, when space had been cleared, and danger removed, the Duke of Orleans should make his appearance in the apartment? He was attended by six torches, which should, in obedience to orders, have been forbidden entrance. But it was a hard thing to dictate to the first prince of the blood. He could scarcely be included in any general order, so he was allowed to pass.

Then came the roar of acclamation. The general crowd had known that something was about to happen, and that in that something the King was concerned. When they saw the procession they were tumultuous in their delight. In came the King leading the chained band of savages, who symbolised the

trophies of his prowess. He led them round the room once or twice to salute the ladies, they amusing everybody the while with their tricks and *gambades*. Everybody was guessing at their names; everybody in high glee, and if the torches had been kept apart, all would no doubt have continued to go well.

The King, neglecting for a moment his assumed part, stopped with one of the groups of ladies. His aunt, the Duchess de Berri, was among them, and he amused himself with mystifying and tormenting her. On this slight thread depended his salvation; for the rest of the party passed on and left him isolated.

The Duke of Orleans had not been behind the scenes, and knew nothing of what was going on. Like everybody else he was immensely amused at the joke; and being a privileged person, drew near to see if he could identify the individuals. Unhappily his torch-bearers followed him, and in the excitement of the moment were overlooked by the serjeants-at-arms, or allowed to pass as belonging to the Duke.

The Duke peered into their faces, trying to identify the individuals. Coming to Sir Evan de Foix, he shouted out his name, and seized him by the arm. Sir Evan struggled to escape. The Duke seized a torch from one of the bearers and held it close to the features of the unfortunate youth. Some one jostled him at the moment, and the torch was brought into contact with the flax of his dress. In one moment Sir Evan was blazing from head to foot, and in a few seconds the whole company of maskers were involved in the flames. Being chained together, it seemed impossible that any of them could escape. Their frantic struggles served only to draw them more closely together, and mix them up more and more inextricably in one mass.

Happily the King was all this time detached from the party, amusing himself with the Duchess de Berri. When first the alarm was given he made as though he would have rushed to help his companions; but the duchess, pretty well guessing who he was, threw her arms round him, and forcibly withheld him. "Do you not see," she said, "that your companions are perishing, and that nothing can save you if you go near them in that dress?" And then finding that it really was the King, she called those who forcibly removed him from the room, and made him change his dress, while a messenger was sent to the Queen to inform her that his majesty was safe.

But a horrible fear possessed the bystanders—by whom this little episode had been unnoticed—that one of the writhing figures be-

fore them was their King. In the first instant of alarm, Sir Evan had cried out "Save the King!" not being aware that his majesty had strayed away. Poor young man! His providence and devotion seem meet for a gentler fate. He thought of his King's safety before his own; but unselfishness could not save him, and he perished.

So did they all except the Chevalier de Nantouillet. He, too, must have been burnt to death, had he not in the frenzy of his struggles succeeded in breaking his chain. With that exceptional presence of mind that a great crisis will evoke, he remembered having observed near the entry of the apartments a large trough or tank in which the scullions were washing dishes. All a-blaze he rushed through the room, everybody making way for him, and threw himself into this water,

which was sufficient for a complete immersion. This saved his life.

And of that gay party of revellers he was the sole survivor, except the King, who was considered to owe his preservation to a miracle. Surrounded by friends eager to assist, they perished for lack of assistance; because that was what no human power could afford. Two were consumed on the spot, and two lingered for a few days; but death was the result to all but Nantouillet.

And this was all because they were guilty of the folly of ignoring an actual liability—treating as croakers those who would remind them of danger: because, in short, they put on highly inflammable dresses, and ventured within range of circumstances where any carelessness with respect to fire was sure to be deadly.

KITTY.



WILFUL Kitty will go out a-playing
On this pretty merry May morning,
And the brook will go humming to meet her:
Wilful Kitty forgets mother's warning.

Kitty stands on a stone and looks down,
And keeps saying "I won't" and "I will,"
The brook looks up quietly at her:
Silly Robin, why sing you so shrill?

Kitty throws down her clothes on the stone,
And stands in her little white smock,
The brook looks more quiet than ever
In the wavering shade of the rock.

Now the brook has grown tired of playing,
It has hid Kitty under the stone,
And away it goes panting and humming:
Silly Robin, how silent you've grown! T.

MARY CANAVAN.

It became part of my lot in life to help the Irish Government during the eventful period of the Irish Famine of 1846-7.

I was a Poor Law Inspector, and had a large district in my charge. I had necessarily to go about a good deal and visit Workhouses, Hospitals, and Relief Stations in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance as a rule was an outside Irish jaunting car, and, with one horse, or rather indeed with a pony, I used of a day sometimes to get over fifty long Irish miles.

I started one morning in the early spring from my head quarters to visit a station in a very remote and wild part of my district. My manservant,—coachman, groom, butler, valet, all comprised in one very original and funny individual called "Mick,"—accompanying me. The night before I left on this particular journey, in which occurred an incident which I am about to relate, I told Mick to be sure to stock the "well" of the car with rye bread, which I used to bake in my own house, and above all not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as we shall presently see, was not altogether used for selfish purposes. Many a time when I have been driving along the wild roads, I have seen people who, to my official knowledge were in the receipt of the full amount of ration relief, literally looking starved. The avidity with which they seized and devoured the loaves of rye bread I used to give them from the "well," satisfied me that the money which was sent to us Poor Law Inspectors from all parts of the United Kingdom to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part we applied to the establishment of bakehouses, did all the good which it was intended to do, and even more than the generous donors could have anticipated.

I scarcely think I was ever out on a more lovely day than that to which I allude, and if one could only have felt that the people were not dying in hundreds throughout the district, and through the island generally, such a day amidst such scenery, would have brought its fullest enjoyment.

Skirting along lovely lakes, above which rose hills clad with vernal beauty, I drove some ten miles, and then turned off by a mountain road which led by a long descent to a wild and barren bog, stretching unbrokenly for many miles towards the sea coast. As we got on the bog, there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and more indistinct, and we had to make the best of our way across the "blasted heath." At last we came to a road

again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which I was about to inspect.

The path, or road, or whatever else one might chose to call it, was straight, and so there was nothing to interrupt the view right before us.

Mick, who was never much inclined to wrap himself up in himself, and had been discoursing eloquently on the value of good sound roads, giving me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly called out,

"What on earth, sir, is that before us?"

"Where?" said I.

"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save us!—a body stretched across the road."

On looking before me, at about a hundred yards' distance, I saw that to which Mick directed my attention.

"Yes," said I, "no doubt it is some poor creature who has died on the way to the station at —, but we shall soon know."

On coming up we found it was the corpse of a woman apparently about forty years of age.

Accustomed as I was to see the effects of famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her face was literally so attenuated that I could see all its venous and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been removed.

While looking at this horrid sight, it seemed to me that she could not have been very long dead. I could see no habitation for miles around. "Possibly," I said, "life is not quite extinct," and, recollecting the little smattering of doctoring which I learned in early life, I thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have.

"Bring me my brandy flask at once, Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her head."

"For what, sir?" said he "Bedad, it would take more than your honour could do, to bring her back again."

"Well," I added, "do what I tell you, Mick, and let us hope for the best."

We lifted the body and placed it against a little hillock which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I at once proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back I managed to pour nearly half the contents of my flask (a pretty large one, by the way) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sort of convulsion at the back of her neck which rested on my hand. This convulsion was to my great delight speedily followed by a faint hiccup, and I at once made up my mind that if I only persevered, I might have

the intense satisfaction of restoring a fellow creature to life.

Mick and I then set to work, and taking the cushions of the car we stretched our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub the extremities, which were like ice, and with a good will we rubbed and rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and various other indications of returning vitality. But to succeed must be a work of some time, and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We worked on, however, for a little time longer, and I then determined to get as fast as I could to my destination. We placed her on the car in a sitting position, and started for——.

We had not gone more than four or five hundred yards when we encountered a most abominable stench, which was so sickly, that I determined to stop and ascertain what it was. Looking to the right our attention was directed to a thin column of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place from whence the smoke issued, and scarcely able to breathe from the offensive odour, which became worse and worse, I found to my horror that the smoke was from a human habitation, if such it could be called, an old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the stench. Here were laying two bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition, an old man and woman. I shudder now when I think of the sight I saw. It was horrible beyond description. It occurred to me at once that the woman we found on the road had crept out of this hovel on seeing the car coming across the bog, and had sunk in the lifeless state of exhaustion in which we found her.

And so it turned out to be when I made subsequent inquiry.

We now resumed our journey, and at last arrived at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies removed and buried.

The next day I returned to head-quarters, and from time to time afterwards had letters from the doctor reporting to me that the woman very speedily recovered, and out of moneys placed at my disposal for charitable purposes I was enabled to contribute to her comfort in the shape of clothing.

A couple of months or more passed away,

and the severity of the famine was mitigated by the abundance of food which came into the country. The people began to look better, and every one was in better spirits.

My visits to the remoter stations of my district were necessarily fewer, for I had important duties to discharge at the town in which I lived, and where the union workhouse was situated. They were now principally directed to the prevention of abuse in the administration of relief. Though the distress was still great, yet it was an undoubted fact within the experience of all those engaged in the Poor Law service, that abuses crept in to a very large extent, and it was no easy matter to control them.

On another lovely morning, now far advanced in the summer, I again started for the station at ——, near which occurred the incident which I have endeavoured to tell. As I passed by the spot where our progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman, Mick said—

“Ah, your honour, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the crayture we saw here?”

“Yes, Mick,” said I, “and I hope we shall never see such a sight again.”

“Amen, sir,” said he, giving the pony a gentle reminder that he was to get along as quickly as he could. We drove on for a couple of miles, when we met a group of the peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their rations of Indian meal stirabout.

I stopped to make some inquiries, when suddenly I felt my knees embraced, and I saw a girl about eighteen years of age kissing my feet.

“What do you want, my good girl?” said I.

“Ah! your honour,” said she, looking at me with an expression I can never forget, “don’t you recollect Mary Canavan?”

“Mary Canavan! surely you cannot be the woman I——”

“Ah! yes, sir,” she cried.

And there she was, the shrivelled hag of forty transformed into a girl of eighteen, and all by the simple administration of wholesome food for a few weeks.

To those who saw scenes such as I did, this will not appear strange. But even now, at this lapse of time, when the great famine of Ireland with all its horrible circumstances is well-nigh forgotten, I venture to tell this story about poor Mary Canavan.



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